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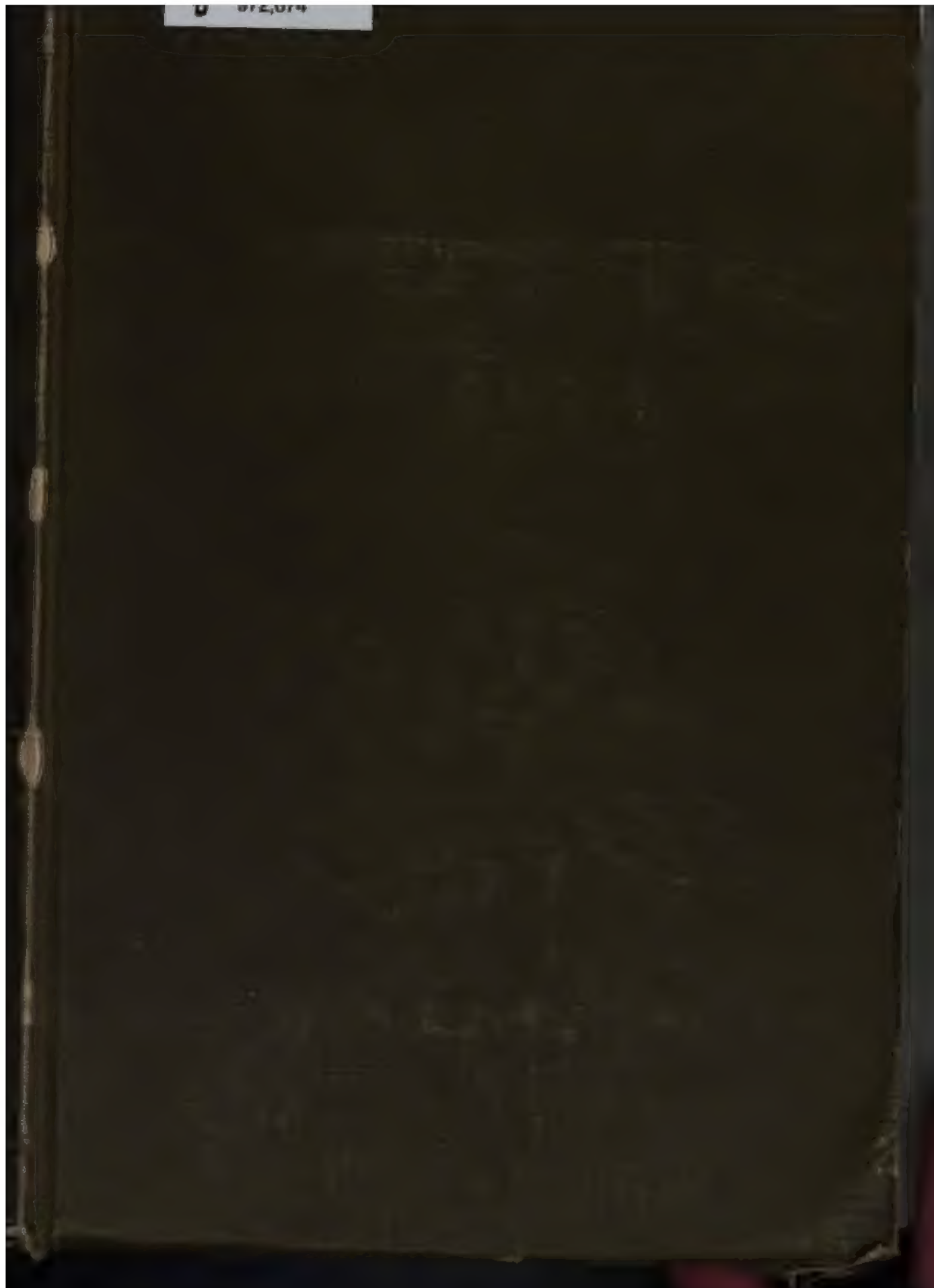
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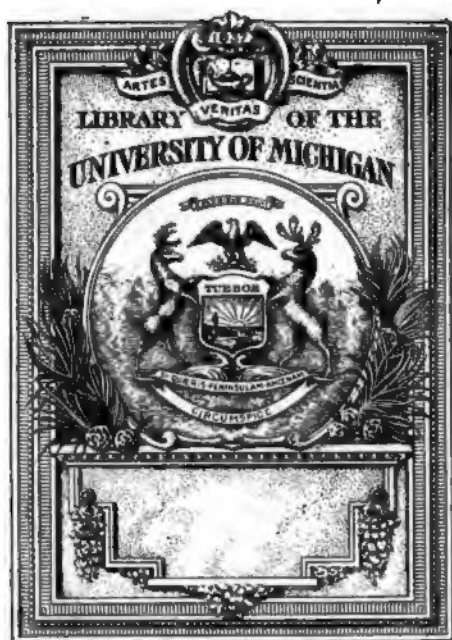
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A REVIEW OF
BOOKS AND LIFE

VOLUME XLIX

March, 1919—August, 1919

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THE BOOKMAN



TITANIA ARRIVES

Parnassus At Home

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

The first pipe after breakfast is a rite of importance to seasoned smokers, and Roger Mifflin, the now well-known bookseller on Gissing Street, applied the flame to the bowl as he stood at the bottom of the stairs. Mrs. Mifflin knew that he had exceptional matters on hand, for he had reverently opened a tin of Craven Mixture, the blend made famous by J. M. Barrie in "My Lady Nicotine", as soon as he had finished his coffee. Anything mentioned in a good book was sacred to Roger, and he always smoked Craven when he felt he needed inspiration. It is regrettable to have to state that his poems, written under a blue cloud of that potent tobacco, had never found a publisher. But not even Barrie has written poems, so perhaps the fault was in the tobacco rather than in Roger.

He blew a great gush of strong gray reek that eddied behind him as he ran up the flight, his mind eagerly meditating the congenial task of arranging the little spare-room for the coming employee. For this was the day when Miss Titania Chapman, daughter of Mr. Chapman of the Daintybits Cor-

poration, was coming to work in the Haunted Bookshop, to learn how to sell books.

Then, at the top of the stairs, he found that his pipe had already gone out. "What with filling my pipe and emptying it, lighting it and relighting it", he thought, "I don't seem to get much time for the serious concerns of life. Come to think of it, smoking and washing dishes and listening to other people talk take most of life anyway."

This theory rather pleased him, so he ran downstairs again to tell it to Mrs. Mifflin.

"Go along and get that room fixed up", she said, "and don't try to palm off any bogus doctrines on me so early in the morning. Housewives have no time for philosophy after breakfast."

Roger thoroughly enjoyed himself in the task of preparing the guest-room for the new assistant. It was a small chamber at the back of the second story, opening onto a narrow passage that connected through a door with the gallery of the bookshop. Two small windows commanded a view of the modest roofs of that

quarter of Brooklyn—roofs that conceal so many brave hearts, so many baby-carriages, and so many cups of bad coffee.

Over these non-committal summits the bright eye of the bookseller, as he tacked up the freshly ironed muslin curtains Mrs. Miffin had provided, could discern a glimpse of the bay and the leviathan ferries that link Staten Island with civilization. "Just a touch of romance in the outlook", he thought to himself. "It will suffice to keep a blasé young girl aware of the excitements of existence."

The room, as might be expected in a house presided over by Helen Miffin, was in perfect order to receive any occupant. But Roger had volunteered to psychologize it in such a fashion as (he thought) would convey favorable influences to the misguided young spirit that was to be its tenant. Incurable idealist, he had taken quite gravely his responsibility as landlord and employer of Mr. Chapman's daughter. No chambered nautilus was to have better opportunities to expand the tender mansions of its soul.

Beside the bed was a book-shelf with a reading lamp. The problem Roger was discussing was what books and pictures might be the best preachers to this congregation of one. To Mrs. Miffin's secret amusement he had taken down the picture of Sir Galahad which he had once hung there, because as he said, "if Galahad were living today he would be a bookseller". "We don't want her feasting her imagination on young Galahads", he had remarked at breakfast. "That way lies premature matrimony. What I want to do is put up in her room one or two pictures representing actual men who were so delightful in their day that all the young men she is likely to see now will seem tepid and

prehensile. Thus she will become disgusted with the present generation of youths, and there will be some chance of her really putting her mind on the book business."

Accordingly he had spent some time in going through a bin where he kept photos and drawings of authors that the publishers' "publicity men" were always showering upon him. After some thought he discarded promising engravings of Harold Bell Wright, Stephen Leacock, and Coningsby Dawson, choosing pictures of Shelley, Anthony Trollope, Stevenson, and Robert Burns. Then, after further meditation, he decided that neither Shelley nor Burns would quite do for a young girl's room, and set them aside in favor of a portrait of Samuel Butler. To these he added a framed text that he was very fond of and had hung over his desk. He had once clipped it from a copy of "Life" and found much pleasure in it. It runs thus:

ON THE RETURN OF A BOOK

Lent to a Friend

I GIVE humble and hearty thanks for the safe return of this book which, having endured the perils of my friend's bookcase and the bookcases of my friend's friends, now returns to me in reasonably good condition.

I GIVE humble and hearty thanks that my friend did not see fit to give this book to his infant as a plaything, nor use it as an ash-tray for his burning cigar, nor as a teething ring for his mastiff.

WHEN I lent this book I deemed it as lost; I was resigned to the bitterness of the long parting; I never thought to look upon its pages again.

BUT now that my book is come back to me, I rejoice and am exceedingly glad! Bring hither the fatted morocco and let us rebind the volume and set it on the shelf of honour: for this my book was lent, and is returned again.

PRESENTLY, therefore, I may return some of the books that I myself have borrowed.

"There!" he thought. "That will convey to her the first element of book morality."

These decorations having been displayed on the walls, he bethought himself of the books that should stand on the bedside shelf.

This is a question that admits of the utmost nicety of discussion. Some authorities hold that the proper books for a guest-room are of a soporific quality that will induce swift and painless repose. This school advises "The Wealth of Nations", "Rome Under the Cæsars", "The Statesman's Year Book", certain novels of Henry James, and "The Letters of Queen Victoria" (in four volumes). It is plausibly contended that books of this nature cannot be read (late at night) for more than a few minutes at a time, and that they afford useful scraps of information that may recur to the reader as he is brushing his teeth the next morning.

Another branch of opinion recommends for bedtime reading short-stories, volumes of pithy anecdote, swift and sparkling stuff that may keep one awake for a while, yet will advantage all the sweeter slumber in the end. Even ghost stories and harrowing matter are maintained seasonable by these pundits. This class of reading comprises O. Henry, Bret Harte, Leonard Merrick, Ambrose Bierce, W. W. Jacobs, Daudet, de Maupassant, and possibly even "On a Slow Train Through Arkansas", that grievous classic of the railway book-stalls whereof its author, Mr. Thomas W. Jackson, has said, "It will sell forever, and a thousand years afterward". To this might be added another of Mr. Jackson's onslaughts on the human intelligence called, "I'm From Texas, You Can't Steer Me". Of this book the author has said, "It is

like a hard-boiled egg, you can't beat it". There are other books by Mr. Jackson, whose titles escape memory, whereof he has said, "They are a dynamite for sorrow". Nothing used to irritate Roger more than to have someone come into his shop and ask for copies of these works. His brother-in-law, Andrew McGill, the famous writer, once gave him for Christmas (just to annoy him) a copy of "On a Slow Train Through Arkansas" sumptuously bound and gilded in what is known to the trade as "dove-colored ooze". But that is apart from the story.

To the consideration of what to put on Miss Titania's book-shelf Roger devoted the delighted hours of the morning. Several times Mrs. Mifflin called him to come down and attend to the shop, but he was sitting oblivious on the guest-room floor, unaware of numbed shins, poring over the volumes he had carried upstairs for a final culling. "It will be great privilege", he said to himself, "to have a young mind to experiment with. Now my wife, delightful creature though she is, was—well, distinctly mature when I had the good fortune to meet her. I have never been able properly to supervise her mental processes. But this Chapman girl will come to us still plastic. Who knows? She may become a great poet or writer. A bookshop has been the starting point of many a fine career. John Masefield became a poet because he found a copy of Chaucer in a bookshop in Yonkers. Lord, Brooklyn ought to be able to turn out as great a poet as Yonkers."

"I will test her" (his thoughts continued) "by the books I put here. By noting which of them she responds to, I will know how to proceed. It might be worth while to shut

up the shop one day a week in order to give her some brief talks on literature. Delightful! Let me see, a little series of lectures on the development of the English novel, beginning with 'Tom Jones'—hum, that would hardly do! Well, I have always longed to be a teacher; this looks like a chance to begin. We might invite some of the neighbors to come in once a week, and start a little academy. *Causeries du lundi*, in fact! I may yet be the Sainte-Beuve of Brooklyn."

Across his mind flashed a vision of newspaper clippings—"This remarkable student of letters, who hides his brilliant parts under the unassuming existence of a second-hand bookseller, is now recognized as the—"

"Roger!" called Mrs. Mifflin from downstairs; "front! someone wants to know if you keep back numbers of 'Foamy Stories'."

After he had thrown out the intruder, Roger returned to his meditation. "First of all", he mused, "her name naturally suggests Shakespeare and the Elizabethans. It's a remarkable name for the daughter of a wholesale grocer. Suppose we begin the list with that book called 'Corn from Olde Fieldes', which has a lot of delightful Elizabethan lyrics in it. Then Keats, I guess: every young person ought to shiver over 'The Eve of St. Agnes', on a bright cold winter evening. 'Over Bemerton's' certainly, because it's a bookshop story. Eugene Field's 'Tribune Primer' to try out her sense of humor. And some of Don Marquis's 'Prefaces' for the same reason. I'll go down and get the scrap-book."

It should be explained that Roger was a keen admirer of Don Marquis, the humorist of the New York "Evening Sun". Mr. Marquis lives in Brooklyn, and the bookseller was never tired of saying that he was the

most eminent author who had graced the borough since the days of Walt Whitman. Particularly he enjoyed Mr. Marquis's whimsical prefaces (to "A Book of Fishhooks", etc.), and had pasted them into a scrap-book with which he frequently regaled himself. This bulky tome he now brought out from the grotto by his desk where his special treasures were kept. He ran his eye over it, and Mrs. Mifflin heard him utter shrill screams of laughter.

"What on earth is it?" she asked.

"Don Marquis", he said, and began to read aloud:

Down in a wine vault underneath the city
Two old men were sitting, they were drinking
booze;
Torn were their garments, hair and beards
were gritty,
One had an overcoat but hardly any shoes—

"What is there funny in that?" said Helen. "I think it's very low."

"Wait a minute", cried Roger, and opened his mouth to continue.

"No more, thank you", said his wife. "There ought to be a fine for using the meter of 'Love in the Valley' that way. I'm going out to market, so if the bell rings you'll have to answer it."

Roger added the Marquis scrap-book to Miss Titania's shelf, and went on browsing over the volumes he had collected.

"'The Nigger of the Narcissus'", he said to himself, "for even if she doesn't read the story perhaps she'll read the preface, which not marble nor the monuments of princes will outlive. Dickens's 'Christmas Stories' to introduce her to Mrs. Lirriper, the queen of landladies. Publishers tell me that Norfolk Street, Strand, is best known for the famous literary agent that has his office there, but I wonder how many of them know that that was where

Mrs. Lirriper had her immortal lodgings? 'The Notebooks of Samuel Butler', just to give her a little intellectual jazz. 'The Wrong Box', because it's the best farce in the language. 'Travels with a Donkey', to show her what good writing is like. 'The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse' to give her a sense of pity for human woes—wait a minute, though: that's a pretty broad book for young ladies. I guess we'll put it aside and see what else there is. Some of Mr. Mosher's catalogues: fine! they'll show her the true spirit of what one book-lover calls biblio-bliss. 'Walking-Stick Papers'—yes, there are still good essayists running around. A bound file of 'The Publishers' Weekly' to give her a smack of trade matters. 'Jo's Boys' in case she needs a little relaxation. 'The Lays of Ancient Rome' and Austin Dobson to show her some good poetry. I wonder if they give them 'The Lays' to read in school nowadays? I have a horrible fear they are brought up on the battle of Salamis and the brutal redcoats of '76. And now we'll be exceptionally subtle: we'll stick in a Robert Chambers to see if she falls for it."

He viewed the shelf with pride. "Not bad", he said to himself. "I'll just add this Leonard Merrick, 'Whispers about Women', to amuse her. I bet that title will start her guessing. Helen will say I ought to have included the Bible, but I'll omit it on purpose, just to see whether the girl misses it."

With typical male curiosity he pulled out the bureau drawers to see what disposition his wife had made of them, and was pleased to find a little muslin bag of lavender dispersing a quiet fragrance in each. "Very nice!" he remarked. "Very nice, indeed. About the only thing missing is an

ash-tray. If Miss Titania is as modern as some of them, that'll be the first thing she'll call for. And maybe a copy of Ezra Pound's poems. I do hope she's not what Helen calls a bolshevixen."

There was nothing bolshevik about a glittering limousine that drew up at the corner of Gissing and Swinburne Streets early that afternoon. A chauffeur in green livery opened the door, lifted out a suitcase of beautiful brown leather, and gave a respectful hand to the vision that emerged from depths of lilac-colored upholstery.

"Where do you want me to carry the bag, miss?"

"This is the bitter parting", replied Miss Titania. "I don't want you to know my address, Edwards. Some of my crazy friends might worm it out of you, and I don't want them coming down and bothering me. I'm going to be very busy with literature. I'll walk the rest of the way."

Edwards saluted with a subfacial grin—he worshipped the original young heiress—and returned to his wheel.

"There's one thing I want you to do for me", said Titania. "Call up my father and tell him I'm on the job."

"Yes, miss," said Edwards, who would have run the limousine into a government motor-truck if she had ordered it.

Miss Chapman's small gloved hand descended into an interesting purse that was cuffed to her wrist with a bright little chain. She drew out a nickel—it was characteristic of her that it was a very bright and attractive looking nickel—and handed it gravely to her charioteer. Equally gravely he saluted, and the car, after

moving through certain dignified arcs, swam swiftly away down Thackeray Boulevard.

Titania turned up Gissing Street with a fluent pace and an observant eye. A small boy cried, "Carry your bag, lady?" and she was about to agree, but then remembered that she was now engaged at ten dollars a week and waved him away. Our readers would feel a justifiable grudge if we did not attempt a description of the young lady, and we will employ the few blocks of her course along Gissing Street for this purpose.

Walking behind her, the observer, by the time she had reached Clemens Place, would have seen that she was pleasantly tailored in genial tweeds; that her small brown boots were sheltered by spats of that pale tan complexion exhibited by Pullman porters; that her person was both slender and vigorous; that her shoulders were carrying a thick and fluffy fur of the kind described in advertisements as nutria, or possibly opal smoke. This observer might also, if he were the father of a family, have had a fleeting vision of many autographed stubs in a check-book. The general impression that he would have retained, had he turned aside at Clemens Place, would be "expensive, but worth the expense".

It is more likely, however, that this student of phenomena would have continued along Gissing Street to the next corner, that of Hazlitt Street. Taking advantage of opportunity, he would overtake the lady on the pavement, with a secret, sidelong glance. If he were wise, he would pass her on the right side, where her tilted bonnet permitted a wider angle of vision. He would catch a glimpse of cheek and chin belonging to the category known (and rightly) as adorable; hair that

held sunlight through the dullest day; even a small platinum wrist watch that might be pardonably excused, in its exhilarating career, for beating a trifle fast. Among the greyish furs he would note a bunch of such violets as never bloom in the crude spring-time, but reserve themselves for winter and the plate glass windows of Fifth Avenue.

Whatever the errand of this spectator, he would by now feel an impulse to continue along Gissing Street a few paces further. Then, with calculated innocence, he would halt half-way up the block that leads to the Wordsworth Avenue L, and look backward with carefully simulated irresolution, as though considering some forgotten matter. With apparently unseeing eye he would scan the bright pedestrian, and catch the full impact of her rich blue gaze. He would see a small, resolute face, rather vivacious, yet with a quaint pathos of youth and eagerness. He would note cheeks lit with excitement and rapid movement in the bracing air. He would certainly note the delicate contrast of the fur of the wild nutria with the soft V of her bare throat. Then, to his surprise, he would see this attractive person stop, examine her surroundings, and run down some steps into a rather dingy second-hand bookshop. He would go about his affairs with a new and surprised conviction that the Almighty had the borough of Brooklyn under His especial care.

Roger, who had conceived a notion of some rather peevish foundling of the Ritz-Carlton lobbies, was agreeably surprised by the sweet simplicity of the young lady.

"Is this Mr. Mifflin?" she said, as he advanced all agog from his smoky corner.

"Miss Chapman?" he replied, taking

her bag. "Helen!" he called. "Here's Miss Titania."

She looked about the sombre alcoves of the shop. "I do think it's adorable of you to take me in", she said. "Dad has told me so much about you. He says I'm impossible. I suppose this is the literature—I want to know all about it."

"And here's Bock!" she cried. "Dad says he's the greatest dog in the world, named after Botticelli or somebody. I've brought him a present. It's in my bag. Nice old Bocky!"

Bock, who was unaccustomed to spats, was examining them after his own fashion.

"Well, my dear", said Mrs. Mifflin, "we are delighted to see you. I hope you'll be happy with us, but I rather doubt it. Mr. Mifflin is a hard man to get along with."

"Oh, I'm sure of it!" cried Titania. "I mean, I'm sure I shall be happy! You mustn't believe a word of what Dad says about me. I'm crazy about books. I don't see how you can bear to sell them. I'll be awfully careful not to sell any of the ones you're really fond of. I brought these violets for you, Mrs. Mifflin."

"How perfectly sweet of you", said Helen, captivated already. "Come along, we'll put them right in water. I'll show you your room."

Roger heard them moving about overhead, and wondered whether the picture of Samuel Butler was really appropriate. It suddenly occurred to him that the shop was rather a dingy place for a young girl. "I wish I had thought to get in a cash register", he mused. "She'll think I'm terribly unbusinesslike."

"Now", said Mrs. Mifflin, as she and Titania came downstairs again, "I'm making some pastry, so I'm going to turn you over to your employer. He

can show you round the shop and tell you where all the books are."

"Before we begin", said Titania, "just let me give Bock his present." She showed a large package of tissue paper and, unwinding innumerable layers, finally disclosed a stalwart bone. "I was lunching at Sherry's, and I made the head waiter give me this. He was awfully amused."

"Come along into the kitchen and give it to him", said Helen. "He'll be your friend for life."

"What an adorable kennel!" cried Titania, when she saw the remodeled packing-case that served Bock as a retreat. The bookseller's ingenious carpentry had built it into the similitude of a Carnegie library, with the word **READING-ROOM** over the door; and he had painted imitation bookshelves along the interior.

"You'll get used to Mr. Mifflin after a while", said Helen amusedly. "He spent all one winter getting that kennel fixed to his liking. You might have thought he was going to live in it instead of Bock. All the titles that he painted in there are books that have dogs in them, and a lot of them he made up."

Titania insisted on getting down to peer inside. Bock was much flattered at this attention from the new planet that had swum into his kennel.

"Gracious!" she said, "here's 'The Rubaiyat of Omar Canine'. I do think that's clever!"

"Oh, there are a lot more", said Helen. "The works of Bonar Law, and Bohn's 'Classics', and 'Catechisms on Dogma' and goodness knows what. If Roger paid half as much attention to business as he does to jokes of that sort, we'd be rich. Now, you run along and have a look at the shop."

Titania found the bookseller at his desk. He had vowed not to mention

the bedroom shelf until she made some unsolicited comment, but he could not resist the temptation.

"What did you think of the books

I put in your room?" he asked.

"In my room?" said Titania innocently. "Dear me, I never noticed them!"

HINDENBURG'S MARCH INTO LONDON

(A timely consideration of one of Germany's most popular war books—a book which accurately reflects the thoughts of the average German when he believed that Germany was winning.)

BY D. THOMAS CURTIN

There was popular in Germany in the midst of the war a widely read book which harmonized with the general spirit of the people as I found that spirit. It was called "Hindenburg's March into London".

"A German world empire will be built upon the ruins of the British Empire", was the fond prediction to me, in October, 1914, of an important Berlin merchant, who prophesied in the spirit of his environment. Belgium and France were but stepping-stones. To clutch England's throat in the city was a longed-for goal.

When dream maps were the vogue in Germany, the one most sought was captioned, "The Invasion Map of England". In the second summer of the war when the armies of Russia were being battered eastward, the *leitmotif* of conversation became, "With the Russians shall we soon be done, and then—and then with our victorious eastern troops transferred to those in the west we can conquer France and England in a few short months". Mention of England introduced in turn the beloved topic of indemnities. "Just see what Brussels and Lille are paying! *Ach Gott*, what will London,

Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, and a score of other fat cities yield!" Even from Finance Minister Helfferich came the officially soothing oracle: "We do not desire to increase by taxation the heavy burden which war throws upon our people. Germany's enemies deserve to drag the leaden weight through the centuries to come."

In such an atmosphere did "Hindenburg's March into London" become the volume of the hour. If it errs at all as a reflector of German thought during a considerable portion of the war, it errs on the side of moderation. Written by a parson, who withheld his name because of marriage relations in England, it is dove-like compared with the tirades of a score of state professors. The author develops the favorite German folk-tale of how England organized a ring of jealous enemies into the "Isolation Society" which decreed war upon Germany and conducted this war in full violation of international law.

"But they could not bend the neck of the fair German youth! Young Michael in the second year of the war possessed the same laughing confi-

dence of victory as on the first day of mobilization. Meantime the young fellow had developed. Heavens, what elbows he had! The left in Flanders and the right on the Black Sea. With legs wide spread he stood in central Europe and pushed his iron-mounted soldier's boots every day a bit farther into the enemy country. He let the furious English pack yelp on, and he only spit now and again over the Channel. Hurrah for the Zeppelins and the valiant German airmen!

"The distress of Germany's enemies was great. The Isolation Society was confronted with the most terrible collapse a group of speculators had ever experienced, and the fault for the loss of thousands of millions was ascribed to the man whose name was pronounced with a shiver, and yet secretly with solemn reverence—

"Hindenburg!

"Would this uncanny military genius, after settling Russia, take a holiday—or would he lead his armies to the west? Might Hindenburg be the stormer before the gates of London? Such ideas shook people's nerves on the other side of the Channel."

At this point Hindenburg's chronicler becomes a dreamer of that wonderful dream in which his countrymen see Britain prostrate before Teuton power. Hindenburg orders ten thousand special trains to roll eastward from the west.

"The advance in the west will now be impetuous. The anticipation of crowning the proud German work by decisive deeds burns like tropical fire in the soldiers' stout hearts. *The will to decide the fate of the world fills them all to the last man.*

"The enthusiasm with which the grey-clad soldiers are greeted on their passage exceeds even the jubilation of the August days of 1914. For now

joyous confidence is accompanied by the satisfaction of success. Waves of jubilation roll alongside the trains throughout the country. The troops need not this time keep secret the fact that they are going from one frontier to the other. The whole world may know now. Hurrah! The eastern army is on the march. On the chalk cliffs of Dover the German cry of jubilation will resound. Hindenburg's million is on the road with seven-league boots!"

Some of the scenes depicted en route are worthy of note, particularly the references to the tissue of lies upon which Britain's cause was founded. Says the author:

"Even wreaths are now declined with thanks by the lionized Bavarians, for in their small traveling warehouses they have already created a department for flowers. A corporal of the Light Horse, who, however, cannot refuse a lovely giver, says: 'Throw it in, for Heaven's sake! I tell you we have had flowers enough to make a garland from Zeebrugge to Grey's Ministry of Lies. And we still have got to settle our account over there'.

"Our troops are a merry people. They do not talk about the storm of battle. They only want 'to get a peep at the Englishmen at close quarters'.

"On one car merry Landwehr men, who have known London on their travels, have hung puppet figures. One puppet represents an Englishman with considerably developed jaws; right and left of him hang Indians, Congo niggers, Gurkhas, Kaffirs, and cannibals. Above them are the words:

ALL-BRITISH SHOPPING WEEK

A Patriotic Week in Which a Good Briton Will Buy Only Goods of British Origin

"Now they are off. They only want to run over to London to insure Germany with the London Political

Society against burglary for all time. They only want to clear the General Post-Office of the four thousand telegraphists, of the manipulators of lies who have brought the whole thing on."

In view of the present Hohenzollern impotence the following regulation sychophantic tribute is of interest:

"Between Aachen and Brussels Kaiser Wilhelm holds the greatest review of troops of all times. The conquerors of the Czar's army march once more before their Kaiser before going to the last decisive battles at the front. Full of pride, the German hosts once more feel the keen blue eyes of the mightiest prince of the earth resting upon them. They greet him whom in love and blind hate the thoughts of the entire world surround, who was for twenty-five years guardian of the peace of the world, who now stands at the center point of the greatest war in the world's history, and will perhaps live on through the thousands of years to come as the greatest German in the history of Germany.

"And side by side with the Kaiser the troops of the east see their Hindenburg again. He is the soldier after the heart of the god of war. He is the general with mildly beaming eyes, which, however, at times shine with a keen glint of steel which recalls Moltke."

Hindenburg's superadmirer then describes how the German armies under their inspired idol spring with relief from the monotony of trench warfare to a campaign of movement in which they prove overwhelmingly victorious because of superior staff genius, motor batteries, bravery, and indomitable will.

Hindenburg occupies the Channel ports and prepares the grand invasion. On countless occasions I have heard the German people refer to him as

a "second Napoleon". Had his chronicler wished to develop the comparison, he might have portrayed his hero standing, like Napoleon, at Boulogne, straining his eyes across the narrow strip of water to the filmy cloud-like goal of his dreams—and standing thus, reflect upon the fact of Britain's fleet.

Nearly everyone with whom I talked in Germany insisted that the British navy was hiding, afraid to venture out to give battle to the German ships. The battle of Jutland increased, rather than diminished the popular belief in German naval superiority. Apparently the author did not share in this belief, for he disposed of British vessels by artifice.

"A giant swarm of Zeppelins, of whose size even German soldiers did not venture to dream, traveled one foggy morning to the coast of Britain and sought out the British navy. Thousands of bombs accomplished the work of destruction. Immediately the bombing ceased and a gigantic fleet of submarines broke into the harbor and completed the work.

"England had her Sedan. She was now to experience her Paris!

"Now shudder, Albion!"

In the third chapter, "Crossing the Channel", we read:

"For eight days new giant Krupp guns had felt their way over to Dover and Folkestone, and had destroyed everything living on the south coast of England, reducing all the work of human hands to nothing. The three waterways from Zeebrugge, Dunkirk, and Calais to England had been secured east and west by a steel wall of torpedo boats, mines, and submarines. Finally the Kaiser sent his cousin the promised little surprise and two army corps stood on the shores of the island.

"The whole of England is aroused

in wild and furious hate against the Germans. She calls for assistance, but no one crowds to a sinking ship. True, she has assembled numbers of foreign battalions and colored people from all parts of the world in order to repel the invasion, but she will no longer succeed in bringing in foreign reserves. Now for the first time in centuries England is thrown on her own resources. Now she will show what she can do when she gets no foreign team to draw her state wagon. The need over there is great just now.

"All night long the cranes rattle at the new German moorages in northern France. Boxes and cases, items of equipment, many thousands of necessary things lie heaped up on the wharves—requirements for man, animal, and guns. One freight train after another traverses Flanders, and the treasures which they bring are lowered into the holds in Zeebrugge and Calais.

"In the district of Dunkirk there is scarcely a house or a shed in which German troops do not pass the night. From here during this night happy dreams wander home by way of England, for the last thought of this outward journey to hard decisive battles is peace—a world peace.

"Failures do not hold back the German; they only bring pride in his diligence. Behind the Cross of the Dead is the Will to Conquer.

"When the anchors are raised the German soldier becomes aware that he is living through a great and memorable moment of the world's history. Now he is penetrating into the sanctuary of the British. Now for the tables of the traffickers and the money-changers, who still offered the doves of peace for sale in the markets of the world when they thought that they had already completed the work of

isolation, and the Russian war party had already given the signal. Now the All-Holiest of the British Empire is in danger, the treasures between Threadneedle Street and Princes Street.

"The engines throb; the ship seeks its way through the night. Enormous fires farther back inland write upon the nightly sky that the European continent, thanks to England's zealous exertions for many years, has become a sea of blood. It contains, however, two uninjured and blooming oases—the German Empire and the Danube country.

"On board the men in field-grey write picture postcards. Writes one:

" 'Dear Sweetheart,—We are at last in the Channel. *Gott strafe England!*' "

"Another says:

" 'Dearest Gustel,—Hurrah! Now we are at them! We are just going over to give the English business offices a good fumigation and kill the envy germs.' "

As each unit lands a parson reads the text, no doubt officially selected:

"The Lord will be with thee and will not withdraw His hand from thee, nor abandon thee, until thou hast accomplished everything."

Through the next five chapters Hindenburg batters his way through the south of England to the gates of London. The whine in the first paragraph of Chapter IV is especially worthy of reproduction, for it is the whine I heard nearly everywhere in Germany when Belgium was mentioned.

"The south-eastern counties of England present a harrowing picture. The German armies, after hard battles in the hop-fields of Kent, while marching through the beautiful county of Sussex, have had to face a sharp-

shooter's warfare exceeding in its atrocities even the performances of Belgian blackguards. The German commanders have been compelled to take stern measures of reprisal. They will be a warning to English craft and cunning. The heart of England will not be instructed even by the fate of Belgium. We will repeat the lesson of Louvain upon the shooters from behind hedges if need be!"

But all is not hard work for Hindenburg's valiant lads. They now and then find time for merry little pranks. While resting opposite a huge billboard one battalion could read: "Beecham's pills are the best. Beecham's pills cure". A company clerk, however, climbed up and corrected this to "German pills are the best. German pills cure".

Even in their jests the invading Germans reveal their virtues, as evidenced by Reservist Watzlit's story of a British airman.

"I was on patrol duty on a silent meadow, when an English airman descended near me. After I had taken him prisoner he showed his wholly mistaken notion of the German character by trying to bribe me with fifty thousand marks in bright gold." (Which the airman was no doubt using for ballast.)

"But I took him by the collar and told him that it is the custom in Germany to pay gold into the Reichsbank, and that the nearest office of the Reichsbank is the prison camp at Döberitz. I then added that I would get him a ticket to Döberitz so that he could pay in his gold himself."

During the entire march through England Teutonic virtues stood out with the clearness of the hedges marking the countryside. Hindenburg's crusaders, ever mindful of their duty to the Fatherland, and that

such duty had always precedence over pleasure, steadfastly refused to be lured by the smiles of fair women into eating poisoned food and indulging in other practices detrimental to their health. In Germany I used to hear harrowing tales of poor German soldiers—armed to the teeth and part of the then most powerful military machine in the world—being treacherously put off their guard and attacked by women and children. The grotesque weirdness of all this was of course obvious to everybody save some fifty-odd-million devotees to officially canned ideas.

Thus the Germans with their virtues intact advance to the final battle on the edge of London. Great stress is constantly laid upon the regulation German propaganda fabrication that the *English* save themselves while others fight their battles. The following bit of description is characteristic:

"Divisions of colored troops overrun the German trenches between Edenbridge and Penhurst over a front of nearly six miles.

"This is the signal for the enemy. Now the regiments of white Englishmen may advance. Very politely, however; even now they allow Canadians and the French Foreign Legion to go first."

At last the Germans get the longed-for chance to butcher the English as they butchered the Herero. Of course they are justified.

"A black scoundrel apparently dead suddenly rises and cuts down from behind a German captain of the Guards. At this the fury of the German soldiers knows no bounds. Now they show no mercy; everyone lying there receives a stroke which settles him; not only those who treacherously sham death, but those long dead are

roughly handled. Horror is in supreme command.

"Once more the express order is given to take no prisoners. Whoever sets mad dogs on human beings is no longer protected by the rules of war. With bestial, snarling scum the German soldier observes only the laws of the hunt, of beasts of prey. The troops can no longer obey the command to kill, for no more prisoners remain to be taken. The net contrived by Hindenburg and Ludendorff has become a cage of death.

"England has now received its Tannenberg; nay, even more; it has had its battle in the Teutoburg Forest, in which out of every hundred a hundred were slain."

At last the war is practically over with and the British request terms of armistice. The Prussian Guards are on the hills of Waldingham, from which they see London with the naked eye. A general halt is called and hurrahs ring out, but before advancing the men write short cards home: "No diffuse messages today, only four fateful words, *God has punished England*".

Meanwhile the scene shifts to the German capital, and we get an idea of what would have happened if things had only gone according to plan.

"At half-past eleven Wolff's Bureau issues the information that the gigantic armada of all available German airships has overwhelmed the city of London with bombs, and that salvos of our 42-s have been thrown into the town. The Tower and two bridges over the Thames are in ruins.

"Berlin shouts with joy. During the night the streets become a many-colored fairy-land of flags. The waves of enthusiasm are surging high. The multitude increases by leaps and bounds. Whole suburbs seem to mi-

grate to the central parts of the town by means of night trains, for no inhabitant of Berlin would like to hear an hour later than necessary the news of what is happening on the Thames.

"The church clocks strike midnight as new specials are issued: 'The Lord Mayor of London has surrendered the keys of the Mansion House to Hindenburg, and has begged him to spare the town!' 'London before the occupation of the troops!' 'Hindenburg London's Overlord!' This information is the signal for a delirium of delight surpassing Germany's joy in the days of August, 1914, and in the autumn of 1915.

"*'Deutschland, Deutschland über alles!'* Like a mighty wave it roars in multitudinous chorus up to the starlit sky. All are crowding on the Linden. In front of the palace hearts are bubbling over with rapture. There is singing in the streets, and it continues through the Mark Brandenburg and resounds throughout the mighty fortress of Germany, founded on a rock.

"Another announcement: 'In order to save London from the threatened destruction, the English government has accepted Hindenburg's demand that the entire English army, wherever it may be, is to lay down its arms without delay'."

The scene shifts back to England, where—

"Hindenburg is riding slowly on with a town of seven and a half millions lying at his feet, and thoughtfully he glances at the Canaan of the German dreams of conquest. At last he has succeeded in subduing England's greatest weapon, the lie, which with the cable, the telegraph, the press, and silver bullets undermined Germany's honor. . . .

"The streets and squares round

London Bridge station are a huge military camp. Hurrah! Hindenburg has entered the station grounds. At nine o'clock sharp he mounts his horse, while the battalions unfurl the flags. To the strains of the 'Entry-into-Paris March' of 1814, the troops proceed to London Bridge. From this bridge the soldiers look at the riggings of the cargo boats which have escaped with difficulty from a dangerous fate, and have come to the docks to repair the wounds inflicted upon them in the Channel by the German U-boats.

"Gentlemen and foppish mongrels, righteous and unrighteous, all clench their fists in their pockets against the Germans. Let them hate us if they like, provided they fear us! . . .

"When the troops enter the Strand the adjutant calls the attention of Major Sigwart, who is riding close to him, to the fact that here, in a by-street, Czar Peter the Great had lived when he went to Holland and England to learn the shipbuilding trade as a simple dockyard workman. It would have been a fine parallel, thought the major, if the King of England had one day enlisted as a recruit in a Potsdam

by-street to study German military science. If King Edward had done so, this world war would surely have been spared us."

If we remember the last act of Germany's much vaunted fleet, the description of the entrance into Trafalgar Square takes on an added touch of interest:

"To the joyous strains of the German naval song the troops come to Trafalgar Square. The four bronze lions at the foot of Nelson's Column have mourning veils over their manes. Today they lie, not as crouching for a spring, but as lame with terror. Two Berlin soldiers are speaking of Nelson, the popular British hero. One says: 'To win so easily a sea battle—it is surely an extravagant adventure'. 'Yes, Karl', says the other, 'but you see no German U-boat was present'."

Thus do Hindenburg's conquerors parade in triumph through a London large areas of which are smouldering ruins. Having decreed that in the future the Lord Mayor shall be deprived of any representative functions, they proceed in triumph to Buckingham Palace, where the world war comes officially to an end.

THE BOOKS I KNEW AS A CHILD

BY ROSE COHEN

The books in our home, when I was a child, were a few volumes in Hebrew and Yiddish pertaining to religion. Besides the Bible, which of course was the Old Testament, there was a volume called "Rules for Proper Conduct", a volume of the Psalms of David, a few prayer-books, and two or three volumes of narratives in Yiddish. This was a typical collection of books among the few Jewish families in our village in the northwestern part of Russia. Nothing was ever read to children for the purpose of entertaining, but many were the stories told us by our elders.

In our own home my earliest recollections go back to the time when there were just two children—my little sister and I. Besides, there was father, who was a tailor and who always seemed occupied and preoccupied with "making a living", and mother, who was also so busy with the household. Then there were grandfather and grandmother. Grandmother was blind and always sat in her bed, knitting stockings. She was the least occupied, and it was on her that we depended for stories.

On a winter evening, when the snow outside lay high and the men were not at home, we all climbed upon our great, warm brick oven, hung the lamp against the chimney, and grandmother told us stories while she and mother knitted stockings or picked over feathers. Grandmother's imagination was vivid, her plotting good, her stories full of mystery. Many of them were ghostly.

"It was near midnight". Her voice at once took on a low, awed tone, and stopped. Sister and I pressed close, one on each side; the steel needles flashed and clicked so in the stillness. We urged in a whisper, "Yes!"

"Rabie Asra sat alone in the bare, dimly-lit synagogue, pursuing Holy Writ—"

Sister and I glanced about furtively. Away below, from our perch on the stove, the floor lay in deep shadow.

"Rabie Asra was pursuing Holy Writ when suddenly he felt an icy hand clasp his wrist.

"'Shmoh Isroal! Shmoh Isroal!' he cried."

My heart seemed to stand quite still and I, too, tried to make out the words with my lips—"Shmoh Isroal" (God protect me from evil).

However, not all of grandmother's stories were ghostly. Many were from the Bible, or traditions of the different holidays which she told us a little before they came. We heard how the temple in Jerusalem was destroyed, the story of Esther's feast, and many others. Grandmother talked in a low, mournful tone, rocking gently to and fro and weeping. And we, too, wept or stamped our little feet in glee when Haman who plotted to destroy the Jews was hanged. It was all very real to us.

When I learned to read, I read over and over again the few books and became still more religious—and I was dreadfully afraid. I read in the Bible the story of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob. I read the narratives of

saints who became sinners, of sinners who became saints. "Everything is about the dead!" And I was afraid!

Sometimes I argued with myself: "But why should I fear? I am so good. I never sit down to a meal without washing my hands. I never go to sleep without saying prayers. Why should I fear?"

The saints of long ago were always present in my mind, almost lifelike, wherever I went, whatever I did. I pictured Abraham: I saw a beautiful old man in white, with a white beard; there was a sweet smile on his ancient face as he looked at me, because I had prayed so earnestly that morning. And I was filled with exaltation, but also with fear.

It was dusk. I was outside, alone, and I edged toward the door, but with force stayed my steps a little and repeated haltingly: "No, I am not afraid! God is with me and I am not afraid!"

And I prayed still more. I loved the Psalms of David and often found consolation in them. I read in a sing-song voice as I heard father and grandfather read. The psalms were in Hebrew, but here and there I understood a few words and I put my whole soul into them:

In pastures of tender grass
He causeth me to lie down:
Beside still waters He leadeth me.

I loved the rhythm.

I was perhaps eleven years old when I began to learn Russian. Our tutor procured a Russian book and I was being taught to read. And here the mantle of both religion and fear was lifted a little. I felt proud that I was to know how to read a Russian book. We were all proud. Hebrew and Yiddish were a necessity. These were our own languages, our religion. And the Russian I knew was just the dia-

lect of the peasants in our village. But this Russian was different. This was literary Russian. To know this was an accomplishment, like music.

But I had barely learned to read a few words when trouble befell our home and father had to leave for America at once. Now there was no money for tutoring. Besides, we figured, where was the necessity for Russian, or Russian books now? Soon we should be in America, and there, there would be English, and English books.

Here, a different life began for us children. We were living in New York, a great city, in a different country, a very worldly country. No one was pious; no one was afraid. And soon we, too, shed something of both. Here, also, was the early struggle of the immigrant for a "livelihood"; and English, and English books did not soon come our way. But one day, I discovered Yiddish books, stories!

One day, in the home of our next-door neighbor who was a carpenter I saw a Yiddish book on the kitchen table. I examined it and found to my surprise that it did not at all relate to religion; it was "just a story"; and I learned from the neighbor that these books were commonly kept at "soda-water stands" and were hired out at five cents a book. And now a wonderful world began for me, a world of books.

Many of these books were supposed to have been translations from other languages, English, Spanish, German. Most of them were romances depicted in the most extravagant language, with unnatural characters and impossible plots. One of the titles I recall was "The Executioner from Berlin". The reader was kept in constant suspense. I used to sit in a feverish

state, my face hot, my nerves tingling, reading breathlessly. And yet, these books did not seem to spoil my taste for better reading.

One day, when I came to the stand and asked for a book, the "soda-water man" reached down from the top shelf a clumsy volume. I looked at the title page, "David Copperfield — by Charles Dickens". I turned to the first page and read aloud the title of the chapter, "I Am Born". And I carried it away with me, with a strange feeling of happiness. I felt as if I had caught a strain of beautiful music. I think it was the simplicity of the three little words and the intimate tone of the first person. I had never yet read anything written in the first person. Someone was talking to me—I could almost hear the voice!

We read the book aloud at home. I read this volume more slowly than the other works. And while reading it, I did not ask myself, "Is this real?" as I had done while reading the others. There, somehow, was no doubt about it in my mind. I used to love to know that things I read were real.

After "David Copperfield", I could not bear to read anything for seven days, which was a long, long time to go without reading in our house.

I was well on the way to womanhood when I knew how to pick out a few words in an English reader. And the first book that came into my hands was the Bible, the New Testament, which I found in a hospital at the head of my bed. In my childhood I should not have even thought of touching the "Gentile Bible". But now I merely hesitated. Then I asked myself: "How could it be a sin? The people around me, Gentiles, were so good, like our own people." Then I took it from the little box and read.

"Abraham begot Isaac, and Isaac

begot Jacob—" So, as I was stumbling through word after word, I was learning to read much sooner, because the word as well as the style was familiar. Many of our people, I have since discovered, learned to read English in the Bible and found it easier than in anything else.

When I left the hospital, an American woman gave me a little volume, a love story. This was the first book in English that I read. But I remember nothing of it, not even the title.

And now it was that I joined a library. The first time I stood in the line waiting for my book and saw the shelves and shelves of volumes, I thought: "And all these I can read, free!"

At the desk I asked for a book by Shakespeare, "any book!" When I first came to this country I had heard the men with whom I worked talk of Shakespeare. The librarian gave me "Julius Caesar". But I soon found that knowing how to read a little English did not mean understanding Shakespeare. I kept the book two weeks. I pored and pored over it and finally I had to give it up. I confessed to the librarian that I could not read "all English books" and asked for something simple, "like for a child". I received "Little Women". I have reread it since. But that first time left no impression on my mind. Yet I must have liked it, for I remember drawing other books by the same author.

And now I read a great deal. I read good books; when I could not get these, I read anything. I remember once when I was away from home, in the country, I read all there was in the house. Among the books I remember "The Choir Invisible", by James Lane Allen, "The Adopted Farm", "The Abandoned Farm", "Pomona's

Travels", and others. I read them all; then I went to a neighboring farm and asked the daughter of the house if she had something to read.

"Yes, I have", she said, and brought me a much-used and soiled, coverless book. The title had been torn off. I looked inside and saw, "Thrown on the World", and I took it away. Late that night, when I crept out of bed to blow out the light, I found that half of the little wooden candlestick had burned away, and just a bit of the wick was flickering in a little pool of tallow.

Then a time came when I could not read everything. There was a change in my home life just now. I was not quite so much in the old environment of old customs and old traditions, the environment where most children remain who come here and go to "the shop" instead of "the school". I began to choose my books.

And now it was that I read Charles Dickens. I found to my delight one day that there was "a whole shelf of books by Dickens" and I read them all. "David Copperfield" remained my favorite book. In some of the other volumes there were often pages that I wanted to skip. But a man who has once been hungry cannot bear to waste a crumb.

One day I went to the library and looked over the poets. I looked through Lowell, Whittier, and chose Longfellow's poems because these I could understand. I learned some of these poems by heart. "The Day Is Done, appealed to me greatly,—

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart—

And again,—

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music—

And this,—

And the night shall be filled with music—

The whole poem to me was a beautiful song and very wonderful to me was the poet's choice of a poet.

I read Olive Schreiner's "Dreams". I had to dig and dig to get the meaning in these. But I loved them because of it; and because of the short simple sentences, the short words, I studied this little book.

One day I read "Silas Marner". There was some trouble at home and a friend advised me to read the book in connection with it. It was so that I loved best to read—when I could see a connection between life and literature. Literature, to me, was as real as life. Literature was life. Many an amusement that was within my reach I gave up, to read.

I remember one beautiful Sunday in the spring. The children were out in the street and, it seems to me now, the adults too. I had just brought a book from the library and sat on the window-sill with my feet out on the fire-escape, reading. The next day I would be at the sewing-machine. But this day, Sunday, was mine. It was very quiet and I was reading quickly, watching anxiously the daylight pass.

So as I sat reading in the quiet there was a tap on the door and a young man, a friend of the family, came in. I laid my book in my lap and he came and sat down near the window. Usually he was aggressive, but today he was very quiet and gentle.

We talked of the book I was reading, of the magazine he had with him. He idly turned the pages of the magazine, then stopped at one page, observed it for a moment, and held it out to me.

"Isn't this pretty?" he asked.

It was a peaceful looking little sketch of a stretch of water, some shrubs, and a small rowboat with two

persons in it, an attractive scene.

"Yes, it is pretty", I admitted, handing it back to him.

He hesitated a moment and asked:

"Why not do that?"

He rose and stood looking out of the window.

"It is beautiful on the water, on a day like this. It ripples so gently and glistens so in the sun. Come? We can let the boat drift. Have you ever been in one? You can touch the water with your hands."

I, too, was looking out of the window, past the rubbish-laden fire-escapes of Monroe Street, past the

clothes-lines, away up at a bit of blue sky between the tenements. I saw his picture readily, and it held me.

"Tomorrow I shall be in the shop, at the machine—"

I looked at my book. I was reading "Middlemarch" by George Eliot. I was at the part where Dorothea Brooke was reading Mr. Casaubon's proposal of marriage. Would she accept him?

I closed the book but drew it closer to me. I looked up at the young man. In his eyes there was still the question. I smiled an apology and slowly shook my head—"no".

MY MIRROR

BY ALINE KILMER

There is a mirror in my room
Less like a mirror than a tomb,
There are so many ghosts that pass
Across the surface of the glass.

When in the morning I arise
With circles round my tired eyes,
Seeking the glass to brush my hair
My mother's mother meets me there.

If in the middle of the day
I happen to go by that way,
I see a smile I used to know—
My mother, twenty years ago.

But when I rise by candle-light
To feed my baby in the night,
Then whitely in the glass I see
My dead child's face look out at me.

DINING WITH DICKENS AT DELMONICO'S

*An Illustrious Friendly Relations Assembly
as Revealed in the Contents of an Old Trunk*

BY KATE DICKINSON SWEETSER

"Why not give Mr. Dickens a farewell dinner in the name of the Press?"

This suggestion was made in January of 1868, at an informal gathering of some thirty leading journalists of New York City, men who had been meeting together during the winter of that year for the purpose of stimulating professional comradeship, and for discussion of such topics as were of vital interest to press and public. Before the suggestion in regard to giving the great English novelist a dinner had been made, there was much talk of the ovation everywhere being given "Mr." Dickens, who was then bringing to a successful end his second tour of the United States as reader of his own works.

The idea met with quick approval. A vote was taken, and it was unanimous in favor of the banquet. As Dickens was to leave the city the following week for an extended trip, and would not be back in New York until April, it was evident that the affair must be given in that month. A committee on arrangements was at once chosen, and from that evening plans for the dinner went swiftly on to a brilliant climax. This account of the memorable function is the result of the recent discovery, in an old trunk unopened under the eaves of an undisturbed attic, of a black scrap-book containing *memorabilia* of the occasion collected by two of those who were present. With the scrap-book there also came to light a bundle of neatly

filed acceptances and regrets from editors and literary men, many of whom at that time were just emerging into the enviable place they hold today in the world of journalism and letters. On the first page of the scrap-book are these head-lines from a morning paper of the following day:

THE DICKENS BANQUET

The New York Press entertains the great
English novelist

SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1868

Beneath this caption there is a copy of the invitation sent to their guest of honor by the committee, of which Henry E. Sweetser was secretary, and John Russell Young chairman. To their courteous invitation Mr. Dickens made reply:

PHILADELPHIA, *February 1, 1868.*

DEAR SIRS, —

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 22nd of last month, and to explain to you that I should have done this sooner, but that I could not until now be sure of my engagements.

It will give me very great pleasure to accept your invitation provided that Saturday, the 18th of April (the only day at my disposal before my departure) should suit your convenience.

In reference to your kind suggestion of your readiness to depart from your usual rule of privacy, if I should desire it, I assure you that I have no such wish, and that I leave the matter wholly in your hands.

Very cordially reciprocating your good wishes,

I am always, dear sirs,

Faithfully your friend,

CHARLES DICKENS.

As soon as this answer to the invi-

tation was received, the committee sent invitations to all journalists, writers, and publishers except those living at such a distance from New York that it was assumed they would not be able to accept. It being the general wish to have as little publicity as possible given to the affair until the last moment, the following communication was sent to all invited guests:

(*Private*)

NEW YORK, *February* 11, 1868.

DEAR SIR, —

Mr. Charles Dickens has accepted an invitation to dine with the Press on the 18th of April. The committee in charge of the matter, desiring to make the company as much as possible representative of the Press of the country, invite your co-operation.

I am instructed by the committee, therefore, to ask you if it will be agreeable to you to take part with us. A note addressed to Mr. Henry E. Sweetser of the "World" before the 10th of March will meet with immediate attention.

It is particularly requested that no publication be made at present.

Truly yours,

JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG, Chairman.

This note was followed at a later date by a formal engraved invitation in the best style of the period. Naturally as soon as invitations went out, and acceptances and regrets began to be received, the affair became a matter of public interest, and eager applicants for tickets wrote from all parts of the country. If those who planned the dinner so casually on that January evening could have anticipated the universal enthusiasm the plan would provoke, and had felt at liberty to extend the invitation to much wider limits than that of the Press, no hall in New York would have been large enough to hold the crowd that would have gathered to honor the famous writer whose readings were evoking such wide-spread enthusiasm. As it was, the original idea was strictly held to that the dinner should be a Press

affair, and all those who took part in it were in some way identified with the world of letters or journalism.

It was decided to give the dinner at Delmonico's, then located at Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street, and after talking the matter over with the celebrated *restaurateur*, notices were sent out that the price per plate would be fifteen dollars. Not a mean sort of affair that, in those long-gone days of fifty years ago!

Henry Coppée, president of Lehigh University, was the first invited guest to respond. He was obliged to decline, but said in his note: "I regard Mr. Dickens as the greatest delineator of character in prose fiction the world has ever seen, and therefore worthy of the honor". Robert Bonner, editor of the New York "Ledger", accepted promptly, with evident pleasure in the project, as did Thomas Nast, the famous cartoonist of later days, then with "Harper's Weekly". He added as a postscript to his letter:

I would just as lieve, for the fun of the thing, paint something suitable to the occasion,—a large cartoon in distemper. I can do it very quickly. Shall I? If you were only ready now for my pictures in the "Tribune", I think I have a splendid subject for impeachment.

There is no hint, however, that Mr. Nast's suggestion was followed up by the committee.

James Parton, historian, whose home was in East Eighteenth Street, New York, replied in the semi-humorous vein which was characteristic of him:

MY DEAR SIR, —

I thought the gods were averse to my having the pleasure of taking sustenance with the gentlemen of the Press, since they twice prevented me. But on my return to the city after several days' absence I find they are going to try a third time. Please count me in for Ap. 18th.

I must tell you, however, that I cannot speak. I absolutely *cannot*. I am ashamed

of my inability. I think it is a mean, cowardly shamefacedness, but it is too late to overcome it.

Ought there not to be ladies? Mrs. Stone, Fanny Fern, Mrs. Field, Gail Hamilton, Ethel Lynn, Olive Logan, Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Davis, and others. Let us be more civilized than the Great British.

Very truly yours,
JAS. PARTON.

This idea evidently obsessed the worthy gentleman momentarily, for there is another letter from him written on the following day in which he says:

Ought there not to be ladies at the dinner proposed for April 18th?

They don't have 'em in England, but whatever is right for England is wrong for America. (An interesting observation, that of 1868, in the light of our feeling now in 1919!)

It is for us to teach mankind how to dine.

With that letter he includes a list of women writers of the time, which is delightful in its echoes of a literary past. Despite the fervor of the gentleman's appeal and the soundness of his reasoning, there is no evidence of any feminine guests at the dinner, other than the acceptance of J. R. Thompson, editor of "Every Afternoon", who wrote: "in which testimonial it gives Mrs. Thompson great pleasure to participate". As there is no other proof that ladies were included, the inference is that Mrs. Thompson was notified that she could not be present.

William Cullen Bryant, poet and journalist, had been chosen to preside at the dinner, but he refused the honor in the following very modest letter:

NEW YORK, *March 2nd*, 1868.

GENTLEMEN, —

I cannot of course but be flattered by an application to preside at any dinner of the Press of the country, even though there be no reason for the preference other than that I am, as I believe, the oldest New York journalist. I share in the universal admiration for the genius and writings of Mr. Dickens, but I have

made arrangements for being absent from New York at the time you mention, and must decline the honor which you offer me.

I am, gentlemen, with great regard,
Your ob't ser't,
W. C. BRYANT.

Horace Greeley, editor and owner of the "Tribune", was then chosen, and accepted the position of presiding officer.

One reply is of especial interest to us at this time, when the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of its writer has just been celebrated on February 22nd with all possible honor. The letter, given below, is written in an easy, flowing handwriting on handsome monogrammed stationery:

CAMBRIDGE, *25th Feb'y*, 1868.

DEAR SIR, —

I need not say how much pleasure it would give me to be present at the Press dinner to Mr. Dickens on the 18th of April. But I am not sure that it will be in my power to be in New York at that time. . . . Could you not keep a plate for me till I am able to give a positive answer? In a week or two I shall be able to say yes or no.

Very truly yours,
J. R. LOWELL.

As Lowell's name does not appear in the complete newspaper list of those present, which is in the old scrap-book, he probably had to forego the anticipated pleasure.

The inability of J. G. Holland to be present, as he was about to start for Europe, was a matter for regret to all, for he was very popular among his brothers in the profession. Many other invited guests from neighboring cities were obliged to decline, but every letter either of acceptance or regret contained some word in praise of Dickens. Donald G. Mitchell, or Ik Marvel, author of "Reveries of a Bachelor", in sending his reluctant regrets concludes his letter with, "Believe me, however, when I say that there will be never a table-man

amongst you more sensible of the debt we all owe to your honored guest than yr obliged serv't, Donald G. Mitchell".

From the mayor of Philadelphia, Morton McMichael, former editor of "The Saturday Evening Post", and later owner of "The North American", who wrote on paper embellished with the seal of his city, came a courteous acceptance, but Mayor Hoffman of New York, who was successively recorder and mayor of the city and governor of the state, was obliged to send regrets. From L. Gaylord Clarke came this:

PIRAMONT, *March 5th*, 1868.

MY DEAR SIR, —

Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to join your committee in doing honor to Mr. Dickens, the greatest genius of this generation. But Dr. Franklin says "*time is money*": I haven't time, I am very sorry to say.

Truly yours,

L. GAYLORD CLARKE.

William Dean Howells, editor of "The Atlantic Monthly", also sent a note of regret in his characteristic and minute handwriting. On that same day the committee were greatly disappointed to receive word from Ralph Waldo Emerson that it would be quite out of his power to take an active part in the affair.

Francis Lieber, publicist and educator, also sent his regrets, as did John W. Draper of New York University, then located on Washington Square. Regrets came from Richard H. Dana, Jr., of the New York "World", then in the Massachusetts legislature, from John G. Saxe, and from T. B. Aldrich, poet, prose writer, and literary editor for the firm of Ticknor and Fields of Boston, Mr. Aldrich's note written in that peculiar backhand chirography so well known to his friends. Charles Eliot Norton of "The North American" accepted promptly, as did William H. Hurlbut

of the "World", and George William Curtis, who was then an editor of "Harper's Weekly", as well as an author. From George Dolby, who had been the representative of Chappell and Company of London in the English tours of Dickens, and who on this American tour was the sole manager of the famous writer, came this reply to the committee:

To HENRY E. SWEETSER, Esq.

Mr. George Dolby accepts with much pleasure the kind invitation of the Press of the United States to dinner on Saturday, the 18th inst.

WESTMINSTER HOTEL, *16th April*, 1868.

Mr. Dolby was the only person, except the guest of honor, to whom a complimentary ticket was sent.

James T. Fields of the firm of Ticknor and Fields sent a genial acceptance, as did J. B. Lippincott of Philadelphia, thus adding one more to the list of publishers who were to be at the dinner.

Edmund Clarence Stedman, editor of "The Galaxy", New York, as well as literary critic and author, writing from 19 Broad Street on his own modish letter-paper, says, "I shall gladly avail myself of the opportunity to be present at this recognition of the *days* and *days* of pleasure which the great novelist has given us all"; while from J. M. Francis of the Troy "Daily Times" came this plea: "I hope you will arrange to give the 'near-sighted' like myself as good a position as is practicable." With more business acumen than is usually attributed to writer-folk, he adds, "Enclosed find the money!"

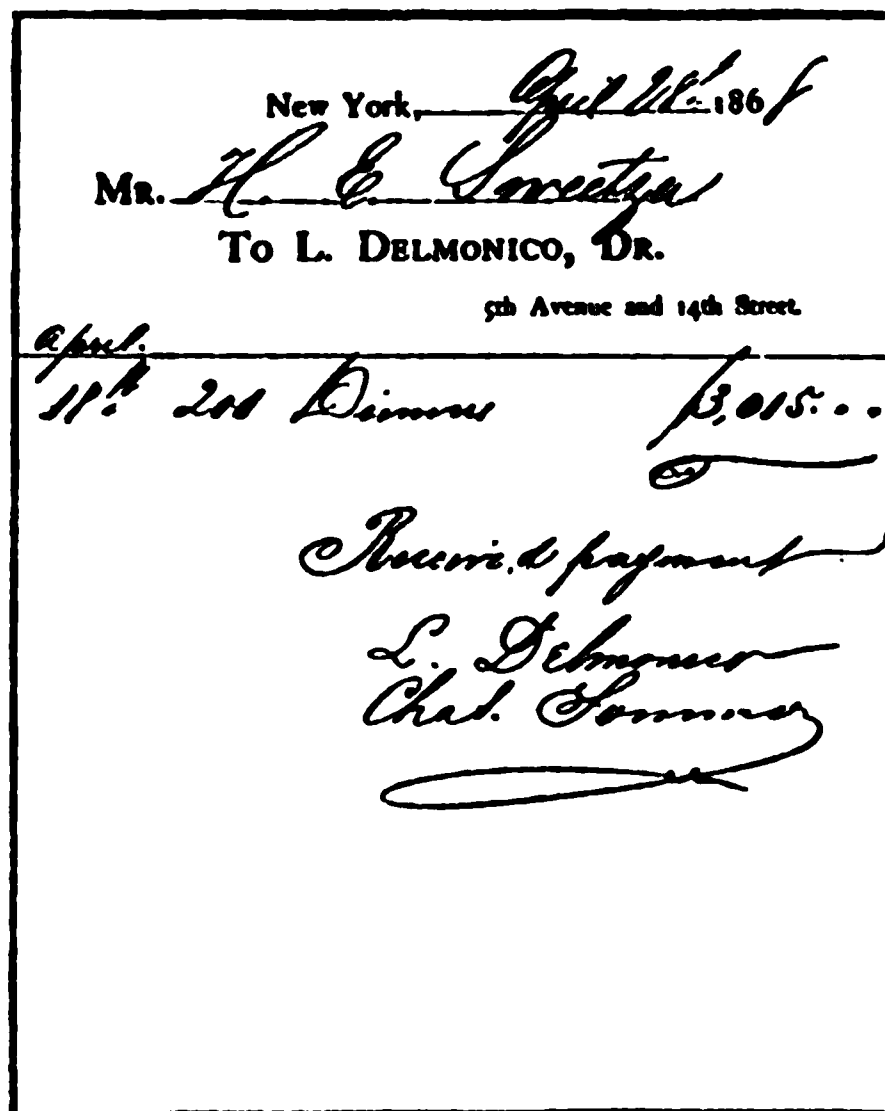
Despite the fact that George Boker of Philadelphia, author and diplomat, who was successively United States Minister to Turkey and to Russia, sent his regrets wishing "your distinguished guest and his many hosts all possible joy on the occasion which I

know that your combined wit and eloquence will make memorable", the gentleman was present at the dinner and responded to a toast in honor of his city.

As the date of the affair drew near, it became a matter of keen interest among the charmed circle of those who were invited, as well as to those envious ones who were outside the pale of journalism or letters, and the committee were literally besieged with requests to break their rule for the sake of eager, and in many cases famous, applicants for tickets. But they did not weaken or alter their determination in regard to the requirements of would-be guests. At the same time they were perfecting what then promised to be and later proved a very brilliant affair. With the banquet a half-century old story, it is of interest to learn from the old scrap-book that "the number of tickets sold was 204,—of the holders of these, 199 were present, and in addition to them, two persons (Messrs. Dickens and Dolby), to whom tickets were given by the committee, leaving a balance of three tickets in favor of the committee, or in money, forty-five dollars". Together with the balance-sheet was Delmonico's bill for the banquet, with its United States revenue stamp of the time affixed, and its signatures of L. Delmonico and Charles Sonnino: "for 201 dinners \$3,015". That it was well worth the price seems sure, for the newspaper account of it in the old scrap-book says:

Delmonico, than whom none knows better how to work up a banquet into the pleasing domain of art, brought all his energies to bear upon the matter.

As a result, the menu, from its pretty colored cover to its delectable details, was an artistic triumph. Those who today attend public dinners cannot fail to be interested in the menu, which



REDUCED FACSIMILE OF DELMONICO BILL FOR PRESS DINNER TO CHARLES DICKENS, APRIL, 1868

included the following literary-gastronomic triumphs:

Huîtres. *Potages*: consommé à la Sevigné; crème d'asperges à la Dumas. *Hors d'oeuvres*: variés; les petites Timbales à la Dickens. *Poissons*: truites à la Victoria; bass à l'Italienne. *Relèves*: filet de boeuf à la Lucullus; agneau farci à la Walter Scott. *Entrées*: filets de Brants à la Signora; croustades de ris de veau à la Douglas; coutelettes à la Fenimore Cooper; galatine à la royale; aspic de foie gras historié. *Sorbet*: à l'Américaine. *Rotis*: bécassines; poulets de grains truffés. *Entremets*: tomates; petis pois; artichauts; laitues braisées. *Sucres*: soupirs à la Mantalini; macédoine des fruits; moscovite à l'abricots; gelée au kummel; gateaux Savarins et Viennois glaces à l'oranges. *Fruits et Dessert—Pièces Montées*: temple de la littérature; trophées à l'auteur; Stars and Stripes; pavilion international; armes Britannique; la loi du Destin; monument de Washington; colonne triomphale.

DELMONICO.

A mere casual glance over this remarkable menu, with its tributes to many nations and to literature in general, assures one of the truth of a newspaper clipping from the New York "World" of April 19th, which

might otherwise seem to be overdrawn. It says:

The eight tables in the dining-hall were magnificent with the most consummate commingling of flowers and confections. Connoisseurs in these things declared that the display surpassed anything of the kind in the history of banquets. It certainly did in the ingeniousness of designs. Confections were converted into tempting pictures of the most familiar characters of the great novelist. Sugar was not ashamed to imitate him, and even ice-cream had frozen into solid obeisance. Sairy Gamp and Betsy Prig, and Poor Joe and Captain Cuttle blossomed out of *charlotte russe*, and Tiny Tim was discovered in *pâté de foie gras*. All this was another evidence of the universality of his creations. So firm a hold have they taken of the heart and minds of even cooks and confectioners that the very edibles answer to the impression with a new touch of humanity in them.

Pride in the brilliance of the affair was all the greater because of a threatened disaster which for a time seemed ominously sure of fulfilment. During the last weeks of his tour Dickens had been far from well, due in part to the change in climate, and in part to a very painful affection of his foot. Many disquieting reports had reached the committee from time to time, and on the day of the dinner, at the hour when those in charge of affairs arrived to make their final preparations, they were met with the news that Dickens was suffering such severe pain in his foot that it was more than probable he could not be present at the dinner. And tables were groaning under their burden of delicacies, while guests were already arriving to do him homage! Well justified were the committee in the gloomiest forebodings, but despair was soon changed to relief. Came a messenger from the novelist, who declared that Mr. Dickens intended to attend the dinner if he had to be carried! Soon the honored guest arrived, helped up the stairs by Mr. Greeley,

on whose arm he leaned heavily, and with his foot bandaged. It was evident to all that he was suffering severe pain, and when he was ready to pass into the reception room, the assembled guests formed in two long lines, through which he walked with Mr. Greeley on one side and Mr. Dolby on the other; and as the guests watched his difficult progress, they paid a silent tribute to the courage of the man who could so override a physical obstacle.

At once the company adjourned to the banquet hall and found their seats according to a diagram in the old scrap-book. Dickens was happily seated between Horace Greeley and Henry J. Raymond of the New York "Times", and seemed to enjoy the speech of welcome delivered by Mr. Greeley, who spoke of being one of not more than twenty of the number present who had welcomed Mr. Dickens on his first visit to America, a quarter-century before. He also referred with pride to the fact that when thirty-four years before, as a young printer, he had the audacity to undertake the editing and printing of a weekly newspaper, in buying material for the first number he purchased an old English monthly containing a story by a then unknown writer, known only by the quaint name of "Boz". The story, which in its present-day form is called "Mr. Watkins Tottle", was published in that first number of the first journal with which the name of Horace Greeley was connected.

The inclusive list of toasts was:

- I Welcome: Horace Greeley
- II Our Guest: Charles Dickens
- III The New York Press: Thurlow Weed, Henry J. Raymond, and Manton Marble
- IV The Weekly Press: George William Curtis
- V The Monthly Press: William Henry Hurlburt

- VI The Boston Press: Charles Eliot Norton
- VII The New England Press: Joseph R. Hawley
- VIII The Northern Press: George W. Demers
- IX The Western Press: Murat Halstead
- X The Southern Press: Edwin De Leon
- XI The Southwestern Press: T. B. Thorpe
- XII The Scientific Press: E. L. Yeomans

In his response for the New York Press, Mr. Raymond spoke of the other distinguished men whom it had delighted to honor—among them the great exile Kossuth, Cobden the statesman, and Thackeray, who, in more than one of his public utterances in America, had spoken in glowing terms of the service done to humanity by his brother in letters, Charles Dickens. (Great applause.) Mr. Raymond dwelt at length on the characters created by Dickens, saying:

They seem like persons. We cherish them as friends. . . . They do everybody good, for they are always hopeful, always earnest (or many of them), always kind to everyone, and in spite of all we may claim for our institutions and our equality of rights, humanity in this country—I say it fearlessly—owes more of its substantial advances to the writings of Mr. Dickens than even to the Press of New York. (Laughter and applause.)

At the close of his speech the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner" and the audience joined in the chorus.

On behalf of the Weekly Press, George William Curtis made a spirited speech in which he dwelt specially on the fact that the guest of the evening had in his writings not only revealed wrongs, but greatly helped to right them.

George H. Boker, speaking for the Press of Philadelphia, said in conclusion:

We shall be delighted to see him again in any capacity, whether as an Amba-

sador of England to the United States (great applause) or as an ambassador from his literary brethren sent to conclude the great international copyright treaty of the future, which we all hope to see. (Applause.)

When the last speaker had finished, there was a brief whispered conversation between Dickens and Mr. Greeley, who immediately rose and announced that Mr. Dickens was suffering such severe pain that he would be obliged to leave, but asked as a special favor that he be allowed to pass out as quietly as possible. At once the assemblage stood, and three rousing cheers rang out while their honored guest left the room.

Never would any of those present forget the speech he had made in response to the welcome extended to him by Mr. Greeley at the beginning of the dinner. In that speech he had made reparation for those earlier statements concerning America and her people, which had won him the ill-will of those who felt he had been unjust in such scathing criticisms. Now, at the end of his second visit to the United States, he took the Press dinner as an opportunity to wipe out old scores of bitterness, and made a promise that thrilled his listeners. He said in part:

What I have resolved upon is, on my return to England, in my own person to bear for the behoof of my countrymen such testimony to the gigantic changes in this country as I have hinted at to-night. (Immense applause.) Also to record that wherever I have been I have been received with unsurpassed politeness, delicacy, sweet temper, hospitality, consideration, and respect for the privacy daily forced on me by the nature of my avocation here, and the state of my health. (Applause.) This testimony, as long as I live, and so long as my descendants have any legal rights in my books, I shall cause to be republished as an appendix to every copy of those two books of mine in which I have referred to America. (Tremendous applause.) And this will I do and cause to be done, not in mere love and thankfulness, but

because I regard it as an act of plain justice and honor. (Bravos and cheers.)

After he had left, and the last speech had been concluded, Mr. Greeley read some of the letters received from those who had not been able to be present. Among them, in its quaint envelope with the three-cent stamp of the period, was this:

BOSTON, *April 9th*, 1868.

DEAR SIR, —

I am very sorry that it will not be in my power to attend the dinner to be given to Mr. Dickens on the eighteenth of April. All of us delight to honor him, and our hearts will all be with you as you speak the kind words of farewell to your and our illustrious guest. No invader ever astonished these western shores with so complete a triumph. He has subdued and rendered tributary to himself the mighty multitudes of our great cities more rapidly and universally than Cortez overcame the thronging Aztecs. He has taught his gracious lessons of sympathy with all that suffer, of delight in all joyous life, to a larger class of enraptured scholars than Marco Lapac found among the docile Peruvians.

He belongs to us and to all that breathe the vital air, as a true Defender of the Faith; faith in this divinely human race, the congenital creed of all its nobler natures, in the face of all its false priests and prophets. His writings, fresh as they are in form, are one in spirit with the smiles and the sighs of the little family circle of Eden before the firstborn of our brothers interfered with its harmony. The language of true feeling is of all time. The pleasant humors of *Pickwick* might have been traced in the original characters of an antediluvian palimpsest, and the sweet humanities of *David Copperfield* might have been deciphered from a manuscript thrown overboard (in a bottle) by Father Noah.

In varying phrases we all strive to express the same wish: peace, prosperity and happiness be with our parting guest, on the land and on the deep, now and always; the man who has been as a brother to more of his fellow creatures than any other of his time, and who, all over the English-speaking world, is the companion of every age and condition and the welcome guest in every household.

Yours very truly,

O. W. HOLMES.

In a letter from John Bigelow, United States Minister to Great

Britain, written from Charleston, Mr. Bigelow said:

The opportunity is one which posterity will envy you. . . . It would be hard to name another writer who, in his whole lifetime ever contributed so much substantial and innocent pleasure to so large a number of his fellow comrades. . . . He has taught multitudes who needed the lesson, that obscurity of station does not necessarily imply insignificance, that ignorance does not always imply immorality, and that poverty is not the inevitable ally of depravity. . . .

Mr. Dickens has also shown in his sketches of humble life with what propriety all legitimate sovereignty resides with and emanates from the people, without distinction of rank or worldly condition, while he has never countenanced false standards of merit in society by selecting the favorite subjects for his pencil from among the privileged classes, in this respect inaugurating a new era in the literature of fiction. . . . Though one of the most voluminous of writers, Mr. Dickens has never printed a line calculated to give attractiveness to vice, or to extend toleration to crime. He has never published a book which would not have added to his reputation, nor one, I venture to say, that would not have added to the reputation of any writer of his years, at the time it was written.

To such a man it is not only a duty but a privilege to do honor, and I trust the Press of New York will do justice to itself by showing that it knows how to appreciate such a rare combination of genius and virtues.

I am, with great respect,

Your very obedient servant,

JOHN BIGELOW.

The dinner of April 18th, 1868, has long since passed into history. As a Press dinner to Dickens it would have been in any case, to some degree, of national interest, but in this year, fifty years since the banquet was held, when the Great War is over, and England and America are sitting together at the peace table in the interests of a new and finer international comradeship, there is a deep and vital portent in one paragraph of the speech made by Charles Eliot Norton. In speaking for the Boston Press, he said:

There are two Englands. There is the actual England; there is the England of the "Times" newspaper, the England of Thackeray's "Book of Snobs", well, the England which we do not like. And there is the real England . . . to which no American can go without feeling a rapture in his heart as he thinks of the old and glorious memories of our race. And when he wakes in the morning . . . he will see the England which he has believed in and dreamed of, and it will seem to him that it is some . . . place where he has been in his boyhood. He will see the old, the real, the dear England (great cheering). . . . He will see the England of Chaucer, of Shakespeare, of Milton, of Dickens. (Cheering.) He will recognize that there is a responsive drop in his heart which beats quicker and warmer because the life which is in him springs from the dear old England, mother of us all. (Great applause.) He will return home the better, the more patriotic, for having seen the home of his ancestors. He will return home with more faith in America, because he will have seen from where America started, because he will be able to appreciate the solid foundations of right, the impregnable rock of justice on which all which is glorious in the real England . . . rests. He will come here with fresher convictions in his own heart, prepared to do his best for his own part and for those who work with him in carrying out those glorious principles which England hides in her heart, places first in her faith, first in her religion—the principles of justice, of liberty, of humanity. I will not attempt to repeat the sentiments which we have heard from the eloquent lips which have preceded me, in saying how deeply, how earnestly, how hopefully he feels

that between England and America is a bond which no earthly catastrophe can sever (applause), but I will say that the idea of war between the old Mother, and the young, vigorous, promising Man-child of the future is an idea which is enough to raze all the foundations of reason from its throne. And we hope it is one that he will never permit himself or others in his presence to speak of. (Cheers.) And this because of his love, not for England, but for humanity. . . . I felt willing to speak tonight that I might be able to add the tribute of New England . . . to him, who, while binding this generation to him by affectionate respect, has . . . had a success which is not limited to England, but which binds the New World to him by cords that are stronger, and have a subtler magnetism than the electric cables, by feelings as delicate and as powerful as those which belong to the inmost domesticities of home. And when he returns to his own country he may carry back the assurance that the faith with which he came upon this voyage—the faith that he should be able to lay one chain more to bind those two dear lands together—has been thoroughly fulfilled.

"We Are a Band of Brothers" was then played, and the speaker took his seat, little dreaming how much his words would mean in coming years. Would that he and those who were gathered together at that dinner could have had a vision of 1919 with its relationship between the beloved land of Charles Dickens and our own America!

HUNTING HACK WORK

BY ROBERT CORTES HOLLIDAY

There is a rather curious occupation which I have followed, with occasional intermissions, for a number of years—that of hunting hack work. The intermissions were periods of employment which supplied, more or less, an income. If one were of independent means, and might regard hunting hack work as a sport like golf, or a hobby like collecting books, or a study like sociology or psychology, or a form of intellectual diversion such as the enjoyment of humor, then this occupation would be rich in reward. As a method, however, of attaining to a livelihood I can hardly, out of my experience, hold it in high esteem. Let us regard it, therefore, for the nonce, as entertainment laden with instruction. For in hunting hack work is to be found much knowledge of the world.

By the term hack work I mean, of course, the humble, obscure, and often arduous chores of the literary profession. Some literary hacks are very young and some are very old. For hack work is two things. Ofttimes it is excellent preliminary discipline and a stepping-stone to a brilliant career; frequently it is an asylum for those who have dreamed their dream. Again, it is the resort of the merely mediocre, who got into it—why, God only knows. Altogether, it is the harbor of a motley world. As a scene it hath much color.

It would be an entertaining thing to go into the personnel of this industry. Who, for instance, writes dictionaries? "Let's look it up in the

dictionary." Nobody questions this omniscient, omnipotent book. Book? It does not seem a book at all, fallible like a book, written like a book, but rather it has always been to one monumental like the pyramids, the stone tablets, as it were, of the law, like to the word of the Lord. Grave and learned judges deferentially consult dictionaries. The tribe of lexicographers, as I have found it, is a picturesque brotherhood of literary adventurers, intellectual soldiers of fortune. Let me see. There was "old Mr. Sigsbee", a veteran bacchanal, who emptied the office water-jar every morning, and the long-cherished dream of whose bachelor life it was one day to write a popular song; there was Hail, who knew Oscar Wilde at Oxford, who fought a duel, and in consequence fled from England, and who considered all Englishmen over here in a somewhat similar case, and inquired whenever he met one why *he* had to leave; there was Neal, who for four years was a Benedictine monk, when, let out on a sort of ticket of leave, he escaped; there was a one-time broker, fallen upon reverses of fortune; there was a poet of twenty-five, author of a slender volume of love verses; there was a socialist, somewhat younger, a contributor to "The Call"; and there, among many more, was "Doctor Tucker", who sometimes was wont to appear about the office in his academic cap and gown. But all things come to an end, particularly employment on dictionaries, and so dispersed is that band,

gone its members on their several ways, some of them, doubtless, to jobs on still newer dictionaries and encyclopædias, blown where the wind follows after to the ends of the earth.

But our concern here is of necessity limited to the subject primarily of *hunting* hack work, with glimpses of the army of grub-street personalities in the background by the way. The commonest way of hunting hack work is by means of "Help Wanted" ads. This is a diverting pastime, especially piquant when one is insolvent. There is something pleasantly stirring to the sporting instinct in being informed, on one of the rare occasions when one is "granted an interview", that about a hundred and fifty replies to the ad were received, and that after one's self "only seven more" applicants are to be seen. On an average, about a couple of hack work want ads may be found in the New York papers every Sunday, sometimes one or two during the week; on particularly good Sundays as many as four or five.

The sort of hack workers most frequently wanted are, first, copy writers for advertising concerns and department stores, and next, trade journalists. Occasionally a "sober" reporter is required for a nearby country paper, and every now and then an ambiguously worded advertisement appears addressed to "authors and writers" wanted by a "leading" or a "long established" or a "prominent publishing house"; or a "literary worker" is desired at some place which is enigmatic in the advertisement.

Interviews arising from want ads regarding hack work are given in various ways. The pleasantest way is the regal way. You have admitted by your reply that you are the type of

man sought, "a big man for a big job". You have braved the intimidating warning that your "references will be thoroughly investigated". You have recited, with your best foot foremost, your "experience", and stated your age. The chances, of course, are literally a hundred to one that that is an end of the matter. But by some freak of fortune at this throw the gods are with you. In a dignified letter having the letter-head of a famous concern you are told that "your letter in answer to our recent advertisement interests us sufficiently for us to desire to see and talk with you". And you are informed that "the writer will be at the McAlpin Hotel, New York, in parlor C, second mezzanine floor", on such an afternoon, such a date, at such an hour, and would be very glad to have you call. It is politely suggested that as several other applicants are to be interviewed the same afternoon it will facilitate matters if each puts in his appearance at the exact hour appointed. Below the signature to this letter are, perhaps, the words "Second Vice-President".

The position, as outlined to you by two valuable-looking gentlemen in the rich seclusion of parlor C, is that of publicity man and editor of a house organ for a mammoth automobile manufacturing concern, or perhaps a house making musical phonographs (it matters not to you which), situated a short distance from the city. At the beginning of their examination of you these gentlemen refer to your letter, apparently the top one of a file of a dozen or so which they have. You are allotted evidently about thirty minutes. The man next in order is admitted as you depart.

So promising, perhaps, have you appeared in your interview that you are

invited out to the factory to luncheon for further examination, and to be viewed and weighed by the entire general staff, so to say. Here your qualifications for the position to be filled are, it may be, discussed with engaging frankness before you. One amiable gentleman present is of the opinion that you have had exactly the wrong experience for the place. At any rate, you acquire a documentary form to be filled out with the details of your life; you acquiesce cheerfully in the idea of your taking up residence in this neighborhood; and you forswear any opportunity to write on the side for any other concern. As the matter now stands, two or three more chosen applicants are to be given the third degree at luncheon. Then in course of time you receive a notification that you have or have not got the job.

In piquant contrast to these highly civilized proceedings is the common way of doing, when, being somewhat in luck again, you receive a postcard upon which is scrawled in an illegible hand, "Call about work 5 p. m. Tues." The man who sends out such a communication as this is very likely to turn out to be one who has a stock remark to the effect that "I always say if anything is worth doing at all it is worth doing well". He is probably "publisher and proprietor" of some one-horse weekly trade paper devoted to the grocery trade or the canning industry, or something like that. He is in need of a man to fill the position of reporter, editor, proof-reader, make-up man, editorial writer, exchange editor, advertisement solicitor, correspondent, and general factotum, to check trunks, and so on. Salary twenty dollars a week; no opportunity for advancement.

Should you obtain this position, you

enter an amusing atmosphere. You are likely to be told at the outset that if you are "bright enough" you can get an editorial out of this or that. You learn, in all probability, that "if you had any sense" you would know better than something or other. You perceive that—if you did not already know—the purpose of a trade paper like that of any other publication, is to "get advertising". And though you live in daily contemplation of as dull, as barren, as sordid, as limited a mind as it has ever been your felicity to observe, you hear a great deal from this source the words "stupid" and "intelligent". You are called upon to "edit" copy which is so worded that it gives no comprehension at all of what the thought may have been in the writer's mind. Also you discover that no matter how right you get a thing it is sure to be wrong; and you apprehend that in the circumstances it is indeed stupid to be conscientious and intelligent to be perfunctory. And so when the spirit becomes sufficiently heavy you may blithely go on your way, hunting hack work.

One of the most agreeable features of being employed on a trade paper is one's enjoyment of the society of one's colleagues. A particularly attractive type frequently met with is that richly racy character, the hard newspaper man of the old school; the man who is comfortable at his desk only with his coat off and his hat on; who smokes a corn-cob pipe; who got his education as, say, a ship news reporter, in a school of hard knocks, profanity and "booze"; whose employer is always the "boss"; whose code of ethics is comprised in the principle to stand by a friend; and whose speech is a weird lingo compounded of the technical terms

of printers and newspapermen. To be audience for a season to the talk of such a one is to learn a trade. For him the world is composed of upper and lower case, first and second forms, "quotes", reprint matter, "caps", leaders, fillers, captions, heads, cuts, overmatter, "live" news, inserts, "obits"; he "rings" his abbreviations, "dummies" up", considers the "fold", and writes "lead out column" all the while. The finest specimen of this species of man I myself have ever seen was one who had a delightfully human taste in reading. His favorite magazine in the United States was "The Police Gazette" and the only English publication with which he was acquainted was "Aly Sloper's".

"Apply twelfth floor, Monday", is the way some want ads read. With your "samples" of your work and your letters of recommendation you repair to the place of assignation at the break of the business day, to find a number of your competitors already there before you, and others arriving every moment, a miscellaneous assembly. Perhaps the lot of you are told right off the bat that the position has been filled Saturday; and you file out in groups expressing indignation to each other on the way. Or, happily, you sit along in a row on a bench awaiting your respective turns in the order of your arrival. Sometimes you are admitted one by one to an inner office for examination; again, in the presence of the company, a hurried-looking man works you off, standing, at the rate of about one a minute. This person is generally an erratic sort of being, who exclaims: "Salary? Ten dollars a week! Eighty dollars a week! Anything, anything at all! Can you get business?"

In either case, you observe with lively interest those come to pit themselves against you. Usually there is among them one or more of a type depicted with much sympathetic relish in the drawings of Steinlen, a humorous, bohemian soul, a shabby derelict with a boutonnière manner and unsightly sores on his neck. Usually there are among them smart youths patently of no experience whatever, whose conception of the way to land a job is by means of glib fabrications. There are, too, invariably, a number of staid, heavy men, with large black moustaches, who look like characters you would expect to have businesses of their own, at least eight children apiece, and certainly nothing whatever to do with the literary profession. Then there are other persons there who look a good deal like yourself.

The different businesses that you may get into, come near getting into, and perhaps do get into, hunting hack work, are richly varied. You are very likely to get into a crooked business, for one thing. This, let us say, is a colorful episode in your career: being a man who takes some satisfaction in writing well, you are attracted by an advertisement which calls for one who writes a "fine style". And so you make the acquaintance of a jovial "pirate" publisher, a man whose ideas have a large gesture. With him things are going to be made to hum. Streams of editorials (intimations of a little German sympathy propaganda) and spectacular feature series syndicated in thousands of country papers, perfectly ripping magazines, projects for organizing a tour of a thousand American editors through the war ruins of Europe,

for bringing a thousand European editors to America, and much more. All, however, in embryo. For the present, you do a little research work, what you might call lifting, what your employer calls compilation and revision.

That is, at the reference department of the public library you find a good many early, obscure, and out of the way addresses, pamphlets, and so on, by eminent persons; and by skilful carpentry you construct from these, articles purporting to be by Doctor Parkhurst and Andrew Carnegie and such persons, who though they never wrote these identical articles, did make every statement in them. Other things of this kind, too, you do. But mainly you discover that there is no honor among thieves. You are never able to get any pay for your stealing. Because "it takes a little time to establish a connection like this" or because your work was so faulty that it had to be rewritten by someone else, who, very probably, also was unable to collect. It is interesting, too, to observe that in the rewriting your work has merely been clumsily marred. At length, you are invited to get a judgment against your employer, and also, while you are about it, to go hang. As you continue to reply to want ads you have an uneasy feeling that you are giving this gentleman the laugh on you by seeking again and again a position of him.

Nowadays you are very likely, if you are quite fortunate hunting hack work, to go into the motion-picture business. Superior picture "corporations" are advertising all the while for bright young men to write publicity matter to be released about the country continually. In

such a berth as this you lead a life of intellectual "pep", with quarters just off the Great White Way, your walls laden with likenesses of the stars that are your inspiration; and you learn a language more singular than Roe, Esperanto, or baseball-ese—the tongue of the screen. It is a job greatly to be coveted, opening a view to riches beyond the dreams of—of—of goodness knows what. Manageresses of picture corporations are wonderful persons, wise in years though golden of hair, business incarnate.

Or you may go into bottling, an interesting study when you come to look into it, and an industry supporting a very considerable periodical literature. Or into the music trade. Are you ignorant of music? Good! A large man somewhat on the order of our "Aly Sloper" friend tells you that he would rather not have one with a knowledge of music as trade journal reporter. Perhaps a student of music would have highbrow ideas, æsthetic sensibilities, not in complete accord with commerce. Or you may go into commerce pure and simple, as exchange editor of the New York "Financial Authority", the paper whose readers number among them the most prominent business men and financiers in the country. The exchange-editor business is going to be considerably increased here after the war. We are no longer a provincial nation, and our exchange editors will give greater attention to foreign countries and particularly to South American countries. As a commercial exchange editor you will find considerable play for your attainments. You are required to be a philologist, to translate your clippings: a clever journalist, to head

up your matter; and to have an instinct for business news like a corporation president. Twenty dollars to start.

Or you may be invited to an interview in his bedroom at a hotel with a representative of a Philadelphia concern furnishing an advertising service for bankers. Bankers are not what they were; they are waking up; dignified traditions of the old school are going by the board. They now advertise. And your shrewd reasoning in a course of writing thrift articles will inculcate in you an admirable virtue. Again, you may go into interior decorating. Perhaps as handsome journals as are to be found, even in Brentano's, are those devoted to the trade in Oriental rugs, cretonnes, tapestries, and Chippendale and Heppelwhite furniture. Or you may go into women's wear. And you will very probably receive among your replies to your answers to want ads illegible and illiterate scrawls from persons who have wild dreams of starting magazines somewhere in the Bronx, and who require editors—to be paid out of advertising which they themselves procure.

One diligent in the pursuit of hack work frequently lands what are termed "temporary positions". An annual catalogue is to be made of, say, firms in the building way, and their products. A "squad" of copy writers are got together. Some here last one week, others three; some hang on through the process of "weeding out" for several months until the task is completed. And one or two of the fittest perhaps survive to a permanent position. Intellectual squad work has its distinctive features. One always knows how one is making out, as on the back of each

piece of work done one is required to record the length of time it took him to do it.

Or, a man engaged in "amusement enterprises" (the exact nature of which is not apparent) somewhere along the Rialto, has put together a story of about twenty thousand words which he desires to have "elaborated" to run to sixty thousand words. This story contains the "facts", what the author wishes to have put into it is "description". The love element as he conceives it is strong, so you must be pretty good at love stuff. There are a number of accidents in the story and you will need to work up suspense. You get the idea! Well, the man to do this work must not want to take home the manuscript to pore over, nor must he make marks on it, but he must have the faculty of dictating rapidly to a stenographer in the office. Compensation one dollar an hour. At the conclusion of an hour or two the author will know whether or not he has got the right man. The "samples" of your work which you have been requested to bring are not found to be impressive. "I can write as well as that myself", is the author's comment. There is no "description" in what you have to show, simply facts, very like the author's own style.

In the advertising department of a prominent publishing house a copy writer suffers a nervous breakdown and has to have six weeks' rest. You have your wires out everywhere all the while, and you are called as a possible substitute. It is the beginning of the spring publicity campaign; a man is needed to jump into the breach at once and lose not a moment being broken in. The trouble with you, however, is that it is feared that perhaps you are too liter-

ary. There are circulars to be written to appeal to the "man in the street", a person who thinks that books are hard things which he had to read at school. The "blurb" is not dead.

Never say in hunting hack work that you have been a book reviewer or, worst of all, a literary editor. Outside reviewing, by the way, is just about the worst business going. But that, as used to be said a great deal at one time, is another story. In-

side reviewing, that is, a "desk job" or being a literary editor, will put butter upon bread fairly well, while the thing lasts. There are two outstanding features of such positions. They are inhumanly scarce and far between; and the stigma of having successfully held one follows the hunter of hack work through life, and stands in the way of all later opportunities. Everybody is scared like anything of the literary.

INTERLUNACY

BY LAURA KENT KLYCE

When I have washed the fat, black
prunes

And put them into a speckled granite
saucepan;

When I have baked the beans
With a slice of bacon and a
Large, round, shining Bermuda onion
in the midst of them;

When I have mended the rent
In the knee of my next-to-the-young-
est son's corduroy trousers—

I suppose I know

Pretty well

What will come next.

Tomorrow I shall continue

To be domestic.

In the meantime, it is evening.

I like the day

Very well.

But it is pleasant in the evening

To turn the lights on,

To glance at the Boston "Evening
Transcript",

To bend my head for a moment

Over the very latest "Bookman"

And read there,

And fancy that perchance I under-
stand it,

The Very Latest Thing

In gauffered verses.

The same moon shines now

That shone upon the face of blind old
Homer.

The same moon,

Beloved.

But our artificial lights have im-
proved since then,

And our poetry

Is different.

CURRENT TASTE IN FICTION: A QUARTERLY SURVEY

BY JOHN WALCOTT

From what the booksellers tell me I do not make out any very sweeping change in the buying public's taste for fiction during the past two or three months. There is no marked change, by all accounts, in the kind of fiction people are willing to pay for, or in the number of novels being sold as compared with other books. But I get an impression, from the various reports and rumors of the book-mart, of certain tendencies that should interest people who find in fiction, as I do, a sort of barometer in which the weather probabilities of current literature as a whole (and of current life as well) may be more or less uncertainly glimpsed.

Our forecast of a few months ago has come out fairly well. There has been a steady demand for novels and an increasing demand for good novels. As it happens, this has not expressed itself in the heaping up of a handful of "best sellers", so much as in a well-distributed patronage of all or a large part of the better novels (and some of the worse) that have been available during this period. It is notable that at the head of the market are several novels of exceptional power and artistic worth. The leader couldn't possibly have been "slated" as a popular novel, in advance—"The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse", which has won on its merits as a serious and imaginative study of the war. Clearly, for a vast number of us, it has succeeded in bringing some sort of men-

tal and moral order out of the dreadful world-chaos of the past few years. I feel that it vindicates the judgment of the bookman who said to me, some months ago, that the time was ripe for a great religious novel; and that it is the underlying spiritual quality of its interpretation that yields its deeper appeal for so many readers. Another fine piece of fiction I mentioned in November has held its own, especially in New York: the cameo-like "Nocturne" of Frank Swinnerton. The conjunction of these two books near the top of popularity brings home the fact once more that the mere bulk of a story is in itself of small account to current novel-readers. Not so many years ago, publishers were afraid to produce a long novel. They spoke with wonder and some commiseration of the "three-deckers" the Victorians had time and taste for. A hundred thousand words or so was enough for any novel. Meanwhile, now and then, long stories were being written and read—by a fluke, it was supposed on each recurring occasion, till the enormous popularity of De Morgan made us realize that we actually liked a very long story, when its length was justified by its scope or quality.

So we have side by side in the regard of the current reading public the slender perfection of "Nocturne" and Mrs. Wharton's "The Marne", and the thumping proportions of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" and Wells's "Joan and Peter". There seems to be something more than a

whisper passing along the book-counters that the large sale of this latest Wellsian lucubration represents a supreme demonstration of loyalty and confidence on the part of the followers of the chattiest among modern prophets. It says something also, I think, for the mental eagerness of the hour; for wherever he may take us or fail to take us, Wells is at least the most reliable self-starter for the car of thought that can be purchased anywhere in our generation, at any price. There are signs of this mental eagerness on every hand. A rapidly increasing number of readers are looking for something in current literature to satisfy or pacify it. And the new fact is that they are looking for it more and more in current fiction. The contrast between "serious books" and novels is no longer the matter of course (in the public mind) that it was even a few years ago. For the modern novel has taken to itself, for better and worse, a variety of functions—for better, certainly, when it succeeds in exercising those functions in harmony with its primary function of telling a story. People, at all events, are looking hopefully to fiction as not only entertainer, but guide, philosopher, and friend.

Hence the increase of that tendency I recorded, on the authority of the booksellers, in connection with books on or out of the war—a tendency to turn from books of document or personal chronicle to books in which the phenomena of the war are imaginatively interpreted. Oddly enough, the abrupt end of actual fighting seems to have had little effect on the demand for war books. And there has been special demand for books that deal with our own part in the war; and, more generally, for books by Americans. It is noticeable that, except for

"The Education of Henry Adams", all of the non-fiction books listed in the BOOKMAN'S "Monthly Score" for November and December are in one way or another connected with the war, and all by deponents from this side of the water.

It is clear from all reports that the outstanding feature of the end-of-the-year situation, from the booksellers' point of view, was the very genial and coming-on disposition of the general customer. A friend in Cincinnati, writing toward the end of January, complains, or exults, that he and his are "still up to their ears in the clean-up game". A letter of about the same date from Portland, Oregon, is more specific: "The general trend of sales as indicated in the November BOOKMAN proceeded logically to a grand clean-up of good, but little advertised books. The sales of November and December were characterized by the *ease* with which we were able to induce people who 'had a book' to purchase another. . . . Gone was the necessity for lengthy explanations; gone the bubbling enthusiasm of the desperate salesman, endeavoring to persuade the fortunate possessor of \$1.50 to take something other than the most widely advertised book of the day; gone the delicious uncertainty of the hesitating buyer, the shifting from book to book—I say, gone were all these ancient landmarks, characteristic of the Christmas buyer. Yet must we render unto the mighty advertising dollar the homage that is due, and admit that 'A Daughter of the Land' and 'Winds of Chance' sold like the proverbial hot cakes."

I wonder if the let-up of the armistice didn't have something pretty directly to do with this?—a combined sense of "everything goes", and "now I needn't be quite so stingy with the

small change!" What should we do, with the strain of war taken off, and the strain of peace-making not yet felt, but "loosen up", even in the bookshops? Lucky for the booksellers, who must have accumulated a vast store of more or less literary gallimaufry the publishers had been pouring out ere the governmental meter should be installed! So the cynic might have argued. But the fact is clear, that whether from liberation of pocket or enlargement of soul, the general patronage of the book-market was notably generous during the "holiday season" and after. "The best feature of the fiction sale", says a New York deponent, "was the general distribution of the demand among the novels of all the authors, instead of its running to a few leading names." And indeed it were well not only for the publisher and bookseller but for author and public, that our national tendency toward a starring system should not get quite as strong a hold on our world of the novel as it has on our worlds of the theatre, the magazine, and the movie. It is encouraging to think that people are experimenting a little, feeling about for something palatable, on their own hook—though another cynical reflection would be that they are condemned to do this groping, since they find so little help in criticism, and the publishers, by their own accounts, are all the time publishing the best books of the year, if not of all time.

Some special forecasts in my survey of November seem to have come true: the increased demand for fiction as a whole; the growing markets for humorous fiction on the one hand, and for novels of serious interpretation on the other. I was speaking then from the book-buyers' and booksellers' ends solely. THE BOOKMAN'S recent data

from the public libraries gives another angle from which we may in a fashion size up the tastes of the hour. It is the angle of the democratic book-borrower, who is content to wait his turn at the common source of supply. Still a third might be had if we could get at the figures of the circulating libraries: the aristocratic "athenæums", and also those drugstore dispensers of literature from which the latest novel may be had a good deal more cheaply than a "sundae" but still not for nothing. Here, after all, is your really independent citizen. Not for him to bother with catalogues, or wait for a possible verdict of "not in". What free soul would not pay a few cents for the privilege of taking his own book captive with two fingers, and an "I'll try that one" tossed, with a clink, upon the counter. . . . But no doubt the public library reports reflect the normal standards of the American book-borrower—except as censorship now and then steps in between the people and what it wants, as it has in one or two notable instances, during the past half-year.

The "Monthly Scores" printed in the January and February issues of THE BOOKMAN have some interesting features. For example, there seems to be a quite distinct cleavage in taste between the New York and New England, South Atlantic, and North Central sections on the one hand, and the South Central and Western sections on the other. You would notice, if you looked at those tables, that "Dere Mable" was popular, both months, in the former division and had no place in the latter. It is easy to understand that Joseph T. Lincoln's Cape Cod yarn, "Shavings", would be more popular in the East than in the West, but hardly to be expected that during the month of December it would hold first

place in New York and New England and no place at all (among the first six) elsewhere. Similarly, though for no discernible similarity of reason, Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Elizabeth's Campaign" is seen to rank third in the East, while it is out of the running altogether everywhere else. If you try to worry these facts about to the credit of Eastern taste, you are brought up short by the fact that "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" seems to have begun its extraordinary popularity in the South Atlantic States, but that while in December it is prominent in all four other sections, it has not yet made a place among the first six in New York and New England. The Eastern "highbrow" may perhaps take some comfort in the fact that after November "A Daughter of the Land" improved her rating in the West to a clear lead of the field, while the East succeeded in losing her altogether. Still, it is pretty much the other way round with "Greatheart"—so there you are! And will someone tell us why "Home Fires in France" should have been so much more widely read in the West than in the East?

Taking these two lists together and analyzing their contents, we may get on the track of current American taste from one or two other points of view than that of sectionalism. There are fifteen titles in all, and but for "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" there is not what can be called a dark horse among them. "Dere Mable" made its big hit as a serial before it stepped out into the market to see what it could do as a book. The thirteen other novels are labeled Burroughs, Canfield, Dell, Grey, Hughes, Lincoln, Locke, Porter, Rinehart, Sinclair, Tarkington, Ward, and Wells. Every one of these writers has a constituency waiting and eager to tackle

anything he or she may write—or to swallow it whole. Four or five of them have never had any sort of respectful treatment from criticism, but this is of the smallest consequence, since they are addressed to readers who don't in the least care whether they ought to like what they like, or not. For the rest, but for "The Tree of Heaven" and "The Magnificent Ambersons", which are not far from high-water mark for their respective authors, criticism would probably find that these books represent hardly more than an average performance for their authors. However, this is not our fault as readers, since we have to take what we can get, even from the head-liners.

Quality apart, we might see how these books pan out in a rough classification according to kind. Sentiment seems to be even more dominant among them than in most popular lists—sentiment running its gamut from the "glad" and somewhat humorless emotionalism of "Greatheart" and "A Daughter of the Land" to the high emotion of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse". The overt humor of books like "Dere Mable" and "'Shavings'" rests upon sentiment, of course. Humor frankly links hands with sentiment in "The Magnificent Ambersons". Sentiment of the stagy kind lies in wait for us all along "The U. P. Trail", and animates, more delicately, such war romances as "Elizabeth's Campaign", "The Rough Road", and "The Amazing Interlude". Sentiment gives warmth to "Home Fires in France" and, in the guise of patriotism, terminates the sheltered selfishness symbolized by "The Tree of Heaven". What, is it really love that makes the world go round! . . . Here is Mr. Wells, however. Mr. Wells is as incapable of sentimentalism

as a boy of ten, and his emotion is always intellectual. I believe it is his immense eagerness and ingenuousness that make so many of us his companions even along such trying journeys as he lets us in for with "Joan and Peter". Ideas are always more exciting to him than action. He had rather argue than interpret, and there is never lack of a new thing to argue about. In a larger way, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" is a novel of ideas; since in that great story the ideas and the action seem to be one. I feel like giving three cheers for us, when I hear from all sides evidence that as a nation we have given hearty welcome to a book of this calibre, at this critical time.

For we haven't often given a rousing welcome, as measurable by the reports of booksellers and librarians, to novels of serious quality, even when big, familiar names were attached to them. Of course one trouble with these reports is that they deal only in numbers sold or borrowed, and can make no account of the quality of the constituency reached. You might say, from a less rigid point of view, having regard for the spiritual and æsthetic qualities of a novel, that to satisfy one person of taste is more "efficient" than to pass muster with a hundred men in the street. Why speak of taste where there is no taste?—Well, then, for the purpose of this survey, we must frankly abandon that term, as trying to "put something over on us". Let us admit that we are simply jotting down a note or two of "what the public wants" in the way of fiction, now and here, or as nearly as we can estimate it. Leaving aside the questions of the best sold, or best borrowed, I may perhaps add the testimony of a reader who has come in personal contact with most of the novels published

during the past few months. Our Cincinnati bookseller and others all say that their customers have been buying fiction pretty much as it comes. How is it coming?

In my former article I ventured the guess that the new restrictions on publishing in the name of wartime economy might react favorably on the quality of the output in the near future. I really think it has done that. The noticeable thing is that the submediocre novels, the books which have seemed to have less than no excuse for being, no longer burden our shelves in such numbers. The publishers are being more careful in eliminating the obviously unfit. There is plenty of room for further improvement in the same direction. The current output of fiction might advantageously be cut in two without depriving the people of any of the different kinds of thing they want. Take, as the most glaring example, the wild western yarn. There I have been unable to see any decrease in quantity or improvement in kind. It is amazing how little trouble the authors of this kind of article think it necessary to take in putting it up for the market. Even the publishers display a cynical indifference to any appearance of originality. A rearing horse straddled by a pair of chaps, a shirt, a red handkerchief, and a "Stetson", with an abyss or a villain in the foreground and an admiring maiden in the rear—this is all that anyone need do, or does do, for a "jacket" to this sort of book: the maiden, to be sure, is optional. Why wouldn't it be a good thing for the publishers to get together like men and brothers, and have their best performers boil down say twenty of these affairs into four or five really good ones, each of which should be given

some little touch of novelty, so that the reason of the reader might be nursed along till the next time? I for one have come to the pass where I feel like gibbering when I take up a nominally fresh performance in this kind and find it unspeakably and insolently the same old stale business, yet again.

The recent supply of mystery stories, on the other hand, has been of distinctly better quality than usual. You have to have an idea of some sort in a story of crime and detection, and this saves it from the complacent banality of the tale of conventional "adventure". The difficulty has often been that the workmanship was so crude, the style so vulgar, the people so absurd, the dialogue so stilted, that mere ingenuity of plot—though hardly a secondary matter in this kind of fiction—could not make up for them, for any reader of intelligence. The standard in these respects is certainly going up. Writers are discovering that it cannot do harm and may do good to make their characters something like human beings, with the gait and accent of every-day; and we may as well suppose that this is in response to some sort of demand on the part of their special public. In short, I gather that the taste for mystery fiction not only holds in quantity but improves in quality. If you ask for instances I would cite offhand among very recent publications, "The Solitary House", "The Apartment Next Door", "The Mystery of Hartley House", and "Sinister House"—a rather odd uniformity of title, now that I notice it. There are current fashions in titles, as in everything else. We have had half a dozen novels in the last year or two called "The Heart of So-and-So".

I notice also that the group of studies of American life (commonly for more than one generation) of

which I spoke before, continues to gain accessions. "The Magnificent Ambersons", "In the Heart of a Fool", "Common Cause", are among the notable ones. Stories of the sophomore age seem also to increase and multiply, though "The Magnificent Ambersons", again, and "Henry Is Twenty" rather overtower the others. . . . I lack space to particularize further as to the special kind of things now being issued in some quantity to meet special demands. I think we may look to see the tendency of fiction swinging away from the *use* of the war as a convenience or an indispensable factor—though for some time our serious fiction will be inevitably tinged with the war, as our lives will be; and very likely our masterpieces of wartime interpretation are yet to be matured, as we get away from the stunning and confusing facts of the struggle.

I quoted, the other day, from certain booksellers whose letters showed an evident sense of responsibility toward their books and their customers. Many of them pride themselves upon keeping in stock, and recommending, a maximum of novels of solid merit. Like the publishers, they like to deal in the best that can be had—if the public will only back them up. I have had a good letter recently from a bookseller who does not hesitate to do a little predicting. In the near future, he says, "it would appear that the larger profit and the larger element of safety would lie in the bookseller's ruthlessly rejecting the black sheep that have masqueraded in white wool in previous years. . . . The ephemeral book is more unsafe than ever before. . . . The humorous book has indeed been revived successfully, and no doubt we may count upon an uninterrupted flow of small but profitable

stuff from the Lardners, the Streeters, and the Cobbs of the day. We think we may also count upon an uninterrupted interest in the book of personal experience, as well as in the book dealing with the larger issues of the peace question, and subsequent adjustments, politically and economically, on the other side."

So speaks our thoughtful and responsible vendor of books; and ends with a word of admonition for his colleagues the country over, with a possible moral for publishers. "One note of optimism may be found in the fact that the glorious clean-up of Decem-

ber affords a splendid chance for the best judgment of the bookseller in filling the vacant places on his shelves and counters with really 'worth while' books, and a reinvesting of his capital in books of a constructive nature. In other words, he is given a chance to prove himself adequate to a great opportunity. Woe be unto him who falls short of the mark." A bookseller, this, who feels to the full the responsibility he shares with the publisher, the public library, and the critic, in playing up instead of down to the taste of that careless but human monster, the public.

COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT

Juveniles and the Movies

The other day I was visiting some friends in the country who have two charming children, a little girl of ten and a boy of seven. In looking through my friend's library, I discovered the old standbys of my own childhood, "Little Lord Fauntleroy", "Alice in Wonderland", "Little Women" and "Little Men"—indeed, all the Alcott books—"Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn", and so on *ad infinitum*.

I asked ten-year-old Margaret how she had enjoyed "Little Lord Fauntleroy", and she surprised me greatly by saying, in the most grown-up manner, "Oh, that's a sissy book! I couldn't wade through it!" And little Philip, who stood close by, cried out, "We like the movies much better than those silly books!"

I was dumbfounded. A child of ten—and a girl, at that—thought Mrs.

Burnett's classic was "sissy". What was the world coming to?

But isn't this state of mind true of many households nowadays? Isn't Mary Pickford more popular than Miss Alcott's heroines? And doesn't Charlie Chaplin replace, in the affections of our youth, the immortal "Huckleberry Finn"? Children, in these crowded days—like their elders—have little time for contemplation, for character analysis, for the rather slow-moving tales that used to hold us spellbound. Rather they want wild west pictures, with excitement in every ten feet of film—and they get it. For the price of one good book they can see a dozen motion-pictures, and their excited minds, fed up on these thrillers, which are comparable only to the old "penny-dreadfuls", are in no state to receive or to be impressed by the gentle books that were your good friends and mine.

To what strange paths is the present generation being led? I tremble,

I even shudder, when I think of a perverted taste thus generally being formed; and parents should pause and consider what the future may hold for their children. If the shadow of the latest movie star is to seem more real to the coming generation than the flesh and blood of Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy, then let us beware.

The Jesuits have a saying, "Give me the first seven years of a child, and I care not who takes him after that". If the flashing screen is to replace the printed page, we must be mighty careful as to what goes on the screen. The child of today knows more than is good for it. Murder and arson are its daily food. I was going to say that these crimes are an open book to it; but I must edit that phrase to fit the modern vernacular, and say "an open screen".

—CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

A Letter to a Publisher

The following communication from the distinguished and popular Mr. Backspace to the well-known publishing firm which issues his novels was brought to the attention of the Complaint Department of THE BOOKMAN through the kindness and courtesy of Mr. Ralph Henry Barbour:

"THE ELMS", PARACHUTE, N. J.,
February 3, 1919.

Mr. Underwood Haskins,
Haskins, Doane & Co.,
New York City.

MY DEAR MR. HASKINS:

The pictures for my novel, "Priscilla's Hectic Past", go back to you today by mail. Thanks for the opportunity of viewing them. The artist, Mr. Straboni, has, I am convinced, put his best work into them, and I am sure

that they will add a hundredfold to the appearance of the book. They are, indeed, such excellent examples of the illustrator's art that I hesitate to make mention of a small matter that has occurred to me with regard to them lest I sound disparaging or, at the least, critical. I beg of you not to entertain that suspicion for an instant. The matter is of only the slightest consequence, and it is that fact which gives me courage to allude to it, since I feel certain that your good sense will exonerate me from any suggestion of pettiness.

In looking over the pictures it has occurred to me that perhaps one or two alterations in the text would be advisable. I realize that it is rather late to suggest this, and that changes made now will be expensive, but in the interests of—shall we say?—concord, I shall be glad to defray the cost of the alterations: or perhaps it would be better to say corrections. The fact is that there are certain discrepancies between Mr. Straboni's charming illustrations and my text which, while of no great moment, might, I fear, wound the sensibilities of Mr. Straboni if allowed to persist. I feel that when at the expense of but little labor and money these discrepancies can be removed, neither you nor I have the right to risk a shock to so sensitive a thing as the soul of an artist.

The corrections which I propose are not many—for I have in mind only the more dissentient passages—and concern but six of the eight drawings. In the remaining two my ideas appear to accord most happily with the artist's. Indeed, in one of these, that illustrating the line: "Twilight fell softly over Threespeed Manor", the unanimity between Mr. Straboni's conception and my own is most remarkable; and I may, I think, be par-

doned a slight self-gratulation. Had I not committed the unfortunate error of describing a low and rambling structure, whereas the manor is plainly tall and turreted, I should be extremely pleased with myself. In order that you may understand the nature of the corrections I give one or two examples. If you agree with me that it would be wise to make them on the page proofs I will indicate them on the duplicate set in my possession and mail at once.

On page 6, second paragraph: "Gerald Fusilage paced thoughtfully to the heavily-draped window and gazed out upon the restless afternoon activity of the Avenue. He was well over average height and carried himself with the assured erectness of the trained soldier that he was. Standing there before the long casement, with the pale winter sunlight outlining his well-knit form, he presented a fine picture of masculine beauty, a beauty no whit detracted from by the perfectly fitting uniform of an officer of the United States Air Service, etc." This should be corrected to read: "Gerald Fusilage slumped into a kitchen chair and fixed his gaze dejectedly on a pandanus standing in an oddly-fashioned *jardinière* just inside the doorway. He was rather under the average height and stooped with the studious stoopiness of the student that he was. Sitting there before the small open window, with its charmingly simple sash-curtain of dotted muslin, the radiant summer sunlight splashing the linoleum at his feet, he presented a striking example of the better-class burglar, and even the well-cut uniform of the New York Street Cleaning Service that he wore failed to disguise his criminality, etc."

On page 65, last paragraph: "*Regal* was the first word that came to Gerald

as his swift glance fell upon her. From the coiled masses of her coppery hair to the last inch of her jewel-bedeked slipper she was queenliness itself. A white gown of severe simplicity followed the lithe grace of her perfect form, etc." This should read: "*Fat* was the first word that came to Gerald as he glanced lazily up at her. From the top of her rubber swimming cap to the tip of her black-stockinged toe she was pudginess itself. A one-piece bathing suit of some closely clinging material was slightly in advance of the generous rotundity of her perfect amplitude, etc."

These two examples will, I think, suffice. Trusting that you may agree with me as to the advisability of correcting the text of the novel to accord more delicately with the conceptions of the artist, and with the greatest esteem,

Faithfully yours,

STEPHEN BACKSPACE.

Best Sellers I Have Never Read

I have never read a best seller. My general ignorance of these works of art—for so I am told they are—is profound and highly important. I am the only one I know who is capable of judging them entirely upon their merits, without any prejudice. It is always fatal to become familiar with anything which you wish to estimate correctly and with absolute justice. You are bound to take on a particular point of view, which, while personally interesting and more or less conclusive, is essentially worthless from a practical standpoint. I have talked with a great many people who are addicted to the habit of reading best sellers, but have never gotten anything out of them that was of the

slightest value. Most of them are silent on the subject. They devour their best sellers, one after the other, without comment. They have no views on the subject, any more than one has views on chocolate caramels. Others are distinctly voluble, but entirely irresponsible. They love some best sellers with a passionate love, although they never can tell you why, except to smile idiotically and declare they are the best things they ever read. They hate other best sellers with the same passion, and cannot understand how anyone else can like them. As a basic and absolutely impregnable proposition, I have therefore great sympathy for the writers of best sellers, because they are read by so many people that any genuine estimate of them is impossible. They certainly need to be defended by someone who does not read them.

There are also exclusive, highly intellectual, and no doubt occasionally intelligent people who do not regard best sellers as works of art, who declare that they are unworthy of serious respect. But I cannot say that the opinion of these critics seriously interests me. From my vulgar and admittedly commercial viewpoint, best sellers have one great merit. They are read by large numbers of people, and this enables their authors to live in ease and comfort. Anyone who in these days can manage to live in ease and comfort is certainly worthy of admiration. It is a great thing to be able to maintain yourself without borrowing money from your friends or occasioning them any particular anxiety. I have never met the author of a best seller, although I once called on Barkington Tooth—or is it Tarkington Booth?—and found him out, to my dismay. For I am quite sure, if I ever did meet one, I should not ap-

proach him beforehand with the thought that after all it might be well for me to lock up all my valuables in the safe, and to remove my Waterbury watch from my off wrist. And that is a great deal to say of any maker of literature, alleged or otherwise. Why is it any more disgraceful to sell all the product of your brains while you are alive and can enjoy the proceeds—as in the case of George Barr Oppenheim or Mary Johnston McCutcheon—than to be like Shakespeare and Bunyan and others I might mention, and have the sales come a long time after you are dead? Is it anything against any man that he should honorably work for immediate results? If, for example, Goldsmith had had more of this best seller spirit in him, think of how glad all his friends would have been when he asked them out to luncheon.

In every age there is a certain small body of professional highbrows, who set up their own standards as the only standards worth while and assume that if any book commands a large audience it must necessarily be unworthy. I would not condemn these friends unjustly. I will even go so far as to say that a man may be a member of the Society of Arts and Letters and still have lurking somewhere within him the power to become known. But I do claim that just because an author is read, is no reason why he should be treated just like any ordinary millionaire. An ordinary millionaire extracts money from others without any power to interest them during the proceeding. They do not sit up nights enjoying it. He may grip them, but not in that way. Nobody likes to give up money to an ordinary millionaire and the process is so unpleasant that, in order to get his results, the millionaire has to do business in devious

ways. Not so the author of the best seller. He is frank and open, and everybody comes up and lays money down before him gladly, with the feeling that they are getting something for it that they can talk about to their friends.

I can see no particular reason why the majority should not rule in literature as in other respects, and why they should not have the privilege of setting a standard of literature that will be recognized as the one and only standard. Why is not Harold Bell Churchill greater than Henry James? Why are not Winston Cecil Thurston and Humphry Ward Hergesheimer and MacConnor Grath greater than Samuel Butler and Thomas Love Peacock?

Aside, however, from its power to place its author beyond the anxiety of the world at large, the best seller has another merit. It keeps a large majority of people from reading books that are not best sellers. If there were no more best sellers, everybody would have to fall back on Homer and Shakespeare and Samuel Richardson and Fielding and Jane Austen and the pocket editions of the classics. And where would we be then? In a short time the taste for reading newspapers would decline and there would be nothing but bare accounts of what is happening in the world. Paper-mills would languish. Our trees would begin to grow in peace. Everybody would begin to cultivate his leisure.

—THOMAS L. MASSON.

A POET IN PARADISE

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

Surely in some old room of Heaven,
By some celestial fire,
He who loved fires and friendships so
Still keeps his heart's desire.

And Herrick leans and laughs with
him
Along their bench of gold
While Chaucer murmurs leisurely
Some blithe old tale untold.

O surely while the flames leap high
As Syrian watchfires blew,
King David comes to speak with him
Of wars and songs they knew:

Or down the meads of paradise
Where God's true gallants ride,
He speaks of love and honor now
To Lovelace at his side:

But when at eve by Heaven's gate
The blessed souls keep ward,
I think he waits where Beatrice
Walks with her dark-cowled lord.

And, looking down, where one green
star
Lies on the sky's deep dome,
"And was it long", he asks of her,
"Before your love came home?"

A DISCIPLE OF DR. PANGLOSS

BY CORNELIA MEIGS

"The Life and Times of Stephen Girard" depicts a period of our American history that may be truly classed as the era of "once upon a time". It was then that pirates still roamed the seas—when doubloons and pieces of eight were the basis of financial computation, when Ohio was our frontier, and people spoke only vaguely of a western country reaching to the "shining mountains". It was a time when a young, adventurous nation was trying the first experiment in modern democracy while all the countries of the earth looked on. In the midst of this era, during the winter of 1784, there was a certain ship under construction on the stocks at Kensington near Philadelphia. She was a brig of sturdy proportions, built of mulberry wood, red cedar, and locust, every timber having been personally selected by her owner, a one-eyed sea-captain named Stephen Girard.

His name is remembered now, perhaps, as vaguely connected with a great fortune and the endowment of a college whose high surrounding wall cuts off certain of the streets of Philadelphia, and through whose gateways "no ecclesiastic, missionary or minister of any denomination" is ever allowed to enter. One may think that here is merely another bequest of an eccentric millionaire; may fail to understand that the great fortune is almost a symbolic one, built up, step by step, with the upbuilding of our nation; and may not realize that the forbidden gateway is a quaint and lasting

monument to young democracy, to the rebellion against all tyranny and tradition-ridden religion, to the time when liberty was a nebulous theory rather than an earth-shaking principle—when a few wise minds were translating into practical form the vague precepts of triumph of reason, freedom of the individual, and the rights of man. Of these makers of our destiny, the founder of Girard College was the man who built up our commerce and made American shipping a great power, and who helped give to this country, for a period all too brief, the greatest carrying trade on earth.

In the year 1771, Stephen Girard, merchant and mariner, sailed from Bordeaux, the city where he was born, for Port-au-Prince in the West Indies. The merchant in him so far overrode the mariner that he carried goods of his own upon the ship of which he was officer. These were sold at such a disastrous loss that he did not dare return to Bordeaux, being unable to pay the debts he had incurred. Forty-two years later this insolvent ship's officer had achieved such fame and wealth that Joseph Bonaparte, in need of ready money, tried to put Girard in permanent possession of his vast French estates. "The ancient Marquisate of Montmeillan" was to be his, so Joseph wrote, "the Seigneurie of Mortfontaine, the Marquisate of Vienan, eight or ten chateaux with their theatres, greenhouses and orangeries, priories, domains, thou-

sands of acres of woodland, etc."

To which Girard made prompt and brief reply: "It does not suit me to figure as a great landowner in a country to which I shall never go, under a government hostile to Republicans."

He had carried his fortune-seeking to America, where opportunities were greater and laws were not so cruel. Yet the riches that made governments and princes turn to him for aid, did not come with ease. Very early in the annals of his business we find statements of losses and disaster followed by the remark, "Patience, this cannot last always. As Dr. Pangloss says, 'All is for the best!'"

The adverse conditions with which American trade must cope at this time when great European nations were at war with one another were staggering. Orders in Council, Embargo Acts, uprisings, danger from privateers and pirates all must be accounted for in calculating the profits of any voyage. "Your brig, Polly, has been taken by privateers", writes his agents; "the money and jewelry and other precious belongings of the passengers were put into the barrels of coffee, but, by a hint from the servants, the privateers took all on board." "The slaves have revolted", writes another agent from San Domingo; "they have set fire to all the plantations, and massacred all the whites they could find. There is an embargo on all vessels in the roadstead." "The privateers and pirates are very threatening in these waters", his captains write him. "Then buy more guns", are Girard's laconic instructions; and if guns do not avail, "then we can only quote Dr. Pangloss", he comments on his losses, "and say all is for the best."

His first ship, the "Two Brothers", commemorated his partnership with Jean Girard, a man as querulous,

cautious, and pessimistic as Stephen was patient and bold-spirited. Many times he must have had need to call upon his patron saint, Dr. Pangloss, to close his ears to Jean's protests or his "I-told-you-so's" when disaster overtook some venture. "She is a good ship", is Jean's characteristic and grudging comment upon the vessel built after Stephen's own designs, "and a superb sailor, but Heavens, how she does careen!"

Yet Stephen and his bold American and French captains cared little for Jean's misgivings and with the "Two Brothers", the "Liberty", the "Montesquieu", the "Voltaire" and the "Rousseau", vessels whose very names shed light upon his principles, he scoured the seas and brought back to Philadelphia fame and wealth and honor to American trade. When a ship cannot enter the appointed West Indian port, or Hamburg, or Marseilles, as she is ordered, "then send her to Calcutta or Canton or Java", he directs easily; and instead of bringing home sugar or coffee or Spanish milled dollars, the fleet of vessels bears back tea and pepper, spices and silk. In spite, however, of his changing ports and his adaptability and easy alteration of plan, he had one fundamental theory of trade: namely, that wars and uprisings brought starvation in their wake and that the vital need of any country under arms was wheat. Let slaves revolt or kings lose their thrones, let business fall into chaos and a cry go up for bread, in almost less time than the news could carry to America and back, a certain blue and white-starred flag would rise above the horizon and Stephen Girard's grain ships would be beating up the harbor. "Our trade is ruined", writes his exasperated and bankrupt French agent, "those infernal patriots

have confiscated everything"; but Girard's reply is to send the "Good Friends" to Bordeaux with ten thousand bushels of wheat. England and France have declared war—Napoleon is defeated—Napoleon has returned—such items of news meant but one thing to him: send grain, wheat, flour as fast as Yankee skippers can sail.

The fortune gained in these ventures, grown at last to be the greatest in the United States, became no small item in the history of the new country. During the war of 1812, the federal treasury, on the verge of bankruptcy, undertook to negotiate a public loan of sixteen millions. There was then none of the vast machinery of advertising necessary to bring this need before the people, so that the project failed dismally, less than a third of the sum being taken. That practical democracy was very young and inexperienced at that period is proved by the fact that the entire remainder of the loan was put into the hands of three rich men who now came forward, David Parish, John Jacob Astor and, the largest subscriber, Stephen Girard. "All payments of the Loan of XVI millions", writes the Secretary of the Treasury, "are to be lodged in Stephen Girard's Bank."

This bank had been founded by Girard in 1812 with his individual fortune as its capital, and its object, so he states, to aid "the unfavorable prospects of our maritime commerce". Through the financial confusion that followed this war, when well-meaning blunderers were experimenting with our monetary system, through rivalries and political attacks on all sides, the bank of Stephen Girard stood firm until his death and became as great a foundation stone in America's

finances as his commercial enterprise had become an integral part of her trade.

The will of Stephen Girard is a document showing even beyond his personal letters what were his private opinions, how great was his gratitude to America, and how loyal he was to the principles of pure democracy. Through the freedom of the new country his wealth had been obtained and to that country, for her greater prosperity, it all went back. So much was given to the commonwealth of Pennsylvania for the building of canals, so much to the city of Philadelphia, so much to the city of New Orleans, "that being the first port on this continent with which I traded"; and a vast quantity of real estate was bequeathed to endow a "permanent college for the education of orphans, where they were to be taught the various branches of sound education and especially a pure attachment to our republican institutions and the sacred rights of conscience".

A great fortune, so he firmly believed, is part of the country's wealth and should serve her prosperity and her ideals, both in the present and in the future. Could Stephen Girard know today of the flame of triumphant democracy that has lit the whole earth, of the vast resources of America that came to the rescue of a famine-stricken world, he would be more than a little satisfied. That ten-foot wall about Girard College with its narrow restrictions that we have a little outgrown, should not be his only memorial. It should be in our cargoes of grain, our busy shipping, and the flag he loved flying in the Seven Seas again.

The Life and Times of Stephen Girard.
By John Bach McMaster. 2 vols. J. B. Lippincott Co.

NOVELS OF CHARACTER AND ATMOSPHERE

BY H. W. BOYNTON

Most novelists have a recognizable constituency or following. Thousands of readers look for and religiously accept any book by Conrad or Galsworthy or Wells, as if the man's work were all of a piece, and any item of it could safely be taken as *a* Conrad or *a* Laura Jean Libby, in the collector's phrase. Witness the current large sale of "Joan and Peter", certainly very dull and perfunctory as a story of anything but Mr. Wells's latest mental adventure—which is all that at heart any Wellsian expects of his master. But the case of Bennett is different. There are several Bennetts, each with his following; and these followings are not especially friendly to each other. There is the following of the sober ironist of "The Old Wives' Tale" and the "Clayhanger" series, and there is the following of the whimsical humorist of "Denry the Audacious" and "Anna of the Five Towns". I know people who adore "Hilda Lessways" and have no use for "Buried Alive"; and the other way round. And I know other people (in fact, I am one of them) who adore both of these Bennetts and have comparatively little interest in certain other Bennetts who now and then make themselves heard in the flies or the cellarage. I may as well own that for me the real Bennett, or the best Bennett, is the one who permits himself to exist and to be heard again in "The Roll-Call". Here, for one thing, he is at home, with his own people, the breed of the Five Towns—transplanted to London, it is true, but the

same people for all that. We know where they get the sturdiness and canniness to make headway against the hostility or indifference of London. We know where they get their accents, their carriage, and their very features. For these are our own people also, some of them at least, Orgreaves and Clayhangers whom we know better than we know our neighbors, thanks to their kinsman and interpreter. I for one feel in this story of Hilda Lessways's son a kind of spontaneity and finality, a rightness approaching infallibility, in insight and expression, such as I felt in "Clayhanger" and "Hilda Lessways", and somehow could not feel in "These Twain", where Mr. Bennett's cleverness seemed at times too busy at its own game.

In outline, the story is a good deal like the recent "Housemates" of J. D. Beresford: the young fellow coming up from the provinces to the experiences of a London lodging-house and a London architect's office. Mr. Beresford, we know, was trained in architecture, and a practising architect for some years; but where did Mr. Bennett get his minute knowledge of the atmosphere and technique of that profession? "Who's Who" has him busy at the law till, at about twenty-five, he became an editor. . . . You recall that Clayhanger's neighbor Orgreave was an architect: his son John is a member of the London firm to which young George Cannon is attached. George and his stepfather Clayhanger are excellent friends, but

on setting out to have a try at the world for himself, George elects to use the name of that amiable bigamist who has given him being, if not legally a name. George, in fact, is "an extremely independent, tossing sprig", with a good and sensitive mind, and a will to make the most of himself. Enwright, the head of the firm, is a man of big tastes and sane methods, and young George is happy in the discipular relation. He himself has a touch of genius to apply to his store of learning; so that presently, impelled by the chance remark of a pretty girl, he goes in and wins single-handed one of the great competitions of the time. But this is only important to us for its influence on his character, and that is rather luckily modified by his failure to follow up this first huge stroke. Ten years later we find him married to the rather shallow, conventional girl who, in a way, incited that stroke; and settled down, with a child or two, to domesticity, pecuniary responsibility, and no great prospects or even security for the future. However, he has landed another big job and has got another well hooked when "the roll-call" reaches him. He cuts loose from everything (at the moment when a third daughter is being produced for—or against—him), and we part from him as a new-fledged lieutenant of artillery, thrilling with the composite sense of escape, bondage, and consecration of the man who has of his own free will "joined up". Those who prefer Bennett the ironist, the sober (not solemn) interpreter, to Bennett the amusing commentator or Bennett the clever manipulator, will find their meat in this further and perhaps final record in the Clayhanger series.

One quality that demarks Mr. Bennett rather strikingly from his con-

temporaries is that he is not statedly *against* anything. He is an ironist, not a satirist; a chronicler, not a prophet or even a protestant. Messrs. Shaw, Wells, Galsworthy, and most of their juniors and disciples are "antis" primarily—anti-Victorian, anti-middle class, anti-matrimonial. Down with respectability, down with cant, down with convention—and up with anything you choose. In contrast with this species of inverted Victorianism, Mr. Bennett's mellow ironic method has the human largeness we constrain ourselves to call Elizabethan (O Mark Twain, and Lewis Carroll, and Meredith, and all other hearty souls that went your way unhampered in that "Victorian" world!). If there is any idea or moral in "The Roll-Call" it is the simple one that from peril of surfeit and smooth ways the shock of war has rescued many an one for the better, whatever may have happened to him thereafter. We don't know whether George Cannon comes out of the war alive, we don't even know how he came through his first action; and in a sense it doesn't matter.

One secret of the charm of Frank Swinnerton's "Nocturne" is what may be called the warm disinterest, or sympathetic detachment, of the chronicler. He doesn't mean his little episode to "teach" anything: it is simply there before us, yet by no means as a "slice of life", for what makes it alive is the radiant energy of creative art. The artist's self as well as his skill informs it. Irony would be too cold a word for its mood, for there is something glowing here. As we enter that mood, we feel ourselves lifted to something like the wisdom and tenderness of the gods, glimpsing elements of beauty in the children of dust, and in the dust itself. "Shops and Houses"

is a less sublimated kind of fiction. Its emotion is less intense and less from within. And it labors somewhat from the outset under the burden of an "idea". At once we are, so to speak, confronted with Beckwith, an English provincial town which is confessedly and unhappily typical. Beckwith is an ancient village but fifteen miles from London, half spoiled by the advent of railway and factories, yet still self-centered. It is a place of rigid class distinctions, raw social nerves, and ruthless tongues of censure or surmise. "The wrong thing said or done flies from lip to lip, from eye to eye, very secretly, very finally. Living in Beckwith is like living upon glass. It is both slippery and brittle. . . . The cause of this is that when one lives in Beckwith one has very little wider life. The consideration in which one is held by one's neighbors (in default of special talent, which is rare in Beckwith, and which raises a barrier of constraint) is the only consideration which one can enjoy." It is a village of snobs, such as from Miss Mitford to E. F. Benson has made itself familiar to American readers as a kind of stronghold of Britishism. What gives Mr. Swinnerton's handling freshness is his explicit conviction that this narrow, ingrowing, pharisaical life of the Beckwiths of old England is a damnable thing, and not merely a quaint and amusing thing.

The opening situation is intensely British. The unchallenged social supremacy in Beckwith belongs to the Vechantors. There is, to be sure, a Lord Dayscombe, but he is so far an absentee as to be hardly rated a Beckwithian. The Vechantors are a family of a good deal of charm, dwelling serene and contented on their high eminence, not haughty in bearing and

of really gentle breeding, but half-consciously basking in their sense of superiority and precedence. Vechantor senior is a quiet paterfamilias, fond of his own company and a few old books. Louis, the oldest son, does what a gentleman may in a local bank. All is serene enough when falls a bolt from the blue in the person of a forgotten Vechantor cousin blundering into town in the place of a retiring grocer. Horrible! The village feels the outrage, and the incoming Vechantor and his luckless family feel it, and not least of all the reigning Vechantors on their eminence. The very presence of the interlopers, Vechantors behind a counter, is a vague menace to that eminence. The queen-mother herself, gentle and generous woman that she is by nature, shares the universal distress. And this Louis presently makes intolerable by actually showing a slight civility toward his cousins. The elder Vechantors ignore them; and there is presently a parental decree forbidding the grown-up Louis further intercourse with these people who have the insolence to be relatives without permission.

Louis is a bold Briton. He defies the decree; and in the end, with the approval of his converted elders, makes choice of his charming cousin, the grocer's daughter, as against the conventional Beckwithian female who has almost hooked him. But Beckwith is not to be lived in and remodeled by them or the new forces their union represents. The grocer and his wife, having been magnanimously received by the aristocratic Vechantors, discreetly withdraw to a more congenial sphere. And Louis and his Dorothy, though they love the country and Beckwith itself, as the place nature made it, dare not try to live out their lives there. Nor is it Beckwith as an

isolated spot they shrink from. Dorothy sums it all up:

I've been thinking whether perhaps Beckwith . . . that it isn't altogether a place at all. I mean, whether it isn't a sort of disease. If you live in London, you hardly know your neighbors—one on the right, one on the left. . . . And no more. You have your own friends. Nobody else cares two-pence about you. . . . That's in London. But London isn't England. I've been wondering if, directly you go to England to live, you don't find Beckwith. Dear, I don't want to be cruel. I'm not cruel. But I can't think of this place—this dear, lovely place—as making its own people. Aren't people everywhere alike? This is what I thought: isn't Beckwith any small town in England? Isn't the choice between London—that's heartless—and Beckwith where your life's everybody's business? If you have to choose, what will you choose?

So they choose London, where shops and houses are at least more indifferent, if not more kindly, to one another. Apart from this idea, and the two interesting lovers who struggle with it—and more vividly than either, perhaps—I expect to remember this book for its portrait of the “nice girl” Veronica, so “common” and unmoral beneath her surface conformity—an indubitable portrait of female Victorianism at its nadir.

The other day I happened to go to the fiction desk of the New York Public Library to ask a question. I wanted to find out if there was any particular kind of fiction people were calling for at that place. The answer I got from the attendant was non-committal, but an item thrust itself upon me as I waited. One person was there before me, a pleasant lady of rather more than middle age; and the book she carried away with her was “Dr. Adriaan”. The novel was just “out”, and I got the impression from a certain gentle triumph of eye and snugness of elbow that the pleasant lady had been lying in wait for it and might have been the first to find it “in”. She was the type of reader one associates, if not necessarily with “glad” books, at least with cheerful

ones; and the “Books of the Small Souls”, of which “Dr. Adriaan” is the last, present a human comedy more than tinged with melancholy. This Dutch realist, Couperus, looks upon life with sombre emotion, a kind of despairing tenderness. There is so much that is fine and generous in human nature, he seems to say—what a pity that it should be so diluted and obscured in the “average” person. Here, for instance, is the tribe of the Van Lowes, a respectable upper middle class connection. A diplomat, a colonial governor, have given it distinction, at least in its own eyes. The later generations of yesterday and today have added nothing to the family glory; they seem indeed to have developed a feeble and futile individualism which jangles their inner harmony as a clan without impressing the world outside. Yet they cannot get away from each other; the clan tie is after all a sort of security against the scorn or indifference of the world outside. It binds together and gives a kind of dignity to the petty interests in which each of these small souls is absorbed.

The symbol of this bond is ancient “Grandmamma” Van Lowe, whose Sunday roll-calls have kept the tribe together in the old Hague days. You remember that at the end of “The Twilight of the Souls”, when Gerrit, the one apparently hearty and healthy member of the crew, succumbs to the family taint and kills himself, the mind of his indomitable old mother gives way. “There”, we think, as we close the book, “that’s the end of her anyhow.” But it isn’t; for Grandmamma’s real “finish” doesn’t come till the last page of the present story. All through it her presence in the background, though it is only a feeble physical presence, remains the symbol of the family unity; not till

she is discovered dead in her chair do we feel that our story of the clan, as a clan, is ended.

Adriaan, you recall, is the son of Gerrit's sister Constance and Van der Welcke, who have risked everything for love and not found it after all. He becomes the single radiating force in our little world: Grandmamma's is purely adhesive. Through him, as a child, his parents are restrained from an irreparable breach, and later brought together as well as they may be. He is early recognized as the strong one, the reliable one of the whole connection. After Grandmamma's dropping of the reins, poor neurasthenic Constance does her best, and does well, at maintaining a sort of family headquarters and place of refuge at Van der Welcke's country house in Driebergen. Honest Van der Welcke is happy enough with his houseful of young people—the children of Gerrit and the rest—or would be if they were all a heartier, more cheerful lot, like his favorite nephew Guy. They are not by temperament or tastes a notably congenial household; yet the one alien element is the healthy young bourgeoisie Adriaan has married, largely on theory. She has physical attraction for him, but his main object in making her his wife is to bring a normal, sturdy strain into the Van Lowe stock. She feels and resents this, and the drab and none too friendly atmosphere at Driebergen oppresses her almost beyond endurance.

Finally, not to lose her, Adriaan gives up his needed work as a little-paid country doctor for a profitable city practice. He is a born healer as well as a skillful physician in the modern sense, and his real impulse is to serve, not to prosper. But his sacrifice does not bring him and his

wife closer. They both feel that things are wrong, and hopelessly wrong. The physician of sick minds cannot heal himself. Only when, on the verge of final disaster, he sees what is best for his wife—leaving himself out of account—are his eyes cleared and his hand steady in undertaking the only operation that can possibly set matters right. We feel hope for him, later on, as well as for certain other members of this commonplace, small-souled, yet strangely and disconcertingly familiar group of fellow beings. That they are Dutch is neither here nor there; we know and recognize them. And the point of view from which we recognize them is that of a later and rather head shaking middle age. Our pleasant lady of the Public Library may not have been able to resist the melancholy fascination of that mood; but I suspect that, more simply, she had become attached to these people, so human, so appealing in their weakness, and had to see the last of them.

Mr. Hergesheimer's "Notes for a Blue Water Novel", printed in the January BOOKMAN, bore witness to the extraordinary zeal and labor upon which his command of atmosphere and period is based. He so saturates himself in place and time that they become his own—or it may be more sensible to say that he becomes their own, lives and breathes in them, and records them without effort as a contemporary—but for that sense of what is really characteristic or pictorial which is commonly hidden from the contemporary eye. Mr. Hergesheimer's imagination works best at a distance of at least half a century. I remember, back in the 'nineties, writing a bit of doggerel that commented on the unpicturesqueness of the middle dis-

tance—on the glamour which at that time belonged to the period of mahogany and small-clothes and powder and patches, and the absurd connotations of black walnut and crinoline; and I recall a final jingle predicting that the hour would come, in due order, when “the charm that time begets” would actually surround that thing of mockery, “the age of pantallets”. Mr. Hergesheimer was not the first to feel and convey the newer glamour, but no one has given it, as it were, so astonishing an imminence. He gives us something of his own sense of belonging to that time, a haunting recognition of forms and scents and colors and customs that we seem to have actually known and enjoyed at one or two removes only—as indeed we may have in the persons of our forebears.

As for his knowledge of place, there we come to a bit of mystery. He could solve it with a word, but I don’t find that he has, thus far. His saturation with the atmosphere of the Pennsylvania of the early “ironmasters” had a plain enough basis in his birth there and descent from a foundryman. But how does he come to know Salem, in Massachusetts, with its altogether different stock, and traditions, and color of the past? His bibliography of ninety-five titles (which the editor of *THE BOOKMAN* lacked courage, or faith, to print in as a whole) explains his information; but what inner sympathy enabled him to distill a human story out of it? This is not its first expression. The third story in “Gold and Iron” is laid in a Cottarsport of New England, which has quite transparently the atmosphere of mid-century Salem or, it might be, Newburyport. In that story, “The Dark Fleece”, the process of distillation was carried further, I think. “Java Head”

risks its glamour more than once at the hands of antiquarian detail. I don’t know that I would choose to spare anything out of the present narrative—or rather, I shouldn’t know what could be spared (unless a piece of ship-lore or a bill of lading here and there)! But I believe Mr. Hergesheimer would have known, if he had subjected his story to that utmost of compression one felt in each of the linked episodes of “The Three Black Pennys”, or in “The Dark Fleece”. This narrative does not change my feeling that his best and most natural form is (as with several other contemporary writers—Mrs. Deland and Mrs. Wharton, for instance) the “nouvelle”, the condensed novel which we fumble toward recognizing as the “long short-story”, or the “novelette”. I should like to get the effect of “Java Head” as literally boiled down to the proportions of “The Dark Fleece”. As it stands, it is only two and a half times as long.

But it would have to be compressed, not cut, and how to do that without squeezing out some of its precious essence? It may even be that the story-teller has known what he was about! Every bit of the action proper takes place in Salem. Nevertheless, this is a blue water novel in atmosphere, since its scene is that Salem which was an open door upon the blue road to adventure and above all to the mysterious East. The moment chosen is when the old blunt-nosed square-riggers were being supplanted by the fast clippers of our mercantile prime, and overseas trade began to be withdrawn from Salem and her small sister-ports and concentrated at the teeming wharves of Boston. We are to see how naturally this change is the death of old Captain Jeremy Ammidon, champion of the ancient⁹ ways, and

how, with the passing of those slow-going, full-breasted old carriers, the full romance of the eastern trade, with its indefinite voyages and random, varied cargoes, passed also. As for the story, it is, like all Mr. Hergesheimer's stories, largely a romance of atmosphere: this time of the wealthy and polite, leisurely and cherooted and crinolined Salem that still had about it a free, exotic flavor, embodied here

in the delicate pride and pathos of Gerrit Ammidon's Manchu bride—a lotus-flower that could only wither in the harsh winds of what was, after all, New England.

—
The Roll-Call. By Arnold Bennett. George H. Doran Company.

Shops and Houses. By Frank Swinnerton. George H. Doran Company.

Dr. Adriaan. By Louis Couperus. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Dodd, Mead and Co.

Java Head. By Joseph Hergesheimer. Alfred A. Knopf.

WHEN THE BOOKWORM TURNED

BY CAROLYN WELLS

A good name is rather to be chosen than great fiction.

A publisher is known by the authors he keeps.

✓ A happy ending covers a multitude of sins.

✓ The love of money is the root of all evil books.

Only a fool never changes his publisher.

✓ He laughs best whose laughs sell.

Magazines will happen in the best regulated publishing houses.

No author is a hero to his publisher.

A blurb to the wise is sufficient.

Too many books spoil the market.

The proof of the story is in the screening.

A little failure now and then is published by the wisest men.

Circumstances alter war books.

Take care of the blurb and the book will take care of itself.

Love stories are the best policy.

✓ A book on the screen is worth two in the press.

✓ Ye cannot serve style and Mammon.

✓ A gilt-edged volume gets no peruser.

✓ The wages of sin is wealth.

The publisher's importunity is the author's opportunity.

A plot is not without honor save in moving pictures.

Genius makes cowards of us all.

There's no fool like a glad fool.

All the world loves a love story.

Publishers never hear any good of themselves.

JEREMY

BY HUGH WALPOLE

(Continued)

CHAPTER VII

Family Pride

§ 1

I am afraid that too great a part of this book is about old maids, but it is hard for anyone who knows only the thriving, bustling world of today to realize how largely we children were hemmed in and surrounded by a proper phalanx of elderly single ladies and clergymen. I don't believe that we were any the worse for that—and to such heroines as Miss Jones Maple, Miss Mary Trefusis, and old Miss Jessamin Trenchard I here publicly acknowledge my deep and lasting debt—but it did make our life a little monotonous, a little unadventurous, a little circumscribed; and because I am determined to give the whole truth and nothing but the truth about the year of Jeremy's life that I am describing, this book will also, I am afraid, be a little circumscribed, a little unadventurous.

The elderly lady who most thoroughly circumscribed Jeremy was of course (putting Miss Jones—who was a governess and therefore did not count—aside) Aunt Amy.

Now, Aunt Amy was probably the most conceited woman in Polchester. There is, of course, ordinary human conceit of which every living being has his or her share. I am not speaking of that; Miss Amy Trefusis might be said to be frantically conceited.

Although she was now a really plain, elderly woman, it is possible

that when she was a little girl she was pretty. In any case it is certain that she was spoiled when she was a little girl, and because she was delicate and selfish she received a good deal more attention and obedience from weak and vacillating elders than she deserved.

After her growing up she had a year or two of moderate looks and she received, during this period, several proposals; these she refused because they were not good enough and something better must be coming very shortly; but what really came very shortly was middle age, and it came, of course, entirely unperceived by the lady. She dressed and behaved as though she were still twenty, although her brother Samuel tried to laugh her out of such absurdities. But no sister ever pays attention to a brother on such matters, and Aunt Amy wore colored ribbons and went to balls and made eyes behind her fan season after season. Then as time passed she was compelled by her mirror to realize that she was not quite so young as she had once been, so she hurriedly invented a thrilling past history for herself, alluding to affair after affair that had come to nothing only because she herself had ruthlessly slain them; and dressing herself more reasonably but with little signs and hints, in the shape of chains and colored bows and rings, that she could still be young if she so pleased and that she was open to offers although she could not prom-

ise them much encouragement. She liked the society of canons and was to be seen a great deal with old Canon Borlasse—who was as great a flirt as he was an egoist, so that it did not matter to him in the least with whom he flirted—and sat at the feet of Prebendary Watkins, who was so crazy about the discoveries that he had made in the life of Ezekiel that it was quite immaterial to him to whom he explained them.

She descended from these clerical flights into the bosom of family life with some natural discontent. Her brother Samuel she had always disliked because he laughed at her, her sister she did not care for because she was very innocently, poor lady, flaunting her superior married state, and her brother-in-law she did not like because he always behaved as though she were one of a vast public of elderly ladies who were useful for helping in clerical displays, but were otherwise non-existent. Then she hated children, so that she really often wondered why she continued to live with her brother-in-law; but it was cheap, comfortable, and safe, and although she assured herself and everyone else that there were countless homes wildly eager to receive her, it was perhaps just as well not to put their eagerness too abruptly to the test.

There had been war between her and Jeremy since Jeremy's birth, but it had been war of a rather mild and inoffensive character—consisting largely in Jeremy's, on his side, putting out his tongue at her when she could not see him and in her, on her side, sending him to wash his ears when they really did not require to be washed. She had felt always in Jeremy an obstinate dislike of her and, as he had seemed to her neither a very clever nor intelligent child, she had

consoled herself very easily with the thought that he did not like her simply because he was stupid. So it had been until this year, and then suddenly they had been flung into sharper opposition. It was hard to say what had brought this about, but it was perhaps that Jeremy had sprung suddenly from the unconscious indifference of a young child into the active participation of a growing boy.

Whatever the truth might have been, the coming of Hamlet had drawn their attitudes into positive conflict. Aunt Amy had felt from the first that Hamlet laughed at her. Had you asked her to state, as a part of her general experience, that she really believed that dogs could laugh at human beings, she would indignantly have repudiated any idea so fantastic; nevertheless, unanalyzed and unconflicted, that was her conviction. The dog laughed at her, he insulted her by walking into her bedroom with his muddy feet and then pretending that he hadn't known that it was her bedroom, regarding her through his hair with an ironical and malicious glance, barking suddenly when she made some statement as though he enjoyed immensely an excellent joke, but above all despising her, she felt—so that the wall of illusion that she had built around herself had been pulled down by at least one creature, more human, she knew in spite of herself, than many human beings. Therefore she hated Hamlet, and scarcely a day passed that she did not try to have him flung from the house or at least kept in the kitchen offices. Hamlet had, however, won the hearts of the family; it was, indeed, Aunt Amy alone to whom he had not thought it worth while to pay court. To her alone he would not come when she called, by her alone he would not be cajoled, even though she offered

him sugary tea, his deadliest temptation. No, he sat and looked at her through his hair, his fiery eye glinting, his peaked beard ironically humorous, his leg stuck out from his body, a pointing signal of derision.

She resolved to wait for an opportunity when she might conquer Hamlet and Jeremy together, but her power in the house was slight, so long as Mr. and Mrs. Cole were there. "If I only had the children to myself", she would say, "I would improve their manners in many ways. Poor Alice——!" Then suddenly she did have them. At the beginning of May Mr. Cole was summoned to take a mission to the seamen of Drymouth and Mrs. Cole, who had relatives in Drymouth, accompanied him. They would be absent from Polchester a whole week.

"Oh, won't Aunt Amy be a nuisance", said Jeremy, realizing the situation. Then turning to Mary, he added: "We'll pretend to do what she tells us and not do it really. That's much the easiest."

A week is a short time, especially at the beginning of a shining and burning May, but Aunt Amy did her best not only with the children but with the servants and even old Jordan, the gardener, who had been with the Cole family for twenty years. During that short week the cook, the parlor maid, Rose the housemaid, and the boot-boy all gave notice and Mrs. Cole was only able to keep them (on her return) by raising the wages of all of them. Jordan, who was an old man with a long white beard, said to Aunt Amy, when she advised him to plant pinks where he had planted tulips and tulips where he had planted pinks, and further inquired why the cauliflower that he sent in was so poor and the cabbage so small: "Leave things

alone, Miss, nature's wiser than we be, not but what you mayn't mean well, but fussing's never done any good where nature's concerned, nor never will"—and when she said that he was very rude to her, he shook his head and answered: "Maybe yes, and maybe no. What's rude to one ain't rude to another"—out of which answer she could make nothing at all.

In the schoolroom she sustained complete defeat. At the very outset she was baffled by Miss Jones. She had always despised Miss Jones as a poor, unfortunate female who was forced to teach children in her old age because she must earn her living—a stupid, sentimental, cowed old woman at whom the children laughed. She found now that the children, instead of laughing at her, laughed with her, formed a phalanx of protection around her and refused to be disobedient. Miss Jones herself was discovered to have a dry, rather caustic sense of humor that Aunt Amy felt to be impertinence but could not penetrate.

"And is that really how you teach them history, Miss Jones? Not quite the simplest way, surely. . . . I remember an excellent governess whom we once had. . . ."

"Perhaps", said Miss Jones gently, "you would give them a history lesson yourself, Miss Trefusis. I would be so glad to pick up any little hints——"

"I have of course no time", said Aunt Amy hurriedly, "but speaking generally, I am afraid I can't approve altogether of your system."

"It isn't very good, I'm afraid", said Miss Jones weakly. "The children would be glad, I know, to have a few hints from you if you could spare a moment——"

Jeremy, who was listening, giggled, tried to turn the giggle into a sneeze, and choked.

"Jeremy!" said Aunt Amy severely.

"Oh, do look, Aunt Amy!" cried Mary, always Jeremy's faithful ally. "All your hairpins are dropping out!"

She devoted herself then to Jeremy and worried him in every possible way, and after two days of this he hated her with a deep and bitter hatred, very different from that earlier teasing of Miss Jones. That had sprung from a sudden delicious discovery of power and had been directed against no one. This was a real personal hatred that children of a less solid and tenacious temperament than Jeremy would have been incapable of feeling.

He did not laugh at her, he did not tease her, he no longer put out his tongue at her. He was older than that now—he was simply reserved and silent, watching her with his large eyes, his square body set and resolved as though he knew that his moment would come.

Her experience with him was baffling. She punished him, she petted him, she ignored him, she stormed at him; it seemed that she would do anything, could she only win from him an acknowledgment of her power, her capability. But she could not. He only said: "Yes, Aunt Amy." "No, Aunt Amy."

She burst out: "You're a sullen, wicked little boy, Jeremy. Do you know what happens to little boys who sulk?"

"No, Aunt Amy."

"They grow into cross, bad-tempered men whom nobody likes and nobody trusts. Do you want to be like that when you're a man?"

"I don't care."

"You know what happened to Don't Care. I shall have to punish you if you're rude to me."

"What have I done that is rude?"

"You mustn't speak to me like that. Is that the way you speak to your mother?"

"No, Aunt Amy."

"Well, then, if you don't speak to your mother like that you mustn't speak to me like that either——"

"No, Aunt Amy."

"Well, then——"

This hatred was quite new to him. He had once, years ago, hated a black-faced doll that had been given to him. He had not known why he had hated it, but there it had been. He had thrown it out of the window and the gardener had found it and brought it into the house again, battered and bruised but still alive with its horrid red smile, and this had terrified him. . . . He had begun to burn it and the nurse had caught him and slapped him. He had begun to cut it with scissors, and when the sawdust flowed he was more terrified than ever. But that doll was quite different from Aunt Amy. He was not terrified at her at all. He hated her—hated the fringe of her black hair, the heavy eyelashes, the thin down of her upper lip, the way that the gold cross fell up and down on her breast with the beat of her heart, her thin blue-veined hands, her black shoes. She was his first enemy, and he waited, as an ambush hides and watches, for his opportunity. . . .

§ 2

One of our nicest old maids, Miss Maddison, gave every year what she called her early summer party. This was different from all our other parties because it occurred neither in the summer nor the winter, but always during those wonderful days when the spring first began to fade into the high bright colors, the dry warmth, the deep green shadows of the heat of the

year. It was early in May that Miss Maddison had her party, and we played games on her little sloping green lawn and peered over her pink brick wall down onto the brown roofs of the houses below the close, and had a tremendous tea of every kind of cake and every kind of jam in her wainscoted dining-room that looked out through its tall open windows onto the garden.

Those old houses that run in a half-moon round the close and face the green sward and the great western door of the cathedral are the very heart of Polchester. Walking down the cobbled street, one may still today look through the open door, down the dusky line of the little hall, out into the swimming color of the garden beyond. In these little gardens what did not grow?—hollyhocks, pinks, tulips, nasturtiums, pansies, lilies of the valley, roses, honeysuckle, sweet-williams, stocks—I remember them all at their different seasons in that muddled, absurd profusion. I can smell them now, can see them in their fluttering colors, the great grey wall of the cathedral with its high carved door and watching saints behind me, the sun striking onto the cobbles, the muffled beat of the summer day, the sleepy noises of the town, the pigeons cutting the thin, papery blue into arcs and curves and circles, the little lattice-windowed houses with crooked chimneys and shining doors smiling down upon me.

I can smell, too, that especial smell that belonged to those summer hours, a smell of dried blotting-paper, of corn and poppies from the fields, of cobblestones and new baked bread and lemonade, and behind the warmth and color the cool note of the cathedral bell, echoed through the town, down the High Street over the meads across the

river out into the heart of the dark woods and the long spaces of the summer fields. I can see myself, too, toiling up the High Street, my cap on the back of my head, little beads of perspiration on my forehead, and my eyes always gazing into the air, so that I stumbled over the cobbles and knocked against door-steps. All these things had to do with Miss Maddison's party, and it was always her party that marked the beginning of them for us; she waited for the fine weather, and as soon as it came the invitations were sent out, the flower-beds were trimmed, the little green wooden seats under the mulberry-tree were cleaned, and Poupée, the black poodle, was clipped.

It happened this year that Miss Maddison gave her party during the very week that Mr. and Mrs. Cole were in Drymouth. She sent out her invitation only three days before the great event because the summer had come with so fine a rush: "Master Jeremy and the Misses Cole. . . . Would they give Miss Maddison the pleasure . . .?" Yes, of course, they would. Aunt Amy would take them.

On the morning of the great day Jeremy poured the contents of his watering-can upon Aunt Amy's head. It was a most unfortunate accident, arranged obviously by a malignant fate. Jeremy had been presented with a pot of pinks and these, every morning, he most faithfully watered. He had a bright red watering-can bought with his own money and, because it held more water than the pinks needed, he was in the daily habit of emptying the remnant in a glittering shower out of the pantry window onto the bed nearest the garden wall. Upon this morning someone called him, he turned his head, the water still flowed, and Aunt Amy, hatless and defense-

less, received it as it tumbled with that sudden rush which always seizes a watering-can at its last gasp. Jeremy was banished into his bedroom, where he employed the sunny morning in drawing pictures of Aunt Amy as a witch upon the wall-paper. For doing this he was caned by Aunt Amy herself with a ruler; at the end of the operation he laughed and said she hadn't hurt him at all. In return for this impertinence he was robbed, at luncheon, of his pudding (which was, of course, on that very day, marmalade pudding), and then, Mary being discovered putting some of hers into a piece of paper to be delivered to him in due course, they were both stood in different corners of the room "until you say you're sorry"!

When the "jingle" arrived at three o'clock they had still not made this acknowledgment and Jeremy said he never would—"not if he lived till he was ninety-nine".

At quarter-past three Jeremy might have been seen sitting very straight in the jingle, his face crimson from washing and temper. He was wearing his new sailor suit, which tickled him and was hot and sticky; he sat there devoting the whole of his energies to the business of hating Aunt Amy. . . .

As I have said, he had never hated anyone before, and he was surprised at the glow of virtuous triumph that this new emotion spread over his body. He positively loved to hate Aunt Amy, and as Parkes the pony slowly toiled up the hill to the cathedral, he sat stiff and proud with an almost humorous anger. Then, as they turned over the hot, shining cobbles into the close and saw the green trees swimming in the sun, he turned his mind to the party. What games would they play? Who would be there? What would there be for tea? He felt creeping

over him the stiff shyness that always comes when one is approaching a party, and he wished that the first hand-shaking and the first plunge into the stares of the critical guests might be over. But he did not really care. His hatred of Aunt Amy braced him up; when one was capable of so fine and manly an emotion as this hatred, one need not bother about fellow-guests. Then the jingle stopped outside a house immediately opposite the great West End door of the cathedral; in the little hall Miss Maddison was standing, and from the glittering garden behind her the sun struck through the house into the shadowed street.

Jeremy's public manners were, when he pleased, quite beautiful—"the true old-fashioned courtesy", gushing friends of the Cole family used to say. He was preparing to be very polite now, when suddenly the voice of the dean's Ernest ordering people about in the garden struck upon his ear. He had not seen the dean's Ernest for nearly three months, for the very good reason that that gentleman had been experiencing his first term at his private school. Last year young Ernest and Jeremy had been on the whole friendly, although Ernest, who was nine and strong for his age, had always patronized. And now? Jeremy longed to inform his friend that he also would shortly proceed to school, that in another six months' time there would be practically no difference between them. Nevertheless, at the present moment there was a difference. . . . Ernest had a whole term to his credit.

New arrivals gently insinuated the Cole family into the garden. Helen, proud and cold, Mary, blinking and nervous, stood pressed close together while other little girls started and giggled, moved forward and then back-

ward again, until suddenly Canon Lasker's Emily, who was fifteen and had such long legs that she was known as the giraffe, came up and said: "Isn't it hot—do you play croquet—please—do. I'll have—the—blue—ball—" and the Coles were initiated.

Meanwhile Aunt Amy had said: "Now, Jeremy dear, run about and make friends", which so deeply infuriated him that he choked. Oh! supposing the dean's Ernest had heard her! . . .

And he had: a mocking voice behind him said, "Now, Jeremy dear—"

Jeremy turned round and beheld the dean's Ernest mockingly waiting his retort. And he could not retort. No words would come and he could only stand there, his cheeks flushed, aware that Ernest had grown and grown during those three months, that he wore a straw hat with a black and red ribbon upon it, that round his long, ugly neck was a stiff collar and across his waistcoat a thick silver watch-chain.

"Hallo!" said Jeremy.

"Hallo!" said the new Ernest, scornfully.

A long pause.

Then Ernest, turning on his heel, said to someone behind him: "Let's get away from all these girls!"

The tears burned in Jeremy's eyes, hot and salt. He clenched his fists and gazed upon a garden that swam in a mist of tears and sunlight. He felt a sudden strange impulse of family affection. He would like to have gathered behind him his father and mother, Helen, Mary, Hamlet, Uncle Samuel, yes, and even Aunt Amy, and to have advanced not only upon Ernest but upon the dean's whole family; it would have given him great pleasure to have set his teeth into the fat legs of the dean himself; he would gladly

have torn the hat from the head of Mrs. Dean. . . . Upon Ernest there was no torture he would not employ.

He would get even; he resolved that before he left that house he would have his revenge.

Kind Miss Maddison, tripping along and seeing him as a pathetic little boy in a sailor suit without guile or malice, swept him into an "I spy" party composed for the most part of small girls, who fell down and cried and suddenly said they would go home.

Jeremy, hiding behind a tree, watched the thin back of Ernest as it lifted itself autocratically above two small boys who looked up to him with saucer eyes. Ernest was obviously talking about his school; Jeremy, lost in the contemplation of his vengeance, forgot his game and was taken prisoner with the greatest of ease. He did not care. The afternoon was spoiled for him. He was not even hungry. Why could he not go to school tomorrow and then challenge Ernest to combat? But he might challenge Ernest without going to school. . . . He had never fought a real fight, but the sight of his enemy's thin, peaky body was encouraging.

"Now, Jeremy dear," said Miss Maddison. "It's your turn to hide—"

Soon they all went in to tea. Everyone was thoroughly at home by this time and screamed and shouted quite in the most natural manner in the world. The long table stretched down the whole room almost from wall to wall; the sunlight played in pools and splashes upon the carpet and the flowers and the pictures. There was every sort of thing to eat—thin bread and butter, rolled up into curly sandwiches, little cakes and big cakes, seed cakes and sugar cakes, and, of course, saffran buns, jam in little shining dishes, and hot buttered toast so but-

tery that it dripped onto your fingers.

Jeremy sat next to Mary and behind him hovered Aunt Amy. Only half an hour ago how this would have angered him! To have her interfering with him, saying: "Not two at a time, Jeremy", or "Pass the little girl the sugar, Jeremy", "Remember your manners", or "Not so big a piece, Jeremy". But now—he did not know.

. . . She was one of the family and he felt as though the dean's Ernest had scorned her as well as himself. Also Mary. He felt kind to Mary and when she whispered, "Are you enjoying it?" Jeremy answered, "Yes, are you?" Not because he was really enjoying it, but because he knew that she wanted him to say that.

He could see Ernest from where he sat and he knew that Ernest was laughing at him. He remembered that he had given Ernest three splendid marbles just before his departure to school, as a keepsake. How he wished that he had kept them. He would never give Ernest anything again except blows. Mary might be tiresome sometimes, but she *was* his sister and he greatly preferred her as a girl to Ernest's sisters. He could see them now, greedy, ugly things—

"Now, Jeremy, wipe your mouth", said Aunt Amy. He obeyed at once.

§ 3

Tea over, they all trooped out into the garden again. The evening light now painted upon the little green lawn strange, trembling shadows of purple and grey; the old red garden wall seemed to have crept forward as though it would protect the house and the garden from the night; and a sky of the faintest blue seemed, with gentle approval, to bless the quiet town fading into dusk beneath it. Over the center of the lawn the sun

was still shining and there it was warm and light. But from every side the shadows stealthily crept forward. A group of children played against the golden color, their white dresses patterns that formed figures and broke and formed again. The cathedral bell was ringing for evensong and its notes stole about the garden and in and out among the children, as though some guardian spirit watching over their safety counted their numbers.

Jeremy, feeling rather neglected and miserable, stood in the shadow near the oak on the farther side of the lawn. He did not want to play with those little girls and yet he was hurt because he had not been asked. The party had been a most miserable failure, and a year ago it would have been a success. He did not know that he was standing now, in the middle of his ninth year, at the parting of the ways; that only yesterday he had been a baby and that he would never be a baby again. He did not feel his independence—he felt only inclined to tears and a longing that he would never, never confess even to himself, that someone should come and comfort him! Nevertheless, even at this very moment, although he did not know it, he, a free, independent man, was facing the world for the first time on his own legs. His mother might have realized it had she been there—but she was not. Mary, however, was there and in the very middle of her game, searching for him, as she was always doing, she found him desolate under the shade of the oak. She slipped away and, coming up to him, with the shyness and fear that she always had when she approached him, because she loved him so much and he could so easily hurt her, said:

"Aren't you coming to play?"

"I don't care", he answered gruffly.

"It isn't any fun without you." She paused and added: "Would you mind if I stayed here, too?"

"I'd rather you played—" he said, and yet he was comforted by her, determined, as he was, that she should never know it!

"I'd rather stay", she said and then gazed, with that melancholy stare through her large spectacles that always irritated Jeremy, out across the garden.

"I'm all right", he said again, "only my stocking tickles and I can't get at it—it's the back of my leg—I say, Mary, don't you hate the dean's Ernest?"

"Yes, I do", she answered fervently, although she had not thought about him at all—enough for her that Jeremy should hate him! Then she gasped: "Here he comes—"

He was walking toward them with a swagger of his long, yellow neck and his thin, leggy body that Jeremy found especially offensive. Jeremy bristled and Mary was conscious of that bristling.

"Hallo!" said Ernest.

"Hallo!" said Jeremy.

"What rot these silly games are", said Ernest. "Why can't they have something decent like cricket?"

Jeremy had never played cricket, so he said nothing. "At our school", said Ernest, "we're very good at cricket. We win all our matches always—"

"I don't care about your school", said Jeremy, breathing through his nose.

The dean's Ernest was obviously surprised by this; he had not expected it. His pale neck began to flush.

"Look here, young Cole", he said, "none of your cheek." This was a new dialect to Jeremy, who had no friends who went to school. All he

said, however, breathing more fiercely than before, was: "I don't care—"

"Oh, don't you?" said Ernest. "Now look here—" Then he paused, apparently uncertain, for a moment, of his courage. The sight of Mary's timorous anxiety, however, reassured him and he continued: "It's all right for you, this sort of thing. You ought to be in the nursery with your old podge-faced nurse. Kids like you oughtn't to be allowed out of their prams."

"I don't care", said Jeremy again, seeing in front of him the whole family of the reverend dean. "Your school isn't much anyway, I expect, and I'm going to school in September and I'll wear just the same things as you do and—"

He wanted to comment on the plain features of Ernest's sisters, but his gentlemanly courtesy restrained him. He paused for breath and Ernest seized his advantage.

"You have to have an old aunt to look after you anyway—an ugly old aunt. I wouldn't have an old aunt always hanging over me—'Now, Jeremy dear—' 'Blow your nose, Jeremy dear—' 'Wipe your feet, Jeremy dear—' Look at the things she wears and the way she walks. If I did have to have an aunt always I'd have a decent one, not an old clothes' bag—"

What happened to Jeremy at the moment? Did he recollect that only a few hours before he had been hating Aunt Amy with a fine frenzy of hatred? For nearly a week he had been chafing under her restraint, combating her commands, defying her orders. He had been seeing her as everything that the dean's Ernest had but now been calling her. Now he only saw her as someone to be defended, someone who was his, someone even who depended on him for support. He would have challenged a

whole world of deans in her defense.

He said something but no one could hear his words—then he sprang upon the startled Ernest.

It was not a very distinguished combat; it was Jeremy's first battle and he knew at that time nothing of the science of fighting. The dean's Ernest, in spite of his term at school, also knew nothing and the dean's Ernest was a coward. . . .

It lasted but a short while, for Mary, after the first pause of horrified amazement (aware only that Ernest was twice as big as her Jeremy), ran to appeal to authority. Jeremy himself was aware neither of time nor prudence. He realized immediately that Ernest was a coward and this realization filled him with joy and happiness. He had seized Ernest by his long, yellow neck and, with his other hand, struck at eyes and cheeks and nose. He did not secure much purchase for his blows, because their bodies were very close against one another, but he felt the soft flesh yield and suddenly something wet against his hand which must, he knew, be blood. And all the time he was thinking to himself: "I'll teach him to say things about Aunt Amy—Aunt Amy's mine—I'll teach him—he sha'n't touch Aunt Amy—"

Ernest meanwhile kicked and kicked hard; he also tried to bite Jeremy's hand and to pull his hair. But his own terror handicapped him; every inch of his body was alarmed and that alarm prevented the freedom of his limbs. Then when he felt the blood from his nose trickle onto his cheek his resistance was at an end; panic flooded over him like water. He broke away and flung himself, howling, onto the ground, kicking his legs and screaming: "It isn't fair. . . . He's bitten me. . . . Take him away—take

him away! . . . It isn't fair!"

Jeremy himself was no beautiful sight. His hair was wild, his white navy collar crumpled and soiled, the buttons of his tunic torn, his stocking down, and his legs already displaying purple bruises. But he did not care; he was well now; he was no longer unhappy.

He had beaten Ernest and he was a man; he had risen victorious from his first fight and authority might storm as it pleased. Authority soon arrived and there were, of course, many cries and exclamations. Ernest was led away, still howling; Jeremy, stubborn, obstinate, and silent, was also led away. . . . A disgraceful incident.

Aunt Amy, of course, was disgusted. Couldn't leave the boy alone one minute but he must misbehave himself, upset the party, be the little ruffian that he always was. She had always said that his mother spoiled him and here were the fruits of that foolishness. How could she ever say enough to Miss Maddison? Her delightful party completely ruined . . . shocking . . . shocking . . . too terrible . . . and Ernest, such a quiet, well-behaved little boy as a rule. It must have been Jeremy who . . .

While they were waiting in the decent dusk of Miss Maddison's sitting-room for a cleaned and chastised Jeremy, Mary touched her aunt's arm and whispered in her nervous voice: "Aunt Amy—Jeremy hit Ernest because he said rude things about you."

"About me! Nonsense, child."

"No, but it was, really. Ernest said horrid things about you and then Jeremy hit him."

"About me? What things?"

"That you were ugly", eagerly continued Mary, never a tactful child and intent now only upon Jeremy's repu-

tation, "and wore ugly clothes and horrid things. He did really. I heard it all."

Aunt Amy was deeply moved. Her conceit, her abnormal all-embracing conceit was wounded—yes, even by so insignificant a creature as the dean's Ernest, but she was also unexpectedly touched. She would have greatly preferred not to be touched but there it was, she could not help herself. She did not know that, in all her life before, anyone had ever fought for her—and that now of all champions in the world, fate should have chosen Jeremy who was, she had supposed, her enemy, never her defender!

And that horrid child of the dean—she had always disliked him with his long, yellow neck and watery eyes! How dared he say such things about her! He had always been rude to her. She remembered once——

Jeremy arrived, washed, brushed, and obstinate. He would, of course, be scolded to within an inch of his life and he did not care. He had seen the dean's Ernest howling and kicking on the ground; he had soiled his straw hat for him, dirtied his stiff white collar for him, and made his nose bleed. He glared at his aunt (one eye

was rapidly disappearing beneath a blue bruise) and he was proud, triumphant, and very tired. . . .

Farewells were made—again many apologies—"Nothing—I assure you, nothing; boys will be boys, I know"—from Miss Maddison.

Then they were seated in the jingle, Jeremy next to Aunt Amy, awaiting his scolding. It did not come. Aunt Amy tried; she knew what she should say. She should be very angry, disgusted, ashamed. She could not be any of these things. That horrid boy had insulted her. She was touched and proud as she had never been touched and proud in her life before.

Jeremy waited and then, as nothing came, his weariness grew upon him. As the old fat pony jogged along, as the evening colors of street and sky danced before him, sleep came nearer and nearer. . . .

He nodded, recovered, nodded, and nodded again. His body pressed closer to Aunt Amy's, leaned against her. His head rested upon her shoulder.

After a moment's pause she put her arm around him—so, holding him, she stared, defiantly and crossly, upon the world.

(To be continued)

ARE WE TO HAVE A FREE LIBRARY?

Some Observations Upon the Conduct of the People's University

BY PAUL M. PAINE

Among the numerous evidences which Mr. Meredith Nicholson shows in his good-natured book "The Valley of Democracy", to indicate the quality of the folks out his way, is a bit of testimony concerning their reading habits. A public library in this section, having counted its circulation, has found that but thirty-four per cent of it is fiction.

The rest is non-fiction.

Mr. Nicholson merely mentions this in passing, during a rapid review of the characteristics of society in the Mississippi valley. He doesn't say why it is that his non-fictionites are so numerous, nor does he define non-fiction. The percentage is enough. Here is a people who sternly refuse to trifle with Gene Stratton-Porter, Harold MacGrath, Cervantes, and Henry James. They take to the nine heads of the Dewey Decimal System, except the 800's, as naturally as they do to the Initiative and Referendum. General works, philosophy, religion, sociology, philology, natural science, useful arts, and history, with so much of literature as is not expressed in prose narrative, are their meat, or at least sixty per cent of it. They have little taste for gravy.

How is this? Why is it that Mr. Nicholson, who himself has contributed so notably to the American literature of imagination, should mention this percentage as a source of pride? Why is a non-fictionite considered more virtuous than a reader

of stories? Is this the best we can do in analyzing the reading habits of the public?

The libraries themselves have established the standard. They have apologized for their percentage of fiction circulation and pointed with pride to the rest. A book on modern dancing, or a treatise by Nietzsche the Hun, a work on phrenology, or the culture of house cats, the less fragrant Latin classics, the telephone directory, the latest specimen of garden-goozle, or how not to raise verbenas in your door yard, all are included, it seems to be thought, in the course of reading which makes a nation great. So is the latest novel when transformed into drama or poetry. But a story in prose, no matter how nobly conceived and splendidly executed, the living picture of human beings, loving, suffering, sacrificing, encountering great obstacles and overcoming them, holding up before us the shining light of an example of how to live and how to die—this we seem to be ashamed of. The shallow superficiality of such a classification has generally escaped attention. It has not occurred to us that a certain passage in the greatest of all books, concluding with the words, "For this my son was dead and is alive again, and was lost and is found", a passage which of all English literature is best suited to be read to a human being in his last hour, is fiction.

The reason for the absurd distinc-

tion perhaps has its roots in Puritanism. The reading of fiction gives pleasure. Therefore it is unworthy. Or perhaps in materialism. Public libraries are supported by taxes. The main contributors to the tax levy are business men. Business is a solemn matter. Therefore reading in public libraries should be a solemn business. It should confine itself to facts. It should show us not how to live but how to make a living. Not so long ago, as Miss Addams pointed out in her best book, "The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets", the business of providing joy for young persons in a city was not a public business. It was a means of commercially exploiting youth for purposes of private profit. Miss Addams might have added that public libraries alone, of all the public institutions, were doing something to provide innocent joy long before public playgrounds were so much as thought of. Surely this should be a source of pride on the part of librarians, and not a source of humiliation and a cause for apology.

We should be able to rise in defense of the public appetite for the books of imagination in prose, the books which come closest to human life, without being put into a false position. Nobody ever imagined that a library could be made of fiction alone, or advocated—for persons who can think or would like to think—the reading of novels to the exclusion of everything else.

So much by way of relief by timely utterance, which Wordsworth says will do it, from a thought of grief—grief that custodians of immortal treasures of literature should be committing the sin of narrow Puritanism.

Guiding the free American citizen in his choice of books is a form of benevolent paternalism which must be

exercised with a light hand. Public libraries can go a short distance in the guidance of children's reading, and a still shorter distance with their parents. As to adults, about all that can be done is, first, to restrict the latitude of the reader's choice by refusing to buy the book which the librarian thinks the reader ought not to have, and, second, to make suggestions to him. These suggestions may be made either when he asks for them or by openly using the methods of salesmanship, or by the more or less artful appeals to the reader's subconsciousness—as for instance by placing the book we think he is in need of where he will stumble over it, as merchants display certain fascinating lines of merchandise where the shopper can't help seeing them when he thinks he has bought all he needs.

Having gone so far—praying constantly to be delivered from narrow prejudice and patronizing airs—the librarian has exercised all his authority. If he goes further the library forfeits the right to its most precious possession, the word "free". The importance of this word should not be forgotten. Obstacles to the free use of books are numerous enough as it is. "You are free to read the book you need", we say in substance to the person who comes in search of what we have offered, "first, if you can find out with our help what it is; second, if it is in the catalogue; third, if it isn't 'out'; and finally if you will wait until our highly developed library system can locate the book and bring it to you." This last requires from ten to fifteen minutes in some famous libraries. No, it won't do to subtract any more from the freedom of the book borrower. We need not stoop to the hazy and demoralizing maxim, "Give the public what it wants".

either. But we must keep in mind the great difference between the organization of the public school and that of the public library. The former has the advantages and drawbacks of benevolent despotism; the latter has the disadvantages and the glory of democracy. Everyone is as free to stay out of a library as to come in. Once in, he is free to read whatever he can find and to leave severely alone whatever doesn't appeal to his fancy. This freedom is a priceless thing. It may be abused. It is a part of the very essence of freedom that men should be free to abuse it. Good old John Milton showed us the road in this direction when he professed himself unable to praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed.

Distinctions between classes of reading in the public library are for the purpose of finding out what the library is accomplishing. It is assumed that only "non-fiction" is educational, and that is true to the extent that reading in the direction of vocational education is outside the class of what is narrowly termed literature, the most important subdivision of which is prose fiction. But now a new problem looms up before us, the greatest problem with which public libraries have ever been confronted. The world is being reconstructed, and of all the inanimate tools of reconstruction, print is the greatest. Shall the free reading matter in the public library do its share in the regeneration of the world? John Cotton Dana years ago pointed out that the printed matter which is not in book form is far more voluminous than that which is contained in books, and that it is increasing in volume by leaps and bounds. But the substance of the printed matter in libraries is books.

and the main duty of the librarian is putting the message that is found in books into the hands of readers. As heralds and bill-posters for the great souls whose vision and message are expressed in books, as universities of unrequired reading, the opportunity and responsibility of the library in this day of the rebirth of civilization are vast indeed, and if the task is shirked or underestimated the public library will lose incalculably in public estimation.

In my town there is a university, and a Student Army Training Corps duly attached thereto has now been mustered out of service. The university has not missed the inspiration of the war. In the faculty there is an idealist. He has been confronting the geology professor, the philosophy professor, the superintendent of schools and the mayor with the question, "What is educational idealism, and what should the university do about it?" He has up his sleeve his own answer to the question. "We are going to train men and women who will be more than engineers, school-teachers, doctors, lawyers, preachers, artists, and library workers. They will be new citizens; citizens who have learned citizenship by abhorring militarism; citizens who have looked once at the face of materialism incarnate and said, 'God forbid that I should be other than an idealist'; citizens who offered to give their lives for an ideal and can now be counted on to give a fraction of their time and energy to political and social betterment." As one practical suggestion he proposes that a course be immediately instituted to fit college students as Americanization workers.

Libraries may well take a hint from this college professor. So far as they can exercise guidance over their read-

ers when the boys come home, they may well take heed how they promote the purely vocational end of the library, neglecting the opportunity for education in what is socially humanizing and public-minded.

As for the study of library statistics, it will be interesting after the war as before, to know what book of prose fiction is attracting the greatest audience among library patrons—interesting, though not particularly enlightening. Of more useful and timely interest will be the titles of the books of applied science that have won favor among the members of the new public enriched by the addition of the

boys from the service. And of still superior value will be the lists of the most popular books of the month on American idealism put in terms of common sense.

Is it absurd to hope that public reports of book popularity may in future take some such turn as this rather than the sweeping and superficial generalization of "fiction" and "non-fiction"? A mere matter of classification, someone may say. Classification, however, is a matter of far-reaching importance, as may be seen by reading carefully and completely the Scripture passage concerning the sheep and the goats.

A BOOK-SHELF FOR THE MONTH

IBÁÑEZ, HUYSMANS, AND GEORGE MEREDITH

By Georgiana Goddard King

"La Catedral", which Blasco Ibáñez wrote in 1903, bears a name identical with that of J. K. Huysmans's famous and prolix work, which, slightly preceding it, was third and next-to-last in the series that recounted the tenuous history of a shadowy person by the name of Durtal. What that did for Chartres, this does for Toledo, but with what a difference! It is true, however, that when the day comes that tourists tramp and crowd through Spain as they have long tramped and crowded through Italy and France, they will carry this to Toledo, or read it in preparation or in reminiscence, as we all have done with the other. There the parallel ends: where the psychology was unreal and the erudition factitious in that, in this the protagonist is a figure of immense and

complex interest, and the informing emotion of the work is sincere and strong.

The scene is laid among the poor folk who in both senses of the word live upon the cathedral: the vergers, sacristans, bell-ringer, and the like, who inhabit the range of odd little dwellings up above the cloister of the great church. Among them returns a relative—brother, cousin, nephew, in a family which has its own pride in its own honor as keen, and as justifiable, as the archbishop's. As a boy of great promise he had been admitted to the seminary, and for his zeal and fervor he had gone into the mountains in the Carlist rebellion; thence passing into the wide world he had become a sort of philosophical anarchist, and the gift which should have served him as a preacher made him an agitator, a wanderer, who carried a lamp in his bosom at which torches were lit. The miseries of his middle years, of the

life of a man whom the police are down on, whom governments are down on, are touched lightly, for they have little to do with the immediate action. But they anticipate very exactly some of the incidents which followed the Barcelona rising of 1909; and this history of Gabriel Luna offers parallels to that of the Catalan professor, Ferrer. Hunted and dying, he finds refuge at home, but like the Psalmist he cannot keep silence even from good words; and again he awakes to consciousness brutalized and perverted intelligences that he cannot control. His ending is piteous enough, but the end of the story is what he would have pronounced himself: that "the earth is enriched and made more fruitful for the renovation of life".

The cathedral itself has been studied as carefully as was ancient Sagunto, and the descriptions of it are memorable—the opening before daylight, the mass on Corpus Christi, the empty church in the night; but the author's dominant interest as novelist keeps description and ecclesiology in their due place, and subordinates everything to the development of the action. Even the great survey of Spanish history envisaged from an unusual angle, which occurs in the sixth chapter, and which will deserve the careful perusal of the intending tourist, plays its own part therein, and immediately affects the *dénouement*. As often in this author's work, the narrative is constructed not so much by incidents as by slow processes, and the successive scenes are oftener signs than causes of change. In the same way, ideas are conveyed not so much by epigrams as by cumulative effects: terse sayings there are, however, as that which declares that of all men the Spaniard practises the most of religion and thinks the least of it.

The style in sustained discourse is rich, various and noble without grandiosity; the long-set speeches are not oratorical. In familiar dialogue it is racy; the phrases sound in the ear, with the cadence of the spoken word.

It is the conscious strength of the author on the one hand, the power of his perfected art to lift action and character out of the distress of actuality, and on the other hand his confident faith, his trust in the healing and cleansing power of life itself and the laws of social development—recalling at times passages in the poetry of George Meredith—his charity toward all of humankind, as wide as nature's and no more unintelligent: it is this especial endowment of Ibáñez, as author and as advocate, which makes the book not in the last analysis either pessimistic or painful, but rather heartening.

In the Shadow of the Cathedral. By Vicente Blasco Ibáñez, translated by Mrs. W. A. Gillespie, second edition, introduction by W. D. Howells. E. P. Dutton and Co.

MAETERLINCK'S SEQUEL TO "THE BLUE BIRD"

By Walter Prichard Eaton

"The Betrothal" is a sequel to "The Blue Bird". Like that lovely work, it, too, is a fairy story and an allegory and a shimmering, light-filled spectacle. Best, of course, is it to see the stage performance, now visible in New York, but Maeterlinck, like Shaw and Barrie and all dramatists of the first rank, also produces printed literature when he builds a play, and the text of "The Betrothal" is a constant joy—a thing so simple, so transparent, so apparently artless, that it astonishingly conceals at first its pellucid profundity, as clear spring water hides the true depth of a pool. The story is

concerned with Tytyl's search for a sweetheart (at the age of sixteen, which strikes the Saxon world as a bit premature!). He is accompanied by the six pretty little damsels from whose number he thinks he wants to choose, and who are each and all quite ready to be chosen. He consults his ancestors, he consults his unborn progeny, and he is accompanied by Destiny, who at first is quite a fellow, eight or nine feet tall, but who at the end has shrunk to the dimensions of a doll. It isn't Destiny who chooses for us, but we ourselves, by consulting the wisest of our ancestors, and listening to the pleading voices of those yet to be born. In other words, Fate is character. However, no brief paragraph of review can suggest the simple, tender charm of this story, the radiant brightness of its spectacle, the unworldly spaciousness of its atmosphere. But one man alive could have written it—and let us be thankful that he did.

The Betrothal. By Maurice Maeterlinck, translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Dodd, Mead and Co.

THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH OF NATIONS

By R. L. Schuyler

One is almost inclined to say of the government of the British Empire what de Tocqueville said of the English constitution: "There is no such thing". At any rate, a brief description would suffice for the political institutions of the British Empire, or British Commonwealth of Nations, as many of its citizens prefer to call it, which are genuinely imperial. If we except the recently created Imperial War Cabinet, there appear to be only two, the Kingship and the Imperial

Conference. And of these, the former has ceased to be, and the latter has not yet become an institution of actual government. The Conference recommends, but it possesses no legislative or executive authority, while the King, as Bagehot informed his countrymen half a century ago, has only the right to be consulted, the right to encourage, and the right to warn. A writer who undertakes to give an account of government within the Empire must describe not one system of government but many. He may pay his respects to the political theory which insists that the British Empire is a single state, and to the legal theory of the sovereignty of the Imperial Parliament over all British subjects. But as a student of government he must recognize that there are wide stretches of the Empire for which the so-called Imperial Parliament does not legislate at all, and where the Imperial Government does not govern.

This book is intended to serve as an introduction to the study of the larger standard works on the subjects with which it deals, such as those of Dicey and Anson and Lowell. The author is well known as a writer of authority on English government and law, and his book is based to a considerable extent upon the study of first-hand material. Into the medley of governments that exist within the Empire he introduces some semblance of order by classification, dividing them into those of the United Kingdom, the self-governing dominions, the crown colonies, and India. Protectorates and "spheres of influence" he dismisses, properly enough, in half a dozen pages, since these are not, strictly speaking, parts of the Empire at all. But an allotment of space that gives five times as much to the United Kingdom as to all the rest of the Empire seems to us to

be disproportional, and lays an English writer open to the charge of insular-mindedness. The account of the structure and working of government in the United Kingdom is clear and orderly, though exception may be taken to some of the author's judgments and interpretations.

The swift march of events has rendered parts of Mr. Jenks's description incomplete and even seriously misleading. For example, the chapter on the Imperial Cabinet does not mention the admission to that body of representatives from the Dominions and India in 1917, an event which made the Imperial Cabinet for the first time truly imperial. The account of the government of India leaves the reader to infer that benevolent despotism is still the principle of Anglo-Indian administration, whereas the British government in August, 1917, announced its adoption of a new policy by pledging itself to introduce responsible government into India by gradual stages.

The Government of the British Empire. By Edward Jenks. Little, Brown and Co.

THE CHARM OF SPANISH FAIRY-LORE

By Carolina Marcial Dorado

In the Fairy Series, a collection of typical fairy-tales from all nations, with a Welsh fairy book, a Scottish, an Italian, an Irish, and even a Hungarian volume, we have now arrived at the Spanish contribution. All the books of this series are charming in appearance, with their bright covers and daintily colored illustrations. Yet to none of them perhaps are these bits of artistry more appropriate than to the Spanish volume. In its first picture, the lovely fairy godmother "dressed in white, her gown shimmer-

ing with dust of gold and flecks of silver", stands daintily poised on the bank of a deep blue lake. She has just alighted from a large white ostrich with its pearl-embroidered saddle of red velvet, on which she makes long journeys in a moment of time, coming to the aid of some favored godchild. We know that she will explain to the brave young princes just what tasks they must perform and what dangers they must face in order to recover the lost golden curls of the beautiful princess. Indeed, we have but to turn to the second illustration to see one of these heroes in the hands of a "horrible monster fifteen feet high", or to the third, where the genie of the Green Rocks, a weird little man, all green himself, is just stepping out of his emerald home. By the very horns that rise so jauntily from his brow we know that he has unlimited magic power that he will use to thwart the efforts of the virtuous prince. But never fear! There is another picture; the gallant hero is riding gaily home, his scarlet cloak and the golden trappings of his white charger making a brave show against the great oak-tree in the background.

Yet it must not be supposed that these Spanish tales have nothing more to offer than this stereotyped material of fairy-lore. There is a poetic lilt in the diction of the prose as well as in the charming little rhymes in which magic powers are invoked. There is poetic imagery, too, in the choice of names—though, alas! not every reader will see through the disguise of the Spanish. Perhaps the most suggestive imagery of all is found in the story of the princess's laugh which, stolen from her by a wicked witch, is turned into a beautiful butterfly. When the butterfly alights on a pretty child's lips, it is transformed into a kiss that flies

from lip to lip until dropped by the nightingale in the heart of a lovely rose. There, as a drop of crystal dew, it is found and restored to its real owner by the noble prince, for, needless to say, it is always the noble prince—the one who has been unselfish, truthful, and persistent—who is rewarded with success at last. In this, the Spanish fairy-tale is true to its prototype in other lands, however much it may delight in picturing, by the way, the naughty deeds and queer punishments of the less successful aspirants.

The Spanish Fairy Book. By Gertrudis Segovia. Translated by Elisabeth Bernon Quinn. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

THE STORY OF THE YIDDISH THEATRE

By Isaac Goldberg

"The History of the Yiddish Theatre", in two octavo volumes, which has now appeared in Yiddish from the pen of the well-known writer B. Gorin, is replete with material that is of great interest to all students of the drama in its wider ramifications. Whether one is concerned primarily with the question of origins, or with that of comparative history of the stage, or with the multifarious tributaries that flow into the dramatic stream, he is sure to be rewarded with little known facts that have been brought to light by years of patient research and modest recording.

Mr. Gorin is himself alive to the chief defects of his work. It is not organic, and in some sections necessarily incomplete. Yet it is a pioneer labor, and one attended with difficulties that would perhaps be absent in most works of the sort for any other people or tongue. It required a familiarity with Hebrew, Yiddish,

Russian, Polish, and Rumanian lore; for in all of these tongues and the lands in which they are spoken has the drama of Israel wandered, even as the race itself, until it came to the United States where it has continued its paradoxical career. On through prejudice arising from the religion itself has it fought its way—through prejudice against the Yiddish tongue, through persecution at the hands of hostile authorities—its early death prophesied by even its best wishers. Yet it still lives to mock its grave-diggers.

The evolution of the Yiddish stage is a strange, diffuse, paradoxical, polyglot affair. The ancient Hebrews not only had no drama proper, but looked down upon all dramatic manifestations in other peoples. Despite this, they produced some of the more important dramatists in Spain, Portugal, and Italy of the early modern period. Much of this work was allegorical in character, in some cases meant for the stage, in others more in the nature of closet drama. A distinction must here be made between the racial spirit and the language. The writing of drama in Yiddish must be kept apart from the writing of drama by Jews in other tongues. Owing to this historical anomaly there is perforce a seeming lack of unity in all discussion of Yiddish drama. Are Jews who wrote drama in tongues other than Hebrew or Yiddish to be reckoned as Jewish dramatists? If in earlier days—which is the implication in Gorin's volumes—why not today?

However that may be, the earliest writing of stage pieces in Yiddish occurs at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The celebration of Purim (the feast of Esther) provided the one holiday of the year when Jews might cast off their sacred inhibitions;

from the spontaneous burlesquing of Haman's downfall came the germs of Yiddish drama. As in the course of European drama, so here the themes soon ceased to be restricted to the Bible, and with the advent of the Haskala movement—designed to broaden the outlook of Judaism and combat the static fanaticism of the ignorant—came secular subjects, in some cases characterized by remarkable genre pictures. Still later when the movement, in its course from Germany to Russia, underwent a change as regarded its basic antagonism to the Yiddish of the common people, writers like Aksenfeld and Abramovitch ("the grandfather of Yiddish literature") continued the work, writing more with the reader than with the spectator in mind. Not until the advent of Goldfaden in Rumania were the Jews to have a permanent stage that they could call their own. Here, in 1876, were laid the foundations, and to Abraham Goldfaden, poet, composer, and author of folk operettas, the Jews look as the founder of their theatre.

Right here in New York, under the leadership of Jacob Gordin, the realistic reaction to the Goldfaden school took place; here, too, the stage has steadily degenerated while, paradoxically enough, the drama has advanced. It is hard to agree with Gorin in some of his cursory estimates of the living dramatists. Pinski, in particular, he dismisses altogether too summarily. But then, where one has, in a single work, undertaken the task of being at once historian, critic, compiler, and chronicler, such discrepancies are bound to occur. The fact that the work should have been accomplished at all is in itself highly commendable. It is of special value in its first volume, in tracing the various manifestations

of the dramatic instinct of the Jews through different countries in different ages, and the subtle changes in the reaction of the common folk to the slowly emerging dramatic forms. As an engaging chronicle, written in colloquial style but none the less packed with valuable data and commentary, it at once fills a wide gap in Yiddish theatrical literature.

The History of the Yiddish Theatre. By B. Gorin. The Literary Press.

THE FRIVOLITIES OF THE VICTORIANS

By Maurice Francis Egan

If one may look on books as really articles of mental food, and therefore to be made part of a menu, "Further Indiscretions by a Woman of No Importance" may be marked in the language of Soyer or Francatelli, "hors d'oeuvre très légers". It is slight enough, and it is a digression from the main business of life, which are the main qualities of a "hors d'oeuvre". To enjoy it thoroughly one must be at least middle-aged; one must have lived in the time when Du Maurier's frock coats, depicted in "Punch", set the fashion, when Mr. Mallock's "The New Republic" was a "best seller" in society, and when the question as to whether Mrs. Langtry did or did not drop a piece of ice between the neck and the collar of the Prince of Wales was eagerly argued—a time when there were "professional beauties", and when peers married ladies from the chorus as a matter of course. The "Woman of No Importance" is a type who loves the turf and horses, who forgets that her celebrities are rapidly becoming as extinct as the famous Dodo, who is all the more delightful for being so thoroughly old-fashioned

and not knowing it. The young may yawn, but the middle-aged will look through these pages to find out whether there is any corroboration of dear Lady Cardigan's whisper that John Brown was married to Queen Victoria. "If he wasn't", said dear Lady Cardigan, who had been barred from court, "he ought to have been."

About John Brown, a mere name to the present unhappy generation, the "Woman of No Importance" merely says, after this paragraph:

"I always thought the Queen a pathetic figure and so extraordinarily kind. Once when she heard I was in great sorrow she sent Lady Downs to see me to express her sympathy, and later commanded me to Windsor. . . . I so far forgot myself as to say, 'happiness unshared has no taste'; I think we both had to restrain our feeling or we should have fallen into each other's arms, for tears were in her eyes and voice as well as mine. . . . Many are still living who can remember her faithful servant-friend, John Brown, who seldom left her side. He was not a favorite with the rest of the Royal Family. . . . When she was traveling in Scotland, and was passing the shooting lodge of the Sutherlands, where they were at the time, she told John Brown, who as usual was sitting near her, that she wished to stop and call on the Sutherlands. They asked the Queen to get out of the carriage and have some tea, but she declined until John Brown leaned over and said, 'I would, if I were you. It will warm you up.'" "No doubt", concludes the "Woman of No Importance" sagely, "he had one eye on his own 'innards', which were felling cold, as well as an eye on the comfort of the Queen."

This throws no light on the matter at all—Lady Cardigan, who had a

vivid imagination, must have mistaken "attention" for "intention"! Queen Victoria on another occasion was "in her usual straw hat, with Cashmere shawl and elastic-sided boots". John Brown kept her waiting. Instead of "falling flat on his face" and begging pardon, he remarked, "Well, I must say you look very summery".

There is no proof here; a normal husband would have accused the Queen of having kept *him* waiting—Lady Cardigan is out of court!

The "Woman of No Importance" gives an unpleasant sketch of Bulwer-Lytton, which, if we may judge from other contemporary accounts, was altogether undeserved, as he was rather a dandy; if I remember accurately, Tennyson, in his one malicious poem, accuses him of painting and wearing stays. "He went about like a rag-and-bone man, his hair long and untidy, his face unshaven and dirty, his clothes tattered." Who can believe this of the author of "Pelham"? Lord Lytton is accused of having tried to decoy his wife into an insane asylum; like Thackeray's, "she was a pretty Irish girl", with a frightful temper, to say the least, bordering on madness. Those three great Victorian novelists, Thackeray, Dickens and Bulwer-Lytton, were alike in their domestic misfortunes. Lady Lytton was not sustained by her son, the author of "Lucile", who seems to have taken his father's side.

Those days of the 'seventies and 'eighties were very interesting, and people took themselves as seriously as the "Woman of No Importance" takes them: the ladies of the world and the half-world in London, the famous "Skittles", who annoyed Lady Stamford in the hunting-field (the "Woman of No Importance" is a keen sportswoman) and whose innocent

looks were not exactly indicative of her character. Lady Stamford had been married from the ranks of the ladies whom "Skittles", then supported by a distinguished person, had known in her youth, and as Lord Stamford was master of the hounds, she saluted Lady Stamford as an old acquaintance of Cremorne. Lady Stamford, who was highly respected, objected to this, and the dove-eyed "Skittles" almost drove all the women from the field by her copious language. Lady Molesworth, who gave distinction to whomsoever she chose to invite to "Pencarcon", had once sold oranges from a wheel-barrow, it seems, in Sloane Street. In those days London was a happy hunting-ground of the fair. Noblemen, who had owed all to a king's bar sinister, were not too scrupulous about the character of the ladies they married. There are some deservedly agreeable things of Queen Alexandra. Oscar Wilde, Lady de Bathe, Mrs. Cornwallis-West, the Duchess of Devonshire, and most of the social celebrities of Du Maurier's days have little pastels done of them; this is a book that may help us forget the seriousness of the present in the frivolities of the past.

Further Indiscretions. By a Woman of No Importance. E. P. Dutton and Co.

MR. BERENSON PAINTS SIENESE PAINTING

By Georgiana Goddard King

The new volume of essays in the study of Sienese painting, by Mr. Berenson, though in some ways tantalizing, has more charm than anything he has written for a long time. It is not merely that Sienese painting attracts us more than Venetian—still

less that it is better to have all the world to choose from than simply collections in America—for two or three of these papers turn on objects in this country, and others draw for illustration on such; rather perhaps is the author happier when dealing with a field that was always especially his own, and that suits in its exquisite subtleties, its refinements and afterthoughts, its implications and overtones, the qualities of his own mind and temper. Two of these essays have intrinsic value and critical importance—the one in establishing the identity of an unknown master whom he names Ugolino Lorenzetti, and the other in distinguishing out of the hitherto accepted *œuvre* of Matteo di Giovanni the part of an assistant of his, and thereby isolating the more excellent genius of the master, whose quality is further defined in that essay on a Ferrarese marriage salver. Yet when all is said, none of these essays—nor, I hasten to say, any other essay which could be written in the intention of mere connoisseurship—gives sufficient freedom to his power or adequate play to his genius. It is the method, it is the attitude, it is the style, which makes over a technical discussion into literature in every sentence and phrase.

The figure which presents itself in reading these leisurely pages, subtle, witty, full of implication, of reminiscence, of criticism of life, is that of some Yuan or Ming painting, all in hues of agate, malachite and lapis, of a sage in a pavilion on a hillside above a brook deliberately examining with his friends two or three scrolls that a little servant presents. The ripened fruit of an urbane life is in them, and the insistence, delicately urged, on amplitude of knowledge, on range of acquaintance, on a sense for chronol-

ogy, on sincerity of logic. The style itself has the warm, slow movement of the spoken word in small companies of intellectual equals. It is flattering to be accepted thus by the author into his chosen company; it is literally, in the overworked imagery of Steele, an education liberal and humane.

The preface holds out the hope, so long deferred, of the desired and often anticipated essay on the relation be-

tween Sienese art and the arts of the Far East. No one living is so competent as Mr. Berenson to write that: no subject is so likely to kindle the old fire and bring forth such another work as the four memorable and incomparable volumes of his youth. May it not be deferred too long!

Essays in the Study of Sienese Painting.
By Bernard Berenson. Frederic Fairchild
Sherman.

THE RUSSIAN BALLET IN ITS OWN HOME

By OLIVER M. SAYLER

Of all the Russian arts, the ballet has had its hopes lifted the highest and dashed the lowest by the Revolution. More than any of the other arts, more even than literature, it was bound by the conventions of the old regime. More than any of the others, it rejoiced over its new freedom and for a few dizzy months made plans and dreamed dreams such as only an enthusiastic Russian can dream. More than any of the others, it drew its life blood from the support of the state—from the tsar of old, from the free Russian Republic now. And so more than any of the others it suffered when the new state, hard pressed by enemies within and without, found itself unable to devote to the ballet the equivalent of the vast subsidies of former years.

The Russian ballet was inextricably woven into the fabric of the autocracy, a bright and cheering thread in that sombre texture of fear and gloom and deceit and oppression. Born of the free and boundless Russian spirit, it had been corralled and

hedged in just as the other manifestations of the eager Russian imagination had been smothered and repressed. To the reactionary curse of his ancient court the tsar had bound it by financial ties which were at the same time both generous and miserly. No matter how extravagant were its demands on the imperial purse strings, those demands were always met. Two of the most imposing playhouses in the world were devoted to it and to the Russian opera as their exclusive homes—the Marinsky in Petrograd and the Great Imperial Theatre, now the Great State Theatre, in Moscow. Hundreds of boys and girls were trained in the Imperial ballet schools for ten to fifteen years with the clear understanding that only a handful of them would ever justify the time and the expense lavished on their education. But while the tsar had nurtured the ballet with his financial support, he had stifled its normal growth spiritually by an artistic conservatism which seems to have been inevitably interwoven with po-

litical reaction and which dulled and stunted Russian art wherever it exercised control. In the mind of the court the ballet was a thing of show, a Metropolitan horseshoe, a source of vulgar pride, a part of the trappings of royalty whereby the sins of royalty masked some of their most hideous aspects. And yet, in the face of this incubus, the Russian spirit was not to be denied. For generations, the genius of Russia had welcomed even this circumscribed channel. The composers of Russia had contrived their harmonies for it. The artists of Russia had painted its scenery. The ballerinas of Russia had refused the offers of the world in order to cling to its shelter and to their beloved Russia.

The Revolution meant an end to all these restrictions! The ballet was to be free in free Russia! All of the splendid flowers of its imagination, developed beyond the frontiers of Russia, were to be brought back home and incorporated into its famished body to fertilize it and bring forth new and undreamed beauty. Stravinsky, known only through some of the independent orchestras, was to be heard for the first time in the home of the ballet. Bakst and his madly colored scenery were to be brought back from Paris and London and America. The short, intensely dramatic ballets which made up the repertory of Diaghileff in his wanderings over the earth, were to wave their passionate wand for the first time over Moscow and Petrograd!

I suppose it was the discovery that none of these vivid and stimulating forces of the Russian ballet had ever been tolerated in Russia itself, which impressed on me most acutely the spiritual hunger from which the ballet had suffered under the autocracy. My astonishment grew as I came in con-

tact with the artists who had remained in Russia and had seized a few opportunities for expression which had been grudgingly granted them. Here was Korovin, the equal of Bakst as a master of color and a surer if less fantastic creator of eloquent background. To what use had his genius and his visions been put? Once in a while, the settings for one of the old conventional ballets would wear out. And Korovin was permitted to design their successors—brilliant and stirring moments all but lost on the antiquated and uninspired score and plot. Here were Prokofieff and Kuroff and other composers of a new generation struggling against a tradition that permitted scarcely anything more modern than Glazunoff's "Raymonda" in the repertory. Here was Mordkin, as virile and impetuous as he was when he helped Pavlova unfold for us first the witchery of the ballet, his dramatic fire and his creative energy bound down to the precise and lifeless rôles of the outworn classics. Here were a dozen dancers, young and ambitious and restless in a new time, who had never ventured beyond their native stages and who had not felt the lure of the newer impulses, but who were ready and straining to devote their ripening powers to a rarer beauty. And last of all, here was a *corps de ballet*, an ensemble, such as none but Russians had seen, lifting even the antiquated repertory to an undue eminence by the mastery of its technique and the thrill of its impassioned spirit. If Russia has still to see and hear Bakst and Stravinsky, the rest of the world has still to experience the excitement stirred by the ensemble of the Russian ballet in its own home!

The home of the ballet, as I have said, is not singular. Moscow and

Petrograd vied with each other before the war with a rivalry far keener than that between the Boston opera at its height and the Metropolitan. Rather, the competition and the municipal patriotism it aroused resembled the struggles between our baseball teams. Even then, however, the ancient capital must have outshone the new one on the Neva. Its school produced a more astonishing ensemble. The dancers of the first rank and promise at the Great Imperial Theatre outnumbered those at the Marinsky. It is true, Karsavina usually danced at the latter, but Moscow had Mordkin, and the next eight or ten ballerinas to be named after Karsavina were all daughters of the Kremlin. By the time I reached Russia, war and revolution had only emphasized the leadership of Moscow. Karsavina alone made the ballet at the Marinsky notable. Then, too, life in Moscow was more endurable, more conducive to the light-hearted spirit of the ballet, while the Great State Theatre was always a more imposing and fitting home for the art of the dance.

Moscow's Theatre Place, dominated by this solid pile, is the second center of the city, ranking next after the great Red Square outside the Kremlin. In one or the other of these concourses, all of the historic gatherings of the city have centered—all of the revolts, the celebrations, the demonstrations. The windows of Hotel Metropole overlook its gardens and its trolley wires. The age-mottled yellow stone walls of the Small State Theatre flank its eastern side and the Theatre Nezlobina its western edge. Peering down from the north, the huge Ionic columns of the Great State Theatre overshadow everything else. Scarred here and there by the bullets and shells of Bolsheviki and Junkers,

they stand unharmed like a bronze statue peppered with bird shot. The doors opening underneath them lead through the vast corridors and staircases dear to the heart of the architects of the first half of the nineteenth century, while the shallow horseshoe balconies and galleries rising six or seven to the roof betray the same ancestry. It certainly is not distinctively Russian. Nor is there anything of the "new theatre" in it. Realism would be impossible with its stage as big as all outdoors and its auditorium seating almost five thousand. But it is instinct with the spirit of the theatre, it is a theatrical theatre; and inasmuch as the ballet is perhaps the most theatrical of all the arts of the theatre, the home of the Russian ballet is as it should be.

The first evidence I had that all was not going as well with the ballet as the Revolution had promised, came the week the theatres reopened after the November upheaval. Sobinoff, Russia's leading tenor with a voice sweeter and better trained than Caruso's and almost as powerful, was the *kommissar* or *régisseur*, elected by the artists of the theatre after the manner of all delegated authority in democratic Russia. But Sobinoff was singing in Petrograd just then. I was unaware of his absence and I couldn't understand why my letter to him had gone unanswered. Everywhere else, the doors had opened for me most graciously. It may have been a case of stubborn American honor, but I was determined not to pay to see the ballet after all the other theatres had made me their winter's guest. Twenty minutes before the curtain, no reply had arrived, and I suddenly grabbed a young Russian friend by the arm.

"Are you game to talk Russian for me?" I asked him. "If you are, we'll

storm the place and be Bolsheviki ourselves". He assented, for he hadn't been educated in England for nothing, though he hadn't quite the assurance of an American collegian. The gruff old watch-dog at the stage door was our first ogre. Once past him, our decisive and vigorous methods sufficed to carry us by way of the stage to Sobinoff's box, a canopied retreat with great gilt chairs reserved for court dignitaries in an elder time.

A week passed and a new ballet was announced. Sobinoff was still in Petrograd. Everyone was in command and no one was in command. My efforts to establish diplomatic relations with the ballet were fruitless. But the watch-dog at the stage door had not seen us ejected at the tip of a Russian boot on our first visit, and so our ruse succeeded a second time and a third. Such a footing, though, was too precarious for comfort. And so I accepted the cordial offer of assistance from Boris Maitoff, a devoted connoisseur of the ballet whom I had met in Sobinoff's box. One of his ancestors had come to Russia from England a century ago and he himself had spent a year in Texas buying cotton and winning a charming American wife. In all my winter's research, no one was more tireless in helping me to meet and talk with the leaders of the Russian theatre than Maitoff.

Through Maitoff I finally arranged with Elena Constantina, Sobinoff's secretary, to see the holiday repertory of the ballet, and all in regular form with a very official looking pass. One afternoon the brother of my original fellow-raider and I had penetrated as far as the stage on the pass, but the door into the box was still locked. We roamed around among the scenery and the gathering chiffon of the corps and then out in front of the curtain.

There was our box, just a good half-leap from the stage. We were early and there was hardly anyone in the auditorium. I overcame my companion's scruples and we clambered up to our seats. But we hadn't counted on the watch-dog of this particular portion of the theatre, and when we emerged from the box to buy a program he was up the stairs at a leap and demanding our pass. Law and order might vanish everywhere else, but this particular sentry of the old regime was faithful! Unfortunately, the pass had been made out by mistake for one instead of for myself and my interpreter. One of us had to leave! Of course, neither of us did, but it took an intricate circuit through winding corridors, a deal of waiting and the loss of the overture to "The Sleeping Beauty" before our *shveitsar* nemesis was satisfied by the inadvertent nod of a friend of Sobinoff's. Toward the end of the winter, though, Sobinoff gave up in despair under the heckling of the Soviet, and I had to seek new alliances. After numerous negotiations, which were not worth the effort in money but which had become a matter of stubborn pride, I finally made arrangements with that august body of the proletariat itself whereby I was to have an entire red silk box and all its gilt chairs to myself whenever I wished it! But the peace had been signed, Moscow was becoming day by day a less pleasant and secure habitation, an endless series of political wrangling without much purpose or much result loomed up before me, and the following week I packed my photographs and my memories and started on the long trail home.

Of the ballets visible in Moscow under the Revolution, those of Tchaikovsky were easily preeminent. In

them was none of the passion and the sensuousness and the dramatic fire of "Thamar" and "Sheherazade" and "Petrouchka" of the Diaghileff repertory. "The Sleeping Beauty" and "Swan Lake" are simply the conservative classic ballet, but they are the height of that ballet, built up of prettiness, naïve fairy narrative, and generous infusions of what someone has called "absolute dancing", dancing of the classic steps for their own sake, devoid of dramatic significance. I was distinctly surprised to find that the Russian public still considers this the ideal aspect of the ballet. Either the intense choreographic dramas produced by Diaghileff are a source of envy, jealousy or suspicion, or else the connoisseurs of the ballet in Moscow would deliberately prefer the classic to the dramatic ballet if they had to choose between them. Of this I am sure: the dramatic ballet will never descend to mere pantomime in Russia. The insistent and persistent demand for a display of all the intricate technique of the toe dance will take care of that danger. Wherever the ballet goes in its experiments under the new freedom, it will carry along with it the technique of its classic era. And it is well, too, for no other training has ever been able to give to the human body such startling powers of expression.

The supremacy of the two ballets by Tchaikovsky lies largely in their rich and unified scores. None of the other ballets in last winter's repertory could compare with either in this respect. Some of them, like the ancient "Corsar" and "Don Quixote" are such unconscionable crazy-quilts of odds and ends from all the composers since the beginning of time, that my attention was diverted from the ballet to the anxiety as to what

old favorite from the family tune book would jump at me next from the conductor's baton. Surely these creaking gaffers are not the goal which the marvelous structure of the Russian ballet has been erected to interpret. Neither is "Coppelia" worthy of all the effort bestowed upon it. "Bayaderka", the Hindu ballet by Mincous, is on a higher plane, with a vivid and dramatic though conventional story, and a score that is alert if not greatly interesting. What gives "Bayaderka" distinction are the costumes and the scenery by Korovin, considerably superior to his work for "Corsar", by which he has tried in vain to galvanize Adam's timeworn score into life. Of all the ballets at the Great State Theatre in Moscow, though, perhaps the most characteristically Russian is the fantastic dramatization of the Russian folk-tale, "Konyok-Gorbunok", or "The Hump-backed Hobbyhorse". The whimsies of its naïve plot, of Puni's music, and of Korovin's jolly peasant costumes and rustic scenes combine to make it a happy example of the ballet in its middle mood.

Moscow and Petrograd are relentless judges of the novice in the ballet. Skill in technique is the first consideration. Personal charm and beauty are appreciated, but they are strictly subordinated to the fundamentals of performance. Thus it is that the elder dancers hold their rôles and their places in the public affection securely against the youth and the eagerness of the new generation. To win the title of ballerina and the right to dance a leading rôle, one must toil patiently for years in the lesser parts or even in the corps. To be graduated from the school into a minor rôle, skipping service in the corps, is considered the highest tribute to the young dancer. In Petrograd, there-

fore, Karsavina reigns supreme, not only because of this loyalty to mature skill but also because none of her younger consorts either there or in Moscow is a dangerous rival. Fokina was absent in Copenhagen and Kiraly ill in Finland, and so none of the first ballerinas of the generation of Pavlova and Karsavina was present last winter to dispute the latter's prestige. In Moscow, however, faithfulness to the experienced artist seemed to me to bestow credit out of all proportion to deserts. The ballet public acknowledged the leadership of Geltser—as she spells it in Russian—Höltzer, I suspect, in its original form. There is no denying her technique or her boundless spirits, but she left my feelings cold and unkindled. Balashova, too, although many years Geltser's junior, profited in popular esteem and choice of rôles at the expense of several of the younger generation who displayed far greater genius but who were still working out their novitiate.

Naturally, even in Russia, the future lies in the lap of this younger generation. For me, however, the present is also in their keeping. It is they who reward the pilgrim to the home of the ballet with the thrill and the fire which is the secret of the ballet's greatness. It is they who were missing from Diaghileff's ranks—they and the astonishing corps of Moscow whose absence prevented the Russian ballet in America from fulfilling all its prospects and its promises. It is they who stand straining on the threshold of a new day, waiting to merge the traditions of the past with the dreams of the future. I should like to draw their portraits full length, but there is not space here. Anderson, Fyodorova, Krieger and Kandaourova interest me most. All of them are firmly grounded in technique.

Each of them expresses herself through a personality that is rich and distinctive, the personality of a genuine artist. Anderson is marked for the most brilliant future of them all in her native Russia, for her mastery of the classic form has already won for her the leading rôles in the Tchaikovsky ballets. From her Danish grandfather she inherits her un-Russian name, and her shimmering blonde beauty may also be due in part to her Scandinavian blood, but she is thoroughly Russian in spirit and in imagination. Blessed with the most perfect sense of ballet form since Pavlova, she has in addition an ingratiating warmth of personality. She can never be the Greek goddess like Pavlova, but her emotional power is far superior.

A much more trenchant and vivid dramatic gift is the possession of the dark, lithe Fyodorova, whose strange oriental fascination will find its fullest expression in the newer ballet. Krieger is all youth and impetuosity. Moscow censures her because she lets her eagerness become too evident, because she uses more effort than is needed. If it is a fault, and I suppose it is, it is much to be preferred to its opposite, for time and maturity will bring this boundless energy under control. I am not so sure that it would not be counted in her favor with our audiences! No one of the four, however, would find a warmer welcome with us than Kandaourova, the most bewitching example of Russian beauty in all the ballet. Moscow says she could outstrip Anderson if she would practise. But beauty takes its indulgences the world over! After these four, there are many others, two of whom should be named: Margarita Froman, who danced occasionally with Nijinsky on the second tour of the

Diaghileff company in America, and Reyzen, dark and extremely handsome.

Of the men, Mihail Mihailitch Mordkin still stands alone. You have only to see him dance the Bacchanale at the Theatre of the Soviet of Workmen's Deputies in Moscow, where he has complete control of all ballet productions since his disagreement with the Great State Theatre last winter, to realize what made that moment of dance so exciting when he and Pavlova first gave it to America nearly a decade ago. He is still the same Mordkin, tireless, ambitious, impetuous in his eager good-will, his physical powers undimmed, his imagination deepened and broadened. No one, not even Nijinsky, can compare with him. His is the fire of supreme genius that conquers both heart and mind without question of deliberation. At the Great Theatre, Zhukoff has fallen heir to Mordkin's rôles, a finely poised dancer with great physical power held firmly in leash. The classic technique delegates to the man the function of balance-wheel, the pivot round which the more spectacular work of his partner is woven, and no one fulfills this duty with more assurance and less obtrusiveness than Zhukoff, although some of the ballerinas prefer to work with the slender Novikoff or the stalwart Svoboda.

No roster of the home guards of the ballet would be complete without the antic Ryabtseff. To him fall invariably all the clownish rôles. He is kicked and cuffed around like the fools of Shakespeare, and yet on occasion he displays his mastery of the serious technique which is at the base of all the ballet training. No one in Moscow, not even Stanislavsky of the Art Theatre, is so difficult to find or to follow. In addition to his exacting duties at the Great State Theatre,

Ryabtseff finds time to be the *régisseur* of the Theatre Nezlobina, a dramatic house, the business manager of Iouzhni's variety theatre, and the director of his own ballet school. No wonder he sometimes forgets where his next engagement demands his presence. I shall always remember the night they held the curtain a half-hour for "Don Quixote" while a courier raced frantically through the snow to remind him that his next incarnation was to be Sancho Panza, because if it hadn't been for his belated arrival in his great fur coat, my irregular diplomacy in entering the theatre would have made me miss the first act.

The hopes of the ballet have been sadly shattered by the Revolution, but they have not been destroyed. Freed from an oppressive conservatism, the ballet finds its hands tied anew by the economic demoralization of the country. Subsidies have not ceased, but they have ceased to be sufficient for the ballet to make any progress. For a while last winter, the proletarian hatred of all the fruitage of the autocracy threatened to engulf the theatre and the opera and the ballet. But wiser counsels prevailed. The leaders of the Bolsheviki have just as much respect as anyone else for these proud possessions of the Russian people. They have their own crude and abrupt way of expressing that respect, and endless friction has resulted from the pugnacious disturbance of honored customs, but the salaries of the artists have gone on and the doors have been kept open. In such times as these, however, the meager funds set aside for upkeep do not suffice for new productions. "Petrouchka" was to have been seen for the first time in Russia at the Great State Theatre in Moscow last winter, and that was only one of

the hopes lifted and then dashed by the course of the Revolution. The Russian ballet, like all the other Russian arts, may count itself fortunate if it can hold its ranks together and

weather the storm as an institution intact, if it can preserve some semblance of its school, and hand on to the artists of less distressing days the beauty of its spirit.

UNWRITTEN MASTERPIECES

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

The nearest I ever came to writing a play was rooming seven years with a playwright. (Incidentally, as I was a dramatic critic at the time, this long and, I assure you, happy association was something of a record.) But though I never wrote a play, during those seven years I collaborated in the composition of innumerable dramatic masterpieces. The composition of these masterpieces usually began some time after midnight, when the evening's work or the evening's pleasure (occasionally combined, even in the life of a dramatic critic!) was over, and the two of us, in bath-robés and slippers, were in easy chairs before the fire, our pipes lighted, our feet stretched out toward the blaze. Often the starting point was some play we had seen that evening, and then the plot was evolved very quickly; all we had to do was to make the characters act in exactly the opposite way from that in which they had acted. You would be surprised in how many cases this resulted in a fine, true play! At other times, however, we evolved the entire drama for ourselves, snatching dialogue out of the dark corners, characters out of the dancing firelight, and building scenes in blithe disregard of what the public wants or what the managers think it wants or what anybody wants. In such plays we often

achieved exquisite satire, delightful whimsy, biting irony, moonlit romance. Our plays were composed and produced for a single performance. By 3 A. M., at the latest, the final curtain fell, and the exclusive audience of two retired to well-earned slumber. In the morning the masterpiece was quite forgotten, as forgotten as the fire in the little pile of flaky white ashes between the andirons.

In only one instance can I recall that the playwright actually set about putting on paper one of these dramas. He worked hard and joyously over it for many days, to the exclusion of everything else, and finally brought me the result. It was a fantastic farce, after the topsy-turvy style of Gilbert's "Engaged"; and it was—and is—as good a play as he ever wrote. Having worked so hard and so long on this task, *con amore*, the business man in him now took the ascendant, and urged him to make an effort to cash in. Every manager in New York but one rejected the manuscript. One did accept it, kept it for some months, and then returned it with the frank admission that he was "afraid of it". Though the author is today one of the best-known playwrights in the country, it still reposes in his desk, unpublished and unproduced (except

once, I believe, by amateurs, who must have been quite unable to realize its peculiar style).

This incident serves well enough to illustrate why it is that the real masterpieces are never written, why the playtime moods and fancies of authors never get beyond the circle of the firelight. What is the use? Though these plays may be what would interest the authors most, they are almost sure to be what would interest the public least. Ironic or irresponsible or topsy-turvy or burlesque or iconoclastic, they never reach completion even in the author's mind, let alone on his pads of paper, because he realizes the hopelessness of trying to market them. For that, if for no other reason, perhaps, he builds up his impromptu scenarios for himself and his friend or two with the greater gusto. These scenarios are the shadow structures of what he'd like to write if he dared, if the thousand and one "grim inhibitions" of prudence and prose didn't intervene.

When I was in college, seven of us had a little club we called "The Seven Against Thebes". We met every second week, and tried to keep Frank Simonds from diverting our literary discussions into debates about the Boer War. One of the seven, now a music critic in New York, used to affirm that some day he was going to write a story about a fight between a giant and a dwarf in which the giant emerged the victor. He said it had never been done. Of course it has never been done, and it never will be done. Pitts got a great deal of amusement out of the idea of doing it, but he would never be so foolish as to waste so much ink and paper. He knows the reader must have a hero, and no giant can be a hero when he whips a dwarf. The mere fact that

ninety-nine times out of a hundred he *would* whip the dwarf has nothing to do with the matter. It is the hundredth case that counts; the ninety and nine are simply the sheep that didn't jump the hurdle fence.

I have been thinking back over the stories and plays I haven't written, or have collaborated in not writing, and some of them I can recall—excellent tales, too, without the ghost of a chance ever to see print or production. An early one, I remember, was a version of Cinderella, in which it was discovered that Cinderella wore, say, a number two-and-a-half slipper, and there were no less than six other debutantes in the ballroom who took the same size. I think this story was further complicated by Cinderella's mortification at discovering that she had danced a hole in the toe of her stocking.

Then, of course, there was a "caste" play (one comes along about once in so often, the latest being "General Post"). But in our version the hero, rising from his humble lower-middle-class tailor shop to a position where he dined at the Duke's house, didn't love the Duke's daughter, nor she him. He remained true to Nancy Spratt, who worked in the steam laundry, and the Duke's daughter married Lord Algy, and all four lived comparatively happy ever after. I still consider the theme of this play absolutely unique, without a parallel in English dramatic literature.

During one of the periodic outbursts of "crook plays", which at regular intervals deluge our stage, my roommate and I evolved one of our most celebrated works. We, too, composed a crook play. We started in the approved orthodox manner, with two clever, attractive crooks, who talked like a slang dictionary, robbed the dea-

con to pay off the mortgage which he held on the poor widow's little home, ate the widow's peach pies with sentimental tears streaming down their cheeks, and made love to the widow's lovely daughter. So far, our play could have been produced in any theatre. But in the last act we achieved originality. Our two crooks did not reform! As the final curtain descended they were sneaking from the widow's house at midnight loaded with the ancestral silver, the lovely daughter's sapphire brooch (a legacy from grandma), two Windsor chairs, a mahogany low-boy, an old glass lamp with crystal pendants, the fire-shovel and tongs, the crane and pothooks, and the best crazy-quilt. They even removed the hand-wrought hinges from the door to let themselves out. Our crooks, you see, were antique dealers—a crowning touch of realism!

Once, too, we wrote a most serious play about a man who ruined a woman's "career". I don't know how many men's "careers" have been ruined in drama and novel—the number is as the sands of the sea. But though many women have been ruined, so far as I know their "careers" never have been. So we ruined one, between 12.30 A. M. and 2—a good, clean, effectual job, leaving her at the end the fat, happy, uninteresting mother of seven children, with a framed letter from Roosevelt on the wall. We called our play a tragedy, but we knew nobody would recognize it for one but ourselves. In the career-ruining drama or novel, the man is always destined to some greatness or other (usually but dimly hinted at), such as a United States senatorship or the presidency of a bank, or—as in Algernon Blackwood's "Karma"—an important government post in Egypt. He is kept from realizing his destiny

by a woman's "selfish love". She wants him "all for herself". We simply reversed this. We took the president of a street railway system for our hero, being unable on the spur of the moment to think of any career more overestimated than that of a street railroad president. For our heroine we selected a truly lovely and talented creature who would, undoubtedly, have become a distinguished musician had she not met the street railway president in act one. He, of course, being a "power in the financial world", believed that woman's place is the home, and she believed her husband. Her instinctive kicks grew feebler as the children grew more numerous, till at length she was a happy wife and mother, making the great man comfortable when he came home at night after a long, busy day spent in making the public uncomfortable. She, who might have made thousands happier, ministered but to the wants of this financial parasite.

"Shaw might do it", said the playwright sadly, as we rang the curtain down and banked the fire. "But I couldn't get it by Belasco's office boy."

We did not always compose plays, of course. Sometimes they were short-stories, sometimes novels. Once, I recall, we concocted an amazing and baffling detective yarn. It would, I am certain, have thrown every reader clean off the scent, as even Anna Katharine Green at her best could never do. Like all great works, too, it was artlessly simple. The entire mystery of our tale lay in the fact that the man the reader suspected from the beginning as guilty of the dastardly murder turned out in the final paragraph to be the culprit! We were much pleased with this story, even more pleased, I think, than with our tale of the operatic tenor who was true to his wife,

a woman herself without any artistic temperament, whom he had to watch closely and jealously.

Then there was the story we didn't write about the man from Indiana who went to Europe and discovered that Brunelleschi's dome is more beautiful than the opera house at Kokomo, the plays of Donnay superior to "Ben Hur", and the European upper classes considerably more interesting to talk with than a middle-western small-town lawyer. This tale, for some reason or other, is associated in my mind with another, a "glad" story, which we worked out in considerable detail. The heroine was an infant optimist. She had dear little crutches with pink bows on them, and she was never, never cross. In fact, she was so "glad" that she became a perfect nuisance, and everybody hated her. By some plausible expedient we gave her a real, full-sized grouch at the climax, and converted her into the possibilities of a human being. The story was called, I think, "One Touch of Ill Nature". It had merit.

Now and then we tackled a juvenile. Here our favorite expedient was to make the hero muff a punt and lose a football game; or strike out in the last inning with the bases full. Of slightly maturer interest was the story of the boy who came to the "great city" and did not forget his sweetheart back in the village. In fact, as soon as he could earn enough money he went back home to get her, brought her to the city, and established her in a little flat on the upper West Side, where the two of them continued to live, perfectly contented with one another, and just as provincial as they ever were. In fact, we used often to see them walking on Riverside Drive of a pleasant Sunday. You have seen them, too. I'm not at all sure they

couldn't actually be written down and sold. After all, they have remained delightfully human, with a touching belief between themselves that they are metropolitan now. The public likes to smile at such amiable self-delusions—in others.

Another favorite form of unwritten fiction in which we used to dabble was the story about the witty woman. Here, of course, the problem was to give her something really witty to say. We were not unaware that a man named Meredith had once written novels, but we were more aware that lesser folks had written since, and it amused us (and helped the playwright, who jotted down the pearls in a notebook) to imagine scenes in which the brilliant heroine said something at least mildly amusing. The task is not easy, alas! You no doubt recall the incident during a rehearsal of one of Augustus Thomas's plays. The manager suddenly stopped the performance and asked the author, "Don't you think the heroine ought to say something witty here?"

"Such as——?" said Mr. Thomas, with a bland smile.

That eternal "such as——?" mocks the writer as he pens his dialogue, but if he is merely concocting an unwritten masterpiece it is strange what brilliant ideas come to him. Perhaps, in part, this is due to the fact that his heroine can be as outrageous as she pleases, like one of ours who, when somebody quoted to her—

God's in His heaven,
All's right with the world.

replied, "Then by all means let us contrive to keep them separated". She, indeed, was a delightful creature, a little overgiven to making epigrams, perhaps, but warm-hearted, lively, with a pretty gift of irreverence and

a hatred of sham. It was she who said that one of the dangers of a democracy is that anybody can point them out, and she named her dachshund Woodrow, because it was such a long way from his initiative to his referendum.

To come down to the unwritten stories of the hour, I cannot help wondering how many authors have conceived war stories that they will never put on paper. Sometimes it is the utter inadequacy of words that restrains them. But more often it is the feeling that they have no business to write at second-hand about such a matter, or that some things are better left unsaid till time has healed and soothed. Perhaps now that the war is over, and our men are returning, and the barriers are down, we shall get some literature. At present, surely, so far as America is concerned, the real war stories are unwritten ones.

But it will always remain true, in peace as well as war, that many of the situations which most intrigue an author, the contrasts, the ironies, the truth tellings, the burlesques of his own trade, will never be committed to paper. There are taboos against them of propriety, of sentimentality, or prejudice, perhaps, or, more than all

else, the taboo of the pleasurable. I have no doubt but some wise professor who teaches the art of story telling to large classes of potential O. Henrys and Sarah Orne Jewetts has catalogued the themes, subjects, characters, situations, which time has proved give pleasure to the public. At any rate, such a catalogue might easily be made, always allowing room for the unexpected genius to come along and disarrange a lot of your rules, of course. In his written work the author strives more or less consciously to obey strictly this taboo, to give his public what time has shown they find pleasure in. But in his unwritten work, in what he secretly knows are his masterpieces, he joys in an utter flaunting of the taboo, and lets his imagination splash, as it were, in forbidden waters. Relieved of all necessity to make his work "a criticism of life", he often makes it just that, perhaps for the first time in his career! What readers want, of course, is never a criticism of life, but a confirmation of it. At any rate, a magazine of unwritten masterpieces would make interesting reading, and as it would have to remain unpublished it might even survive the new zone postage rates.

THE NEW CROP OF GARDEN BOOKS

BY WALTER A. DYER

There was a time not so long since when, if I had been asked to write an essay on gardening and garden literature, I should have marshaled my most glowing adjectives, summoned my most exalted frame of mind, and written gushingly of the rich smell of newly turned earth, the heavenly blue of delphiniums, and the aspiring soul of the pole-bean. I have lost none of my early enthusiasm for the sport, but in these later days I find myself less inclined to quote poetry when the subject of gardening comes up and more inclined to discuss the effects of stable manure on potatoes and the relative merits of dwarf and semi-dwarf peas. And I have a notion that this change in mental attitude is shared by most other Americans. We are gardening more extensively than ever before in the history of the country, but we have passed through the idealistic stage and have begun to take our gardening neither too sentimentally nor too seriously, but with an honest effort to do a worthy job well. This may mean a loss to fine literature, but it also means the production of fewer useless and more practical books.

About the beginning of this century the back-to-the-land fad attacked us with all its sunny allurements. That faded, but in its place there arose a taste for and an understanding of better farming methods and more productive gardens. We discovered that horticulture was a science and not merely a relaxation. The school garden became a part of our educational

system, while Minneapolis and other cities taught us the economics of vacant lot gardening. And there were people who discovered that gardening was a more profitable form of outdoor exercise than golf or motoring.

During this period of development books on gardening and kindred topics appeared in increasing numbers, and magazines devoted to these subjects gained widespread circulation, not to mention an enviable advertising clientele. How far this literature formed the cause of the movement or to what extent it was the reflection of it, I am not prepared to guess, nor does it greatly matter. The result has been the same—a mass of gardening literature that demands a special place in the publisher's catalogue and among the librarian's cards.

Then came the war, the call to produce food, and the springing up of innumerable war gardens. People who, a brief time ago, scarcely knew whether a radish grew on a vine or a bush have been laying out their plots of ground, consulting seed catalogues, and purchasing canning outfits. Time was when Adam delved and Eve span, but now Eve dons a farmerette costume and joins Adam in the garden with wheel-hoe and spray-gun. For such people there must be books and yet more books, for a new generation of gardeners has arisen that knoweth not the garden books of a decade ago.

In 1917 there were hundreds of city war gardens that brought an inevitable smile of amusement to the lips

of the man or woman who possessed sunlit acres to do his or her gardening in. Hundreds of city business men hurried home at night or rose early in the morning to bend unaccustomed backs over poor, infertile plots of ground in which a few rows of beans, peas, and potatoes struggled to keep alive. The tangible results were blistered hands and a small quantity of vegetables of doubtful quality that were worth but little more than the cost of the seed. Many of those war gardens were total failures. And yet, perhaps, the effort was not wholly in vain.

The close of 1918 saw fewer failures, more successful war gardens. Some who were not fitted for this work abandoned the fad. Others discovered within them an unsuspected or long-forgotten love for the soil that has taken root and grown more luxuriantly than the beans and peas and lettuce.

If it has come to pass, as I believe to be the case, that a host of Americans have acquired as a result of this effort a new interest in the pleasurable, healthful, and altogether profitable art of gardening and a renewed affection for revered Mother Earth, a greater thing will have been achieved than perhaps we realize. If out of the war should come a renaissance of American gardening, a reborn interest in the things that grow and bear fruit, it will mean the enrichment of many a life, the mellowing of many a heart, and there will be at least one thing gained to compensate for the incalculable loss.

And there is a practical side that need not be overlooked. To feed one's family with home-grown fresh vegetables means an actual saving, both personal and nationally economic, as well as added health and pleasure.

And that holds true in peace no less than in war.

Therefore, we welcome the garden books of whatever sort. There have been a host of them in the past—almost too many, it sometimes has seemed. But now, with new readers, a new interest and a new need, their appearance in increasing numbers needs no apology.

The new crop includes a few books of the first importance from the point of view of authority and subject-matter. A few suggest the warming over of yesterday's dinner for today's luncheon, though their publication is to be justified on the ground that they will find their way to readers who are ignorant of older books that cover the ground fully as effectively. Taken together, they are an indication of the reawakened interest of which I have spoken and they will help along the good cause.

Of those before me, four deal definitely with practical vegetable gardening—what to grow and how. Special stress is laid on the small garden and the problems of the beginner. The four volumes differ chiefly in arrangement and treatment; there is an unavoidable similarity in contents. It is largely a matter of taste which one you like best. Personally I don't like any of them so well as an older book which has long been my gardening guide and in which the arrangement is simply alphabetical, the whole story of the culture of each vegetable being discussed and completed in its turn.

Of the four new ones, "Everyman's Garden in War-Time" is not strictly new. It was published in 1913 as "Everyman's Garden Every Week" and appears to have been simply put into a new dress to attract the war gardeners. Its distinguishing feature is its arrangement, garden duties

being laid out for each week in the season. Rather the best part of the book is the beginning, where a few chapters of general garden advice are presented. It might be added that Mr. Selden's directions for canning are four or five years out of date.

"Garden Steps" is a practical little book, possessing the virtue of brevity, and especially well suited to the use of teachers and pupils and directors of school gardens. "Home Vegetables" is by an experienced writer on gardening subjects who has gathered together most of the essential information without adding greatly to the sum of human knowledge, and who has adopted a chatty style that some readers will like.

"Practical Gardening" is perhaps the best of the lot. It is a more attractive, better made book, for one thing; the information is all there and is in readily available form for the gardener who knows what he is looking for.

Mr. Rockwell knows how to write a useful book for gardeners, for he is an old hand at it. His forte is selecting the essential thing and putting it plainly. His latest book is on canning, preserving, and drying garden-grown products for winter use—which is but an extension of the gardening idea. He has taught us how to grow fruits and vegetables; now he teaches us how to make the most economical use of them. Other books have appeared on this subject, and many official and advertising pamphlets that may be had free of cost, but Mr. Rockwell's work is rather more comprehensive than these, and possesses the added virtue of logic, clearness, and simplicity. He takes the amateur directly from the garden into the kitchen and gives well-proved recipes for canning, drying, dehydrating,

pickling, preserving, and storing. It is essentially a practical book for actual use.

Of somewhat less essential value, perhaps, is Miss Rehmann's book on "The Small Place". It, too, is practical, but in another sense. It deals not with economies but with successful spending, not with saving but with beauty. Our large estates are things of beauty very often, but the average suburban residence, so far as its surroundings are concerned, is stereotyped and commonplace. A smooth lawn with a circular bed of cannas and salvia in the center has commonly satisfied the suburbanite's aspirations along æsthetic lines. Miss Rehmann has endeavored to apply the principles of landscape design to the small place, and her work is both practical and inspirational.

The difficulty with this subject is that the problems of no two situations are quite alike, and such a book can scarcely be taken in hand as an infallible guide. Miss Rehmann has, however, discovered a number of universal problems and has undertaken to point out their solution by describing fifteen typical and varied instances of small places that have been beautified successfully and that illustrate the fundamental principles of this sort of planning and planting. The thing has been done before, in slightly different ways, but this book will doubtless prove helpful and suggestive to numerous readers to whom these problems have recently come as something new. The examples have been chosen with discrimination and the illustrations leave one in no doubt as to the desirability of an advance in the art of laying out the grounds of the suburban home.

Professor F. A. Waugh, also, treats of the ornamental rather than the

utilitarian side of gardening, in a book of particularly attractive format. His volume is an interesting and convincing treatise on landscape design. He points out the artistic error in the old theories of formal garden design and presents an argument in favor of applying the lines and using the materials of the natural landscape and the immediate native environment in laying out and developing parks, estates, and the home grounds.

What Professor Waugh did some years ago for the American apple orchard, Mr. H. P. Gould has now done for the peach plantation. To the amateur who plans to set out six young peach-trees of different varieties, his "Peach-Growing", with its 425 closely printed pages, must appear appalling. But for the man growing peaches on a commercial scale there isn't a superfluous word in it. It is the "compleat" peach-grower and is likely to stand as the handy authority for some time to come.

Dr. Taubenhause's book on garden enemies is even less for the amateur. Its bulk—some 400 pages—is enough to scare away the beginner in gardening, and the chapter headings are sufficient to send terror into the amateur's heart. For it deals with enough plant diseases to suggest the thought that to raise anything at all one must secure the constant attendance of a plant doctor. It is a scientific treatise, albeit eminently useful to the truck gardener, for it is clear in its explanations and furnishes a clue to both diagnosis and treatment. It covers a big subject in a thorough and exhaustive manner.

Truck growers have of late years been paying an increasingly heavy tax in the shape of losses due to disease and parasites, and the consequent diminution in production has meant an

economic loss to the country. The professional plant pathologist has been called in and the whole problem has been studied in no haphazard manner. Doubtless this book will find its most appreciative audience in the agricultural colleges rather than in the hands of the practical truck gardener, but it lays a sure foundation for a more thorough understanding of a vexing subject, and the results of Dr. Taubenhause's painstaking labors should produce practical results in the years to come.

The "Manual of Vegetable-Garden Insects" is a trifle less formidable, possibly because it is less a record of original investigations. It is equally thorough within its prescribed limits, equally well adapted to text-book use, and rather more useful to the practical gardener. Without entering the field of fruits or grains, this volume treats of some 200 common and uncommon insects and their control; the amateur emerges with an uneasy feeling that gardening must consist largely of fightings within and foes without.

Well, it does, particularly if you in-

Everyman's Garden in War-Time. By Charles A. Selden. Dodd, Mead and Co.

Garden Steps. By Ernest Cobb. Silver, Burdett and Co.

Home Vegetables and Small Fruits. Their Culture and Preservation. By Frances Duncan. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Practical Gardening. Vegetables and Fruits. By Hugh Findlay. D. Appleton and Co.

Save It for Winter. By Frederick Frye Rockwell. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The Small Place. By Elsa Rehmann. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Natural Style in Landscape Gardening. By Frank A. Waugh. Richard G. Badger.

Peach-Growing. By H. P. Gould. The Macmillan Co.

Diseases of Truck Crops and Their Control. By J. J. Taubenhause, Ph.D. E. P. Dutton and Co.

Manual of Vegetable-Garden Insects. By Cyrus Richard Crosby and Mortimer Demarest Leonard. The Macmillan Co.

clude among your adversaries drought, excessive cloudiness, late and early frosts, and the ubiquitous weed. Gardening is a form of battle, whether we fight the cabbage-worm and aphids in the back yard or subtle blight and unforeseen rust on the farm; whether the opposing trenches are held by the

insidious germ of fermentation in the glass jar or we wage war against drought and poor soil in the beautification of our homes; and such books as these are the trained reinforcements which may turn the tide of battle for many a down-hearted garden soldier.

WHITMANISM AND ITS FAILURE

BY YONE NOGUCHI

After spending many words on the failure of American humor*, I am now coming to the subject of Whitman, the American poet, most beloved by the young Japanese today. What I am going now to write is on the failure of the so-called Whitmanism.

I always incline to look upon Whitman, not from the point of his prophetic protest, although that is quite agreed to be his special literary distinction, but from the point of his seeking his optimistic ideal reminiscently; his poetical atmosphere of peace and freedom does not reveal, at least to my mind, a procreative suggestion of a practical future; in short, he was a poet who attempted to revive the spiritual past of America. His literary ideal was not a thing to be endorsed by practice; and as it had no reflective background, it seemed merely a formal prescription dictated by a biblical simplicity or even at times a "barbaric yawp". When the European critics generally recognized him (with Edgar Allan Poe, among American authors), it might be taken as evidence of their own primitive

craving for equality and freedom; their recognition of him was not strengthened by the real force of practice of his precepts. It is my own opinion that one of the important questions would be how to forget the so-called Whitmanism, that is to say, how to build a practical freedom and equality fitting to the nature and hope of present America, liberated from the chain or shackle of old idealism; Whitman as a poetical reference or a sort of literary formula is, I dare say, proving himself most strongly. Under such a shade I pay him my special respect.

I know that Whitman became one of the greatest personages America ever produced when he sanctified in poetry the moral conception that Lincoln forced into practice through the bloody war; Whitman, this great commoner, appeared as a striking phenomenon from the singular point of his faith; indeed he was vastly different in action from the many other great men of pen or sword in history. When he sang in his own day the living religion of humanity on the ground of spiritual socialism, people in America were already beginning to

*Issue of THE BOOKMAN for December, 1918.

forget the faith that their ancestors had gained with sacrifice; it is clear to see how Whitman established himself as a warning or protest in his age. But if he fails to keep a living spirit today, as I dare say he has failed, that should be from his weak point of being unscientific and too idealistic; he expressed undoubtedly his mighty power of literary destruction; he showed no formula of construction. His thought as well as his faith was often licentious, always too innocent; when I find him today to be impractical and utopian, I cannot help calling him a failure or a bankrupt.

The meaning of his existence in his own day was great and clear, because the hereditary technique of literature was still endowed by the rhetorical beauty of Longfellow and Lowell and many others. Whitman's literary attitude in seeing life and the world nakedly, as if through the simple eye of a child or God, made him create a special mode of expression which our arbitrary mind of the present age has called prose-poem, despising the common prosody which might be well fitting to sing on a little park or a church in Boston; really he presented himself as a naked person breaking away from the prison of so-called literature. I agree with him in saying that poetry should be born, not made; and again poetry is passion and fire which should not disobey the universal law, but yet should not be restricted by the earthly technique of so-called prosody; although I do not know how honest he was in saying that he created his poetical form from a suggestion of the wild wind, the echoing tide against the shore, the whispering forest in the valley—shortly by the voice of Mother Nature which is irregular but melodious, I have no hesitation to believe that he

attempted in poetry what Wagner did in music.

After I have endorsed Whitman again in his opinion that American poetry should not forget freedom—as, in international politics, America is free from tradition—I like to pause a minute to think on the question of the prose-poem of his creation. Indeed, he might have found it fitting for his literary purpose; but I dare say, with many instances to offer, that he did, after all, mix and even confuse prose and poetry in one form, without taking away the difference of them. His literary bravado of hasty execution certainly showed an extraordinary power of protest against the other poetical expression of his own day; but I would say that its merit would be satisfactorily proved when it died away with its creator. The fact tells us the contrary, because there are today so many a small Whitman. And first of all I like to say that Whitman was great enough and perfect enough in himself not to need many followers to amend, supplement, and complete him; and what have those little Whitmans to do in America at the time when the country calls for another sort of literature worthy of herself, now possessed of all civilization and culture! The literature of present America should be a thing firmly established on reflective culture and procreative civilization, not a thing merely chimerical or too wildly optimistic. I say again that Whitman, the great singer of barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world, was powerful in his destruction, but did not show us a way of reconstruction. Today, when America has already entered in the sound age of construction, there should be another poet to steer through the spiritual obstacles belonging to the age.

The Whitmanism which strengthened the human mind of half a century ago with its simplicity of prophetic idealism, and warned America not to forget God's freedom and joy, was too absolute, because it was not builded on practical execution; it was too dreamy, because it stood on reminiscent optimism which is often irresponsible. How will this Whitmanism, if it insists to stay with us, meet with those confused civilizations and cultures freely invading from all Europe and even from Asia? America of today, who has already left the stage of adolescence, must treat humanity more practically, and rearrange life more realistically; naturally the meaning of American freedom and democracy must alter in color and tone. It is the greatest question of America how to gain benefit, without losing the country's original principles, from the foreign civilization of Europe and Asia; the spiritual insistence and hope of present America should point in a different direction from that of the past. (I believe that Woodrow Wilson made America enter into the war from the hope to make her regain her own concentration that the country has lost, sadly breaking into spiritual fragments.)

Truly America of the present time is, I dare say, dangerous more than interesting; in truth she is stepping into a perilous age since the Civil War. The Civil War was a thing that could be settled nationally; but the question which America is now confronting has to be solved internationally. The country with such a difficult problem to settle before her face cannot certainly be spinning, as if an innocent

child, the same old literature; although I have no fixed opinion what should be the new literature of America at this moment, I am fully aware of the failure of the so-called Whitmanism. By that I mean the general failure or bankruptcy of the optimism of American literature. I think that I can use this point of view, without any amendment, also on Emerson and other transcendentalists whose utilitarian interests only proved as if hitching one's wagon somewhere between a star and a tree. Emerson's theory of "Oversoul" is more rhetorical, therefore charlatanic, than anything else, merely an optimism looked at upside down through his legs. Lowell in his "A Fable for Critics" characterizes Emerson as:

A Greek head on right Yankee shoulders,
whose range
Has Olympus for one pole, for t'other the
Exchange.

But I myself would feel more comfortable with him if he only belonged to Olympus or the Exchange. His influence on us Japanese is certainly from his beautiful language, but not from his thoughts.

Being a poor reader of stories and novels, I am afraid to touch even on Nathaniel Hawthorne, who is, however, as I come to believe lately, one of the five greatest novelists of the world. One thing I can say about him is that he also believed in optimism as the best and most sensible self-protection from moral degeneration. I have so many things, I confess, to agree with in Poe's theory on poetry; but I should like to leave the matter to some other day, when I will renew my pen again.

ON JAPAN AND THE BOOK-MAKING IMPULSE

BY RAYMOND M. WEAVER

As Chamberlain has pointed out, the obstacles that ward off the rash Occidental who would come to any sober and adequate truth about Japan are well-nigh insuperable. Japan lies in the shadow, away on the rim of the world. Her houses are far more effectually closed to the foreigner by their paper walls, than are ours of iron and stone. What we call "society" does not exist in Japan. Japanese thought has barricaded itself behind the fortress walls of one of the most marvelously intricate speeches in the world; and Japanese books and newspapers are printed in an extraordinarily complicated system of ideographs, compared with which Egyptian hieroglyphics are the merest child's play. When a foreigner of importance visits Japan—a well-known editor, or the president of a great university—this personage is charmingly received. But he is not left to form his own opinions, even were he capable of so doing. He is "officially conducted" through the country, and in his amusing ignorance is made the speaking-trumpet for the views of Japanese officialdom. Yet in the face of these difficulties, books on Japan continue to multiply in an abundance that gives new point to the bewailment of the Preacher of Jerusalem on the making of books. A brief residence in the East (though indeed this is not absolutely necessary); a profound and comprehensive ignorance of the language and the literature: these seem to be the initial requirements for a book on Japan. Add to these an

access to a few preexisting summaries and volumes of statistics: boil these down, abridging details and expanding general judgments, and the equipment is complete for the manufacture of a winsome treatise on "The Lure of the Lotus" or a more substantial tome on "The Whole Truth About Japan".

Sickened by the prevalence of this procedure, one welcomes any new book upon Japan with very mixed emotions. When a work appears on some well-defined aspect of Japanese life or thought, such as "Wood-engraving", or "Japanese Poetry", or "The Japanese Constitution", one is willing to allow that the writer may be a specialist in his field who has narrowed his topic so that it admits of adequate treatment within the compass of a volume. But when a writer makes all of Japan his province, he immediately inspires by his temerity a virulent suspicion of his incompetence. The two latest books on Japan are a challenge to this prejudice.

Mr. Latourette, the author of "The Development of Japan", is associate professor in history in Denison University—a coeducational institution in Granville, Ohio. Mr. Latourette has designed his book as a text to be used in a one-semester survey course in a history of the East, a course such as he himself gives at Denison University. He makes no very ambitious claims for what he calls his "little volume". "No exhaustive study of Japan has been attempted, but the effort has been made to present a summary of the development of the nation, its people,

its civilization, and its problems and politics, which will give the essential facts and at the same time be of sufficient brevity to be covered in the six weeks usually assigned to Japan in the average course on the Far East. It may be that the book will prove of value to informal study groups and correspondence courses, and to the general reader who wishes a brief survey for his own information."

Mr. Latourette gives a rapid sketch of the early history of Japan; his chief interest is with events bearing upon modern history. His book is brought down to 1917. The discussion of Japan's contemporary politics is timely, unhysterical, and thought-provoking. The book makes no claim to originality either of data or interpretation: it is a frank and humble transmitter of the laborious scholarship of other men. It is focused, juridical, and sane. At the end of each chapter is a bibliography for collateral reading; there is a further bibliography at the end: of only English books in all cases. It is more than merely surprising to find not a single reference to James Murdock's monumental "History of Japan" (published by the Asiatic Society of Japan, and unfortunately not easily accessible). Mr. Latourette's volume possesses the prime virtue of clarity: a clarity that at times borders upon insipidity and the innocuous enunciations of commonplaces. The book does not presume upon the intelligence of the reader—a safe procedure, if not a flattering one. The book is "published under the auspices of the Japan Society". Taking the book for what it pretends to be—and it is better than its pretensions lead one to suspect—it is a clear, concise, unbiased introduction to a study of Japan, an excellent first step toward "that complex, frag-

mentary, doubt provoking knowledge which we call truth". It is the only satisfactory popular manual of Japanese history in English.

The volume of Robert P. Porter (1853-1917) "Japan: The Rise of a Modern Power", is the posthumous work of a prolific journalist and man of affairs. Though he was an Englishman by birth, and a cosmopolitan by variety of residence, Robert P. Porter's chief activities were in the United States—in newspaper work, and in public service as an expert in fiscal, tariff, and census problems. This is his second book on Nippon—the first being "The Full Recognition of Japan". This second treatment is a kind of extended encyclopædia article: and like the melancholy of Jacques it is "compounded of many samples". Mr. Latourette has conceived his book with a clear end in view, and as a result he has achieved a unity that the Porter book cannot boast. Porter's book has grown out of the war: it holds a brief for Japan as one of the Allies. It claims that a knowledge of Japan is an obligation incumbent upon us because of our debt to Japan for refraining from doing the harm she might have done had she been an ally of Germany. But Japan makes other claims upon our attention. "The history of Japan, like the history of Ancient Greece, has for us Occidentals of the twentieth century an educational value of the highest importance. We can measure our moral, æsthetic, and intellectual progress by the standards of Japan before she adopted Western manners and methods, and benefit greatly by observing the attitude in recent times of this highly intelligent and progressive nation toward Western civilization." Porter's excuse for his volume is lame in both of its legs. A writer with

something of weight to say need not appear in his preface with his hat in his hand, huckstering his book by slovenly articulated sophistries.

The book is in fact a compendium of promiscuous information on Japan. It falls into two parts: Part I an historical sketch from the beginnings down to 1917—identical in scope with the work of Mr. Latourette, but consistently inferior in treatment. Part II consists of five chapters on "Physical Characteristics — Population — Sports", "Resources and Industrial Progress", "Trade and Internal Communication", "Evolution of the Army and Navy", "Literature and Art". The book is perfunctory and incompetent. Its chief interest lies in its account of the influence of Marco Polo's account of the island of Chipangu (cited from the wretched translation in the Everyman Library) in provoking the voyages that led to the discovery of America. Porter would perhaps have it that we owe the discovery of this continent to Japan—another obligation to inform ourselves of matters oriental by a reading of his book. The book is carelessly made; the style is slovenly; the facts are fragmentary,

and not presented in orderly fashion; the generalizations are not infrequently rhetorical leaps into the void. For example, it is stated with unsubstantiated extravagance of the late Emperor Meiji: "Austere, upright, calm, juridical, far-sighted, benevolent, Mutsuhito was what Plato had sighed for and Voltaire had vainly sought—a philosopher on the throne" (page 108). Mr. Latourette's is a more sober judgment: "Although the progress of his reign was due primarily to his councillors, he did not hinder them by reactionary tendencies. . . . He had the good judgment so to accept advice and so to act in conjunction with his ministers that it is hard at times to determine just how much positive influence he had on the politics of his reign" (pages 116-117).

Mr. Latourette's book is a humble but competent piece of craftsmanship; the other book falls into that large category of literary incompetencies with which Japan has flooded the world. "Oh that my enemy would write a book!"—a book on Japan!

The Development of Japan. By Kenneth Scott Latourette. The Macmillan Co.
Japan: The Rise of a Modern Power. By Robert P. Porter. Oxford University Press.

MEXICO'S NEW POETS

BY IRVING ORMOND

The average educated American of the North, who has received his information about Mexico largely from the columns of the daily press, would be surprised, perhaps, to learn that the republic directly to the south of us is an ancient seat of culture. As much surprised, indeed, as the average South American, who has received his information about the United States from the columns of *his* daily press, would be to discover that in our country something more than lynchings, prize-fights, railroad wrecks and divorce trials is the order of the day. Yet Mexico's literary past is distinguished by glories little appreciated in other Spanish-speaking countries—Spain itself included—not to speak of the United States.

Before the middle of the sixteenth century Mexico had a "colegio" for the natives, at which were taught reading, writing, Latin, grammar, rhetoric, philosophy, and music. In 1533, thirty years after Hernan Cortes arrived at Tenochtitlan, the University of Mexico was founded by mandate of Carlos I. Here, also about 1536-7, appeared the first printing-press. During the sixteenth century, in fact, no less than one hundred and sixteen books were published in the city of Mexico; the first of these—"La Escalera de San Juan Climaco"—was printed some one hundred and three years before "The Freeman's Oath", published by Harvard College. Naturally, the first books were confined in the main to religion, morals and works in native dialects. At the beginning of the

seventeenth century belles-lettres and history appeared in print.

Two of the greatest names in Castilian literature belong by nativity, if not by their products, to Mexican letters. The noted dramatist Juan Ruiz de Alarcón and the world-famous poetess Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz, both of the seventeenth century, reveal their Mexican origin in not a little of their work. Thus Luis G. Urbina, one of the leading contemporary poets of Mexico, as well as a critic of engaging style and keen perceptions, reminds us in his recent "La Vida Literaria de Mexico" (Mexican Literary Life) that the tender melancholy of Alarcón is distinctively Mexican; the playwright himself, writing in far-off Spain, felt this allegiance to the land of his birth, as is shown by his frequent reference to it. In Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz—once upon a time heralded, in terms that would bring a blush of inferiority to the cheeks of our most enterprising press-agents, as "the Tenth Muse"—Urbina discovered the first symptoms of Mexican folk-lore, as well as the first Mexican feminist.

Today, after almost three centuries, Mexico has regained her literary pre-eminence. That same melancholy atmosphere which Urbina advances as one of the characteristics of his nation's art, and which his own poetry exemplifies in so charming a manner, wafts through much of what is now being written; yet contemporary poetry, particularly in such original spirits as Amado Nervo and Enrique González Martínez, achieves something

more than intense personality of mood—something that maintains the new universality of Mexican poetry, which with the work of Manuel Gutiérrez Nájera (died 1895) was brought with flying banners into the realms of art.

The contribution of Mexico to the renovation of modern Spanish letters has, in a measure, been obscured by the very universality of its chief poets, even as its contribution of three centuries past has been obscured. The modernist school, of which Darío was so long the standard-bearer, owes not a little (as did Darío personally) to the poetry and prose of Gutiérrez Nájera and to the bold eloquence of Salvador Díaz Mirón, who affected both Darío and the powerful pan-American poet that has taken the dead master's place—José Santos Chocano, of Peru. The position of the latter is not undisputed, however; some would accord the place to Díaz Mirón.

"The thing which hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun." Thus spake the Preacher. But then, was it not Paul in his second epistle to the Corinthians who said that "old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new"? Between the two statements might be placed all the battles that are being forever waged around the newest of the new standards in art. "Newness", after all, is a matter of spirit rather than of chronology. The unimaginative poetaster of today who shrieks his little theories and seeks to exemplify them in chopped lines that are neither literary fish nor flesh, is ancient even as he writes, while the great authors of all time are refreshingly new because true to something more durable

than a love of novelty for novelty's sake. Nothing ages so quickly as novelty. There is, of course, much that is good in contemporary free verse of even the freest variety, because it proceeds from persons that have learned the secret of clothing sincerity in art. The others may well be wrapped in a shroud of silence.

The young spirits of Spanish America have usually been considered even more exuberant than their Latin brothers across the sea, yet our own Anglo-Saxon youth can match these turbulent writers in extravagance and exuberance—hence even a Chocano who, in his early days (1894), printed his verses in red ink to show his "Sacred Ire". Later verses from the same pen appeared in blue, as did a volume by the Chilean Francisco Contreras. This must have been a result of the "blue" craze that followed Darío's "Azul" in 1888. Hence, too, one of the most important of the modern Mexican magazines, the "Revista Azul" (The Blue Review).

Why blue? Because, as Gutiérrez Nájera explained, "in the blue there is sunlight; because in the blue, there are clouds; and because in the blue, hopes fly in flocks. Blue is not merely a color, it is a mystery". Perhaps Victor Hugo is to blame for all this cerulean ebullition, for it was he who wrote, with Hugoesque all-inclusiveness, that "*l'art, c'est l'azur!*" Have we not long listened to the color of vowels, by a sort of telescoping of the senses which the doctors call synæsthesia, colored audition and other less intelligible names? And is it not the fantastic French composer Eric Satie who, for some reason unknown to the uninitiate, is printing his music in red ink? One touch of novelty makes the whole world of young artists kin.

However, out of the riot of modern-

ism at its worst, Mexico like our own nation has produced noteworthy figures. A half-dozen of its modern spirits, of whom four are still writing, have been grouped into a "great six"; this famous sextet comprises Manuel Gutiérrez Nájera, Manuel José Othón, Salvador Díaz Mirón, Amado Nervo, Luis G. Urbina and Enrique González Martínez. For a fuller consideration of the best in contemporary Mexican poetry there should doubtless be added such names as De Icaza, Tablada, Reyes, Sierra and others, including at least one woman, María Enriqueta, who has closer affinities, let us say, to Sara Teasdale than to Amy Lowell. Here we must emphasize the "great six"; they include the important range of Mexican poetry in its latest and highest manifestations.

The best in Mexican letters of recent days has proceeded from the groups that rallied around certain magazines. Thus the "Revista Azul" brought out the work of Gutiérrez Nájera, Sierra, Urbina, Díaz Mirón and others, giving the initial impulse to the new school; then came the "Revista Moderna" which printed the compositions of Valenzuela, Amado Nervo, Othón and others, representing, in the words of Urbina, "the highest intellectual group that Mexico has yet produced"; finally the "Ateneo" gave publicity to men like Rafael Cabrera, Rafael Lopez and the idol of Mexican youth, Enrique González Martínez.

French influence was dominant; Gutiérrez Nájera, universally admired by all who read Spanish poetry, was early nourished upon a mystic education, and the classics remained with him. When, however, he came into contact with the French language and its treasures, he underwent a transformation that was destined to affect

the future of Spanish poetry on both sides of the ocean. This man with the countenance of a Caliban and the soul of an Ariel—this spirit who was fundamentally elegiac even in his symbolic inspirations, infused the French soul into the Spanish form; he revolutionized poetry and prose; some believe that his influence upon the latter was even greater than that upon verse; in both realms, as we have seen, he was a precursor of Darío's modernism. Like others of his epoch he was haunted with visions of early death, which came to him in his thirty-sixth year. Early deaths occur with distressing frequency among the Spanish-American poets. Mexico's great romantic poet Manuel Acuña, for instance, died (1873) at the age of twenty-four, by his own hand. Not long after the death of Gutiérrez Nájera, the great Colombian poet José Asunción Silva, another modernist precursor, died in his thirty-sixth year, also by his own hand. These men and their numerous brothers may have been morbid, but they were sincere. Their death was no mere trapping of poesy; it was a haunting reality.

Manuel José Othón (1858-1906), though he lived somewhat longer than his famous contemporary, died likewise at the height of his power. He knew nature intimately, and was, in a very deep sense of the word, a bucolic poet. He saw his beloved landscapes at first hand, not through books, and possessed the gift of communicating his enthusiasm. One of his commentators points out the strange fact that he was popular alike with partisans of the classic tradition and with adherents of the modernistic cult; this was indeed strange, as Othón was an extreme purist who outdid the Castilians themselves. Yet the writers

of the new school recognized his essential sincerity, his direct communion with nature, and saw in his attitude evidence of a much-needed renovation in Mexican letters. There is much about Othón, to me at least, that relates him more than superficially to our own Robert Frost.

Of the living members of the "great six", Urbina (born 1868) and Diaz Mirón (1853) are the oldest, representing contrasting gifts. Urbina, writes his friend Gonzáles Martínez, is characterized by nostalgia. (That word, by the way, is noticeably frequent upon the lips of Spanish-American critics and poets alike.) "Nostalgia of what? Of the impossible and the irreparable, which, according to Anatole France, are the chief pivots about which revolve all poetic ideals. Only this sadness of Urbina is not manifested in loud explosions, in rending cries, nor in hopeless pessimism; he knows how to receive from his noble soul . . . a touch of serenity and of resignation that transform it into a noble melancholy."

Urbina, like Gutiérrez Nájera, tries to merge poesy and music; he is largely melodic; in his sympathy for nature's creatures, especially the birds, he is comparable to Ralph Hodgson. Diaz Mirón, on the other hand, to the flute of Urbina often opposes the trumpet that has found its boldest and most self-confident tones in the proud pan-Americanism of Santos Chocano. His collection of poems called "Lascas" fairly stunned his countrymen with a perfection of form which, one writer asserts, "has neither precedent nor continuation in all Spanish". Diaz Mirón would be far better known had he not conceived a violent prejudice against appearing in

the columns of periodicals. This decision was taken in reprisal for the early pirating of his verse. He is a severe critic of his own writings—too much so.

Perhaps Amado Nervo (born 1870) and Enrique Gonzáles (born 1871) will prove more immediately to the liking of North American readers. The former of these, prolific, restless, responsive, eccentric, mystic, contradictory and brilliant, is looked upon as having, with his well-known "Epitalamio" to King Alphonso XIII, brought the modernist movement proper to a close, or rather, as having prepared the way for the singing of themes closer to the indigenous spirit of the peoples of Spanish America. Nervo's "Epithalamium" hails the Spanish king as ruler in spirit over the Spanish people, even though they be divided into many self-governing republics. Nervo, like Chocano and others, denies allegiance to any particular school; there was bound to be a reaction to certain phases of modernism, such as excessive preoccupation with exotic subjects, a too great attention to perfection of form, a worship of pure art that was symbolized in Darío's image of the swan.

To that swan, indeed, Gonzáles Martínez announces a successor whose beauty was inward rather than external: the owl. "Wring the neck of the swan with deceitful plumage", he counsels in a notable sonnet. "It merely parades its grace, but hears not the soul of things nor the voice of the landscape. Flee from every form and from every tongue that does not harmonize with the latent rhythm of profound life; adore life intensely, and let it understand your homage. Look upon the wise owl, how it spreads its wings from Olympus leaving the lap of Pallas, and rests its taciturn

flight upon that tree It has not the grace of the swan, but its restless eye, peering into the dark, interprets the mysterious book of nocturnal silence."

This poet, like most of his compatriots, is melancholy but he is, too, optimistic. As Francisco de Icaza, himself a poet and critic of high standing, says of Gonzáles Martínez: "He feels the transitory nature of grief, which in normal life is as fleeting as pleasure, and he sings both, already past, with a vague and tender melancholy. For, to the poet grief is not a permanent guest, but rather a traveler who stops at his hearth, and who, tomorrow, at the break of day, will shake his sandal and depart."

To return to Nervo—much of this poet's writing has an ineffable tenderness, especially such as appears in the first part of his collection called "En Voz Baja" (In a Soft Voice). Not only are the thoughts such as may be spoken only in a soft, sweet voice, but the very hush of passionate confiding, the soft breath of airy wishes, the deep sense of holy silences, the poignant, haunting memories of a past suddenly evoked, rise like incense from its pages. Nervo, in some of his aspects, possesses a lyric introspection that seems, by some fourth-dimensional gift of thought, to penetrate into lives that we only half dream of living; he feels the feverish hurly-burly of life, yet is a man of his times and has faith in his age. His comparisons are not only things of beauty but conveyers of beauty as well. His is not the empty, if beautiful urn of so many Parnassians; he can fashion beautiful urns and fill them with intoxicating wine.

An interesting example of Nervo's brilliancy is afforded by the notable and noble poem entitled "Pájaro

Milagroso" (Miraculous Bird), written in 1910 after a flight in an aeroplane. To Nervo's soaring imagination (pardon the unintentional pun) the aeroplane becomes a colossal white bird that realizes the dream of generations, reconquering for man, the fallen angel, the wings that he lost in his struggle with the gods. At last, cries the poet, the sons of man have wings.

Fathers who sought this anxiously, and died without beholding it—poets who for centuries dreamed of such gifts—lamentable Icaruses who provoked laughter—to-day, over your tombs, there flies, buzzing, the miraculous bird of the snowy wings, that crystallizes the dream of the ages! And your dead eyes open to behold it, and your dry bones are crowned with flowers! Oh, God! I, who, tired of the sad and frivolous journey of life, longed for eternal night, to-day cry to Thee, "More life, oh Lord, more life, that I may soar like an eagle over all vanities and all beauties, winging above them in vast flight!" We poets have now a new Pegasus! And what a Pegasus, friends, does Jove return to us! Let a divine exultation flood our spirits, and a *Te Deum Laudamus* burst from our lips, and let old melancholies and vague preoccupations perish, strangled by virile hands! Let us live! Let us live! Let us abolish frontiers! Nations, in vain do you wish to make a weapon out of that which is a sign of peace among peoples! Stain not the celestial bird with missions of war; it thrusts them aside; it was born for the message of friendship and sows kisses of peace among men!

It must already have occurred to the reader that Nervo's buoyant hopes were soon to be dashed by the outbreak of the great conflict four years after the composition of the poem. Nervo himself, in a recent article, comes back to the poem and his hopes. He has not lost faith in the miraculous bird; rather has it been strengthened. He beholds, after the war, visions of the nocturnal sky suddenly illumined by signs upon vast wings bearing the legends: "Paris to New York", "London to Mexico", "Madrid to Buenos

Aires" "The aeroplane, moreover, will give back to us the lap of night, the majesty of the forgotten stars and it is already well known that the stars are pale and ardent instructors that teach us many things. . . . They civilized the Chaldeans, the Egyptians, the Greeks, the Nahuas and the Mayas. They have given back to many men in the clear nights of the trenches the feeling of eternity. . . . In them is our hope of salvation." Like the true Spanish-American that he is, Nervo is a poet even in his magazine contributions.

Mexico, then, which produced notable figures at the very dawn of Spanish-American letters, and centuries later gave birth to important precursors of the modernist movement that revolutionized Spanish verse, again triumphs in such poets as Amado Nervo and Gonzáles Martínez by initiating a still newer phase of Spanish poetry. When we recollect that all this literary activity is taking place in a land that is much concerned with the primary question of rectifying a gigantic percentage of illiteracy, and with problems in industrial adjustment that have had their echo in our own nation, we arrive at a better realization of the imaginative power of these little known neighbors of ours.

The recent visit of Mexican journalists to this country must have produced beneficial results in a better understanding, by Mexicans, of our motives as a world power. Too many of us, however, if we give the matter any thought at all, consider ourselves above the need of such an understanding of Mexico as shall remove the

superficial impressions we have gained heretofore. The war, which did so much to awaken us from a mental insularity altogether incompatible with the rank of the United States as a nation, will perhaps have as one of its results the tightening of intellectual bonds between the two republics. When even the new school of Yiddish poets, in New York, is athrob with cosmopolitan influences that thumb the pages of every literature for suggestions, translations, and stimulating influences, and poetry enthusiasts of the East Side may read John Gould Fletcher and James Oppenheim in Yiddish, surely our own new poets should not disdain the rich fields of modern Mexican verse.

This kinship of all true poets, as well as the inherent unity between the "new" and the "old", is deeply felt and effectively expressed by Gonzáles Martínez in his sonnet "The Poets, Tomorrow" wherein he sings the same eternal questioning under different forms.

To-morrow the poets will sing a divine verse that we of to-day cannot achieve; new constellations will reveal, with a new trembling, a different destiny to their restless souls. To-morrow the poets will follow their road, absorbed in a new and strange blossoming, and on hearing our song, will cast to the winds our outworn illusion. And all will be useless, and all will be vain; the task will remain forever—the same secret and the same darkness within the heart. And before the eternal shadow that rises and falls they will pick up from the dust the abandoned lyre and sing with it our very same song.

Extremes meet. In such a beautiful sonnet as this is in the original, it seems that the pessimism of Ecclesiastes to whom there was nothing new, and of the Apostle, to whom all things were new, join in a golden circle.

SOME FRENCH BOOKS

BY A. G. H. SPIERS

A new book on a great literary figure is bound to arouse our curiosity. In this respect Barthou's "Les Amours d'un Poète" is doubly alluring. Its main subject is Victor Hugo and it treats also at some length of Sainte-Beuve. M. Barthou has for years been interested in these men, and the particular value of his volume lies in the use of hitherto unpublished documents. He has had access to the private papers of Sainte-Beuve, and also to a still richer treasure for his purpose: much material originally in the possession of Juliette Drouet. It is to put these documents into their proper setting that, after not a few others, he recounts once more much of the sentimental life of "Olympio" from his love-match in 1822 to the death of Juliette in 1883.

When the "Chants du Crépuscule" appeared in 1835, Sainte-Beuve attacked the volume on the ground that it contained two different inspirations that were incompatible. The fact he noted was true; but Sainte-Beuve was hardly the one to insist upon it. To do so was as indelicate as it was hypocritical. Sainte-Beuve was using for his own purposes information acquired, at least in part, through the hospitality of Hugo himself and the too great indulgence of Hugo's wife.

As early as 1827 there had developed, between the poet and the critic, a strong friendship born of their common interests. For some years Sainte-Beuve had been a constant visitor in Hugo's house. But when fame began coming to his friend, when

his house became the meeting place of enthusiastic followers who, too, claimed the attention of its hosts, Sainte-Beuve felt that the ties that had bound him to the husband were more than overshadowed by his personal interest in the wife. For some time both Victor and Adèle Hugo bore with affectionate solicitude the erratic humor of their sensitive friend. Hugo's attitude was especially generous. Though knowing Sainte-Beuve's feelings, he treated him with both kindness and tact, and when at last he was convinced that a continuation of their close friendship was impossible, he said so in a letter that is remarkable for its gentleness and its restraint.

Sainte-Beuve continued to write to Mme. Hugo and even, on rare occasions, to see her. Thus, when two years later, the "Chants du Crépuscule" appeared, he was in a privileged position. It took, therefore, but little perspicacity on his part to note in the new volume of poems, beside the beautiful tribute to Mme. Hugo in "Date lilia", the presence of other verse inspired by Hugo's attachment to Juliette Drouet.

In a passage now first published by Barthou, Hugo wrote to Juliette: "Juliette, ce nom charmant germe en moi et s'épanouit au dehors en poésie: tu n'es pas seulement mon coeur, tu es toute ma pensée." There is exaggeration here, if not with respect to his *pensée*—of which Hugo was not overprovided—at least in regard to his *poésie*. But even in that there is

quite an element of truth. Hugo and Juliette lived in the closest intimacy for fifty years, from 1833 to the time of her death. It is true that they quarreled often, even after the reconciliation that followed her famous flight to Brest in 1834: she felt bitterly at times her "sentimental claustration" and regretted the untimely end of a promising artistic career. But her rich nature, for all its undoubted strength, was dominated by the imperious personality of the poet whose genius and exuberant affection aroused in her a mixture of admiration and sincere devotion which she could not resist. As for Hugo, it was impossible, given his temperament, that Juliette should be without influence upon his work. Not only did he make her the constant confidante of his ambition, the recipient of verse which his prodigal feelings lavished with such marvelous ease, the helper who often prepared his manuscript and corrected his proof; but directly or indirectly, he gave her a place in his published work. His most famous single poem, "La Tristesse d'Olympio", is the product of his love for her, and throughout the volumes of his maturity and his old age there are passages inspired by their common experiences.

To these facts, already known in their general bearing, "Les Amours d'un Poète" adds little. As was to be expected at this date, this new book serves mainly to shed a little more light on disputed questions. Thus Barthou supports, by new letters of Sainte-Beuve, the less favorable opinion on the relations between Adèle and the critic: he argues the falsity of the more usual belief that Hugo's conduct up to 1832 had given a certain excuse for these same relations; and he believes in the unwavering

devotion of Juliette to Hugo throughout the half-century of their friendship.

The *inedita*, viewed from a strictly literary point of view, will not change our ideas of Hugo's powers. With the exception of one poem written in 1842, which may well be what Barthou calls it, "a new masterpiece", they contain nothing striking.

Taken as a whole, then, this book is somewhat disappointing. That it cannot be passed by in silence is evident. Being the work of a real scholar who has revealed through it really fresh material, it will compel the attention of all those whose business it is to know as many details as possible about the life, the feelings, and the work of so great a poet as Hugo. But I am not sure that these discoveries would not have appeared to better advantage in the technical journals published more especially for scholars. It is true that the general reader, especially if unacquainted with the works of Simon, Guimbaud, Michaut, and others, will not go to sleep while reading the present volume. Yet why insist before the general public upon facts in the private life of a great artist, when these facts are not such as to make us appreciate more highly the beauty of his work?

In these days of universal upheaval, when the old is disdained and the new startles us by its excesses, when standards are as unstable as dwellings, when the criterion of action is too often the utility of the moment and "the favorite article of furniture is a trunk", it stimulates our revery to read Bordeaux's "Les Pierres du Foyer". For this book reminds us that, for many years now, there has been in France a group of writers to protest against certain modern tendencies, and to

praise in their stead enthusiasm, a simple and childlike vision of man and nature, a reverence for the home, patriotism, religion, and the steadying ties of custom and traditional life.

It is possible that, in the past, we have not been quite just to these writers. While granting the artistic merits of their works, we have perhaps been too prone to brand as old-fogyism an attitude based upon a feeling for the very real needs of the day, which we have been too blind to see. Such, at least, is the thought suggested by reading Bordeaux's book.

Bordeaux, who is one of these writers, reflects here the sentiments of the others; and although this volume, made up largely of popular lectures before a welfare society, has little of the charm which characterizes such novels as his "Les Roquevillard" and "La Maison", it leaves with us two ideas that are worthy of our attention. The first is that only that literature is worthy of the name that is in close and constant touch with general, daily life and is not afraid of well-worn themes and eternal subjects; and the second that a nation is not a club for bachelors, but, as Joseph de Maistre put it, "an association upon the same land of the living with the dead and with those who are still unborn". Art, modes of life, thought and education, must all remember these vital truths. And let it not be said that such an attitude will stifle originality and make progress impossible. "To do so would be like saying: 'Deprive this child of the money left by his father in order that he may better enjoy the goods of this world.'" Orig-

inality and progress, the sane and complete realization of the personality, are possible only when they develop in harmony with, not in opposition to, the conditions to which the particular individual is heir.

Among the men whom the whole world is now watching, there is no more interesting figure than that of France's "tiger". The recent translation of his speeches and Georges Lecompte's "Clémenceau" come at an opportune moment. The latter is an enthusiastic presentation, in a popular vein, of the life and temper of the doughty fighter who in spite of his age (he was born in 1841) still shows many of his old characteristics. This book shows us "the overthrewer of ministries", as cordially hated at one moment as he was loved at another, this dealer of hard knocks whose independence and straightforwardness have often disconcerted more academic parliamentarians, as a man who couples with a strong sympathy for democratic and "social" ideals a hard-headed appreciation of facts. This will be interesting to remember when reading the morning papers!

Unfortunately, Lecompte assumes in his reader a knowledge of French history of the last fifty years; and this, elementary though the knowledge is, may make it a little hard for the average American to understand some of his references.

Les Amours d'un Poète (Victor Hugo). By Louis Barthou. Paris: Conard.

Les Pierres du Foyer. By Henry Bordeaux. Paris: Plon.

Clémenceau. By Georges Lecompte. Paris: Charpentier.

MYTH, POETRY, AND ROMANCE

BY PADRAIC COLUM

There are many reasons why pages devoted to the consideration of poetry should be hospitable to accounts of mythologies. Poetry is always striving to rise into mythology. And mythology in its decay gives rise to secular poetry and romance. On one side we see Dante magnificently establishing his own mythology, and Blake and Shelley striving to do so—without success, however. On the other side we see great poetry and unforgettable romance being made out of mythology in its decay. Homer creates both a mythology and a secular poetry: he puts Zeus and his family securely on Olympus and he weaves the story of Paris and Helen, once divinities, into the tale of the hosting of Agamemnon against King Priam's town. The Norse-Germanic mythology in its decay gives us the great epic of the "Twilight of the Gods"—Wotan, Siegfried, and Brunhilda; Valhalla and the Rhinegold. And the decay of one section of Celtic mythology, the Brythonic, gave us the "Morte d'Arthur" and the "Mabinogion"; the stories of Parsifal and the Grail. Another section of Celtic mythology, the Goidelic, gives us the heroic Irish tales. Finnish mythology comes to us in the "Kalavala", the only popular epic that a European people possesses.

Of the four peoples who have made Western Europe we have the mythologies of three in some completeness—the Hellenic, the Italic and the Norse-Germanic. The mythology of the Celts is incomplete as it comes to us. Roman culture coming into Celtic

France and Celtic Britain brought about a premature "Twilight of the Gods". Christianity dissipated even this twilight. All that is left of the mythology of one section of the Celtic race is found in some inscriptions in France and certain motives and a certain coloring in British romance.

In Ireland the mythology of the Goidelic Celts flourished until the time when the Colleges of Druids transformed themselves into monasteries of Christian monks. On condition that it made itself necessary as history and captivating as romance, a great portion of the mythology was left unsuppressed. So well was its transformation made that it was only at the close of the nineteenth century that scholars perceived that a race represented as an historic people with historic kings was, in truth, the divinities of the Celtic people. The credit for showing that the Tuatha Dé Danann were Celtic gods is given to the French Celtilogue, d'Arbois de Joubainville. But before d'Arbois's discovery was announced a suggestion of it was made by the Irish historian, Standish O'Grady, in his little noted "History of Ireland: Critical and Philosophical".

Celtic mythology, even as it survived in Ireland, is not as full or complete as is the mythology of the Eddas. Yet it is very full as compared with the Slavic mythology, as one can see by glancing from one section to the other in the handsome volume that is third in the Mythology of All Races series. The writer of the Celtic section is Professor MacCulloch, a Scots-

man. He does not write of the mythology from the inside, as it were, as Standish O'Grady has done, and he is careful to avoid myth-making on his own account—the Frenchman, d'Arbois de Joubainville and the Welshman, Sir John Rhys, were not always careful to do this; his account takes consideration of the very latest in Celtic research, and it is as exact and as authoritative as such a study can be. It is too analytical, however, and we miss the sweep that would bring into our imaginations something of the content of this preliterate poetry. Still Professor MacCulloch, in quoting from his texts, often gives us passages that are finely imaginative.

There is the story of the birth of Ængus or Ængus, the Celtic God of Love. Homer would have made an episode out of such a story that would have been remembered through the ages. In the pages of "Celtic Mythology" the episode is given as a piece of information:

Still another account is given in verse by the tenth century poet, Cinaed ua h-Artacain. Boann, Nechtain's wife, came to stay with her brother Elcmar, vassal of Dagda, who sought her love in vain. His Druids advised him to send Elcmar on a mission, but the latter bargained that it should not keep him away overnight, whereupon Dagda "kept the sun in the lofty ridge of the heavens till the end of nine months". Elcmar thought that only a day had passed, but on his return he saw by the change in the flowers how long the time had been. Meanwhile Dagda and Boann had deceived him, but now they were afraid, and birth-pangs seized the faithless wife. They left her child Ængus by the roadside near Midir's Sid, and there he was brought up until his companions jeered at his unknown origin. Taxed by Ængus, Midir told the truth, and taking him to Dagda's Sid, obtained it for him for a day and a night, thus tricking him.

Here is another story of the loves of the gods that has glamour around it:

Liath, a young Prince of the Sid, loved Midir's daughter Bri, who went with her attendants to meet him as he approached. But the slingers on Midir's Sid kept him back, and their sling-stones were like "a swarm of bees on a day of beauty". Liath's servant was slain, and because Liath could not reach her, Bri turned back to the Sid and died of a broken heart.

The glimpses of the other world that are in these myths have a glamour about them which no modern Celtic poet has been able to render. There is a famous story called "The Voyage of Bran", one episode of which the writer of Celtic mythology gives in these words:

Bran first came to an Isle of Laughter; and when one of his men was sent ashore, he refused to leave the laughing folk of this isle of joy. At the Land of Women their Queen welcomed Bran, throwing a ball of thread which cleaved to his hand, and by which the boat was drawn ashore. All now went into a house where were twenty-seven beds, one for each; the food never grew less and for each man it had the taste which he desired. They stayed for a year, though it was in truth many years; but homesickness at last seized one of them, Nechtan, so that he and the others begged Bran to return. The Queen said they would rue this, yet as they were bent on going, she bade them not set foot on Erin and to take with them their comrade from the Isle of Joy. When Erin was reached, Bran told his name to the people gathered on the shore; but they said, "We do not know him, though the voyage of Bran is in our ancient stories." Nechtan now leaped ashore, but when his foot touched land, he became a heap of ashes. Bran then told his wanderings and bade farewell to the crowd, returning presumably to the divine land. "From that hour his wanderings are not known."

The Brythonic stories are more widely familiar than are the Goidelic stories—they are familiar through the English *rédaction* of the Arthurian romances and through the Welsh *Mabinogion*, so beautifully translated by Lady Charlotte Guest. One of the special charms of Brythonic romance

as it exists in the Welsh stories lies in the names of its people and its places. Were ever names more arcane than Yspadden, Kulhwch, Gwenhwyfar, Credylad? Were ever places more mysteriously suggested than by such names as Caer Sidi, Gwrnach Gawr, Kernyu? Professor MacCulloch makes clear a connection between the Irish and the Welsh stories. In his judgment the Arthurian cycle of romance that has had such influence on the whole of the European imagination came from Welsh sources directly. He places King Arthur in this light:

In spite of the numerous and important characters who enter into the saga, Arthur is the central figure, the ideal hero of Brythonic tribes in the past, to whom leadership at home and abroad might be assigned, and whose presence in all battles might be asserted. Originating as a champion, real or mythical, of Northern Brythons in Southern Scotland, his legend passed with emigrants to Wales, where it became popular. Like Fionn among the Goidels, so Arthur among the Brythons was located in every district, as numerous place names show; and if Fionn was at first a non-Celtic hero adopted by the Goidels, so Arthur was a Brythonic hero adopted by the Anglo-Normans as their truest romantic figure.

Perhaps de Heredia's is the ultimate literary treatment of mythology. The myth comes to him, not from the primal poets, but from those who have given it the definiteness of form and color. The unbounded myth of the poet has become bounded by the sculptor and the carver before he handles it. And he treats the myth in the most definite of all forms—the sonnet. "With de Heredia", Arthur Symons wrote, "the literature of pure form comes to a splendid funeral."

What de Heredia has done in "Les Trophées" is the creation of a sort of epic—the epic of the European, or rather of the Mediterranean-European imagination. His groups of son-

nets are episodes in the history of that imagination—Greece and Sicily; Hercules and the Centaurs; Artemis and the Nymphs; Perseus and Andromeda; Rome and the Barbarians; Antony and Cleopatra; the Middle Ages and the Renaissance; the Conquerors; the Orient and the Tropics. In de Heredia's hands the sonnet becomes epical.

The latest translation, published in a handsome volume by the Yale University Press, cannot hold ground as the final version of "Les Trophées". How many factors necessarily go to make up a sonnet? Fourteen lines with a clear distinction between the octave and the sestet, and a sonority that is generally imparted by an elaborate rhyme-scheme. Suppose one dispenses with rhyme altogether—does one achieve a sonnet, even though one divides the fourteen lines into octave and sestet? And can one make a real division between the two parts of the sonnet without contrasting rhyme-schemes? In an isolated case and as a *tour de force* one might get sonority and variety into a rhymeless sonnet, but one could not expect to do the like with a hundred of them.

I go back to a volume of translations published in 1906—"Sonnets from the Trophies of José-Maria de Heredia", made by Edward Robeson Taylor and published in San Francisco. It is instructive to compare the two versions. I select for comparison a sonnet that happens to be a fair sample of the work of each translator—it is the sonnet describing the rout of the Amazons!

THE THERMODON

All day had blazing Themiscyra known
The clamor and the shock of cavalry,
And in its dark, slow flood Thermodon
rolled

Corpses and arms, and chariots of death.
Where are the armed maidens who led on
Their royal squadrons to the butchery,
Hippolyta, Asteria aglow?
Their pallid bodies lie disheveled, dead.
Such flowering giant lilies were mown
down;
Both banks were strown with warlike
riders slain,
With here and there a neighing,
struggling steed,
The Euxine saw at dawn on far-off
slopes,
Beyond the stream ensanguined to the
sea,
White stallions fleeing, stained with
virgins' blood.

THE THERMODON

Toward Themiscyra which in dire despair
Has shaken all day with clash of horse-
men dread,
Dark, doleful, slow, Thermodon bears the
dead,
The arms, the chariots, no more to dare.

Phillippis, Phoebe, Marpe, Aella, where
Are those great ones who with their great
queens led
The royal host to slaughter's gory bed?
Their pale, disheveled bodies now lie
there.

Such giant lily bloom is here laid low,
High-heaped the warriors all the shores
bestrow,
Where madly neighs at times some strug-
gling horse;

And the Euxine sees at dawn far up the
flood
Ensanguined, from its mouth unto its
source,
White stallions flying, red with virgins'
blood.

It is quite remarkable what Mr. Henry Johnson has accomplished in the denuded form he has chosen. The comparison of the unrhymed with the rhymed shows that the unrhymed sonnets have compactness with a direct vocabulary and that these two qualities, on the whole, make them the better versions. But still "Les Trophées" awaits a translator who can join compactness and directness to the sonority and variety that is such a great part

of de Heredia's processional art.

One section of Margaret Widdemer's "The Old Road to Paradise" is "Being Young", and that section-title is significant of the whole volume. This is the Book of Youth—of Youth singing; of Youth before the looking-glass; of Youth thinking of lovers, and thinking, with a thrill, of tragedies that have happened or that may happen, and of the stress and the care of the world. All that is in the book is charming and will be quoted and remembered. There is no discovery in passion or insight here, but perhaps that is before this singer of youth's songs. There are tears, though, in the song that goes:

I wish I were old now,
And maybe content;
I'd look back the long way
My footsteps were bent,
And say, "'Tis all done now—
What odds how it went?"

For all would look smooth then
And most would look gay,
And "Oh, I was sure then,
And strong then", I'd say,
And show the wild young things
My wise-traveled way.

I'd have nought to strive for
And no thought to form
But how to rest easy
And how to sleep warm,
And "Pity the poor souls
Abroad in the storm!"

I wish I were old now
With living put by,
And peace on the hearthstone
And peace in the sky,
But—"Oh, to be young now,
But young now!" they cry!

In paper covers, and looking like a pamphlet, comes a collection of new poems from the most sensitive and the most reticent of living poets—from her to whom Francis Thompson addressed that poem of golden wit—"To a Poet Breaking Silence". There are

only twelve poems in "A Father of Women", but the collection is voluminous, because each poem can be pondered on as a revelation coming out of deep thought and high emotion. These are spiritual poems, appealing to our conscience as well as to our emotional and æsthetic feelings. The poem "To Tintoretto in Venice" gives us a sense of the piety of art and the glory of divinity that is in light:

Master, thy enterprise,
Magnificent, magnanimous, was well
done,
Which seized the head of Art, and turned
her eyes—
The simpleton—and made her front the
sun.
Long had she sat content

Her young unlessoned back to a morning
gay,
To a solemn noon, to a cloudy firmament,
And looked upon a world in gentle day.

But thy imperial call
Bade her to stand with thee and breast
the light,
And therefore face the shadows, mystical,
Sombre, translucent, vestiges of night.

These are only the first three
stanzas of a very memorable poem.

The Mythology of All Races: Volume III; Celtic, Slavic. Marshall Jones Co.

Les Trophées, José-Maria de Heredia. Translated by Henry Johnson. Yale University Press.

The Old Road to Paradise. By Margaret Widdemer. Henry Holt and Co.

A Father of Women and Other Poems. By Alice Meynell. Burns and Oates.

BOOKS IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

The following lists of books in demand in January in the public libraries of the United States have been compiled from reports made by two hundred representative libraries, in every section of the country and in cities of all sizes down to ten thousand population. The order of choice is as stated by the librarians; the titles have been scored by the simple process of giving each a credit of six for each time it appears as first choice, and so down to a score of one for each time it appears in sixth place. The total score for each section and for the whole country determines the order of choice in the tables herewith.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

FICTION

1. "Shavings".
2. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.
3. The Magnificent Ambersons.
4. A Daughter of the Land.
5. In the Heart of a Fool.
6. Elizabeth's Campaign.

NON-FICTION

1. The Education of Henry Adams.
2. Ambassador Morgenthau's Story.
3. A Minstrel in France.
4. The Kaiser as I Know Him.
5. My Company.
6. With Those Who Wait.

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.
2. Joan and Peter.
3. "Shavings".
4. The Amazing Interlude.
5. The Magnificent Ambersons.
6. A Daughter of the Land.

1. A Minstrel in France.
2. The Education of Henry Adams.
3. America in France.
4. My Four Years in Germany.
5. Over the Top.
6. The Betrothal.

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.
2. Joan and Peter.
3. A Daughter of the Land.
4. The Magnificent Ambersons.
5. The Firefly of France.
6. O, Money, Money!

1. The Education of Henry Adams.
2. Ambassador Morgenthau's Story.
3. A Minstrel in France.
4. Outwitting the Hun.
5. My Four Years in Germany.
6. The Glory of the Trenches.

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1. Joan and Peter.
2. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.
3. The Magnificent Ambersons.
4. A Daughter of the Land.
5. The Golden Bough.
6. Billy and the Major.

1. Ambassador Morgenthau's Story.
2. The Education of Henry Adams.
3. A Minstrel in France.
4. America in France.
5. Out to Win.
6. Raymond.

WESTERN STATES

1. Joan and Peter.
2. A Daughter of the Land.
3. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.
4. The Magnificent Ambersons.
5. The Amazing Interlude.
6. Home Fires in France.

1. The Education of Henry Adams.
2. A Minstrel in France.
3. The Kaiser as I Know Him.
4. Raymond.
5. The New Freedom.
6. The Betrothal.

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.
2. Joan and Peter.
3. A Daughter of the Land.
4. "Shavings".
5. The Magnificent Ambersons.
6. The Amazing Interlude.

1. The Education of Henry Adams.
2. A Minstrel in France.
3. Ambassador Morgenthau's Story.
4. The Kaiser as I Know Him.
5. America in France.
6. My Four Years in Germany.

THE GOSSIP SHOP

On the occasion of his recent visit to the United States, Sir Arthur Pearson, Bart., G. C. B. E., founder of St. Dunstan's Hotel for Blinded Sailors and Soldiers, himself blind, had what he describes as one of the most memorable meetings of his life. This was with Dr. Robert H. Babcock of Chicago, also blind, and one of the most distinguished physicians of the Middle West. Dr. Babcock himself has spoken of the acquaintance made with Sir Arthur as one of the inspiring experiences of his career. Both gentlemen are authors. Dr. Babcock's recently published volume "Your Heart and How to Take Care of It" gives to the layman clear and reliable information as to the effect on the heart of one's habits and mode of life. Sir Arthur's book, "Victory Over Blindness", shortly to appear, presents the case of the whole movement, resulting from the war, to make effectual those inefficient through physical defect.

Viscount Grey, the former British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who played such an important part in the world's diplomacy at the beginning of the war, can now no longer see to read or write, and is learning to typewrite as the only civilian pupil at St. Dunstan's.

Every man who enters St. Dunstan's is taught to read Braille print and to operate a typewriter. This last requirement has a psychological effect, Sir Arthur declares, as it aids a man in regaining his lost independence. Every man is presented with a typewriter as soon as he has passed the re-

quired test, which is as stringent as that given in any commercial school to students who can see.

The recent death of Cecil Chesterton has had remarkably little notice among us, considering his visit to this country and lecture tour here a few years ago—when he "discovered", it may be recalled, in an interview in an eastern paper, "an American poet", Joyce Kilmer. Cecil Chesterton was in service in France at the time of his death, the cause of which was pneumonia. British writers recall that he had virtually to fight his way into the army, against the advice of doctors who insisted on turning him down; and that once in, he employed every possible means to bring himself into condition to be sent to France. He was better known as a talker and as the brilliant editor of "The New Witness" than as a writer, being quite overshadowed by his great brother. At the same time, he was a journalist of considerable substance of thought and an uncommonly lucid and taking style. His "Gladstonian Ghosts" and "The Party System" (the latter done in collaboration with Hilaire Belloc) are extremely good examples of controversial books piquantly dressed. He was also, though here again eclipsed by G. K. C., personally a picturesque figure. His last book, "A History of the United States" (and a very unconventional history of us), is announced for May publication by an American firm.

Robert Nichols, the young English soldier-poet who some months ago came to this country on a mission from the British government, was recently reported from what appeared to be a reliable source to have returned home. He is still, however, among us, hugely enjoying our manners, customs, and society. In fact, he says this is "too good a country to leave". And Lieutenant Nichols himself undoubtedly is an ornament to the scene. He made his first public appearance in New York at the Princess Theatre on February sixth in a lecture on "The New Elizabethans". He dwells most in his talks on his two close companions, Captain Siegfried Sassoon and Captain Robert Graves.

Edward S. Martin, at the request of Mrs. Choate, has undertaken to write the biography of Joseph Hodges Choate. Mr. Martin will be glad if friends of the distinguished jurist who have letters from him which they would be willing to entrust for information or for publication will forward them to him in care of Charles Scribner's Sons, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Frederick A. Duneka, vice-president of Harper and Brothers, publishers, died on January 24th at his home, 26 Hawthorne Place, Summit, N. J., after a four years' illness of spinal disease. Mr. Duneka had been associated with the firm of Harper and Brothers for the last nineteen years, leaving the position of city editor of the New York "World" to become secretary of the company. He was later made general manager and four years ago was elected vice-president. He was credited with having made a number of

literary "discoveries". He numbered among his friends many prominent authors, including the late Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain), Booth Tarkington, Rex Beach, Margaret Deland, William Dean Howells, and Gilbert Parker.

In connection with the article "Dining with Dickens at Delmonico's", which appears in this number of THE BOOKMAN, it is interesting to recall that February seventh of this year was the 107th anniversary of Dickens's birth. The event was formally celebrated by a dinner given by the Dickens Fellowship of New York.

Walter Dyer, whose advocacy of distinguishing insignia for authors appeared in the February BOOKMAN, told this to the Gossip Shop the other day:

She was a sweet young thing with big blue eyes, a perfect throat, and a bewitching smile, and she spoke with an irresistible little lisp. But because she was seated beside a professor of English at the dinner-party, she made the mistaken decision that her charming chatter about people and life would be less acceptable than a discussion of things literary.

"Do you know", said she, "I don't read novels any more. I've outgrown them."

"How interesting", murmured the professor, beaming upon her through his spectacles. "And what do you read?"

"Essays", she replied soulfully.

"Splendid", he returned with enthusiasm. "And may I inquire who are your favorite essayists?"

She hesitated only a moment. "Why, I adore Henry van Dyke", said she, "and all those 'Atlantic Monthly' people. And then there's that English chap, you know. What is his name? I never can remember whether it's Arnold Benedict or Benedict Arnold."

Booth Tarkington confides "My Maiden Effort" to a recent number of "The Authors' League Bulletin":

Something had made me melancholy—I think it was discipline. I was thirteen, and retired to the perpetual shade on the north side of the house, and there, among the lilies of the valley, I brooded until my gloom became cadenced and I found myself to be a poet. Returning to the library I wrote as follows:

THE TREES

When the soul knows but sorrow,
And the birth of tomorrow
Will bring but the death of today,
Turns the soul to the trees
Moving cool in the breeze
With shadows of leaves at play.

Turns the soul to the trees
As they move in the breeze,
Finds rest but no gladness,
Finds rest and still sadness,
Finds rest where the breezes sigh—
But the trees answer not Passion's cry.

Turns the soul to the trees,
Moving cool in the breeze,
With shadows of leaves at play;
But can never find gladness,
Forever just the still sadness,
For the soul in its sorrow the birth of
tomorrow
Is only the death of today.

I think this must have been written on a hard Saturday, with no great anticipation that Sunday would offer anything lively.

Recently published in London, "The Letters of Algernon Charles Swinburne", edited by Edmund Gosse and Thomas J. Wise, contains the following entertaining description of George Henry Lewes:

"Charlotte Brontë's bad eyesight must have misled her when she fancied a likeness between her sister and G. H. Lewes. I only met him once, but I remember not only that he was the ugliest of human beings I ever saw, except, perhaps, his consort, George Eliot, but that it was such a mean and vulgar ugliness as suggested nothing

but the idea of a smart, pert, impudent counter-jumper. I no more believe in that likeness than I would believe that Homer or Sappho or Shakespeare or Vittoria Colonna could have been like that hideous smirking scribbler."

Moffat, Yard and Company recently moved into new offices at 31 Union Square West, where J. H. Apeler continues in charge of the sales department, and the editorial department remains under the direction of Howard W. Cook.

Ring Lardner, humorist, Carey Orr, cartoonist, and S. E. Thomason, business manager of the Chicago "Tribune", have entered a compact to refrain from smoking for five months. Forfeits of \$1,000 were posted.

Mr. Thomas L. Briggs has been elected president of P. F. Collier and Son, publishers of books and of "Collier's Weekly". Mr. Briggs is widely known in the business and publishing world. Fifteen years ago he was a reporter on a newspaper in Rochester, N. Y. For the past eight years he has been connected with the Remington Arms Union Metallic Cartridge Company, filling the position of advertising manager. He was recently elected chairman of the executive committee of the Association of National Advertisers.

Leroy Scott, whose "Daughter of Two Worlds" is to be published this spring, writes to his publishers: "I know I may seem very foolish to have come back from France at a time when so many interesting things were happening. I felt that if I remained there I would go rushing from one

thing to another for perhaps a year, and get no writing done at all, for I found that it was impossible for me to do any writing in France."

"Winesburg, Ohio", is the somewhat mystifying title of a new book by Sherwood Anderson. It has nothing to do with prohibition, according to the publishers, but is a collection of tales about various characters in a small town in the Middle West.

Bertrand Russell's book, "Proposed Roads to Freedom", is described as an attempt by the author to extract the essence of socialism, anarchism, and syndicalism, first historically, and then for whatever guidance they may give in the coming reconstruction.

"Martin Schuler", by Romer Wilson, a spring publication, is said to be the life-story of a musical genius whose career from the cradle to the grave is compassed in 300 pages. It has appeared in England.

American soldiers in far away Archangel get the home gossip from "The American Sentinel", a paper published for their entertainment by the American Red Cross.

From our friends across the border comes the interesting news that the first War Camp Library in connection with the Great War—a library specially chosen and purchased for soldiers, with a special librarian and in a great camp—was Canadian. It is also reported that the first Red Cross Motor Ambulance given by a public library was Canadian. The War Camp Library now forms the library for the Red Triangle Hostel in Toronto; the ambulance bearing on its side the legend, "Presented by the Toronto

Public Library", was going strong up to the armistice and is still "somewhere in France".

Publishers are reluctant to bring out war books nowadays, yet one firm is soon to publish a book of personal experiences told in letters. These are from Major Charles J. Biddle to his family, and a few of them have already appeared in the Princeton "Alumni Weekly" and the Philadelphia "Ledger". The title of the book, "The Way of the Eagle", is adapted from a verse in Proverbs: "There be three things which are too wonderful for me, yea, for which I know not: the way of an eagle in the air. . ."

A new biography of Robert E. Lee by Dr. Douglas S. Freeman, editor of the Richmond "News Leader", is about to appear in the Figures from American History series. Dr. Freeman is said to hold that Lee was the originator of the warfare of today rather than a follower of the warfare of Napoleon's time, since he adapted his strategy to large armies almost always in contact, and to something approaching trench warfare.

In connection with advertising John Reed's new book on Russia, "Ten Days That Shook the World", a plan was carefully mapped out for sending a number of men throughout New York City carrying or wearing some sort of display matter about the book. One man was to "do" the theatre district, a couple of others the shopping centers, one the college campuses, etc. At the discussion of the plan there were two editors of well-known Yiddish newspapers. They said, "Send these people anywhere except on the East Side. If they go there the sale of the book will be cut in half. It

would make them think the book was cheap and undignified, and you have no idea how much appearances count with the average garment worker". The publishers report that on the announcement of the all-Russian conference called by the allied nations, the first edition was entirely sold out.

Louis Dodge, whose new novel "Rosy" is soon to appear, has confided to the Gossip Shop some of his ideas about women which should be of interest to readers of "The Runaway Woman":

I find it more interesting to write about women characters than about men characters. I should like to tell you about a school teacher I had a good many years ago. I always think of "Hypatia" when I think of her. She used to disregard routine lessons occasionally and deliver an informal lecture to her class. One of the things she said which somehow altered my outlook upon life had to do with women. She said (as nearly as I can recall): "Whenever any young gentleman imagines he has thought of something clever or wise to say about women, let him pause for a moment and ask himself how many men he knows, about whom he might utter his clever or wise judgment with equal justice and truth". In the wonderful days of my youth I had been told that women were deceitful, that they were vain, that they were cruel, that they were mentally inferior. But after Mrs. Haile enunciated her simple law I learned to apply certain tests, and I never knew her law to fail.

American negroes are not without followers of Phyllis Wheatley and Paul Laurence Dunbar. No less than four volumes of verse by negro writers recently appeared, two furnished with introductions by college professors, a third by Cale Young Rice, and a fourth by the literary editor of the Boston "Transcript".

It is announced that "The Great Hunger", by Johan Bojer, the Norwegian author, went into a second edi-

tion within ten days after date of publication.

Starting with a distribution of 300 magazines in October, 1917, the circulation of reading matter by the American Red Cross among the soldiers in France has risen to enormous totals. During November, 1918, a report by the Recreation and Welfare Bureau of the Army and Navy Department showed that more than 2,500,000 daily and 270,000 weekly newspapers, and 450,000 magazines were distributed to the various army camps and hospitals. In this connection it is emphasized that the signing of the armistice has appreciably increased the demand for news from the United States among the soldiers.

Magazines and newspapers are now distributed at more than 400 points, reaching virtually every branch of the military forces, including all of the hospitals and the army of occupation that is holding the Rhine.

Many readers of the recently published fifth volume of "English Poets", edited by T. H. Ward—husband of Mrs. Humphry Ward—will agree that the best tribute to Britain's overseas peoples and their kinship to the mother country is the following:

You, like that fairy people set,
Of old in their enchanted sea
Far off from men, might well forget
An elder nation's toil and fret,
Might heed not aught but game and glee.

But what your fathers were you are
In lands the fathers never knew,
'Neath skies of alien sign and star
You rally to the English war;
Your hearts are English, kind and true.

And now, when first on England falls
The shadow of a darkening fate,
You hear the Mother ere she calls,
You leave your ocean-girdled walls,
And face her foemen in the gate.

These lines were not written in 1914, but by Andrew Lang on the offer of help from the Australians after Khartum in 1898.

One of the results of the World War, due to the rising price of feed and the need for meat, has been a world-wide decrease in the number of small farm animals. The goat has never been a favorite among farmers in the United States, but that there is much to be said in its favor as a producer of the richest and most nourishing kind of milk and of delicately flavored meat when killed while young, is contended in a book called "The Case for the Goat", written by an Englishman over the pen name of "Home Counties". A new edition of this book with introductions by Rider Haggard and the Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon, who is president of the British Goat Society, has recently been published.

The death not long ago in Paris of Laurence Jerrold, dean of newspaper correspondents in France and grandson of the famous Douglas Jerrold, calls to mind his book, "France: Her People and Her Spirit", published in 1917. His American publishers are issuing a new edition of the book.

Does man live by lying? This is the question which James Branch Cabell raises in his recently published volume of essays, "Beyond Life". Through the mouth of one of his characters, John Charteris, the author develops the thesis that man's sole business as the successor to the ape has been, and always will be, to lie to himself as thoroughly and artistically as possible. In support of his contention Charteris touches upon such topics as the Witch-Woman, Prohibition, The Cinderella Legend, and the works of Christopher Marlowe, Richard Brinsley Sheridan and Harold Bell Wright.

Mr. Cabell confesses to a "profound dislike" for prohibitionists, the

word "indissoluble", and having his hair cut. After fifteen years of writing this is probably the first "intimate" news concerning him to be "released". He was born in Richmond, Va., in 1879, of a distinguished Southern family. For a number of years he followed the profession of journalism before devoting himself to the authorship of books. As to "Beyond Life", the author is very much opposed to having Charteris called "a romanticist", as has frequently been done, and says "he is that vastly different thing, 'an economist', as the book explains—or at least attempts to explain".

An unusual career for a book of essays continues to be that of Robert Cortes Holliday's volume "Walking-Stick Papers". Reprinted within a month of publication, it went into a third edition in less than four weeks from the time of the delivery to the publishers of the second edition.

"Educating by Story-Telling", showing the value of story-telling as an educational tool for the use of all workers with children, by Katherine Dunlap Cather, instructor in the University of California, is the second volume in the Play School series, edited by Clark W. Hetherington, director of physical education, State Department of Public Instruction, California.

That biographical book, "Hitting the Dark Trail", by the blind author and lecturer, Clarence Hawkes, has not only been published in London but has been reissued in three kinds of raised print for the blind, and is being used at all base hospitals where blind soldiers are being cared for. Mr. Hawkes never let his affliction hinder him, and one of the episodes in the book is his

description of how he enjoys "seeing" a baseball game.

The Triptych is a little club of three which prints and privately issues, from time to time, monographs on book-plates, bits of literature, and essays on this and that. It has been pursuing its desultory course for a dozen years and is more or less known by those interested in out-of-the-way bits of typography and black and white design.

Hugh McCrae, whose book of poems entitled "Satyrs and Sunlight" was recently published in Australia, gives us this song of Pan as an introductory poem:

I blow my pipes, the glad birds sing,
The fat young nymphs about me spring,
The sweaty centaur leaps the trees
And bites his dryad's splendid knees;
The sky, the water, and the earth
Repeat aloud our noisy mirth,
Anon, tight-bellied bacchanals,
With ivy from the vineyard walls,
Lead out and crown with shining glass
The wine's red baby on the grass.

* * *

I blow my pipes, the glad birds sing,
The fat young nymphs about me spring,
I am the lord,
I am the lord,
I am the lord of everything!

As the Melbourne "Book Lover" puts it: "Could there be fashioned a poem that more gorgeously paints the plenteousness, the bubbling and overflowing joy, the pagan health, and the singing sunlight of our land?"

In contrast to recent criticism of Y. M. C. A. methods in France is the opinion of Burges Johnson, who returned lately from serving with the "Y" at the front. He speaks in glowing terms of the service done by this

organization and says that the dominant impression remaining in his mind is of a body of men and women wholly self-sacrificing, adapting themselves surprisingly well to multifarious tasks.

Upton Sinclair, alluding to his forthcoming novel, writes to his publishers as follows: "I am glad to let you have 'Jimmie Higgins'. It is a story which people who are interested in liberalism will wish to read. I think this book is the best thing I have ever done".

How many people know that the words of "On the Banks of the Wabash" were written by Theodore Dreiser? Many things about Dreiser's early life, his apprenticeship as a newspaper reporter, his experience in editing magazines, will be found in his new book, "Twelve Men", to be published soon. This book is not a collection of short-stories or sketches. The twelve men are actual figures in American life and many readers, it is said, will guess who they were and are.

Pat O'Brien, American aviator and author of "Outwitting the Hun", has made announcement that he will attempt to be the first to make a trans-Atlantic flight in an aeroplane. He hopes to make the trip in April.

A monkey is said to play a leading role in "The Yellow Lord", Will Levington Comfort's new novel which will be published next month.

An eleventh printing of Sudermann's "The Song of Songs" is announced.

Mary Hastings Bradley's novel, "The

Wine of Astonishment", deals with the problems of a modern American debutante in deciding upon the man whom she will marry.

The Cortes Society has been formed in New York for the purpose of publishing documents and narratives concerning the discovery and conquest and settlement of Latin America, with suitable introductions and notes. It will be the policy of the society to publish English translations of original sources, material which has never before appeared in English being chosen.

Dr. William Draper Lewis, Theodore Roosevelt's latest biographer, is a former dean of the Law School of the University of Pennsylvania. Dr. Lewis became identified with Mr. Roosevelt previous to the National Republican Convention of 1908 when President Taft was nominated. He was chairman of the Committee on Resolutions in the Progressive Convention of 1912 and also in 1916, and was one of the leaders of the movement for the amalgamation of the Progressive Party with the Republican Party in support of Mr. Hughes as the Republican nominee.

The collected memorial edition of the work of Joyce Kilmer in poetry and prose, the first printing of which was sold out before publication date, went into a third printing within about a month of the appearance of the second edition.

The Society of Arts and Sciences, founded as the Twilight Club by Herbert Spencer in 1883, announces a prize of five hundred dollars, known as the O. Henry Memorial, to be awarded to the author of the best

short-story published in America in 1919. The author must be an American; otherwise, there are no restrictions. Blanche Colton Williams, professor of short-story writing at Columbia University, is chairman of the committee of award.

Announcement is made that Professor Robert Morss Lovett of the Department of English at the University of Chicago has accepted the editorship of "The Dial", the offices of which were recently removed from Chicago to New York. Professor Lovett has not severed his connection with the university. He is a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters.

A correspondent who desires to remain anonymous sends the Boston "Transcript" the following: "Irvin Cobb has written a piece in THE BOOKMAN to show what a great editor George Horace Lorimer is (with which we agree), and gives a kind of blue-print and seating-plan of the editor's mind, which is so exactly what one would expect that we can't help feeling a little disappointed. How much more entertaining it would have been if Mr. Lorimer loved St. Francis of Assisi, violet-tipped cigarettes, absinthe, primroses, Aubrey Beardsley drawings, and the poems of Ernest Dowson or Ezra Pound!"

Maxim Gorky, who was until recently hostile to the Russian Soviet government, appears to have become converted to Bolshevism. He has accepted from Lunasharsky, the "People's Commissioner for Public Enlightenment", a commission to edit an anthology of the literature of all nations of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, in 2,000 volumes. Gorky's

wife, the actress Andreyevna, is managing the Bolshevik "people's theatre" at Petrograd.

"Washington: The Man Who Made Us", a new play by Percy Mackaye which is to be produced by Arthur Hopkins, has been issued in book form with six scenic designs by Robert Edmond Jones. In this latest work Mr. Mackaye has employed an original form of dramatic construction. It is America's first ballad play, as a number of old American ballads which originated in the backwoods of Virginia have been introduced into the action of the drama. The friendly relations existing between the United States and France at the time of the Revolution are depicted; also the part that America and France will play in the future. Characters of the period, such as Lafayette, Alexander Hamilton, Thomas Payne, and Count Pulaski are delineated with great accuracy. In some instances the actual words of Washington and other historical persons have been used. The author presents Washington as a lovable human being possessed of great magnetism, not the cold, dignified, statuesque person some historians have described him to be. "Washington" has already been translated into French by Pierre de Lannux of the French High Commission.

Up-to-date novels, preferably of the western type with plenty of action, are in demand at Camp Funston and Fort Riley. Wounded and shell-shocked men, invalided from the front, are fast filling up the American military hospitals and a supply of books is urgently needed. "Many of the men are bed patients", says Purd B. Wright, librarian, "and they, especially those

who are shell-shocked, require a great deal of entertaining. It is one of the most serious problems how to renew their interest in life, and books to a great extent solve that problem."

A popular edition of "The Little Grandmother of the Revolution", the reminiscences and letters of Catherine Breshkovsky, the seventy-five-year-old Russian noblewoman who espoused the cause of liberty and spent thirty years in exile in Siberia, appeared recently. The former volume, it is said, was reprinted six times within a year of publication. The author is now in this country seeking aid for her needy fellow countrymen.

The late Reverend J. Wilbur Chapman was the author of numerous books on religious topics, among them "And Judas Iscariot" and "The Problem of the Work". He was born in Richmond, Indiana.

One of E. Phillips Oppenheim's earlier novels, "The Malefactor", is being filmed with John Barrymore in the leading rôle.

Lieutenant Coningsby Dawson, whose several war books, "Carry On", "The Glory of the Trenches", and "Out to Win", were followed the middle of February by "Living Bayonets: a Record of the Last Punch", shortly before that time married Mrs. Helen Wright-Clark, daughter of Peter Campbell of Newark, N. J. Lieutenant Dawson sailed with his bride for England immediately after the publication of his new book.

Dorothy Scarborough, a writer, who, as an avocation, teaches the short-story in Columbia University.

informs the Gossip Shop that at least two of the instructors in English in the extension work in Columbia expect to use Rose Cohen's life-story, "Out of the Shadow", as a part of the recommended reading in their freshman classes this spring. She says: "We make of this second term work a course in ideas as well as in composition, discussing various subjects of social interest and assigning reading that is related to them. We shall use 'Out of the Shadow' in connection with a study of immigrant problems."

Kate Douglas Wiggin (Mrs. George C. Riggs) has two grievances. Her literary name is seldom spelled correctly and she is persistently quoted as the author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch". Why Mrs. Wiggin, a writer, should be confused with Mrs. Wiggs, a character in a book, is not clear. As everyone ought to know, Alice Hegan Rice wrote "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch", while Kate Douglas Wiggin is responsible for "The Birds' Christmas Carol", the Rebecca books, and others, on which her name is plainly printed and correctly spelled.

Autograph seekers, who have reached the age of discretion, and who have seen the married name of the author so many times in print that they must know she is not a spinster, almost invariably begin their requests: "Dear Miss Wiggins—will you kindly send me your autograph? I should prefer a quotation from 'Rebecca' or 'Mrs. Wiggs'."

This has gone on for so long now that, as Mrs. Wiggin pathetically puts it: "Unless I have my tombstone carved during my lifetime they will put an s on Wiggin. If there is room at the bottom they will probably

add: 'Here lies the author of Mrs. Wiggs'."

Owen Johnson, who is now in France, has been made a Knight of the Legion of Honor.

A new novel by W. L. George, the English author who wrote "The Second Blooming", is announced for spring publication.

Randall Parrish, the author, recently made this confession to the Chicago "News": "My first plunge into letters occurred at about the age of eight, and naturally took the form of verse. I recall but four lines of this effort, and as this poem never attained the dignity of print, no doubt these should be preserved for the use of my biographers. They illustrate beautifully my literary style:

The outlaw's eyes flashed fire
As he gazed upon his foe,
And thought of Mary Ann McGuire
He loved so long ago.

"My present admirers will observe in this the same dash and directness of statement so noticeable in all of my subsequent work."

English editions of Barrett H. Clark's translation of Romain Rolland's "The People's Theater" and of his two plays for such a theatre, "The Fourteenth of July" (the fall of the Bastille) and "Danton", are about to be published.

Kate Dickinson Sweetser, whose article "Dining with Dickens at Delmonico's" is published in this number of THE BOOKMAN, is a daughter of Charles H. Sweetser, a founder of the New York "Evening Mail", and also of "The Round Table", one of the earliest literary weeklies of American print-

ing. She is also a cousin of Emily Dickinson, the poet, and of so many other men and women in some way connected with literature or journalism that she declares she ought to be a very giant in achievement, instead of a writer of juveniles! Her name has been closely linked with that of the great novelist, in whose honor her father and her uncle, Henry E. Sweetser of the New York "World", worked to make the Press dinner a success. Miss Sweetser was in her early 'teens when she wrote "Ten Boys from Dickens", doing it merely for the benefit of her young comrades whom she had tried in vain to interest in the Dickens characters she herself was so fond of.

Captain Raymond Recouly of the French General Staff, long personally acquainted with Marshal Foch, and at his side in some of the biggest battles of the war, is preparing a biography of him which will be published this spring. The formal biography is preceded by a presentation of the marshal's personality based upon the author's contact with him, as revealed in the battles of the Marne, the Yser, and the Somme.

Cosmo Hamilton's novel, "Who Cares?" has been filmed for the movies, with Constance Talmadge in the rôle of the heroine. His previously published novel, "Scandal", is soon to be produced on the stage.

Eleanor Hallowell Abbott's romantic fantasy, "Old Dad", which recently ran as a serial in a woman's magazine, has been recently brought out in book form.

Brand Whitlock's new book on Belgium, which the author has been en-

gaged in writing for the past two years, will appear this spring. Only a small part of the work, it is said, appeared serially and the manuscript has grown to such proportions that the publishers have decided to publish it in two volumes.

Mary Wright-Davis, who has compiled "The Book of Lincoln", was born in a log cabin in Pope County, Minnesota, in the pioneer days of 1868. It was this, she says, that first led her to become interested in the life of Lincoln. "From the time I learned that Abraham Lincoln was born in a log cabin and realized that his young mother and my own tenderly reared girl-mother had known the same hardships and had lived the same brief, brave lives, I was a Lincoln lover, and he seemed to belong to me in a very special way."

"Tendencies in Modern American Poetry", by Amy Lowell, is being translated into French by Mrs. Arthur Hutchinson, who was Mlle. Magdeleine Carret, a former member of the Wellesley faculty. Mrs. Hutchinson and her husband have been in France since the beginning of the war.

"Goat Feathers", Ellis Parker Butler's latest pen-venture, is soon to be published in book form. According to the author, "goat feathers" are side interests which distract men from their main business of life, causing it to deteriorate thereby. A "goat feather gatherer", he adds, is a man who becomes hypnotized by his avocations to the extent of forgetting his vocation.

Edward J. O'Brien, literary critic and editor of "The Best Short Stories of 1918", the fourth annual yearbook

of the short-story, recently sailed for England, where he has taken Louise Guiney's home at Oxford, "Longwall Cottage", for a year.

"The Romance of the Food Administration" by F. C. Walcott is a spring book.

A new Library of French Fiction was recently initiated with the publication of "Jacquou the Rebel" by Eugene Le Roy, translated by Eleanor S. Brooks; and "Nono Love and the Soil" by Gaston Roupee, translated by Barnet J. Beyer, who is the general editor of the series. The purpose of this new library of translations from French fiction is to present to American readers novels by distinguished French authors that will give a truer picture of French people, life, and manners than does the portrayal of certain sections of life in Paris that have been the theme of most of the French novels and plays that have been translated into the English.

Brigadier General A. W. Catlin, author of "With the Help of God and a Few Marines", who was severely wounded last June in the Battle of Belleau Wood where he commanded the Sixth Regiment, U. S. Marines, has been sent to Port au Prince, to take command of the Haitian constabulary which was organized in 1915 and which ever since has been officered by United States Marines.

Professor William R. Mackenzie of Washington University writes of the ballads and ballad singers of Nova Scotia in his book—as yet unnamed—to be published this spring. He has set down the words as the old Nova Scotians have sung them to him, and

it is said that one can recognize the origins of many of our familiar tunes in these songs handed down by word of mouth through several generations.

"The Vocational Re-education of Maimed Soldiers" is the title of a book by Leon de Paeuw, and the English translation is by the Baronne Moncheur. Madame Henri Carton de Wiart, wife of the Belgian Minister of Justice, contributes a preface, and there is a foreword by Baron E. de Carter, the Belgian Minister to the United States. M. de Paeuw has had charge of the work at the Belgian school at Port-Villez.

Announcement is made that Selma Lagerlöf's new novel, which has just been published in Sweden, is already in train for publication in this country. This novel was written by Miss Lagerlöf during the past two years, and is being translated by Velma Swanston Howard, the translator of most of her books.

"The Soul of Ann Rutledge: Abraham Lincoln's Romance", by Bernie Babcock, is said to be a distinct contribution to Lincolniana.

Joseph C. Lincoln's novel "'Shavings'" has received many humorous twists in the hands of would-be purchasers. Booksellers say they have had calls for "'Shingles'", "'Chips'", and "'Scraps'" almost as often as "'Shavings'".

Albert Benjamin Cunningham, who in "The Manse at Barren Rocks" relates his boyhood reminiscences, says that in his family, of which the father was a Baptist minister, it was customary to immerse the children at the

age of twelve, irrespective of weather. He says that for himself it was quite an exciting adventure and he did not mind it, but his brother objected strenuously, because his birthday fell in March. Everyone advised the father that the boy would catch pneumonia, but the minister was relentless in his belief that faith would inure the lad to cold, which, as it chanced, proved true. This made a deep impression on the boy's life, and apparently induced in him a state of philosophical resignation that has resulted in his becoming today the head of the department of philosophy in the University of Oklahoma.

Now that international relationships have been greatly extended and national horizons have been generally widened, a need for a language adapted to common world use has been recognized. Professor Raleigh of Oxford believes that English, because of its rich vocabulary, is better for this purpose than any other existing language. To illustrate how it can be used to express given ideas in several different ways, he composed the following:

Thus you can begin or commence or initiate an undertaking with boldness or courage or resolution. If you are a workman or laborer or operator, you can ask or request or solicit your employer to yield or grant or concede an increase in the earnings or wages or remuneration which falls to the lot of your fellow or companion or associate.

Your employer is perhaps old or veteran or superannuated, which may hinder or delay or retard the success of your application. But if you foretell or prophesy or predict that the war will have an end or close or termination that shall not only be speedy or rapid or accelerated, but also great or grand or magnificent, you may perhaps stir or

move or actuate him to have ruth or pity or compassion on your mate or colleague or collaborator.

Whether the workman or laborer or operator persuaded or convinced or cudgeled his employer to give or grant him the desired increase or "raise" is not indicated.

Herman Whitaker, author of "Hunting the German Shark", died during January in St. Luke's Hospital, New York City. He had only recently returned from abroad, where he had spent months with the allied fighting ships studying the submarine situation and gathering material bearing on the merchant marine of the world. Mr. Whitaker was one of those Englishmen who wander all over the world and write about what they see and feel.

Frederick Palmer, author of "America in France", has recently been commissioned lieutenant-colonel. At our entrance into the war Mr. Palmer was given a commission as major and was appointed chief press censor in France. He sailed on the Baltic with General Pershing and his 150 associates who were our first contribution toward the force of nearly two million men that were abroad when hostilities ceased. Colonel Palmer is still in France.

Nancy Barr Mavity's poem "A Pilgrimage", first printed in THE BOOKMAN, has since appeared in two volumes: the "Anthology of Magazine Verse, 1918", and "The Masque of American Poets".

E. Phillips Oppenheim has completed his patriotic duties at the British Ministry of Information and, we are told, is at present enjoying a vacation in Devonshire.

BRIEF MENTION OF NEW BOOKS

Fiction

The Human Touch, by "SABER" [Doran, \$1.50].

Stories of life at the front.

The Navy Eternal, by "BARTIMEUS", illus. [Doran, \$1.50].

A tale of the officers and men of the British navy.

Danger! by A. CONAN DOYLE [Doran, \$1.50].

A collection of stories of daring and mystery.

Shops and Houses, by FRANK SWINNERTON [Doran, \$1.50].

A novel depicting life in a small English town.

Patricia Brent, Spinster, ANONYMOUS [Doran, \$1.50].

The romance of a girl who invents a fiancé.

The Roll-Call, by ARNOLD BENNETT [Doran, \$1.50].

The story of the son of Hilda Lessways.

The Cowrie Doss, by HENRY MILNER RIDEOUT [Duffield, \$1.25].

A mystery tale concerning the lost heir to an East Indian kingdom.

Three Live Ghosts, by FREDERIC S. LHAM [Bobbs-Merrill, \$1.50].

A novel with three heroes.

The Amateur Man, by W. R. GAUT [Duffield, \$1.60].

The adventures of a young man in helping his fellow man.

The Man Nobody Knew, by HOLWORTHY HALL, illus. [Dodd, Mead, \$1.50].

The romance of a man for whom surgery creates a new face.

The Flame of Life, by GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO [Bonl and Liveright, \$1.70].

A translation, by Kassandra Vivaria, of the tale of Italian life.

The Golf Course Mystery, by CHESTER K. STEELE, illus. [Sully, \$1.50].

A "detective romance" beginning with a mysterious death on the golf links.

Cap'n Jonah's Fortune, by JAMES A. COOPER, illus. [Sully, \$1.50].

The story of a sea-captain who settles down in Cape Cod.

That's Me All Over, Mabel, by E. STREETER, illus. [Stokes, \$1.75].

A sequel to "Dere Mable".

Buck, by CHARLES D. STEWART, illus. [Houghton Mifflin, \$1.60].

The story of the business career of a Middle-West boy.

The Great Hunger, by JOHAN BOJER [Moffat, Yard, \$1.60].

A translation from the Norwegian, depicting a man's struggle upward from poverty.

Common Cause, by SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS, illus. [Houghton Mifflin, \$1.60].

A tale of intrigue in a German-American city of the Middle West.

Sinister House, by LELAND HALL, illus. [Houghton Mifflin, \$1.50].

The story of a man and a woman haunted by a spirit.

Kingsley's Westward Ho! ed. by STERLING ANDRUS LEONARD, M.A. [Macmillan, \$.32].

An addition to Macmillan's Pocket American and English Classics.

The Best College Short Stories, ed. by HENRY T. SCHNITTKIND, Ph.D. [Stratford, \$1.50].

A collection of stories by college students, supplemented by suggestions to young writers.

The Desert of Wheat, by ZANE GREY, illus. [Harpers, \$1.50].

A novel concerning the son of a German-American farmer.

The Criminal Alibi, by OCTAVUS ROY COHEN [Dodd, Mead, \$1.50].

A detective story centering about a mysterious murder.

Room Number 3, by ANNA KATHARINE GREEN [Dodd, Mead, \$1.50].

A collection of stories formerly issued as "Masterpieces of Mystery".

David and Jonathan, by K. TEMPLE THURSTON [Putnam, \$1.50].

The tale of two men and a woman shipwrecked together.

Blue Aloes, by CYNTHIA STOCKLEY [Putnam, \$1.50].

Four stories of South Africa.

The Secret City, by HUGH WALPOLE [Doran, \$1.60].

A story of Petrograd during the Revolution.

Deer Godchild, by EDITH SERRELL and MARGUERITE BERNARD [Scribners, \$1.00].

The correspondence between a twelve-year-old boy and his French godchild.

While Paris Laughed, by LEONARD MERRICK [Dutton, \$1.75].

Stories recounting the adventures of the poet Tricotrin.

Score by Innings, by CHARLES E. VAN LOAN [Doran, \$1.50].

A collection of baseball yarns.

Wild Youth and Another, by GILBERT PARKER, illus. [Lippincott, \$1.50].

Two stories of life in a small town of the Canadian West.

The Wine of Astonishment, by MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY [Appleton, \$1.50].

A novel dealing with a marriage of "friendship".

The Web, by FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER [Century, \$1.50].

A story depicting the work of the British secret service.

The Buccaneer Farmer, by HAROLD BINDLOSS [Stokes, \$1.50].

The adventures of a young farmer in the Caribbean.

War and Reconstruction

Africa and the War, by BENJAMIN BRAWLEY [Duffield, \$1.00].

A discussion of the importance of Africa in the war settlement.

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Educating by Story-Telling, by KATHERINE DUNLAP CATHER [World Book Co., \$1.60].

Suggestions for story-telling, with illustrative stories.

Inter-America, Vol. II, No. 5 [Doubleday Page, \$1.15].

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New York and London were never closer together than today. While the posters of our soldier boys in their musical show "Attaboy" are still displayed on New York fences, an American publisher is setting up "Attaboy", the last chapter in Thomas Burke's "Out and About London", to appear early in March. "Round the Town, 1918", "Back to Dockland", "In Search of a Show", "The Kids' Man"—any of these chapter heads would apply to New York as well as London.

When Woodrow Wilson was inaugurated in 1913 "The Westminster Gazette" published a sonnet by one of his British friends, H. D. Rawnsley. In view of all that has happened since, it is interesting to note that this gentleman was a prophet as well as a poet. Here it is:

Friend of the gray-blue eye and chiseled face,

When last we wandered under Rydal fell

Who could have dreamed that power so soon should dwell

Within your hands to guide the Western race!

For never had you sought for fame or place,

Nor willing did you leave the student's cell,

Who now from such a high-built citadel Must speak wise counsel with a scholar's grace.

Lover of Wordsworth, and, as Wordsworth drew

A happy warrior, through a thousand wars

Your soul shall triumph, in the darkest night.

Your mind shall focus light from all your stars,

Because you hold not gain but good in view,

And claim a people's heart for truth and light.

Earl Derr Biggers, under pressure, has admitted that a hotel has been named after his well-known book, "Seven Keys to Baldpate". It is run by Mrs. Gordon Mace, of Estes Park, Colorado, and is called "The Baldpate Inn". The signboard, which admirably silhouettes itself against mountains and crystal sky, is a quaint bunch of seven huge iron keys. All friends of Mr. Biggers are advised to make themselves known to the proprietress—if possible, before prohibition sets in.

NOTE TO READERS—When you finish reading this magazine, please do not throw it away. It is a valuable book and it will be placed in the hands of one of our readers who will be glad to receive it. It is a valuable book and it will be placed in the hands of one of our readers who will be glad to receive it.

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THE BOOKMAN



JELlicoe's STORY OF THE GRAND FLEET

BY D. THOMAS CURTIN

At the outbreak of the war, the world felt that there were two preponderating forces in existence—forces counted upon to make their respective sides victorious. One was the German army; the other, the British navy.

Both were considered offensive forces—the latter not necessarily so in the sense that it would demolish the German navy and German forts, but in the still greater sense that its full application in cutting Germany from all overseas supplies would, with the blockading effect of Russia in the east, inevitably strangle Germany if she could not force a decision.

The world in general accepted the current statistical belief in British naval superiority over the German. It ruled out the slightest possibility of the German High Sea Fleet's being victorious over the Grand Fleet. We are now permitted to know, however, that the man who should be best informed on the matter, the former commander of the Grand Fleet, felt no such absolute assurance. He knew the facts of the case. He knew them so painfully well that he felt himself forced to conclude that Great

Britain must use every precaution to keep intact her supreme weapon upon which hung the very existence of the Empire.

The first months of the war were for the Allies leaden-hued with their outgunned armies desperately struggling to hold the channel ports. It was then that Britain's fleet was their brightest hope. Suppose that they had known that while their armies were falling back on land, the battle fleet was retreating in the North Sea before the menace of the German destroyers, mines, and submarines. Yet such was the fact—an almost unbelievable fact which the average Englishman would refuse pointblank to credit at the time. Admiral Viscount Jellicoe, however, stands behind the revelation of this fact in his remarkable book of revelations, "The Grand Fleet, 1914-1916", recently issued in England and now ready for publication in the United States.

This is not a book of bouquets, diplomatic eulogies, and official caresses. It is a book that says something on every page, a book clearly destined to become one of the world's great fountains of historical knowledge. It is so

illuminating that it could not now be published had not Germany been decisively enough defeated to lose her navy. It deals with a subject second to none in the titanic upheaval by whose vibrations we shall always be affected. It is a succession of facts which form a clear-cut, interesting, and at times thrilling narrative, easily read and understood by the layman who has never even seen the ocean.

Its details call to my mind incident after incident through which I lived in the first two war years of which it deals, when the mist-veil shrouded Britain's navy from the world, and the world speculated upon it. I found quite as much ignorance in England concerning the activities of the British fleet as I found in Germany about its activities. Admiration and self-assurance often distort one's vision as much as disparagement and envy.

No war rumors were weirder than those concerning the fleet. In the summer of 1915, for example, while crossing the North Sea on a Norwegian vessel from Bergen to Newcastle, I listened with interest to an altercation between an outspoken young American and two quiet, self-assured Englishmen, the one big in business, the other a distinguished member of Parliament. The American opened the well-known controversy regarding the sinking of the "Audacious" by emphatically declaring that she had gone to the bottom in deep water; whereupon both Englishmen insisted that she had been towed to port and repaired. They undoubtedly believed this widely circulated version, and they made the lad look presumptuous with their two to one superiority. But the boy's fighting blood was up, and he resolved to make good. Out came a picture from his pocket—the picture of a mighty warship

going down by the stern. "There it is", he declared, "I snapped it myself from the deck of the 'Olympic'."

The passengers crowded around. But the two Englishmen were unconvinced. "It might not be genuine", said the member of Parliament.

"Well, this is, then!" cried the youth, as he flashed the original negative from his pocket.

The two Englishmen, however, still remained unconvinced. They had been reared on the prestige of their country's navy. What was a mere photographic negative in the hands of an American stripling, against that prestige?

Regarding the loss of the "Audacious", which the British press was forbidden to mention, and news of which correspondents in England could not send out of the country, Admiral Jellicoe says:

The stay of the fleet at Lough Swilly was rendered memorable by the unfortunate loss of the "Audacious", then one of our most modern battleships.

The squadron was preparing for target practice at nine A. M. on October 27th, when the "Audacious" struck a mine while turning. The explosion resulted in the flooding of the port engine room and the partial flooding of the center engine room. It was not clear at the time whether the ship had been mined or torpedoed. The "Monarch" having reported sighting a submarine at 11 A. M., a precautionary signal was made to keep the squadron clear of the "Audacious".

Meanwhile all available destroyers, tugs, and other small craft were sent from Lough Swilly and Loch-na-Keal to assist the "Audacious" and to prevent the submarine (if one were present) from doing further damage, and the armed boarding steamer "Cambria" escorted the collier "Thornhill", provided with towing hawsers, to the scene. The hospital ship "Soudan" was ordered out to give help to the survivors, in case the "Audacious" sank, or to the injured, and the "Liverpool" was directed to stand by her, but to keep moving at high speed. The battleship "Exmouth" was put at "short notice" ready to tow the

"Audacious" in if it should be necessary.

Shortly after the "Audacious" struck the mine, the S.S. "Olympic", on passage from the United States to Liverpool, closed the ship on learning of the disaster, and at once volunteered to help in any way possible. Captain Dampier of the "Audacious" asked that his ship might be taken in tow and brought into Lough Swilly and Captain Haddock of the "Olympic", disregarding the danger of submarine attack, or of being mined, took immediate steps to carry out this request. Unfortunately a considerable sea was running, which increased during the day. In spite of the most seaman-like handling of the "Olympic" and, later in the day, excellent work on the part of the master of the "Thornhill", the hawsers constantly parted, owing to the state of the sea and the weight of the "Audacious", the stern of that ship being almost awash by the afternoon. The attempts to tow the injured ship had to be abandoned before dark, and Sir Lewis Bayly, Captain Dampier, and the few officers and men who had remained on board to work the hawsers, were taken off the "Audacious" by 7:15 P. M. The remainder of the ship's company had been removed without accident, in spite of the heavy sea, in the course of the day by destroyers, trawlers, and other small craft, and in the boats of the "Audacious".

Arrangements were made for the "Liverpool" to stand by the "Audacious" during the night, but at 9 P. M. she suddenly blew up with great violence and sank. The cause of this explosion was never ascertained with certainty. The "Liverpool" was not far distant at the time, and a good deal of the debris fell on the deck of that ship, killing one petty officer.

On the arrival of the S.S. "Olympic" at Lough Swilly, orders were given that no communication between the ship and the shore was to take place. I wired to the Admiralty suggesting that the loss of the "Audacious" should be kept secret as long as possible, so that the enemy should not learn of it, as the fact would afford him encouragement at a time when the military situation was extremely critical for the Allies, and also because, as a general policy, it was desirable to conceal from the enemy any serious losses of which he could otherwise have no immediate knowledge. This was necessary, as the "Olympic" had on board a considerable number of American passengers, and it was known that they had taken photographs of the "Audacious" in a sinking condition.

In like manner, we for the first time clearly see, with the lifting of the mists, broad principles of strategy, important details of operations, and delightfully interesting little matters of technique, hitherto jealously guarded.

We see the British fleet, not in almanacs, but as it really was in the first August of the war. After remarking that the first objective of the fleet is to destroy the enemy's armed naval forces, Admiral Jellicoe explains:

But history has always shown that it is a very difficult matter to impose our will upon a weaker naval adversary. Instead of giving us the opportunity of destroying his armed naval forces, he usually keeps the main body of those forces, the battle fleet, in positions of safety in fortified harbors. Here they are a constant threat to the sea communications of a stronger naval power, and force upon that power a watching policy, so that the enemy may be engaged to put to sea before he is able to gain any advantage.

The watching policy in the great wars of the Napoleonic era was carried out by keeping our squadrons, through fair or foul weather, in the vicinity of those ports of the enemy in which his fleet lay. During this war, however, the advent of the submarine and the destroyer and, to a lesser extent, the use of the mine, rendered such dispositions impossible. These facts had been recognized before the war; and a watchful policy from a distance was decided upon to prevent the enemy vessels from gaining the open sea where they would constitute a danger to our communications.

Admiral Jellicoe now proceeds to jolt British pride by explaining:

The ideas held in pre-war days as to the capabilities of submarines were found after a short experience at war to need modification. In the first place it became quickly apparent that the German submarines possessed a radius of action and sea-keeping qualities considerably greater than those of our own submarines. It had been, for instance, looked upon as a considerable achievement for our submarines to keep to sea for a period of five to seven days, and they

had not operated at any great distance from the coast. Furthermore, it was known that the Germans possessed a considerable superiority in the number of submarines which were capable of operating overseas. The frequent sighting of enemy submarines as far north as the Orkney and Shetland Islands early in the war, combined with the fact that the enemy appeared to have established a regular submarine patrol in the center of the North Sea, made it evident that the German submarines would constitute a very serious menace to our heavy ships.

The Admiral then goes on to lament the British inferiority of forty-two destroyers for the Grand Fleet, to eighty-eight in the German High Sea Fleet. He saw with dismay that he had not nearly enough to act as a screen for the big ships. He continues:

The fuel capacities of destroyers was only sufficient for them to remain at sea in company with a fleet for some three days and nights, whereas the fleet itself could remain out for three or four times that period. Moreover, the destroyers could not be kept nearly so constantly at sea as the large ships, owing to their requirements in the way of boiler cleaning and the refit and adjustment of their more delicate machinery, and the necessity for giving not only the machinery but the personnel periods of rest. The heavy ships then had two alternatives—either to remain at sea without a destroyer screen, or to return to harbor with destroyers. In the early days the first alternative was adopted, the risk being accepted but minimized as far as possible by keeping with ships in the northern part of the North Sea.

The danger further increased when Germany scrapped another Hague convention and laid mines promiscuously.

And thus it was that even while Britain's armies were falling back in Flanders, did her fighting ships fall back, not only to northernmost Scotland, but farther back until they reached Lough Swilly in northeast Ireland, there to remain until the Scottish bases were made secure. And

all this was taking place behind the mist-veil of the north, while the world was taking for granted the overwhelming superiority of the British navy in all branches of the warfare of the seas.

The northwest movement of the battle fleet caused increasing apprehension in inner circles because the movement increased the danger to the transport of the Expeditionary Force to France. Admiral Jellicoe writes:

It was highly probable that the enemy would endeavor to interfere with this movement, and in the early days of the war it would not have been a difficult matter for him to cause us some loss. His failure to make at least some attempt in this direction showed a lack of enterprise which surprised me, as, I think, it surprised most naval officers.

The conditions for him were distinctly favorable. He must have been aware that our main fleet was based far to the northward, and if he had timed an attack on the cross-channel traffic for a period during which he reckoned that the destroyers were returning to the base to fuel, he would have stood a good chance of making the attack and returning to his base before that fleet could intervene. Consequently he would only have had to deal with the comparatively light forces based in southern waters. On the other hand, if our fleet arrived on the scene without destroyers, the Germans would have possessed no mean advantage.

Although the enemy did not interfere with transport, he did bombard the coast. I well remember the unbounded joy in Germany, the press attacks on the navy in England, and the consequent enhancing of German prestige in Holland, Switzerland, and Scandinavia.

Concerning this matter, which was ardently discussed at the time, the Admiral says:

Such bombardments were of no immediate military value to the enemy, but, in spite of the fact that the majority of the press and the public realized that the navy should not be led into false

strategy because of these bombardments, it was difficult for the fleet to ignore them, and I have no doubt that the Germans relied on this fact. Whilst the fleet was based at Scapa Flow, it was quite impossible to insure that the enemy would be brought to action after such an operation, since to attain this end it would have been necessary for the fleet, or a portion of it, to be constantly cruising in the southern portion of the North Sea. This was not practicable, even had it been desirable, because of the impossibility of keeping destroyers with the heavy ships, and in any case it was false strategy to divide the battle fleet, as such a course might well have resulted in disaster.

Not only at sea was the fleet in danger because of lack of destroyers, but in port it felt insecure through lack of fortified bases. In reading Admiral Jellicoe one must conclude that the pre-war British government blindly ignored making provision for adequate bases for war against Germany. On this point Admiral Jellicoe is extremely informative.

The anxiety of officers in command of fleets or squadrons at anchor in any of the bases used by the Grand Fleet was immense. For my part, I was always far more concerned for the safety of the fleet when it was at anchor in Scapa Flow during the exceedingly brief periods which were spent there for coaling during the early days of the war, than I was when the fleet was at sea, and this anxiety was reflected in the very short time that the fleet was kept in harbor. It was also the cause of my taking the fleet to sea very hurriedly on more than one occasion owing to the report of the presence of a submarine in the anchorage, and considerable risks were accepted in getting the fleet to sea in very thick weather at night on at least one of these occasions.

I have often wondered why the Germans did not make greater efforts to reduce our strength and capital ships by destroyer or submarine attacks on our bases in those early days. They possessed, in comparison with the uses for which they were required, almost a superfluity of destroyers, certainly a superfluity as compared with ourselves, and they could not have put them to a better use than an attack on Scapa

Flow during the early months of the 1914-1915 winter.

After supporting this statement with comparative figures, Admiral Jellicoe continues his case against British unpreparedness of bases:

It may be said that similar reflections to those I have mentioned might be made by the Germans as regards our own movements, and that they were surprised that we did not attack their fleet at anchor. The answer is obvious to those who are aware of Englishmen. Not only were we very short of destroyers for fleet work, but we were well aware of the thoroughness of the defenses of the German naval bases. We knew that they not only possessed the most powerful and ample artillery defenses, but we knew also that the Germans had a very efficient mining service, and we were justified in assuming that they had protected their naval bases by extensive mine fields. We, on the other hand, were entirely unprovided with this particular form of defense. . . . I can only imagine that the Germans credited us also with possessing harbor defenses and obstructions which, in our case, were non-existent, although we did our best in the fleet to give the impression that we had obstructed the entrances, for, pending the provision of proper obstructions, we improvised various contrivances. It may have seemed impossible to the German mind that we should place our fleet, on which the Empire depended for its very existence, in a position where it was open to submarine or destroyer attack.

Thus did the British play poker, and they played it so well that the Kaiser's mechanically efficient navy, much of it the last word in naval architecture, hung back in its lair to breed the fever of ultimate rebellion instead of going out to a grapple which might have resulted in considerable success. The Admiral writes:

We usually had at least two battle-ships, one or two light cruisers, six destroyers, one or two cruisers, and perhaps one battle cruiser under refit, in addition to any other vessels that might be temporarily disabled. Germany would see to it that none of her ships was refitted in planning an operation, and

she could reinforce her fleet by several light cruisers and two or more flotillas of destroyers from the Baltic.

It will thus be seen (Viscount Jellicoe concludes) that the enemy had by far his best opportunity from the naval point of view in the early months of the war, as he was then much nearer equality of strength with the Grand Fleet than at any other period. A carefully laid trap, which included mine fields and submarines, with the High Sea Fleet as a bait, might have been very effective at any period of the war in inflicting considerable losses on us. The Germans had their best opportunity between November, 1914, and February, 1915. After April, 1915, the situation got suddenly worse for the enemy.

From all this Admiral Jellicoe draws a conclusion which will no doubt prove interesting to Americans, arousing some, perhaps, when he says:

The lesson of vital importance to be drawn from this review of relative naval strength is, that if this country in the future decides to rely for safety against raids or invasions on the fleet alone, it is essential that we possess a considerably greater margin of superiority over a possible enemy in all classes of vessels than we did in August, 1914.

Let it be noted that the Admiral speaks in this warning of *defensive* precautions, hence the statement need occasion no alarm in non-aggressive America.

The most controversial event of the war was the Battle of Jutland. I was in Berlin when the news was received, and for three days I lived in an atmosphere charged with a delirium of joy. I had seen the falling economic line cause increasing apprehension among the German people. The Battle of Jutland (or Skagerrak, as they call it) was for them, therefore, all the more momentous, and for a time they hailed it as delivering them from the grip that was slowly strangling them. Once more the most popular map of the early part of the war reappeared in the shop windows. It was entitled

"The Invasion Map of England" and attracted admiringly speculative crowds. Thus did the masses believe that a great victory had been achieved. The inside circle knew differently.

When I made my way to England half a year later, one of the questions most eagerly asked me was of the Battle of Jutland. Most of the populace felt that it was the British who had achieved the victory, although they had in no way been elated as had the Germans. Some naval experts were anything but elated. I found one with whom I talked, exceedingly frank about the damage caused capital ships by German high-angle fire piercing their decks. To eliminate this well-nigh fatal danger in a future engagement, he was directing rush work in armor improvements, particularly where magazines would be affected by the explosion of a deck-piercing shell. Both from the highest British sources and from trustworthy—if not the highest—German sources, the results of Jutland are now known, but for a long time thoughtful men on both sides were wondering which navy had been the more successful. In this matter it became necessary to consider with what objective the engagement had taken place. In simplest terms, who was trying to accomplish what?

Admiral Jellicoe is delightfully clear on this long debated subject. He says:

There has been some discussion on the tactics of the Jutland battle, and no doubt there will be more. It is well first to dispel the illusion which I have seen expressed that the Grand Fleet was divided with the object of enticing the enemy out to attack the weaker portion in order to provide the opportunity for fleet action. On May 31st, the battle cruiser fleet was scouting to the south of the battle fleet in pursuance of the policy which had been frequently carried out on previous occasions.

Many surmises have been made as to the object with which the German High

Sea Fleet took to sea on this occasion. The view which I have always held is that our light cruiser sweeps, which had taken place down the Norwegian coast, and in the vicinity of the Skagerrak, during the spring of 1916, may have induced the German Commander-in-Chief to send out a force with the object of cutting off the light cruisers engaged in one of these operations, and that he took the battle fleet to sea in support of this force. There is no doubt that he did not expect to meet the whole Grand Fleet. If confirmation of this were needed, it is supplied in the German account of the battle, in which it is stated that there was no reason for supposing that any enemy forces were about, much less the entire British fleet.

In most lucid narrative, the Admiral then describes the action, an action replete with such graphic, yet simple details as the sinking of the "Queen Mary" and of the "Invincible". Of the first, he says:

At about 4:26 P. M. a second disaster befell the British battle cruisers. A salvo fired from one of the enemy's battle cruisers hit the "Queen Mary" abreast of Q turret, and a terrific explosion resulted, evidently caused by a magazine blowing up. The "Tiger", which was following close astern of the "Queen Mary", passed through the dense cloud of smoke caused by the explosion, and a great deal of material fell on her decks, but otherwise the "Queen Mary" had completely vanished. A few survivors from this ship and from the "Indefatigable" were afterward rescued by our destroyers.

Of the "Invincible" he writes:

During the ensuing furious engagement, Rear Admiral Hood, who was on the bridge of the "Invincible", hailed Commander Dannreuther, the gunnery officer in the fore-control, at about 6:30 P. M., saying, "Your firing is very good. Keep at it as quickly as you can; every shot is telling." But at about 6.30 P.M. the "Invincible", which had already been hit more than once by heavy shells without appreciable damage, was struck in Q turret. The shell apparently burst inside the turret, as Commander Dannreuther saw the roof blown off. A very heavy explosion followed immediately, evidently caused by the magazine's blowing up, and the ship broke in half and sank at once, only two officers, including Commander Dannreuther and four men,

being subsequently picked up by the destroyer "Badger".

Admiral Jellicoe has been criticized by some naval men for not forcing the fighting sufficiently, especially for breaking it off when night fell. He steamed south after dark, hoping to renew the battle at dawn. He gives what appear to be excellent reasons for adopting such tactics, reasons to which he adds an interesting technical British inferiority:

The greater efficiency of German searchlights at the time of the Jutland action, and the greater number of torpedo tubes put in enemy ships, combined with superiority in destroyers, would, I knew, give the Germans the opportunity of scoring heavily at the commencement of such an action.

Perhaps no more important deduction is drawn by Admiral Jellicoe from the one great modern sea battle than the lessons on armor:

I felt it necessary on the highest grounds, as well as only just to the officers and men of our battle cruisers, to give some explanation of the heavy losses incurred by our ships in the early part of the action, when we were opposing six battle cruisers (supported, though at long range, by four battleships of the "Queen Elizabeth" class) to five enemy battle cruisers which were not then supported by the German battle fleet. Inquiry into this matter showed that one explanation was that our ships were very inadequately protected by armor as compared with the German vessels of the battle cruiser type. It was considered undesirable to draw attention to this publicly.

The relative values of protection and gun power had frequently engaged my serious attention. It was also a subject of much discussion among writers on naval matters, some of whom went to the length of suggesting that all available weight should be put into gun power, and that ships should be left practically without armor. Their views were based on the argument that the best defense is a powerful offensive. Although this argument is very true when applied to strategy, the war has shown its fallacy as applied to *matériel*. The loss of the "Good Hope", "Monmouth", "Queen Mary", "Indefatigable", "Invincible", "Defense", and "Warrior", and the con-

siderations to which these losses gave rise, convinced naval officers afloat, even if they did not convince others less intimately associated with the fleet during the war, that ships with inadequate defensive qualities are no match for those which possess them to a considerably greater degree, even if the former are superior in gun power. The conviction was strengthened by the knowledge which we had obtained that German ships, far more frequently hit by gun fire, torpedo, or mine than many of our ships that sank, were yet taken safely into port owing partly to their defensive qualities, but partly to the limitations of our armor-piercing shell at that time. . . . A point of considerable interest which should also be mentioned because it was to prove important, was that the Germans possessed a delay-action fuse which, combined with a highly efficient armor-piercing projectile, ensured the burst of shell taking place *inside* the armor of British ships instead of *outside*, or while passing through the armor, which was the case with British shells of that date fired against the thick German armor.

After pointing out that throughout the war German capital ships *usually* survived mining and torpedoing, whereas British ships *rarely* survived, Admiral Jellicoe proceeds to attribute to the absence of proper dock accommodation these and similar shortcomings. He says:

The German Emperor once remarked to me at Kiel that we had made the mistake of building our ships before we had proper dock accommodation for them, while in Germany they provided the dock accommodation first and designed the ships subsequently. He was quite right, although, since docks took a long time to construct, the German policy involved delay in ship-building whereas we got ships of the type—hence our margin of superiority in 1914. As each successive type of dreadnought was designed, our constructive staff was faced with the fact that if they went beyond a certain beam, the number of docks available would be insufficient; and it was always a matter of great difficulty to obtain money with which to construct adequate docks. Docks make no appeal to the imagination of the public, and cost a great deal of money. The result was that August, 1914, found us with a superiority of ships but woefully lacking in dock accommodation; and for this rea-

son alone the fleet action early in the war, resulting in considerable damage to heavy ships, would have produced embarrassing results.

The reader may find it difficult to reconcile so many serious charges of British inferiority in technique and *matériel* with the hard, cold fact that the greater part of the German navy is now safely tucked away in British ports. As a side-light I may now narrate a little incident which took place in Germany two months before the Battle of Jutland. Everywhere I had heard praise and boasts of German naval superiority. The "belaureled young fleet" was the German pride and joy. At a confidential little gathering, I was struck with an entirely different note when I heard Germany's greatest naval writer, Captain Persius of the "Berliner Tageblatt", sadly remark that tradition was a powerful moulder of fighting men, and that British naval tradition reached so many centuries back—whereas Germany had absolutely no naval tradition—that the personnel of the British ships would outmatch that of Germany's. I was amazed to hear this from a German authority, but personal esteem for Captain Persius and the circumstances under which I heard his remark, made me discreetly silent later. Captain Persius, however, is now happily out in the open. From what I have seen of both sides, I would place the British morale through the entire war far above that of the German. An incident of the Battle of Jutland will not be amiss. Describing it, Admiral Jellicoe says:

The attack of the British destroyers was carried out with great gallantry and determination, and having frustrated Germany's torpedo attack on the 3rd Battle Cruiser Squadron, Commander Loftus Jones turned his division to regain his position on our battle cruisers. At this moment three German vessels

came into sight out of the mist and opened a heavy fire, further disabling the "Shark" and causing many casualties on board; Commander Loftus Jones was among those wounded. Lieutenant-Commander J. O. Barron, commanding the "Acasta", came to the assistance of the "Shark", but Commander Loftus Jones refused to imperil a second destroyer, and directed the "Acasta" to leave him. The "Shark" then became the target for the German ships and destroyers. Commander Loftus Jones, who was assisting to keep the only undamaged gun in action, ordered the last torpedo to be placed in the tube and fired, but while this was being done the torpedo was hit by a shell and exploded, causing many casualties. Those gallant officers and men in the "Shark" who still survived, continued to fight with the only gun left in action, the greatest heroism being exhibited. The captain was now wounded again, his right leg being taken off by a shell; but he still continued to direct the fire, until the condition of the "Shark" and the approach of German destroyers made it probable that the ship would fall into the hands of the enemy, when he gave orders for her to be sunk, countermanding this order shortly afterward on realizing that her remaining gun could still be brought into play. Shortly afterward she was hit by two torpedoes and sank with her colors flying. Only six survivors were picked up the next morning by a Danish steamer.

How much more glorious for Germany had her whole fleet, instead of rotting in security, gone down fighting as did the "Shark". "She would have been defeated absolutely in such an engagement", said one British naval officer to me, "but had she fought to a finish, the United States, Japan, and France would have ranked far ahead of Great Britain in naval strength."

Not only is Admiral Jellicoe's book noteworthy in its discussion of broad principles, but to the landsman it is a treasure-house of interesting bits of detail. In the midst of the narrative we compare the speed of a torpedo with the speed of a shell; we learn methods of night signaling at sea so

that the enemy may not be aware of such signaling, and the danger of revealing position if wireless is used. We know that at Jutland, Jellicoe's main fleet encountered the Germans twelve miles from where the signals from Beatty's Battle Cruiser Squadron had said it was—a discrepancy due to manœuvring while signals were passing in the fog. The battle was not fought in one small area of the sea, as many may suppose. According to Admiral Jellicoe:

The battle cruisers steamed some sixty-four miles between 3.48 P.M., the time of opening fire, and 6.17 P.M., the time that the battle fleet commenced action, and a further distance of some fifty-seven miles to 9 P.M., when the fleet turned to the southward for the night. The whole fleet steamed some eighty-five miles during the period covered by the night action, 9 P.M. to 2 A.M.

The British have always contended that they fought Jutland under disadvantages of low visibility, whereas the Germans, facing in general westward as they fought, had no such disadvantage. Admiral Jellicoe contributes an interesting detail when he says:

From 5 P.M. until after 6 P.M. the light was very much in favor of the enemy, being far clearer to the westward than to the eastward. A photograph taken on board the "Malaya" at 5.15 P.M. toward the western horizon established this clearly. Our destroyers shown silhouetted against the bright horizon were at least 16,000 yards distant.

That the British naval intelligence was not infallible is evidenced by the misinformation which the fleet commander had concerning enemy cruiser speed. Admiral Jellicoe says:

I learned later, as an unpleasant surprise, that our 5th Battle Squadron, *when going at its utmost speed*, found considerable difficulty in increasing its distance from the enemy's 3rd Battle Squadron, consisting of ships of the "König" class; and on return to Scapa I received a report from the Admiralty

which credited this enemy squadron with a speed of *23 knots* for a short period, this being the first intimation I had received of such a speed's being attainable by them.

Finally there are the details of the loss of Lord Kitchener, details which should finally kill the long persisting rumors in England that the British general is still mysteriously alive, or that some traitor in the War Office had revealed the departure plans, and that a spy had contrived to plant a time bomb on the "Hampshire". Admiral Jellicoe explains Kitchener's hurry to be off to Russia, and the consequent sailing of the "Hampshire" while the weather was still dangerously rough. We read that,—

. . . between 7.30 and 7.45 P.M. the "Hampshire" struck a mine about one and one-half miles off shore, between the Brough of Bairsay and Marwick Head; she sank in fifteen minutes, bows first. . . . There was at first doubt in the minds of some people as to whether the loss of the "Hampshire" was due to a mine or a submarine, but these doubts were set at rest by the sweeping operations which were undertaken as soon as the weather permitted. They resulted in the discovery of moored mines of the type laid in southern waters by enemy submarines, these mines being equally distinguishable from those laid by surface vessels.

I am in a position to add that if the Germans should some day publish a detailed account of their naval operations, they will add that one of their newly developed submarine mine-layers was cruising in those waters when it sighted a British cruiser, name then unknown. Cutting across well in advance of the cruiser's bows, the mine-layer planted two mines: her commander in his report to the German Admiralty was convinced that one of these took effect. The report was not published for obvious naval reasons.

It will be seen from the foregoing that Admiral Jellicoe's book is more

than an authoritative work on the one great phase of the war on which he is the preeminent authority. In places it is nothing short of a stinging criticism which will stir up the pride of many Englishmen: perhaps quite as much as Lloyd-George's alarming speech at Paris in the autumn of 1917 aroused bitter resentment among the majority of Englishmen because of the outspoken, aimful truths which he revealed—a recognition of which truths, combined with more painful circumstances, finally resulted in the unity of military command under General Foch.

Some features of Admiral Jellicoe's strategy will probably be challenged by those who claim that he was not sufficiently aggressive in his policy. Personally, after having studied intimately economic conditions on both sides throughout the war, I feel more than ever convinced, after reading "The Grand Fleet", that Admiral Jellicoe's policy of playing safe was the only justifiable policy for a man conversant with all the facts of the case. His fleet was noticeably wearing down Germany from the beginning of 1916. After cutting across the North Sea in the late autumn of that year, after having managed to get out of Germany, I wrote in "The Land of Deepening Shadow":

It is all very well to complain about a few raiders that manage in thirty months to pierce the British patrol, or about the hurried dash of swift destroyers into the channel; but when you look from the white chalk cliffs of the Kentish coast at hundreds of vessels passing safely off the Downs, when you sail the Atlantic and the Mediterranean and see only neutral and allied ships carrying on commerce, when you cross the Rhine and stand in food lines hour after hour, and day after day, as I have done, where men and women who gloried in war now whine at the hardships it brings, when you see a mighty nation disintegrating in the shadow of starvation—and then pass to another nation, an island nation

which, though far less self-sustaining in food, has plenty to eat, you simply have to realize that there are silent victories which are often farther reaching than victories of éclat.

Admiral Jellicoe's book has the

added importance to Americans that when the chronicles of our own navy shall be written, we shall already have been made familiar with the setting for our fleet in European waters.

THE ROSSETTIS

BY FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

Early in the autumn of the year of revolution, 1848, a laborious young painter, named Holman Hunt, was asked to family dinner by his studio mate, Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Many years later, Hunt described the household. His narrative follows, slightly condensed and retouched.

"The old gentleman (Gabriele Rossetti) was beginning to be an invalid, whose sight needed a projecting shade. The mother was the gentle and presiding matron we see St. Ann to be, in 'The Girlhood of the Virgin'. The elder sister (Maria, aged 21) was overflowing with attention to all, expressing interest in each individually; and Miss Christina (aged 18) was exactly the pure and docile-hearted damsel that her brother portrayed God's Virgin preelect to be.

"The father arose to receive me from a group of foreigners around the fire, all escaped revolutionists from the continent, and addressed me in English in a few words of welcome, as 'Mr. Madox Brown', a slip on which his elder daughter rated him pleasantly. The heated conference of the revolutionists was now in Italian, now in French; but the tragic passions of the group around the fire did not in the slightest degree involve the mother, the daughters, or the sons, except when the latter explained that

the objects of the severest denunciation were Bomba, Pio Nono, and Metternich. When it was impossible for me to ignore the distress of the alien company, Gabriel (aged 20) and William (aged 19) shrugged their shoulders, the latter with a languid sign of commiseration, saying it was generally so."

There was an exotic dinner of macaroni and the like, while the revolutionists looked on, the old gentleman joining them between courses. After dinner dominoes and chess calmed the anti-monarchical storm, and young artist lads began to drop in. Among them was John Everett Millais, the painter; James Collinson, Christine's betrothed; and a rugged youth, Thomas Woolner, the sculptor. The young men soon went upstairs for a meeting of a new order, the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.

Let us look backward and forward from the scene. The possibly rather absurd old man at the fireplace is a living power in resurgent Italy. The verses of Gabriele Rossetti, not fine but full of manly vigor and passion for liberty, are passing about Italy in manuscript and on the lips of patriots. Old Gabriele's life had been extraordinarily various. A blacksmith's son in the mountain commune of Vasto, his gift for drawing and poetry

soon took him to Naples. His fame as an idyllic poet grew apace. He had served the royal opera as librettist. When the weak King Ferdinand I was driven to Sicily, Rossetti, already imbued with the doctrines of the French Revolution, readily obtained favor with Joseph Bonaparte and Murat. He took charge of the noble marbles and bronzes of the Naples Museum, adding archæology to poetry. When the Bourbon returned, Rossetti, a member of the free-thinking Carbonari, was in danger of judicial assassination. Just as the peril became imminent, Admiral Sir Graham Moore spirited him away to Malta. There his gift as an improvisatore brought him favor and kindness. But the fear of Bourbon persecution counseled a further flight, and in 1824, being forty-one years old, he begins a new life at London.

The tumultuous group of revolutionists about the fireplace represents only half of Gabriele Rossetti's activities. In the intervals of tutoring, and amid his duties as professor of Italian at King's College, London, he has been working out a grandiose theory of an apostolic succession of *illuminati*—a hidden political lore shared by the great writers, and ever potential for the liberation of mankind. He expounds the doctrine in many books: a commentary of "Dante's Inferno", 1826; the tract on "The Ante-Papal Spirit", 1832; "The Mystery of Platonic Love", 1840; "Dante's Beatrice", 1842. With his main theory that a symbolic political philosophy was concealed in nearly all great writers, scholarship has dealt skeptically; but his learning, ingenuity, and idealism have given a penumbral immortality even to his more fantastic studies.

With such a man marriage is an incident, however benign a one. In

1826 he wedded Frances Maria Lavinia Polidori. Her father, Gaetano Polidori, had been Alfieri's secretary, and was living precariously by private tutoring and casual literary work. His daughter Frances, a woman of rare sense and affection, was twenty-six in the month of her marriage, seventeen years younger than her husband. Within four years she presented Gabriele Rossetti with the four children we have seen as youths and maidens. At this moment, Gabriele already being of poor sight and health, she is eking out the scanty household funds by school-teaching, in which the two daughters aid her. For years she had led what to most women would be a harassed existence. Her door must open to a Masonic knock by whomsoever given. The family soon came to distinguish those who were freely received in the name of human liberty, by division into two main classes, *cercatori* (beggars) and *seccatori* (bores). Both she endured cheerfully.

In the evening we are considering, her husband has still about six years of increasing gloom before him, before death shall release him, on April 26, 1854. He was seventy-one and the day after his death was his wife's fifty-fourth birthday; she was still to live on thirty-two years, a sweet, balancing influence amid her gifted and erratic brood. Once in later years she confided to her steadiest child, William, that she adored intellect and had aspired to marry a man of great intellect and to have children of like powers. Having had her wish, she would exchange something of the intellect of her family for a greater endowment of common sense. I dare say that was already her secret mind on this evening, as her delicate girls went dreamily about household tasks, think-

ing sonnets the while; and the *seccatori* muttered against thrones, and the young men above noisily planned a complete reorganization of art.

An informed and perceptive observer of the Rossetti household that evening would have noted how everything revolved about irrepressible Dante Gabriel, ready with a joke, or a new sonnet, eager to recite poems of a quality which he called Gothic—"The Blessed Damozel", or of a novel reflective quality—"Jenny". Browning he would intone voluminously—"Paracelsus", "Pauline"; likewise tirades from Keats and Shelley. Dominating, genial, merciless toward anything like tall talk or pretense, he fairly filled every room he entered. He made you feel small while he captivated you—a good friend, Frederick Shields, wrote years later. Dante Gabriel had already cut loose, in the interest of an artistic career, and he was the only member of the family who was not earning any money, being staked generously by Aunt Charlotte Polidori, who had faith and a good position as governess in a noble family.

Yet when Dante Gabriel went to his studio, he left abundant genius at home. Looking forward and backward at the two steady children, Maria and William, one finds they had already accepted the difficult task of stabilizing the superabundance of family temperament, and the deficiency of family revenues. Yet they both had desks full of prose and poetry, not wholly due to the family recreation of sonneteering in company. Maria, like Dante Gabriel and Christina, had even published verses at Grandfather Polidori's private press. For years, in the family correspondences she is taken for granted, much as Hunt does in reminiscence. She developed an in-

tense piety which has received notable expression in her single remembered work, "The Shadow of Dante", 1874. That year, the family circumstances at last permitting, she indulged a long deferred desire and entered the Anglican Sisterhood of All Saints. Within two years she died a saintly death within convent walls.

The fact that William Michael Rossetti exhibited drawings to the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, on the evening we are considering, shows that he had not yet fully realized his rôle as provider. To be sure, he had been taking the scanty pay of the excise office for three years. Within a year he was to establish relations with "The Critic" and "The Spectator", a prophetic induction into that ill paid but spiritually rewarding hack work which lies on the confines of literature. His multifarious writing can only be indicated. It included discerning memoirs of Keats and Shelley, several anthologies, encyclopædia articles, learned investigations for the Early English Text Society. It culminated in the numerous biographical works on his own family—most enduring, the official memoir of his brother, published in 1896. Thus he shines by a sort of reflected luster, though in any other family he would have been famous enough in his own right. His was the work of support and counsel, and never were these more loyally vouchsafed. Even after his tardy marriage in 1874, at the age of forty-five, to Emma Lucy Brown, daughter of Ford Madox Brown, he long remained contingent purse and roof-tree to his kin. Dante Gabriel at all points leaned upon his good sense and critical discretion, though often enough at odds with his heavy-handed brotherliness. William Rossetti remained in the civil service until 1894, having

served fifty years, and died only recently, a truly venerable and beneficent figure.

Of all the Rossettis Christina is the most visible to us. Her sensitive, brooding face appears in her brother's most loved picture. She was born December 5, 1830, to a life of aspiration and disappointment, harmonized throughout by a deep religious consecration. She promised her hand at eighteen to James Collinson, P. R. B., and broke the troth when he turned Catholic. For years she varied a constant, beautiful devotion to her aged mother with drawing, painting, and poetry. In 1862 she published with Dante Gabriel's delightful designs "Goblin Market and Other Poems", evincing an imagination at once delicate, intense, and highly intellectualized. At thirty-two, an invalid and increasingly a religious devotee, she fell in love with the scholarly translator and kindly gentleman, Charles Bagot Cayley. Their intimacy by her wish remained a tender friendship. Cayley had too little religion, as her former lover Collinson had had too much. As she put away happiness, her faith grew more triumphant. Through a painful and disfiguring illness her desire for liberation rings thin, sweet, and decisive in her poetry like a reiterant altar bell proclaiming the sweetness of Christ's oblation. Such verse was the staple of her second published volume, "The Prince's Progress", 1866; and the volume of 1881, "A Pageant and Other Poems", is still mostly religious, as was her final volume of 1893 named simply "Verses".

She outlived her mother by eight years, Charles Cayley by nine, dying in December of 1894. With the life-renouncing passion of Christina Rossetti I have the smallest sympathy;

the exquisiteness of its results in poetry I cannot deny. The religious poems are full of a strange, calm ardor and of a noble sententiousness; "Goblin Market" mingles the symbolic, quaint, graphic, and tender in a fashion elsewhere unequaled. Those love sonnets of renunciation in the sequence "Monna Innominata" are stripped down to sheer feeling:

Many in aftertimes will say of you

"He loved her"—while of me what will they say?

Not that I loved you more than just in play.
For fashion's sake, as idle women do.

Even let them prate; who know not what we knew

Of love and parting in exceeding pain,
Of parting hopeless here to meet again,
Hopeless on earth, and heaven is out of view.
But by my heart of love laid bare to you,

My love that you can make not void nor vain,

Love that foregoes you but to claim anew

Beyond this passage of the gate of death,
I charge you at the Judgment make it plain
My love of you was life and not a breath.

The sonnet well illustrates the hardness of her imagination and the austerity of her method. I wonder with what feelings the learned old bachelor Charles Cayley read it. In the ballads Christina echoes her brother Dante, but with a homeliness quite her own. Indeed a certain quirksomeness in her high thinking is most characteristic. It allies her to Henry More and Vaughan, or our own Father John Tabb. Mystics of the true stamp are generally wits *in posse*, with a certain playfulness toward their well-domesticated sublimities. To illustrate this quality I take rather than the familiar and magnificent solid lyric "Up-Hill", or the flame-like "All Saints", the slighter poem, "Beauty is Vain":

While roses are so red,

While lilies are so white,

Shall a woman exalt her face

Because it gives delight?

She's not so sweet as a rose,

A lily's straighter than she.

And if she were as red or white
She'd be but one of three.

Whether she flush in love's summer
Or in its winter grow pale,
Whether she flaunt her beauty
Or hide it away in a vail,
Be she red or white
And stand she erect or bowed,
Time will win the race he runs with her
And hide 'her away in a shroud.

If the narrowness of Christina Rossetti's outlook makes her a minor poet, surely among the minor singers she is one of the greatest.

That her brother Gabriel was a minor anything is hazardous to maintain, so wide was his intelligence, so deep his capacity for emotion. In his father's home he breathed the gracious atmosphere of the early Italian poets—those amazing pioneers who first made modern poesy something more than play. Coleridge, Keats, and Shelley were even stronger influences, and the tang and vigor of Robert Browning worked beneficially upon Rossetti's—at times—languorous muse. He drew from Chatterton and Chatterton's ancient originals. At twenty-one he wrote to his brother William: "I . . . have wasted several days at the Museum, where I have been reading up all manner of old romaunts, to pitch upon stunning words for poetry." The best minds rallied to him, Ford Madox Brown, Robert Browning, John Ruskin, Frederick Shields, Edward Burne-Jones, William Morris, Theodore Watts-Dunton, Whistler, Swinburne—artists all it will be noted. There never was a more tremendous personality; and even when narcotic gloom invested him in his latter wretched days, friendship kindled the old fire. On his death the admirable Lady Mount-Temple wrote to Christina Rossetti: "Cheyne House was to me a gate of heaven, and his rich cordial greeting

made it glow with heart as well as genius."

It was this sense of reality that led him, when a youth groping for a painter's fame, to the most robust and genuine artists of his day—Ford Madox Brown, and the budding Pre-Raphaelites, Holman Hunt and John Everett Millais. Their strenuous theories he took seriously only for a year or two before 1850. I fancy he loved them chiefly as listeners, got what he could from them and, as was his wont, passed on. Pre-Raphaelism has nothing to do with his developed art. It inspired one or two of his paintings: the lovely but feeble "Childhood of the Virgin", exhibited in 1848, and "The Annunciation" of 1850, which shared in the blackguardly condemnation then showered upon the Brotherhood.

That abuse won the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood their ablest champion in John Ruskin, and in Dante Gabriel a friend and sustainer. Already Elizabeth Siddal had become Rossetti's guiding star. Pale and inscrutable amid her glory of coppery hair, this young milliner's assistant entered into every cranny of her lover's life. He made her a poet and a painter of no mean imagination. There ensued ten years of the strangest, most ideal philandering. Her body was all nerves and frailty. Ruskin worried constantly about the pair, aided them, fretted them. It was possibly his insistence in helpfulness that kept Miss Siddal to be a wife. In May of 1860, Rossetti being thirty-two years old, they married. Her face took possession of his imagination. It reappears either as portraiture, or reminiscence in those brooding half-lengths of women which became almost his sole product. Even after her death her features blended with those of various

women who sat for him. All share her intangible, hungry, disdainful beauty. Their married life lasted less than two uneasy years, when she died alone from an overdose of the laudanum which she took for neuralgia and sleeplessness. In an access of despair and remorse her husband buried in her coffin his life work in poetry. He had written poems when he might have been with her.

For some years his genius was chilled, and his body suffered with his mind. Horrible insomnia beset him. For relief he had recourse to chloral, became its slave. Life was possible for him only under the most considerate care. Successive friends became virtual keepers at the house in Cheyne Walk: Swinburne, Hall Caine, Theodore Watts-Dunton; William Morris and his lovely wife—whose face graces many of the pictures—often harbored him at Kelmscott Manor. In these days of obscurity there was still power enough in him to paint some of his best pictures and to write some of his finest poems. The mind triumphed marvelously over the drugged and neglected body. On April 9, 1882, he died, being not quite fifty-four years old.

As a painter Rossetti never attained professionalism. Very early he withdrew from exhibitions, and he never took the pains to learn his trade. For all that, he is one of the more remarkable figures in the art of the century. Backward looking and completely lyrical, morbidly lovely, his art is of the purest romantic texture. It has no more organization than is necessary to express single moods, and it is best in the swift evanescence of water-color. One sees it quite at its rare best in the *Lady Lilith*, at the Metropolitan Museum. He painted states of soul from some fancied past. In

his *Fiammettas*, *Blessed Damozels*, *Proserpinas*—in the whole gallery of heavy-eyed women with tumid, unsatisfied lips and mystery of loosened hair—there is a single note of burden of love and imminence of suffering. Here are so many echoes of the fate of Elizabeth Siddal. Rarely he achieves the *naïveté* and direct emotion and pictorial completeness of "*The Annunciation*". His greater projects faded away as his *Lancelot* did from the walls of the Oxford Union, or remained only as sketches. In his world is no will and no action—just feeling. And the setting of such feeling is like some dream of bower of lady of olden time, perfumed, darkened, invested with richest stuffs, and situate above a tomb. Sincere and personal as is the note, its monotony palls. His art stands apart from all great traditions in a kind of exquisite soul-sickness. To paraphrase a famous line of Baudelaire, it represents the iridescence of emotional decay.

It is more and less than painting; more, in that the particular means no more, seems no more to matter, than does the formal structure of a dream; less, in that the means are insubstantial and approximate. Men he influenced painted Rossettis of which he was incapable himself—Whistler in "*The Little White Girl*"; Burne-Jones in "*The Sidonia*". As usual he seems greater than his work. His authority set the current of taste toward the splendor of the Middle Ages. His far more learned and robust friend William Morris, with whom Rossetti was in business relations, conceived the issue with creative passion. Thus vicariously Rossetti was potent in the revival of the beauty of the old crafts.

My perhaps harsh judgment of his pictures is in a measure his own, for he regarded his poetry more highly.

Before he was twenty, poems as remarkable as "The Blessed Damozel", "My Sister's Sleep", "Dante at Verona", and "Jenny" were in hand. All his life he recited his poetry in a very personal and effective cantilation. It had the fame of mystery, as his friend George Merdith's verses long had. In 1850 he conceived the idea of a journal, to contain his own work and to defend the artistic ideas of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. It was characteristically his brother William who added the editorial burden to the many he already carried. The still-born four numbers of "The Germ" contained the prose tale "Heart and Hand", "My Sister's Sleep", "The Blessed Damozel", "Six Sonnets for Pictures", "The Carillon", "Noon", "Pax Vobis", and "From the Cliffs". It had after all a certain reading, and soon became a treasured rarity for the bibliophile. For the discriminating it sufficiently announced a new poetic genius of high order—hardy in imagination, subtle in contemplation, solid and rich in style. By 1854 were in train "The Bride's Prelude" and "The Burden of Nineveh", the dramatic monologue "A Last Confession"; and, more notable, the perfect ballads "The Staff and Scrip", and "Sister Helen"—by the oddest paradox, that complex of superstition, hate, and desire came out in "The Dusseldorf Artist's Manual", conducted by Mary Howitt. From the late 'fifties and early 'sixties date the finest sonnets in "The House of Life". I have insisted on these matters of chronology to show that, barring his boyhood rhymes, Rossetti had no experimental or incomplete period. By his twenty-sixth year his vision was as lucid, his mind as finely searching, his style as nobly ordered as it ever was to be.

In 1860 he published "The Early

Italian Poets", an extraordinary achievement in translation. The best of him, however, soon went to the grave at Highgate. At last friends wrung from him a consent to recover the manuscript from Elizabeth Siddal's coffin. Friendship has rarely inspired a grimmer office or a more justifiable. In 1870 the "Poems" were published much as we have them. They brought him fame and even money, and incidentally a cruel and covert attack by his fellow poet "Robert Buchanan", in the article "The Fleshy School of Poetry". The resulting controversy has today little importance; at the time it hastened Rossetti's break-up and perhaps deprived us of poems due. In 1881 appeared the last volume in his lifetime, "Ballads and Sonnets", containing with new material much of the collection of 1870. After his death his brother William, in 1886, brought out the two volume edition of the "Collected Works", which, despite later reprints of one sort and another, may be regarded as definitive.

Thirty years ago, when the love sonnets of Dante Gabriel Rossetti were to me as to many of my college mates a sacramental induction into the holiest of mysteries, I would have staked my life on the thesis that there could be no greater sonnet writer, whereas I took the ballads rather calmly. Now the ballads for their primal, sharp tang of passion, for their lordly narrative stride, their entire solidity and rightness, seem to me the greatest the century produced. Their particular atmosphere of terror and superstition, I have seen equaled only in the quite marvelous and apparently unread verses of Eugene Lee Hamilton. Rossetti virtually reversed the famous Latin motto into *superstitio sine religione*, for, though he

craved a confessor at the last, he lived outside of religious bonds. But his superstition, unlike that of the German balladists and Scott and even Tennyson, was not of the fancy but deep in the marrow. Browning had a similar gift of living into old fears and credulities, but he smeared himself over the past. Even Tennyson is just a shade the lordly showman in "The Revenge", or better analogy—"The Lady of Shalott". Rossetti, on the contrary, with a far more sensitive insight, recaptures the simplicity of the old ballads, where without rhetoric plain words seem to do double duty. Even stanzas detached from context carry their thrill. Take from the ballad "Sister Helen",—

"Outside it's merry in the wind's wake,
 Sister Helen:
 In the shaken trees the chill stars shake."
 "Hush, heard you a horse-tread as you
 spake,
 Little brother?"
 (O Mother, Mary Mother,
 What sound tonight, between Hell and
 Heaven?)

Nothing is explained. The impression is sinister and bodeful in its own right.

The one hundred and one sonnets in "The House of Life" constitute a sequence only in the sense that all contemplate life as interpreted through love. There are groups of a sententious and moral purport which seem members of some comprehensive plan never wholly realized. But strict consequence has never been the way of the greater sonneteers—their consistency is imputed by the commentators, and to lovers of poetry is of secondary interest. It is strange that contemporaries found Rossetti's sonnets overluscious. On rereading them I am constantly amazed by their vigor, by a kind of harshness, by ambiguities due chiefly to condensation, by the robust quality

of an imagery which often reduces metaphor to the single choice word. Where there is defect—and most of the sonnets show flaws—it is due to the thought somewhat impetuously overrunning the formal structure. I can hardly pick a sonnet as impeccably right as the ballad of "The White Ship". Yet I cannot imagine a nobler or sweeter introduction to the mysteries of love and life. To reverent and ardent youth "The House of Life" will always be a golden book. It has naturalized in the English-speaking world a contemplative sort of love poetry, which was that of Dante and his predecessors and of the Elizabethan sonneteers, and Rossetti is free from a cloudy Platonism often latent in his exemplars. He explores passionately but lucidly on the border-line of body and spirit, never confusing the two. The strength of the work is most marked in the many sententious sonnets, such as "The Song Throe", or the three sonnets "The Choice". I choose, rather, one that shows the delicate vividness of the poet—qualities allied to the rare best painting of his Pre-Raphaelite comrades:

To be a sweetness more desired than spring;
 A bodily beauty more acceptable
 Than the wild rose-tree's arch that crowns
 the fell;
 To be an essence more environing
 Than wine's drained juice; a music ravishing
 More than the passionate pulse of Phil-
 omel;
 To be all this 'neath one soft bosom's swell
 That is the flower of life!—how strange a
 thing!
 How strange a thing to be what man can
 know
 But as a sacred secret! Heaven's own
 screen
 Hides her soul's purest depth and loveliest
 glow;
 Closely withheld, as all things most un-
 seen,
 The wave-bowered pearl—the heart-shaped
 seal of green
 That flecks the snowdrop underneath the
 snow.

English poetry in the direct sensuous tradition of Keats and Tennyson has always seemed to me to suffer from just a shade of excess of professional unction—a hint of muskiness. And the French decadents carried such essenced perfection to an extreme. Rossetti's painting is redolent

of this defect, if defect it be; his poetry is quite free from it. A kind of unprofessional genuineness, such as one gets, if in very different flavor, from both Wordsworth and Byron, is its leading note. It has next to no fashion of time about it, and that is a good augury of immortality.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES AS CENSORS

BY JOHN COTTON DANA

*Librarian, Newark Free Public
Library*

You ask me to write about the public library as a censor of the public's reading. Your readers will look at the title of this response to your request and will say at once that here is talk of the folly and stupidity of all censorship, and will hope that here that folly and stupidity are roundly condemned. They will be disappointed; for I have here tried to tell those same readers that when they hasten to gird at censorship in libraries they are misled by a phrase. To a very simple, obvious, blameless, and quite needful function of a public library, they give a bad name. They call it "censoring"; and they then unthinkingly proceed to give to the librarian's endless efforts to make a wise choice of books for his library, all the bad qualities that the ancient and long-befouled word "censoring" carries in its train.

So you have here, not exactly an apologia for the librarian's choice of books, but an attempt to explain why he chooses at all. Perhaps, however, my paper will give some comfort to those who, being hypnotized by a word, spontaneously damn library book selection when it runs counter to

their own notions; for I have put into it, with some hesitation but with no modesty, a few words on the stupidity of bigotry in a librarian, and on the sinfulness, in a librarian, of permitting his own pet fancies, creeds, doctrines, and certainties to affect his book selection, and to make of him a missionary to his community instead of a hospitable Keeper of the Inn of All Comers and a tactful purveyor of all the ideas of all mankind.

The librarian of a public library is a censor of books and reading. Of the millions of books already in the world, and of the thousands of new ones published each year, he can buy only a few. Those he buys he approves of as the better ones for his community to own and read. All the others he disapproves of, for the time being; that is, he exercises his power of censorship against them.

This censorship is the outcome of the limited character of every library's book-fund, and underlies all of a librarian's book-buying. Of the books he does not buy he rejects some because he thinks it is not wise to place

them on the shelves of the library which the community has established. This is censorship of exclusion. Certain other books he buys, but thinks it not proper to place them on open shelves. These he withholds from the general reader and brings out only on special request. This is censorship of seclusion.

It is not necessary to give much space to a demonstration of the truth of the statements thus far made; but as they are the bottom facts of library censorship, which is a very delicate and rather difficult process, it will be profitable to consider them further.

The majority in a given community vote to have a public library and to take by tax a little money for its maintenance from the pockets of each and all of its members. The avowed purpose of the community in thus doing is to help itself to become happier, wiser, and better. As a library is a dead thing unless it has a person of skill, energy, learning, and imagination to manage it, the community engages for its library a librarian. This librarian is entrusted with the task of buying for the library books, pamphlets, journals, and magazines; though sometimes unfortunately this work is taken over by trustees. The librarian tries to select for purchase—and note, again, that selection, or choice, is imposed on him continually, his purchasing power relative to the supply of books being very, very small—the books that in his opinion will do more to add to the pleasure, the sum of knowledge, and the encouragement of good habits of the owners of the library than will those that he does not select, but rejects. This is what I have already called the censorship of exclusion. Its practice, I repeat, is an essential part of every librarian's work. Skill in the art of

exclusion is tacitly demanded of him by his community, and that he has that skill is a fact which his community for the most part quite as tacitly assumes.

Pardon me if I am wrong in thinking that to say four times over, as I have, rather obvious things is not vain repetition. That book selection is not bad censorship but mere book selection, is a fact not readily accepted by most of us.

Obviously the line between the books included and the books excluded by librarians in the practice of this form of censorship is laid down tentatively only, and is constantly being shifted. It takes in and leaves out books in accordance with decisions based on varying incomes, varying sizes, and varying qualities of library-supporting communities, and varying numbers and characters of books already in stock. The line does not, in any two communities, pursue the same course through the vast horde of the world's books. It shifts in obedience to the characteristics of each community, as the librarian interprets those characteristics, and in obedience to the conditions precedent in which each library is placed as to stock on hand, funds, and use. It shifts also in obedience to the librarian's own personal views and tastes; though the intrusion of himself in the work of selection and rejection is in most cases quite as involuntary as it is undesirable.

The gist of this whole affair of censorship lies in this: a community decides to own in common a few of the world's millions of books; it engages an expert to select them; this expert, in accepting the position of community librarian, sells his services as such

expert to the community; having thus sold his expert services he is in honor bound to use them in gathering (by inclusion or choice, and therefore and at the same moment by exclusion and rejection) the books his expertness designates as best fitted to form the library of the community that has hired him. Obviously his first duty is to make his selection such as will be grateful to the community; and quite as obviously he will, in preparation for this difficult task of fitting his book selection to the community, study that community's tastes, needs, educational status, and its bias in religion, politics, and personal behavior; and, finally, and quite as obviously, he will so censor his own purchasing as to keep from the shelves books which he thinks the community does not need; books which he thinks will not add to the community's pleasure or help it to be wiser and better, and books which will, by their presence, arouse such antagonisms and discussions as will curtail the use made of the library and so reduce its influence for happiness, wisdom, and good conduct.

Please note that I do not say that the librarian rejects books of which he does not personally approve, or selects books which uphold his personal doctrines. So to do would be frankly to put his own peculiar opinions at the fore and to seek to forward them at public expense. And so to do would be to assume a power of censorship which his position as a paid expert library-builder does not give him in the slightest degree. The censorship which is the outcome of this usurped power to use a community's money to promote his own personal views is entirely reprehensible, no matter how "moral", "loyal", "religious", "constitutionally sound", "pa-

triotic", or "acceptable to the majority" may be the opinions or theories the librarian may hold and try, by skilful selection of books, to promote. This form of library censorship, though exceedingly rare in fact, is in the opinion of a few always threatening to manifest itself.

Is the librarian, then, a mere mush of compromise? Must he have his ear forever to the ground and hear only the roar of mediocrity and conventions? Can he never make his library rise above the level of his community?

Briefly set down, the answer to these questions is, no. A full answer would be a story of "The Complete Librarian and How He Conducts Himself", too long to be given here in full.

One of the obstacles to the spread of knowledge in a democracy is, that a democracy can have no censor—meaning here by "censor" one whose powers are not limited by popular clamor and whose tenure of office cannot be terminated by recall. I do not need to add that in so far as this country has suffered autocratic censorship in recent months, so far it has not been a democracy.

One of the aids to the growth in a democracy of wisdom and of the habit of self-control and of the feeling of individual responsibility, each and all far more important than knowledge, is the lack of autocratic censorship. The librarian, in his very modest field of work, is not a censor with unlimited power. He is merely a censor with unlimited opportunities. He has agreed, in the act of accepting his position, to devote his brains and energies to making the institution in his charge as helpful as possible to the increase of happiness, knowledge, wis-

dom, and social behavior in those who maintain his institution. He knows that if he does not exercise at all his power in the choice of books—his censorship—there will come to his shelves volumes which will arouse such antagonisms, such criticisms, such misapprehensions, and such fears of hurtful consequences as will make his library a mere center of controversy, shunned by most and quietly and helpfully enjoyed by none.

On the other hand, he knows that his community is ready to a man to applaud the doctrine that its public library must contain, so far as the limits set by income permit and so far as the needs of its special community require—sources of knowledge on all subjects, arguments for and against all doctrines, and the best products of the imagination and fancy of all men of all time. He must make his library a complete encyclopædia of human thought and action. This he is bidden to do by his common sense and by the unspoken command of those who have engaged him to construct it.

Let me call attention more definitely to the fallacy which is used to bolster nearly all criticism of the librarian's decisions in his task as censor. The fallacy lies in the word itself, and is of the kind known as "giving a dog a bad name". To most, the sight of the word "censor" brings up the thought of autocratic and arbitrary authority over what a free man may and may not read. To the librarian who has merely made, as to a certain book, one of the decisions he must make about every book he considers for purchase, an indignant citizen who wants to see that particular book or, in an opposite case, wants no one else to see it, hastens to apply the term "censor". He thereby, at once

and most unjustly, implies, to all who hear the word, that the librarian has assumed and exercised arbitrary power, is narrow-minded and bigoted, and wishes to promote his own evil doctrines or to suppress the good doctrines of others. This form of fallacy has been much used in recent months by those who have made haste to demonstrate their own excellence by giving their own characters a good name—say, "patriotic"—and then, with equal haste, damned others by giving them a bad name—say, "disloyal". Further exposition of its sinfulness is quite unnecessary. Those who like it and find help in it will continue to use it. The librarian is peculiarly well situated to suffer from the harm it can do. "Most of us", we say, "know what is good for others in the way of reading matter." "The judgment of any one of us", we insist, "is conclusive as to what he wants to read. Yet here", we exclaim in horror, "is a librarian who dares to say that others may read, if they will, things which we do not think they ought to read; and even goes so far as to say that I shall not read what I want to!" "Here is 'censorship' with a vengeance", say we. "Here comes back upon us the autocrat of the reading-table and the destroyer of the liberty of the press!"

What really happened was simply this: the librarian selected for purchase a book which he thought to be fit to fill a gap in the encyclopædia of books which he has been years in constructing, and did not select another book which he thought his community's library did not need. He is forcing no doctrine or fact or dream down anyone's throat. We who dislike a book can let it alone. We who are sure it is harmful can afford to be modest in our certitude. "And for my own liberty of reading"—thus we

ought to speak—"it seems on second thought not to have been infringed by the librarian's decision to buy another book and not the one I especially desired. Possibly he has the community's needs in mind, and not mine only! Possibly I shall find the book I want is not worthy after all! He a censor? He is merely building a special library for a certain special community."

But how does all this work out in practice? In the main it works out very well. My public library experience extends over thirty years; the censorship storms that I have passed through may number six, and most of the six were very mild. A few bits of experience may help to show that wise book selection has impediments other than the limitations set by one's own intelligence.

A self-proclaimed veteran of the Civil War—this was twenty-five years ago—insisted that I buy an expensive book on that war, because he was a veteran! The book did not fit the library's purse or its needs, and the veteran went away angry. Probably as a mere man he was quite worthy; as a veteran and critic of my censorship, he was impossible.

To Denver often came, in the 'nineties, agents for things *de luxe* from the east. To them it seemed ample argument for the purpose to show the names of great libraries "in the east" which had ordered their wares. To me, my censorship being under condemnation by great libraries, these names were my first steps toward misprizing the management of those same great libraries! Later I was to learn that about ninety per cent of library malfeasance and nonfeasance is due to trustees who wish to act as librarians.

The veteran and the book agents were sellers of books, not mere citizen patrons of the library. But it is useful to mention them because they frankly expressed, for financial reasons, such criticisms of the librarian's judgment as the more modest citizen reader often entertains but usually conceals. Contact with these fellows gave me more than a hint of the thoughts that are often moving in the breasts of the general public. To what I learned from them I added what I learned from the man, for example, who felt that Madame Blavatsky would redeem the world if the library bought her freely; from the free-silver enthusiast who publicly pilloried me because my library in Denver acquired almost as much of "sound-money" as it did of "free-silver" literature!

These are not censorship cases, you say? Yes, they are; only the censorship was exercised in a direction which you rather approve of. And I note them to lead to a statement of my general doctrine of compromise in book choosing. It is this: "A librarian should try to get for his community—subject of course to purse limitations and to the theory that a library should grow up well-balanced and not one-sided—all the best presentations of all facts and theories whatsoever, and all fairly accredited imaginative portrayals of life; but should check his efforts by a skilful anticipation of what his community will quietly accept". This is merely putting more baldly what I have already said. The community wants a complete, well-rounded encyclopædia library. The librarian is in duty bound to try to get it. No considerations born of his own theories on morals, politics, government, art, or religion should affect him. His discretion,

within the limits I have several times noted, should be born entirely of his study of his community's needs and of the effectiveness of each book in its efforts to carry a message.

Special conditions make countless exceptions, of course. A public library is not a law library and can stop at a good law dictionary and books on lawyers and law history. A public library is not a medical library, usually; though my present one is, and practises seclusion on books for doctors at the doctors' own request.

And the limit of tolerance in his community a librarian cannot always forecast with accuracy. Three ladies called on me in Denver and said they were the Purity in Literature Committee of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. A friendly conversation indicated that they had read all they could find on the shelves of a set of Zola on which I had greatly prided myself; and that the reading had shown them that the books were harmful—to others. The incident passed pleasantly and the books were moved back to a shady corner.

A lady of avowed patriotic temperament complained to a group whose patriotism was shouted from the housetops—by the group—and they in turn to a journal whose patriotism ran to bold head-lines, that my library

had in it books in which Germans were spoken of in quiet tones. In this particular incident it was clearly shown that a librarian's censorship, exercised with discretion, is approved by his trustees, his community, and his local press.

I hope I have made it clear that library censorship is a benign necessity; that no librarian can always practise it to perfection; that trustees can easily touch it with its ancient odium, as did those who once barred *Huck Finn*; that the librarian's own high moral sense can make it ridiculous and often has, as when the librarians of Massachusetts publicly condemned Robert Chambers, and again when the ladies from children's libraries waged open war on the *Katzenjammer Kids*; that catholicity is its life-blood and tact its methodology.

A paper like this ends quite properly with advice. Remember always that a public library belongs to its public and not to its librarian. If you are of the public of a library which seems not to be fulfilling benignly its duties of censorship, go and tell the librarian. If he is a good librarian he will try to hold to his decision, but will listen to reason. If he is not a good librarian—I am sorry for your library!

VICISSITUDES OF THE VOCABULARY

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

I

Those of us who really love literature cannot help having a keen relish for the dictionary. It may tempt us to desultory reading; but it is certain always to reward us if we are properly receptive and if our curiosity is as alert as it should be. We cannot consult it without an immediate increase of information; and we always find it full of "good stories", as the Scotch gardener said, even if they are "unco' short" as he regretfully admitted.

Of late the dictionary has been more or less diverted from its original purpose by ambitious editors; and it has been distended by all sorts of extraneous contributions, literary and graphic—by maps and by plates of flags and of coats of arms, by the inclusion of historical, biographical, and geographic material. A heterogeny of miscellaneous matters attests the competitive enterprise of the publishers of the Century, the Standard, and the International; and no doubt this comprehensive amplitude is justified by its convenience. But the abiding value of the dictionary, its excuse for being, its fount and origin, is still its catalogue of words, its orderly arrangement of the verbal riches of our incomparable language, ever increasing as the inevitable result of the endless energy which is the chief characteristic of the race that has the English language for its mother-tongue. We take down the dictionary sometimes to look up the exact meaning of the very newest words, and sometimes to

ascertain the content of words so old that they are novel to most of us. And when the word we are seeking is important enough to be elucidated by illustrative quotations signed and dated, then we find both profit and pleasure in the swift revelation of its history, of its source, of its transformations, of the modifications of its meaning, and of its differentiation from its synonyms. We are reminded of its precise limitations and even of its occasional misuse due to confusion with a kindred term.

When I happened not long ago to open that noble monument of linguistic research, the Oxford Dictionary, I could not resist the impulse to browse up and down its compact columns, after I had found the information I was in search of; and I chanced upon the word *dictionary*, noting especially three of the illustrative quotations. The first of these was a remark of Archbishop Trench in 1857 to the effect that "a dictionary, according to that idea of it which seems to be alone capable of being logically maintained, is an inventory of the language"; and in this remark we can find the genesis of the Oxford Dictionary itself. The second was a characteristic utterance of Emerson's in one of the essays collected in "Society and Solitude" and published in 1870: "Neither is a dictionary a bad book to read . . . it is full of suggestion—the raw material of possible poems and histories." And the third was taken from a volume of "Lectures on Preaching", delivered by Dr. R. W.

Dale in 1878: "A dictionary is not merely a home for living words; it is a hospital for the sick; it is a cemetery for the dead."

Dr. Dale's sentence calls attention to the fact, often forgotten, that a dictionary must record not only the terms of today familiar to all of us even if we may fail to employ them with precision; it must also serve as an asylum for aged and decayed words no longer strong enough to withstand the fierce competition which is ever visible in the vocabulary and which is a condition precedent to the vigor and vivacity of the language. Our attention is frequently called to the unending expansion of English; and the dictionary-makers vie with one another in capturing every new-fledged word; they point with pride to the thousands of linguistic novelties which they have been swift to include in their latest editions.

But we do not always remember that an inventory of the language must be hospitable also to the dead and dying words, to the decrepit terms pushed out of popular favor by the onrushing throng of sturdy newcomers. Some of these striplings who insist on invading the vocabulary were born in the library or in the laboratory and some of them were generated spontaneously in the shop and in the street; but no matter where they may have been cradled they have the energy and the ambition of youth, and with the unconscious cruelty of the young they shoulder out of the way their elders and betters. They know that they are the shock troops which are essential to progress; and they have no pity for the invalid vocables who cannot even hold the line, no longer fit for service and certain to be superannuated sooner or later.

It is no matter of surprise that the

publishers, as soon as they have got out one of their huge and swollen tomes in which they have vainly endeavored to include all the words of our language, dead and alive, go to work at once to get out a smaller volume to contain only the twenty or thirty thousand words which are indisputably living and which have the longest expectation of life. Many of these robust youngsters have not attained to their majority; but none the less do they thrust themselves forward and crowd aside ancient and honorable terms now too enfeebled to defend themselves in the struggle for existence.

II

The coming in of golf brought into general use a score or more words which were novel to the average Briton and American, even if they may have long been current on the sea-shore links of Scotland. Even those of us who have never been lured into playing the ancient and honorable game have been forced to learn its language. We are all more or less familiar with *foursomes* and with *putting-greens*, with the *brassie* and with the *tee*. But very few of us have ever had any occasion to ascertain the technical meaning of *eyas* or *rufter-hood* or *yarak*; and it is safe to say that scarce one widely-read man in ten thousand could explain what *bewits* are or what are *varvels*. Yet these queer vocables were familiar to all who pretended to good breeding when the noble sport of falconry was still in fashion. The technical terms of hawking numbered at least two or three score; and we must recapture as best we can the meaning of a few of them if we want to apprehend the full purport of certain lines of Shakespeare. The gallants who sat on the stage of the Globe theatre all under-

stood Othello when he cried out,—

If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off.

But this speech is quite incomprehensible to any of the occupants of the orchestra seats of our New York playhouses—unless by chance Rudyard Kipling happened to be one of them. He knows the special vocabulary of falconry, as he knows many another of the myriad special vocabularies which make up the English language. Not only does he understand the technicalities of hawking when he hears them, he can employ them with his customary accuracy. At least so we must believe when we note that he has prefixed to one of the chapters of "Kim" a manufactured quotation from the dialogue of an unnamed and non-existent "Old Play":

Your tiercel's too long at *hack*, Sire. He's no *eyass*
But a *passage-hawk* that footed ere we caught him.
Dangerously free o' the air. Faith! were he mine
(As mine's the glove he binds to for his tirings)
I'd fly him with a *make-hawk*. He's in *yarak*
Plumed to the very point—so manned, so weakened. . . .
Give him the firmament God made him for,
And what shall take the air of him?

Just as one sport succeeds another in popularity, ousting its predecessor from favor and then perhaps after a hundred years or more of universal vogue withdrawing into obscurity as its successor supplants it, so now and again a new science comes into prominence and compels us to acquaint ourselves with its newfangled technicalities, while another science sinking into discredit carries down with it all its own special terms. In the past quarter of a century bacteriology has

proved its indispensability; and we have had to learn the significance of *antiseptic* and *germicide* and to recognize that *culture* has taken on a new meaning in addition to those it had half a century ago. But we have now no occasion to store our memories with any of the strange terms of the pseudo-science of alchemy which was losing its right to be reckoned as a science at least three hundred years ago. These strange terms, withdrawing from our every-day speech, have found refuge in the dictionary, where we have to pursue them if we wish to apprehend the richly realistic dialogue of Ben Jonson's best comedy, "The Alchemist". It is at least doubtful whether all the groundlings who stood in the open yard of the Globe Theatre could have defined all the technical terms that the playwright employed with precision:

Take away the *recipient*,
And *rectify* your *menstrue*, from the *phlegma*.
Then pour it, o'er the *Sol*, in the cucurbite. . .

Can you *sublime* and *dulceste*? *Calcine*?
Know you the *sapor pontick*?

But even if most of the London playgoers of the early seventeenth century could at least guess at the content of these words, it is certain that every one of the New York playgoers of the early twentieth century would confess blank ignorance. Long ago the varied vocabulary of alchemy was dismissed into innocuous desuetude.

Yet it is never safe to assume that all the tenants who slumber in the linguistic graveyard are dead and gone. There are words not a few of which have lain in this verbal necropolis for long years and which were only sleeping, all the while ready to awaken from their trance and to come forth at the call of a poet who needed

their services and who summoned them again to draw the breath of life. Lowell declared that Emerson's "eye for a fine, telling phrase that will carry true is like that of a backwoodsman for a rifle; and he will dredge you up a choice word from the mud of Cotton Mather himself".

Keats went back to Spenser and resuscitated from suspended animation words which Spenser in his turn had revived from Chaucer and not always with understanding. Chaucer, for example, speaks of those who *derring* (daring) *do*; Lydgate misinterpreted this and Spenser misconstrued it, taking these two words for one; and so it came about that Scott and Bulwer Lytton talk about "deeds of *derring-do*". A few years ago E. B. Tylor asserted that English is "in a freely growing state, and capable of adding to itself by almost any process found in any language in the world"—an assertion which covers its capacity to add to itself by making one new word out of two old words, 'joined in their own despite.

III

More than half a century ago, William Cullen Bryant drew up a list of the locutions of which he disapproved—the words, the usages, the phrases that he did not wish to see in the columns of the evening paper he had edited for many years. The American poet had a fine feeling for propriety of speech; and he had also a high regard for the purity of English. His qualifications for expressing linguistic prejudices were obvious; and there were many who were ready to bow to his authority in his own time. His "Index Expurgatorius", as it was called, was borrowed from the "Evening Post" by other newspapers in all parts of the country. It had its day

of vogue and it was frequently invoked by the purists and the pedants who are always with us. Even now, as we approach the end of the second decade of the twentieth century, Bryant's list remains a significant document, although its impressiveness has departed. We can still read this catalogue of a poet's likes and dislikes with profit, even if we have only a diminishing respect for his opinions. We cannot help seeing that not a few of his verbal decisions have been recalled by the universal suffrage which always has the last word in matters of language. Public opinion finds means to express itself and to overrule the judgments of the courts which may have tried to assert an unwarranted jurisdiction over our parts of speech. Fortunately for the vigor and for the diversity of English our energetic tongue is not under the control of scholars and schoolmasters—or even of poets.

Bryant laid his interdict upon *talented* and *reliable*, both of them accepted today as words in good standing, having lived down the stigma of their illegitimate birth. He objected to those malformed verbs *collide* and *donate*, both of them winning their way because they have demonstrated their utility. He insisted that *lenity* and *jeopard* should be preferred to *leniency* and *jeopardize*. Now, there is no doubt that *lenity* and *jeopard* are older and therefore more respectable than those literary upstarts *leniency* and *jeopardize*; and we may even go further and admit that when we had *lenity* and *jeopard* there was no necessity for inventing *leniency* and *jeopardize* and no advantage in it. None the less is it a fact that the two later forms have substituted themselves for the two older and that the two older have now so completely

dropped out of use that to employ them today would almost savor of affectation.

In like manner, and with as little reason, *antiquarian*, which was originally only an adjective, is establishing itself as a noun and is superseding *antiquary*, once the only proper designation for a man interested in antiquities. A century ago when Scott wrote his novel he called it "The Antiquary"; but if he were with us today and still engaged in improvising fiction, he might hesitate whether he ought not to entitle his story "The Antiquarian". A precise speaker once refused to admit that he was an antiquarian, insisting on being termed an antiquary, explaining that he was "a noun and not an adjective". Whoever he was, he must have been a contemporary of Scott's; and his protest, if he had survived to make it now, might seem pernicky, not to call it pedantic. *Antiquary* is on its way to the hospital for incurables, where it can occupy a bed adjoining those reserved for *jeopard* and *lenity*.

In his lectures on "English, Past and Present", Trench declared that the "mysterious sentence of death which strikes words, we oftentimes know not why, others not better, it may be worse, taking their room, will frequently cause in process of time a word to perish from one branch of a common language while it lives on in the other". Here in the United States we have kept alive *fall* as a synonym for *autumn*; and our British cousins on the far side of the Western Ocean have allowed it to die. We have retained and they have dropped *wilt* (to wither and to fade as a flower); an expressive word which it would be a pity to lose. We still call a man who makes up prescriptions a *drug-gist*; and our kin across the sea prefer

now to call him a *chemist*—which he is not. The vocabulary of the King James version of the Bible seems to have influenced the current speech of New England more deeply than it has affected the current speech of old England; and as a result many good old words, *vouchsafe*, for example, and *stalwart*, have not with us Americans the slightly archaic flavor they seem to have with the British.

On the other hand, other good old words, *to blast*, for instance, and *to bloom*, have somehow been degraded in England by misuse in objurgation and as mild substitutes for the bolder verbs of profanity. Perhaps just at this moment an American author would hesitate to use *fierce* in its true meaning; and both American and British men of letters have long had to forego the employment of *awful* and *terrible*, *horrid* and *weird*, all four of them defiled by wide-spread misusage. Evil connotations corrupt good words.

We have retained the acclimatized *gusto* as signifying hearty enjoyment but we have let slip the more completely Anglicized *gust*, as a synonym for "taste". Yet it had a pleasant aroma of its own two centuries ago, when one of Cotton Mather's contemporaries declared that "in his style the author of the 'Magnalia' was something singular and not so agreeable to the Gust of the Age".

IV

But dead and buried as *gust* may be, there is always a possibility that a master of language may call it back from the tomb and breathe the breath of life into it again. Trench in his little book marshaled a formidable army of resuscitated words which were once given up for dead on the field of battle. Two centuries ago edi-

tors of Chaucer and compilers of dictionaries dismissed as having departed this life vocables as vivacious today as *anthem*, *deluge*, *problem*, *illusion*, *sphere*, *phantom*, *plumage*, and *shapely*. And Trench drew the conclusion that the meaning of Chaucer was more readily apprehended in the nineteenth century than it had been in the seventeenth, owing to the multitude of words which had been rescued from the morgue.

Trench himself did not always approve of these verbal revivals, finding some of them ill-advised. "Possessing *manual*", he wrote, "we need not have called *handbook* back from an oblivion of nine hundred years"—a curious opinion, since the native *handbook* is a more truly vernacular word than the imported *manual*. Nor was Trench always inspired in his prophecies as to the future viability of words. He originally delivered his lectures in 1855 and he thought that *to burgeon* and *to sag* were then in a moribund condition and that *dullard* and *mother-naked* were in a state of decline and likely soon to be borne away in the plumed hearse of the verbal undertaker.

Among our kin across the sea *rooster* and *shoat* (a little pig) have so completely faded from memory that our British cousins often denounce them as abhorrent Americanisms. The British have also allowed *chore* to go out of use, retaining it only in the modified compound *charwoman*; and both in Great Britain and in the United States we have been willing to let two synonyms for *shirt* drop out of the vocabulary—*smock* and *shift*. Yet *smock* still survives in the compound name *smock-frock* and *shift* still survives in the adjective *shiftless*, denoting a fellow so ineffectual that he "hasn't a shirt to his back".

It would lead me too far afield if I were to attempt to discuss the many words which are not actually dead or even dying, but which have lost their honor and which live on after their fame has been stained by degradation and disgrace. Once upon a time *libel* was only "a little book" and carried with it no connotation of personal insult; and it may be noted as curious that in French a corresponding opprobrium has been visited upon *pamphlet*, which is still only a little book in English, whereas in French it now indicates a libel. The verb *to garble* has also descended in the scale; as Trench pointed out it originally meant only "to sift", to select for the purpose of getting at the best, whereas now it implies a selection for the purpose of getting at the worst.

In Ben Jonson's time *to censure* carried with it no suggestion of disparagement. It meant only to estimate and to judge—to express an opinion either favorable or unfavorable as the case might be. Although Bacon (in 1625) seemed to use the word with an anticipation of its present meaning "to find fault", declaring that he "would not *censure* or speak ill of a man", Benjamin Franklin, writing almost exactly a century later (in 1729), employed it in its older sense, expressing the hope that he might be "censured with candor". A similar fate is impending for the corresponding verb *to criticize*. In the vocabulary of literature this still indicates an unbiased exercise of the judgment; but in our every-day speech it has come to imply "fault-finding". On the other hand, *to appreciate*, which has hitherto been used to mean the making of an unprejudiced estimate, is now used to imply the expression of a favorable opinion. Perhaps these modifications of mean-

ing in *censure*, *criticize*, and *appreciate* are all of them evidences that we find it difficult to be just and dispassionate and that we tend unconsciously to be either gentler or harsher than we ought to be.

sionate and that we tend unconsciously to be either gentler or harsher than we ought to be.

FRENCH LITERATURE OF TODAY

BY MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES

I

France is still in the throes of war, and it may be doubted if the three generations affected by the great conflict will ever allow themselves to forget it. With a certain anxiety and unease one asks one's self whether the literary art which, above all other arts, means the most to a civilized nation, is in France to be so far affected by the terrible events of the last four years as henceforth to tint every picture, and to throw a veil, however gossamer, over each creative study of life. Since the armistice no French publisher has made the slightest attempt to stop the flow of war books; the kind of pressure which is being exercised in London over novelists and even essayists is quite absent in Paris.

Every war that eats into the soul of a nation, as did, into that of France, the great Napoleonic epic and the brief but none the less terrible humiliation of 1870-71, alters and violently disturbs the imaginative focus of each artist belonging to that nation. For a while, it might almost be said for as long as thirty years, Napoleon killed both literary romance and historic research. Not a single great novel was written during the Napoleonic era, and what history was written, was written to his order. But with the coming of what then seemed eternal peace, there sprang into life that marvelous group of ro-

mantics which hailed Victor Hugo as king, and that no less remarkable if less efflorescent school which owed its initial existence to Henri Beyle (Stendhal), and of which the greatest of all still remains Honoré de Balzac.

Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie meant to be kind, and were certainly generous to letters. The empress was an eager and intelligent reader, but the whole trend of her court was toward a kind of delicate and brilliant frivolity and wit which only found an inspired composer in Offenbach, and an uninspired recorder in Octave Feuillet. As to really serious work, and the achievement of writers who looked to posterity for their reward, every student of French literature will remember the determined efforts that were made to suppress "*Madame Bovary*".

The events of *l'année terrible* swept away as with a great besom the charming, insincere frivolities and brilliancies which had centered in the court of the Tuileries. For one thing, the censorship of books was abolished. Every imaginative writer was allowed to say exactly what he liked and, what is perhaps more to the point, as he liked to say it. Zola, whom we now think of as old-fashioned, became the god of his literary generation, and that not only in France. The cruel, biting gifts of Guy de Maupassant were allowed full play. In compari-

son with these two writers Alphonse Daudet—with his clear-cut, pitiless studies of a life which was realized to be much more that led by ordinary people than that described by either Zola or Maupassant—made a strong appeal to the French bourgeoisie. In some ways Daudet was the real realist of his day, and the reader who now wants to know what sort of men and women composed the court of Napoleon III should read “Le Nabab” and “Les Rois en Exil”. Daudet had no need to invent. He had but to remember. As a young man he had been private secretary to the Duc de Morny, half-brother and only close friend of Napoleon III. The novelist was much blamed for describing his late employer under the thin disguise of “Duc de Mora”; but in the novel which treats of that strange being are pages as valuable and important to the future historian as are any of the chapters in Saint-Simon’s memoirs.

II

The dawn of the twentieth century seemed to bring to the French writers, if not to the whole of the French nation, a great change with regard to Germany—what the French call an *apaisement*. Modern German literature, German music, and modern German philosophy proved extraordinarily attractive to a certain type of French mind. The standard-bearer of those who were sometimes very bitterly called by their critics “the Franco-Germans” was of course Romain Rolland. His “Jean-Christophe” did not evoke in France the enthusiastic admiration with which it was greeted by English and American critics; but, even so, it certainly had a great effect on both French readers and French writers. For one thing, it was what the human mind always

longs for—something really new, both as regards form and execution; and each successive volume of the famous series was hailed with a chorus of pleasure and of appreciation. One asks one’s self *now* whether Romain Rolland is to be one of the writers whom the war will have morally killed. Most French people would answer indignantly in the affirmative, for, when the war broke out, the author of “Jean-Christophe” refused to “take sides”. Retiring to Switzerland, he from there issued the book which, translated under the title of “Above the Battle”, has been used as a textbook by British pacifists. If I may venture on a prophecy, Romain Rolland will probably keep his foreign public, but he has lost forever the moral esteem of his own countrymen and countrywomen. Tried by the ordeal of fire, he has been found by them, at all events, lamentably wanting.

Anatole France is now in a very real sense the grand old man of French literature, and one of the most moving and fine things connected with L’Union Sacrée was the way in which Royalists and Clericals made up their long-standing quarrel with that great writer. On his side there has never been a line, in any of his war writings, which could offend the most narrow-minded and scrupulous *dévo*t. I hear that a great effort is being made to persuade Anatole France to write the same kind of novel about wartime Paris that he did about the French Revolution. For many reasons I consider it extremely unlikely that he will consent to make the attempt. It is the past that has always attracted him, and now, at the age of seventy-five, after having deliberately set aside for five years all the work in which his soul delights, he is far

more likely to return to his first love, mediæval France.

III

One may say with certainty that the drama will be the first French art connected with literature to throw off the influence and shadow of war. At the present moment the Paris theatres are enjoying an extraordinary prosperity. They are making no effort to discover new talent; they are quite content to bring out the old popular plays written ten, twenty, even forty years ago. But this state of things, so unfortunate for contemporary dramatic art, will very soon right itself. The theatre has proved that there is a section of the French public eager and willing to forget the war. Even if that were not so, the drama, far more than is the case with ordinary literature, cannot harp always on one string, even if that string plays on the agonies and the triumphs of a successful war. On the other hand, the many curious conditions which are bound to be the outcome of so vast and complicated a human upheaval as that which has just taken place will naturally give dramatists and novelists plenty of material.

France has always been the home of keen, eager, and highly intelligent criticism. Already the leading critics are asking themselves how far those novelists and dramatists who were admired and popular before 1914 will reconquer their old place in public estimation. Will it come to pass, as it most certainly did after the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71, that a new band of writers, armed with new methods and new enthusiasms, will arise and take their place?

There is now being published an infinitely pathetic anthology entitled "Ecrivains Français Morts pour la

Patrie". In each case a short account of what the soldier-author wrote, and how he met his glorious death, precedes an extract from his published work. Already four sections of the anthology have been published, and it is nowhere near an end. As one reads one feels that these young men were not only the promise but in some cases the performance of literary France, and that it will be years before their children and their brothers will be old enough to take their place.

One thing is quite clear. The French imaginative writer is an instinctive realist—and that, whatever he imagines himself to be. That is the reason why we always see reflected in the French literature of the moment not only what is happening in France, but what is going to happen. To give but one instance: decades elapsed before the British novelist or playwright brought the effects of the divorce law into his novels and plays. But the moment France secured her divorce law, and that though the nation had no particular use for it at the time, the infinite romantic possibilities connected with divorce were instantly grasped by the creative artist. Sardou, as always first in the field, produced his brilliant satiric comedy "Divorçons". Even good old Octave Feuillet (whose stories, by the way, give an extraordinarily vivid picture of the society which surrounded the Empress Eugénie) wrote "Le Divorce de Juillet". Yet some fifteen years were to go by before legal separation and remarriage became at all usual in France.

During the twenty years which preceded the war the extraordinary increase which took place in the number of divorces alarmed all French thinkers, moralists, and statesmen, and more than one noted writer tried his

hand at what is an unfamiliar medium in French literature, the problem novel. Such a study of civilized life in relation to divorce was Daudet's painful story, "Rose et Ninette", written with the avowed object of showing how disastrous an effect on the children is the divorce of their parents. After an interval of some years Daudet's elder son, who had married and divorced the granddaughter of Victor Hugo, wrote a novel on much the same theme, which he dedicated "To my dear Wife", the lady in question being of course Jeanne Hugo's successor.

Whether the present easy-divorce law is to be modified will certainly be the first important social question to agitate what may be called French peace opinion and peace thought, and books dealing with the subject are already being eagerly prepared, both by those whom the French call serious writers, and by the novelists. It is a curious fact that many of the older French statesmen and moralists who, forty years ago, worked hardest to secure the passing of the law, have now become its most violent opponents. This change is not only owing to the fact that easy divorce destroys what has always been in France the sacred ark of the covenant, namely, the family, but because it is believed greatly to affect the population question. In order to safeguard the interests of the family, the French divorce law was so drawn up as to make it very much more difficult for the parents of children to obtain legal relief than for the childless to do so. The French being a logical people, there was the inevitable consequence; and just now the one thought and object of those who are governing France is to replace the human losses caused by war.

I hear that M. Bourget is at work on a novel which will not be in any special sense a war novel. He is one of the writers who is sure to keep his pre-war position, for no man has a quicker and more instinctive knowledge of what his public desires, and that though there are many fastidious readers who regret his early and typically French studies of human life. Yet another reason which will contribute to Bourget's after-war success is the fact that he has become naturally "reactionary", and that thus he will honestly and instinctively reflect an important section of the new France.

IV

Even during the war there was a huge public eager to read a novel which described the happy, frivolous France which seems for the moment to have passed away. A daring experiment of the kind was Paul Margueritte's "Jouir", which has already sold 40,000 copies, and that though it was published in two volumes, an extraordinary departure for any French publisher to make. The brothers Margueritte are the sons of a famous French general killed at Sedan in 1870. At one time it looked as if they were going to devote the whole of their literary life to writing round the Franco-Prussian War. From the beginning Paul was the more powerful and the more vigorous of the two, and "Jouir" gives a picture, which has been described as Zolaesque, of life as led just before the war by the French idle rich at Nice on the French Riviera.

To the same public, perhaps to a rather choicer public, will appeal the collected works of Octave Mirbeau. Mirbeau was a realist, but there were also in his nature alternate streaks of poetry, of sensual violence, and of

a kind of savage cynicism which set him apart from the school to which he was supposed to belong. Never really successful, and therefore never commanding really high prices, he wrote each year dozens of short-stories which were published in such Paris daily papers as the "Gil Blas", the "Echo de Paris", and the "Journal". It is the best of these stories which are being collected and published. Excellent as are some of these, one asks one's self dubiously whether poor Mirbeau would have been glad or sorry to see them in volume form. Maupassant, who at one time in his early career as a writer also poured out dozens of short-stories in order to make ready money from week to week and from month to month, left formal injunctions that only his own selection should appear in permanent form. But as he grew more and more famous after his death, his injunctions were disregarded.

A type of war book for which one may prophesy a very long life is that which appeals to the eternal child hidden away in every reader. A story of real adventure, of exciting and breathless escapes, always has a public waiting for it. The head of the French Secret Service is going to write an account, not of how the spy service was organized but of how it was carried out, and this book is sure of immense popularity.

M. Leroux, the author of "The Mystery of the Yellow Room", in his new thriller takes his celebrated hero, "Rouletabille", to Krupp's. The tale was written at a time when there was no thought of an armistice, and it will be curious to see whether its sales will be affected in an adverse sense by the fact that this is a war story, or whether they will be increased. For the moment there is a dearth of sen-

sational fiction. The French novels now being published are of a sentimental type, and they are by writers whose names are for the most part still quite unknown.

V

One cannot but admire the enterprise which presents the French reader with a complete edition of the translated works of George Meredith. Ten translators are engaged on this most difficult labor, and perhaps the palm should be given to M. Bousinesq, who has achieved a real *tour de force* in his "Shagpat Rasé".

George Meredith loved France with all his heart, and that over the long years when France and England had become alienated, and when the intellectual leaders of the British Empire were fascinated by both German philosophy and by Teuton virility and power. As is well known, Meredith foresaw the great conflict which has just drawn to a close, and never doubted that right would conquer might. In his little house, under the shadow of Box Hill, Surrey, he kept in the closest touch with all that was best and newest in the French literary world. His fine face would light up when talking over the latest French book of verse or romance, and he presented the writer of these lines, because of her French blood, with what he confessed to be his own favorite among his books, "Beauchamp's Career", in which he had crystallized both his love of his friend, the late Admiral Maxse, and his love of France. It is therefore fitting that now, at this great crisis of French history, his works should be introduced, and that under the best auspices, to the French people.

One may foretell a good sale for the quaintly named "La Cuisine des

Alliés"; and the two ladies, Grace Clergue Harrison and Gertrude Clergue, who have compiled the volume, may be congratulated on having persuaded M. Hanotaux, statesman and historian, to write a preface. The dishes include typical American, English (Scotch, Canadian, Indian), Belgian (Flemish), French, Italian, Japanese, Polish, Russian, and Serbian dainties. It may, however, be hinted that the *cordon bleu*, whatever be her nationality, will sigh when reading over some of these recipes, for they naturally do not take much heed of the present world food shortage.

Another work which has for its object that of familiarizing the French with their allies has the touching title "Ce que les Etats-Unis nous Apportent". Though only out a very short time, it is already having a very large sale. Some idea of its contents may be gathered from its subtitle, which informs the reader that America brought France food, ships, gold, soldiers, and last, not least, other allies!

VI

More perhaps now than when the war was actually in being, I am often asked to name what I consider were the best books written in French about the war. It is difficult to make a choice, for the level has been extremely high. Partly because the French publishers have had to face, almost from the day war broke out, a position of extreme difficulty, not only as regards paper but with respect to their personnel, they have been chary of bringing out second-rate books. It may also be incidentally stated that the censorship was very strict. No book dealing with the war which was then in being could be published without being submitted to a very strict military judge and some

of the most notable war diaries and records have tantalizing blank spaces, which perhaps in subsequent post-war editions will be filled with startling printed matter.

To my thinking the two best French novels about the war are by writers as different as two writers can well be. In "La Veillée des Armes" Marcelle Tinayre has etched for all time a wonderful picture of how the first days of August, 1914, affected the average Parisian of every class. It is only a simple little story, and yet it may be said with certainty that it will remain as integrally a part of French imaginative literature as Thackeray's account of the eve of Waterloo in "Vanity Fair" is in English literature.

The other war novel which deserves to live is of a very different type. "Les Heures de Guerre de la Famille Valadier" is by Abel Hermant. This remarkable writer before the war devoted his brilliant gifts to drawing the most cynical pictures of human nature ever imagined by a creative brain since Juvenal wrote his Satires. There is in every country, and especially in every capital, a section of society which revels in the possession of vast wealth without any of the duties which are generally attached to such possessions. It was this section of society which Abel Hermant described in what seemed to be a spirit of pure detachment. For over a year after the outbreak of war Hermant published nothing; but in the autumn of 1915 there came a moving and, in parts, delightfully amusing story in which a Parisian of the clubman type describes the war adventures and difficulties, endured for the most part with gay, heroic courage, of a Parisian theatrical family. The story is not fitted for the schoolroom, for of course Abel Hermant remains himself; but

those familiar with "Les Petites Cardinal" will understand when I say that the war experiences of the Valadier family recall as no other book has ever done that satirical classic.

"Gaspard" had an immense vogue among the allies of France, but French soldiers on the whole resent the book—just as do so many English soldiers the Tommy drawn by Kipling. Frenchmen all tell you, with some irritation, that "Gaspard" is absurdly unlike the average poilu, and would be regarded as a freak in any regiment. The same divergence of opinion between the foreign reader and the French critic exists with regard to another book which has been immensely popular outside France, that is, "Le Feu" by Barbusse. "Le Feu" has irritated most Frenchmen to madness. Many go so far as to describe it as an unpatriotic book. A war book of which every French soldier approved, and yet which did not give in any sense an idealized picture of war, is called "Journal d'un Simple Soldat". The author has humor and tenderness, as well as philosophical insight. Almost alone of those French writers who have written of their war experiences, he was

intimately acquainted with Germany, aye, and even fond of Germany, before the war.

A small book which I believe will live long after much of the war literature of our time is forgotten or only consulted by the historian, is entitled "Une Ville Envahie". There is nothing to show what town in the occupied districts of France was described by the anonymous writer, but he gives a wonderful though very restrained and quietly drawn picture of the sufferings endured by those who lived for four and a half years under the German domination. Yet another book which was written by a soldier who was a writer in the days of peace is the fine "Sous Verdun". The reader will be disappointed who seeks in this book an account of the epic struggle with which the name of Verdun will be forever associated; it deals with events which took place in 1914, and describes the early victorious fighting about which at the time no one heard authentic details, and yet which played so great a part in the victory of the Marne. Soldiers will tell you that "Sous Verdun" contains the best account of the Frenchman as fighter that has yet been written.

SARRÁN

BY SAMUEL McCOY

Sarrán, the music master,
Has gone beyond the sea;
His journeyings are vaster
Than guessed by you or me. . .
We knew his heart was broken,
Though *why* we did not know—
Sarrán, what word was spoken,
That made you smile and go?

Beyond the wine-dark mountains,
Beyond the violet sea,
Beyond the silver fountains
Of purple Castaly,
Beyond the reach of vision,
(O matchless melody!)
He hears the harps Elysian
Of a lost eternity!

On earth he might not listen,
On earth he might hear not;
On earth no tears might glisten
Within his eyelids hot;
On earth he knew no fountains
(Nor ever might he know),
But past the wine-dark mountains
The singing waters flow.

Redeem his ancient honor,
Redeem it with a song;
Redeem it, you who won her
And left him only wrong;
Redeem it, dole thus flinging,
(He will not thank you now),
He hears alone *her* singing. . .
(Her soul alone knows how).

Beyond the sunrise mountains,
Beyond the sun-swept sea,
Beyond the deathless fountains
Of laughing Castaly,
Beyond the reach of vision,
(O matchless melody!)
He hears the harps Elysian
Of a lost eternity.

THE LONDONER

LONDON.

I am expecting in the near future a terrific row between the novel-publishers and the subscription libraries about the price of novels, and the fun ought to be furious enough to be amusing to American readers. But American readers can have no idea of the tyranny exercised in England by the subscription libraries, nor of the circumstances that give rise to it. They should be put in possession of the facts. First of all, then, it must be made clear that the direct sale of novels through the booksellers forms in England only a small part of the total sale which a novelist may expect. Possibly there are not a dozen novelists whose books are *bought* by the novel-reading public. Novels are still so despised as a form of literary recreation that one does not buy them. One borrows them from one of four large subscription libraries. And one then goes about saying that the particular library to which one subscribes is the worst in the world. It is impossible, one says, to get so-and-so's book. The libraries themselves beg subscribers to furnish a list of alternatives to the titles most desired. The unfortunate member then finds himself supplied with, at best, a tenth choice. At most, he gets something he does not want, and waits for many weeks for the books he passionately needs. Novelists constantly receive complaints from would-be readers that their books are unprocurable. Publishers constantly receive complaints from the novelists themselves. They are helpless.

Why is this? Incredible as it may

seem, it is the fact that none of the circulating libraries is run at a genuine profit. Each of them is hampered by a competitor subscription figure that is too low. All are thereby forced to "starve" new books. One stands more chance of getting a new Wells or Bennett or Dell or Kipling than of getting a book by a less well-known writer, because it is the habit of the libraries, in buying copies of a new book, to calculate the chances of selling these copies (after a lapse of time) second-hand, to minor libraries, to public libraries, and so on. Many public libraries, for example, never buy a novel new. They buy it second-hand at a reduced price, six months after publication. Accordingly, the subscription libraries, arguing that their loan departments do not show a profit, go blindly for the works of novelists of whose second-hand sale they are sure, and proceed desperately to check enthusiasm for authors relatively untried. You will say, why not raise the subscriptions? That, of course, is the only way out of the difficulty, and it is bound to come. But not one of the libraries has the courage to take this step, and they cannot combine, because one of their number is run as a side-show, an advertisement, by an enterprising firm. It is said to be unnecessary for this particular library to show a profit on its working. And as long as this remains so, the other three are afraid that they will drive parsimonious subscribers into the enemy camp and ruin their own membership. Subscriptions therefore remain low, and the service un-

satisfactory. Yet such is the meanness of the average novel-reader that while he desires the newest books, he will not buy them. He puts up with the books he does not want. When the books he really has asked for are at length available, he no longer wants them. They are old. He must have something hot and wet from the press, and he would rather grumble than pay a higher rate. He pays as little as two guineas a year for the privilege of borrowing *four* new books at any one time. He ought to pay at least twice as much.

The situation recently has been comically complicated by a new difficulty. Expenses have gone up all round, and the cost of producing books has leaped from week to week. Stationers, printer, binders—all have demanded huge advances in price. The booksellers have demanded better terms. The publishers of England, probably the dullest and most jealous body of people in the two hemispheres, have fluttered, and frizzled, and compromised; but although there is an assembly called the Publishers' Association, it is a foggy institution and does nothing to create unity. The members will not ratify its decisions. All the publishers are at sixes and sevens. In the effort to make a change without changing anything at all, they "camouflaged" (as the much over-worked term has it). They departed from the rule of publishing novels at six shillings (subject to twenty-five per cent cash discount, and therefore sold to the public at four and sixpence net), and made the selling price five shillings net, charging the booksellers and libraries at the old price. The libraries made nothing by the change, the booksellers an additional sixpence, and the publishers had still to face the new manufacturing prices. They tried

to take it out of the authors. Somehow the authors, although persuasively appealed to, had a strong sense that their own bills were mounting and that any concession would reduce income. "Very well, then", said some of the publishers, "we must publish novels at six shillings net." "If you do that", said the booksellers, "we shall boycott those novels." The libraries concurred.

The publishers were so frenzied at this that they took the step. Orders were reduced. The boycott was attempted. It broke down, but the publishers had to give better terms to the trade. Now, as the result of all the fuss, novels are being published at five shillings, six shillings, six and sixpence, six and ninepence, seven shillings, seven and sixpence, eight shillings, and nine shillings—irrespective, in all but one or two instances, of merit or extensiveness. Those are the seeds of the rumpus. The booksellers do not mind. On the higher price they make more profit. But the libraries have to pay more for their books, *and their subscriptions remain unchanged*. The situation has real possibilities.

The novels published at the highest prices have been Wells's "Joan and Peter" (nine shillings), and the reprints of Stephen McKenna's "Sonia" and Compton Mackenzie's "Sylvia Scarlett" (both eight shillings each). In all these three cases there has been a considerable direct sale to the public. One West End bookseller alone has sold 750 copies of "Sylvia Scarlett", which in this country is a notable feat. It is on the books at seven shillings and seven and sixpence that the libraries have been meeting trouble half-way. Those are the books which are suffering most from "starvation".

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One remarkable fact that comes to

my notice is that, of all recent novels, the one most widely read in officers' messes in France is McKenna's "Sonia". Wherever one went the book was in evidence. All the nurses read it. One nurse was heard (by a friend of mine) to say, "And if I hadn't anything else to read, I just read 'Sonia' all over again". It is a curious thing, because the book is a rather second-rate intellectual novel. Its only claim on popular attention is that it is "about the war". And yet many English publishers long ago adopted as a maxim, "No war novels wanted". War books in general have now slumped badly. "Sonia" continues to sell. A significant fact.

* * * *

Another noticeable slump has been in poetry. At the beginning of the war, when sentimental wiseacres were trying to prove that the world had changed, and that the literature which made them uncomfortable was finally scotched by the war-spirit, poetry had a great vogue. Everybody wrote poetry. It was the fashion to buy it, to quote it, to write about it as expressing the true spirit of the younger generation. And now? Everybody is still writing poetry, but it is no longer the fashion. The poets still hurry each evening to the Café Royal; but only the most notable of them have any following. I could give several instances of magically dwindled sales, of disappearances from the newspapers, of the decline, decay, death, of this short-lived poetical rebirth. One young poet, a friend of mine, has wisely turned to lyric-writing for our music-hall stars. She has a gift. She is prospering. Not all the poets have such adaptability, or such breadth of inspiration. Their lot is extremely hard, and will be harder yet.

* * * *

By the way, I notice that two anonymous English books are being published in the United States. The first of these, "The Burning Spear", is by a very distinguished writer indeed. It is a satiric picture of the war, and of an amiable sort of modern Don Quixote who became intoxicated by the heroic leading articles of such foaming journalists as J. L. Garvin. The interest of the book lies in the sharp encounters of this idealist with the realities of a more normal attitude to life and the war. It is a very whimsical book indeed, and it will be amusing to see how quickly the authorship is guessed. One fact ought to give away the secret; but I am not going at this moment to give the fact away. It will be time enough to do that when everything is known. The other book is a slighter affair, although I have already seen a page about the book (containing three reviews of it) in a Chicago newspaper. It is a little indictment of a sex, and it is called "Women". In one of these reviews the book was attributed to Arnold Bennett. I can authoritatively state that Arnold Bennett is not the author.

* * * *

Bennett has just finished a new play, which I have read in type-script, but which I must not describe. It is an extraordinary performance. For those who regard Bennett as a mere master of detail, his forthcoming dramatic experiments will be something of a shock. They are nothing if they are not romantic in theme and treatment. Or rather, they are essentially romantic in conception. The truth is that Bennett is determined to break away from the present theatrical convention. The English theatre has been for so long a mess of sentiment and photography and fudge, that it has no

life. The plays now running in London provide a lamentable exhibition of imbecility. They are vulgar, empty, and old-fashioned, full of worn stunts and sexual heroics for subalterns; and Bennett has not only realized this but has determined to throw his power into an effort to revive the drama. As he is one of the most astounding men in the country, and as he has more sense of cosmopolitan literature and art than any of his contemporaries, he may succeed in his aim. He deserves to succeed.

The general impression of Bennett is that he is a shrewd man of business; and that his association with art is accidental. Those who dislike his work, and those who have been repelled by his abrupt manner, join in suggesting that he makes, at any rate, a business of art. This is not true. He likes to pose as a shrewd man of business, and of course he is shrewd; but his very shrewdness is a *naïveté*, and the essential character of the man is one of quite exceptional kindness and generosity. His attitude to art is one of the most sincere devotion. He is even an artist in his attitude to life. He is the most open-minded man I have ever met, and the most modest. He is one (of the few men) who enjoys his own personality. It amuses him intensely, realistically. He is not a cynic, not an ironist; he is a realist.

He is always anxious to hear the views of others, and many people divine his profound sympathy, with the result that he is sometimes rather bored by overeager, overvoluble egotists. But he is also colossally merciless. He has been known to silence an aggressive and babbling woman with the remark, "You don't know what you're talking about" . . . a retort very candid and very true,

but also discomfiting. On the other hand, when some rather mediocre person has been stammering through a statement of genuine belief which was altogether impossible as a theory of life, I have heard him say, "Well, Mr. Blank, with all respect to your opinion . . . I don't agree with you". I will not go so far as to say that even this retort is palatable, but it is characteristic of his steadfast refusal to risk misunderstanding. J. M. Barrie once wrote a story in which a moral coward, asked how his brother Henry was, had not the courage to say that he had no brother, and was accordingly saddled for life with a mythical relative, as to whose life and fortunes he was forced to invent particulars. Bennett is not a moral coward, and will have nothing to do with brother Henrys. He rarely imposes his own views argumentatively; but he has enormous and devastating moral power, as I shall show. During a time of acute petrol shortage two ladies, intimately known to him, planned a motor tour. They regaled him with an account of their hypothetical tour, which involved the use of his own car. He listened calmly. At the end of the recital, still perfectly calm, still with unblemished geniality, Bennett said, "And you're going on this tour?" "Yes", they chorused. "I'm surprised", said Bennett. That was all. They did not go. Now the point of the story is that the whole scene was humorous, and was appreciated by the ladies as humorous. Nevertheless, they did not go. He did not morally disapprove; he did not argue; yet the effect of the remark was as great as was the effect of Denny Machin's momentary use, in retort, of the name "Rothschild". Denny had his engagement-ring returned, and naïvely remarked to himself: "I only said

Rothschild. Can't a man say Rothschild?"

* * * *

In great contrast to Bennett is John Galsworthy, who is now visiting the United States. I wonder what Americans will make of Galsworthy. He is very typically English, scrupulously polite, well-bred, and pleasant in manner. Yet he strikes one as cold, even in his sympathy. He is very objectively observant. One meets his steady eyes and feels that no feature is overlooked, no possible unconscious revelation of character ignored. His expression is one of sympathetic scrutiny, as of judgment reserved but incessantly at work. With Bennett one never feels that one is deliberately observed. Occasionally there is perhaps one very swift glance. He observes otherwise than with his eyes and his deductive processes. The method is part of his general sensitiveness to phenomena. Galsworthy seems to be focusing you, quietly and surely measuring and weighing. Wells, to complete the trio, twinkles at you, his large eyes mischievously sly. You feel that his extraordinarily rapid wit is making wicked little dashes into caricature, that you are pierced and riddled by his merciless comic sense. Galsworthy's scrutiny is serious. He is intensely serious, but I should say never frigid. He resembles his books very closely. They are temperate, well-bred, delicate, sympathetic, and full of beautiful cameos. But they are cold. There is no mischief in them. Galsworthy wouldn't hurt a fly. Again, I wonder how he will strike Americans.

* * * *

It is not often that an American novel has a real instantaneous literary success in England. Possibly we are slow to learn: our interest in the work

of other nations, although not ungenerous, is indolent. But Joseph Hergesheimer's book, "The Three Black Pennys", which Galsworthy singled out last year for high praise in a New York paper's symposium, has attracted the pundits. It is being very cleverly advertised, and it is good stuff. I should say that Hergesheimer is pretty sure of a wide public here—not as wide, as universal, as the public of Gene Stratton-Porter, of course; but the genuine thing, none the less. We take a fair amount of interest in such novelists as Edith Wharton, and Howells is known to a few. Quite a lot of people have heard of Frank Norris, and have read O. Henry. But it would be untrue to say that American literature has much of a vogue here; and if Hergesheimer makes good it will be a distinct feather in his cap. More power to him. It would be hard indeed if such quality were to be denied recognition.

The truth is, Hergesheimer may be as distinctively American as you like, but all the same he writes in a way that many English readers will suppose to be distinctively English. In England we generally expect an American novel to be very sentimental, and very sententiously aphoristic. We expect it to be untrue to our own experience of life. (The same might be said of our own popular novels, which fill a demand). Nothing on earth, not even the genuine novels of all the good American writers ever born and enjoyed over here, will cure us of that expectation—unless somebody like Hergesheimer gets properly started with those who sway English literary opinion. His success might mean a great deal to the relations of the two countries. If there comes a time when his English public is half as large as his American public, he will have

helped the intellectual *entente* to which some of us are looking. It is all very well for you to read our novelists, good and bad; you must also send us novelists who show a life we can understand. Not "big" books, not symbolist stuff about mammon and self, not invertebrate tales about girls or old women or old men who never open their lips without an Emersonian gem of shrewdness and humor rolling out. . . . We read these, and the

sentimental among us love them; but they cut no ice. We want stuff we can live ourselves into. Simple stuff that moves us, that seems to be about men and women who have common ground with us in the matter of feeling and impulsive conduct. Hergesheimer's book may have success because it is a simplified work of art, and because in each one of its three parts it is strictly and beautifully realistic.

SIMON PURE.

A SONG FOR A MAN

BY S. M. M.

You, man, have a home and a wife and a child; what song do you sing?
I have a mate on her nest with a little blue egg under each gray wing,
And for joy of this thing

I sing,

Sing to my brooding bird-wife of the skies above her,

Sing of the birdlings now soon to awake neath the soft breast of her,

Sing at the dawn, at the dusk, that I love her, I love her!

A bird on a nest with a little blue egg under each gray wing

Is a simple thing;

For the heart of a woman, the soul of a child, O man, what rapturous song
do you sing?

CASUAL REFLECTIONS ON A FEW OF THE YOUNGER ENGLISH NOVELISTS

BY AMY LOWELL

When I was a girl I used to read, in Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë", of the large boxes of books sent her by the publisher William Smith Williams, and of her comments upon them. Such a pleasant custom seemed, however, to belong to the leisurely days of fifty years ago, and if I had pondered the matter at all, I should have found it as quaint, and agreeable, and bygone, as Chelsea tea-pots or frilled and layered valentines. It was during the dull days of convalescence after an operation that I learnt that chivalrous consideration may still be a part of the equipment of publishers, even of young and rousing up-to-date publishers.

One morning, one of those torpid mornings which only people on the delaying high road of recovery are doomed to experience, there arrived a large box of books. Books which were "not for review", so ran the sympathetic inscription. Books just to read, sent from a publisher to a writer! The idea had a pungency; the books must be read.

Now I have an inconvenient reading soul; it picks and chooses to suit itself, with no regard to my mental requirements and still less to the sensibilities of kind donors. Many a time has this reading soul of mine put me to immense embarrassment by refusing to have anything to do with some volume that I ought to read, that, perchance, is a gift from the author and I *must* read, but which it simply and hopelessly ignores. "All

in good time", says my soul, and perhaps in six months I find myself devouring the book with gusto. Perhaps, and perhaps not. Some books never get read, I admit it to my shame, but really that is no fault of mine, I am simply at the mercy of this singularly obstinate other fellow.

But the circumstances of my "not for review" package were intriguing. Although not without misgivings, I cut the string, and fell over head and ears into the society of a group of the younger English novelists. It is of no use for the instructed reader to sniff that I should have read them before; of course I should. But the fact remains that for the most part I had not. Ah, but if I am procrastinating, I am also insatiable. That first package was followed by another, and afterwards I pursued my quarry alone. The following weeks remain in my mind as a blur of young writing England. I forget how I got well. I think I left my room and once more entered the world of men when I had put down the last volume. I certainly owe a debt of gratitude to Messrs. Gilbert Cannan, John D. Beresford, Compton Mackenzie, Frank Swinnerton, Stephen McKenna, and last, but by no means to me least, Dorothy Richardson.

A year or so ago, Mrs. Katherine Fullerton Gerould wrote a paper on some of the English novelists, in which she said (I quote from hearsay, not having read her article) that they were all alike and very dull. I agree

that they are alike, so alike that that alone is matter of comment, but dull, no; to me they are anything but dull, since I finished their books and very few modern novels hold my attention long enough for that.

I suppose that it is their reverence for truth, that strange awe of fact which we have learnt from the Russians, not entirely to our advantage, which keeps these young writers so steadily to one theme. They dress it up and set it about on the canvas of their experience, but it is the same old subject after all, dearest of all human subjects, the inexhaustible theme of self. In how large a proportion of the novels is the hero a young writer striving to make a place in literature, combating London lodging-houses, breaking through the snares of pretty ladies, subsisting upon an inconsiderable number of shillings per week, and tending his soul as though it were a hothouse flower! The period clashes past him like the 'busses beneath his window; contiguous persons, as typical as he is himself, impinge upon his progress; social evolutions, like so many squares of Alice's looking-glass chequer-board, contain him and pass him on with whatever effect may be. There are no plots in these splendid young novels, there are only men; but I, being also a modern, greatly prefer this, since I find life more interesting than mechanism and emotion more important than ingenuity.

Well, here we have it, the great reason for the sameness of these young men with one another, and the difference of all of them from the novelists, not only of the Victorian era, but of the generation just older than themselves. The novel of plot was succeeded by the novel of sociology; the novel of sociology has

given way to the novel of individuality. Now, the experience of young writing persons being a good deal like the experiences of other young writing persons, the stage for these various egos is very much the same. They differ as green and blue plums differ, and not in the least as plums differ from barberries. Mrs. Gerould perhaps does not like plums, and, craving oranges and apples and pomegranates, finds an exclusively plum diet monotonous. But, granted a weakness for this very fruit, there is enough range in taste and color to make a dish of them excellent eating.

Let us take a few characters at random. There is Mr. Cannan's Mendel, the artist Jew beating against a world of Gentiles; Mr. Beresford's Jacob Stahl, the German Jew hybridized upon an Englishman, a writer this time, crowded by both poverty and tradition; Mr. Mackenzie's Michael Fane, priggish æsthete stunted by the necessity for exertion, the victim of his own consciousness of effort; Mr. McKenna's David O'Rane thrusting himself down the throat of convention; Mr. Swinerton's Velancourt choked by the realization of an unsympathetic world; Miss Richardson's Miriam Henderson, a strange combination of young exuberance and bitter introspection.

This is all the fruit of one tree, running the gamut from succulence to shrivel. For here is an art of *nuances*, shades are the important things, a half an angle makes an entire story.

One cannot help wondering, as one reads these books, whether the writers of the present age really lead a more circumscribed life than their elders of the Victorian era. With what unanimity is London the background for these stories! Slight ex-

cursions into the country, mostly the home counties as in "Plasher's Mead", serve as the only relief. Dickens himself was not more cockney, but Dickens was a sort of *genius loci*; his London was subsoiled with folk-lore and surfaced with the personality of place. In the new books, London is a painted drop-scene; as an entity, it is scarcely to be observed.

For a change, the characters occasionally dash over to Paris for a week or so, and do all the regulation things proper to young artists in the Latin Quarter of fiction, but usually they stay very much put in their London flats and lodging-houses.

It is the same with class as with place. These are tales of the *bourgeoisie*, with side dips into Bohemia and the slums. The upper classes are, for the most part, arrogantly ignored. The books are redolent of a naïve snobbishness. Well did Thackeray write a "Book of Snobs". Snobbishness is the fly in the amber of English greatness. In a recent English autobiography this remarkable passage from a letter appears, quoted apparently with entire satisfaction:

It is pleasant indeed to see his dear face, and to find him always so affectionate, and so unspoiled by his being so much sought after in a kind of society entirely different from anything we can enter into.

This in 1850; but the author goes on to comment, almost wonderingly, on the "simple kindness" of "time saved, day after day, for an invalid sister, by a run-after young man of twenty-seven". This sort of thing is horrible; it could not go on. But yet one feels that the now thoroughly submerged upper classes would be justified in exclaiming:

Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love
But why did you kick me down-stairs?

The Victorians toadied to the upper classes, the Georgians snub them; but in neither one case nor the other is there that simple acceptance of a social fact that one would like to see. It is hard for English and Americans to understand each other, and surely the base of this misunderstanding lies just here. The feudal system has broken down in bitterness, and, looking on, one can only say, "Alas!" and pass by. Democracy means the equality to admit inequalities without rancor. Which one of the nations is democratic? America used to be; is it now?

I digress; but one always digresses in reading, and, after all, overtones are what make the mellowness of literature. How many books one reads which remain always and only themselves. These young Englishmen stretch the mind on, and out, and far back, and forward. One reflection leads to another. I have no intention here of resolving the tangle; I have been content to wonder at the knots.

Perhaps I ought at once to disarm the meticulous reader by admitting that this is an eighteenth century essay. I am taking no account of those pigeon-holing tactics so carefully learnt from Germany in the days before the war. I have a great admiration for the qualities of Anglo-Saxon genius, and I care very little for the efforts of some of our writers to divert it from its proper channels. By all means let us steal and graft from other literatures, but, also, do let us be sure that the stem is our own. A very pretty flower can be got from a slip of French, Italian, or Spanish stock. Oriental varieties flourish not too badly on our native soil. But the Russian genius is inimical to us. Their dour fatalism is alien to us in every way; buds with a tendency to dry-rot

before flowering are hardly worth encouragement. And this tendency to dry-rot is rather painfully noticeable in some of these writers, particularly in Mr. Cannan and in Mr. Beresford, I should say. For one thing, their books are too long; for another, they are almost devoid of humor. Take that gem, Mr. Swinnerton's "Noc-turne", and mark its swiftness and clarity. As far as the pure art of writing is concerned, this volume is certainly head and shoulders above the rest.

But there are two books to which these criticisms of narrowness of place and environment do not apply. I refer to Mr. McKenna's "Sonia" and Mr. Mackenzie's "Sylvia Scarlett".

"Sonia" is frankly a novel of the upper classes, and the upper classes treated without a hint of snobbishness. It is gracefully, charmingly written, in a style which must be called distinguished; but it is a little old-fashioned, the recent old-fashioned of day before yesterday. It is the story of a man, and so far it belongs to the individual school; but the man, David O'Rane, is interested in uplifting the world, and with this idea we step back into the practice of a decade ago. The book is a bit inconsequential; the minor characters, even Sonia Dainton, blurringly drawn. The story seems constructed only to throw up the figure of O'Rane, who dominates it much in the manner of the portraits of seventeenth century generals plastered in herculean proportions upon a background of diminutive battles. The story is a little slow in action, somewhat loosely knit in construction. O'Rane reaches no conclusion, neither does the author; the volume ends with a question-mark, and by that question-mark we are

very much back in the year of our Lord 1917.

Mr. McKenna's second book, "Ninety-Six Hours' Leave", must cause those who take their literature over seriously great pain. It is a trifle, and such a bubbling, effervescing trifle. Such spirits are in the true line of Anglo-Saxon genius. It is written in a style quite free from mannerisms, and with a nice dash to it. The matter is slight and quaint, and had the author's invention held out as exuberantly to the end of the book as the beginning promised—it doesn't. The end flattens rather splay-footedly. Still the book is a fine bit of joking, and in a new vein for the young and serious "intelligentsia". We hope that Mr. McKenna will go on, pruning up his plots until they have the distinction of his manner of writing them. The question-mark is all very well when it rounds a philosophy; it is scarcely so happy a colophon when it applies to literary construction. Still, Mr. McKenna and Mr. Mackenzie are the only ones of these novelists in whom the excellent vein of English humor seems to be in a flourishing condition. If only the war has purged literature of adolescent spleen! Tragedy and humor are healthy, but moon-calf melancholy is scarcely robust enough as a sentiment upon which to found a great literary revival. And that this is a genuine literary revival, I think there can be no doubt, although it is too early to measure its dimensions.

Robustness and humor are by no means lacking in Mr. Mackenzie's last book, "Sylvia Scarlett". Here is that curious anomaly in twentieth century fiction, the picaresque novel. We can trace the line down directly through "Don Quixote", "Rabelais", "Gil Blas", "Le Capitaine Fracasse", etc.

It is a *genre* of the rarest growth in English literature. Butler's "Hudibras" might come under that head, with certain reservations; and so might Borrow's "Lavengro" and "The Romany Rye"; but perhaps the purest example is Sterne's "A Sentimental Journey". It is a distinctly modern twist to make the hero a woman. Sylvia Scarlett is far and away the most original character drawn by any of these young writers, if we except the grotesquerie of "The Wonder" by Mr. Cannan; but the poor deformed monstrosity who goes by that name can hardly be called a "character" at all. He is a ghastly phenomenon, finely imagined and presented, more subtly horrible than any of Hoffmann's figures, but no more than they to be ranked with the real personalities of literature. Sylvia Scarlett is as absolute as Hamlet, and she moves with the same inevitable freedom from control. Once having conceived her, Mr. Mackenzie was obliged to let her act as she would. That is the charm of her and of the book; in no other of these novels is there the same sense of life and inevitable action. The story rushes along from adventure to adventure, held in place by the singularly gallant and lovable personality of the heroine. Some shallow critics, with a strange lack of understanding, have spoken of the book as "disgusting". The innate purity of Sylvia, presented without a trace of sentimentality, apparently makes no appeal to these hurried and case-hardened souls. Had Sylvia been a goody-goody, they would have understood; the unconventional invariably blurs the vision of stereotyped minds.

And the humor! The delicious, light, pathetic humor! Here is something which could never have been done in just this way before the pres-

ent century. Where the older novelists would have been maudlin or vulgar, Mr. Mackenzie is firm and sympathetic. Take the scene in the churchyard, with poor lonely little Sylvia writing her epitaph:

"Here lies Sylvia Scarlett, who was always running away. If she has to live all over again and be the same girl, she accepts no responsibility for anything that may occur." She printed this on a piece of paper, fastened it to a twig, and stuck it into the earth to judge the effect.

This is certainly exceedingly funny from one angle, even robustly funny, but how lonely it is too. There is our era, and the reason for the force of the book.

The South American scenes are excellent—violent, rattling—with the flame that is Sylvia somehow purging the whole in a clean fire. What shall one say of those people who do not see this? What indeed; except that one gets out of a book in proportion to what one is capable of putting in.

In the end, when Sylvia has been abandoned by the man she trusted, the inevitable question-mark of our age is repeated in a blare of unconquered trumpets:

At the last moment, in searching through her trunks, she found the yellow shawl that was wrapped round her few treasures of ancestry. She was going to leave it behind, but on second thought she packed it in the only trunk she took with her. She was going back perhaps to the life of which these treasures were the only solid pledge.

"This time, yes, I'm off with the raggle-taggle gipsies in deadly earnest. Charing Cross", she told the taxi-driver.

A book indeed. In many ways, a very great book. Jumbled, as all Mr. Mackenzie's books are, but with hints of a width and freedom utterly foreign to his contemporaries. "Carnival" and "Sinister Street" gave Mr. Mackenzie his reputation, but "Sylvia Scarlett" tops them easily. Where they are confused and incoherent, this

volume holds the chord of a contained personality, and the episodes, many though these be, fall into a lucid place because of their relation to it. Had Mr. Mackenzie been able to give the same reality to the characters of his other books, the effect might have been the same in them. But where Michael Fane and the others live as clever creations of an artist's brain, Sylvia Scarlett exists with the separateness of something not conceived, but known and recorded. An achievement this; and with it Mr. Mackenzie stretches ahead of Mr. Cannan, Mr. Beresford, and Mr. McKenna. Only Mr. Swinnerton, in "Nocturne", and Miss Richardson, on rare occasions, can approach this consummation.

My recollection of Mr. Beresford sees his work as a long and rather level line of story. I suppose the up-to-date reader will be horrified if I say that he interests in much the same way that Trollope does. All his traditions of novel-writing are diametrically opposed to Trollope's, of course, and yet there is an ambling sameness which forces the comparison. The analytical method had not been discovered in Trollope's day, but many of its best results are imbedded in his work. I recommend anyone who has never done so to read "He Knew He Was Right", for here is one of the most masterly presentations of the slow oncoming of insanity to be found in all literature. Life is not the only thing which has taken on a new interpretation in these last years; if ever anything needed a new consideration and appraisal it is the mass of Victorian writing. But I am off after another butterfly and must regain the road and Mr. Beresford.

"God's Counterpoint" is less subdued than the Jacob Stahl trilogy. Mr. Beresford's tram-car is off the

level of cobbles into a wider country. The change is grateful, but even this book, which has seemed so daring to certain observers, opens up again a question which has intruded between the covers of each of these books in turn, of each and of all of them, by whomsoever written. What makes these young men so pruriently prudish? Their reticencies are drawn so sharply that one cannot help suspecting an obscene thought behind. Is the outspoken slime of James Joyce and others of his kidney responsible for this self-consciousness? Nakedness is more modest than an obviously chosen drapery. These young men choose dangerous subjects and drape them to pass the censor, but one could wish for a finer and more noble simplicity of treatment. Thomas Hardy has shown us the way. Are we too small to follow in his footsteps?

The greatest limitation of these men is their subject-matter. In "On the Staircase", Mr. Swinnerton makes one of his characters say:

The modern writer, like the modern composer, is poor in thematic material. He accordingly occupies his talent with atmosphere.

Yet I should say that atmosphere, save in the realm of psychology, was rather singularly lacking in most of these books. We have the atmosphere of mental states certainly, but the persons move, as it were, against a background of neutral-tinted screens. Quite modern this, quite in keeping with the practice of our present-day stage settings, but a bit dissatisfying to a colorist, and already the vogue is *vieux jeu*. For, in Miss Richardson's three novels: "Pointed Roofs", "Backwater", and "Honeycomb", there is a new technique. The answer lies in a somewhat singular phenomenon: these authors are novelists and novelists alone. Not one of

them, with the exception of Miss Richardson, is blessed, or cursed, with a particle of the poet's vision or point of view. I can hardly think of a group of writers who are so completely prose-thoughted. Compare their treatment with that of George Meredith and Thomas Hardy, for instance; compare it even to that of Dickens, a master poet of place and weather. Mr. Swinnerton gives us descriptions, Mr. Mackenzie in "Plasher's Mead" has pleasant pages teeming with country flowers, but these are written in prose. They are prose-conceived and prose-presented. Miss Richardson, on the other hand, has something of the poet's sensuous delight in mere seeing, and, with this, much of the poet's originality of presentation. Compare any passage in any of these authors to this in "Honeycomb":

1

The West End street . . . grey buildings rising on either side, feeling away into the approaching distance—angles sharp against the sky . . . softened angles of buildings against other buildings . . . high moulded angles soft as crumbs, with deep undershadows . . . creepers fraying from balconies . . . strips of window blossoms across the buildings, scarlet, yellow, high up; a confusion of lavender and white pouching out along a dipping sill . . . a wash of green creeper up a white painted house front . . . patches of shadow and bright light . . . Sounds of visible near things streaked and scored with broken light as they moved, led off into untraced distant sounds . . . chiming together.

2

Wide golden streaming Regent Street was quite near. Some near narrow street would lead into it.

3

Flags of pavement flowing along—smooth clean grey squares and oblongs, faintly polished, shaping and drawing away—sliding into each other . . . I am part of the dense smooth clean paving stone . . . sunlit; gleaming under dark winter rain; shining under warm sunlit rain, sending up

a fresh stony smell . . . always there . . . dark and light . . . dawn, stealing . . .

4

Life streamed up from the close dense stone. With every footstep she felt she could fly.

5

The little dignified high-built cut-through street, with its sudden walled-in church, swept round and opened into brightness and a clamour of central sounds ringing harshly up into the sky.

6

The pavement of heaven.
To walk along the radiant pavement of sunlit Regent Street forever.

Mr. Randolph Bourne, the brilliant young critic whose recent death has so saddened his contemporaries, was the first to point out that Miss Richardson's work was imagistic. Since then, many reviewers have enlarged upon the fact. This is quite obviously true, but whether Miss Richardson learnt the method from the practice of current poetry, or whether, as I incline to believe, it is in the air, no one who does not know Miss Richardson herself can determine.

It is the same with the narrative as with its setting. It is conceived from the outside in, as it were, which is eminently imagistic. How often have not I, personally, been accused of presenting the greater by the less, a method which baffles many people apparently, and which they decry as proving a desire on my part to belittle moments and events of significance? And yet this very apperception of fact through its circumferences is the method of life. How do we apprehend love, for instance? Is it not by the thousand little trivial things that love does? How patriotism? By the files of boys in khaki marching past our windows, by the new hat we forego to purchase a liberty bond, by little printed words on

the page of a newspaper. The great emotions, the great events, are all made discernible to us by a myriad infinitesimal, trifling touches. It is a convention to record them in the large, for they can only have reached us through the bewilderingly small. Imagism knows this and calls it "suggestion"; Miss Richardson knows it, and has written three remarkable novels by the light of her knowledge. They have puzzled some readers, others have found in them a rare and invigorating freedom for the pursuit of truth. May Sinclair says:

To me these three novels show an art and method and form carried to punctillious perfection.

And again:

It is as if no other writers had ever used their senses so purely and with so intense a joy in their use.

This intensity is the effect of an extreme concentration on the thing seen or felt . . . Her novels are novels of an extraordinary compression and an extenuation more extraordinary still.

Mr. Beresford, in his introduction to "Pointed Roofs", announces that he has read "Pilgrimage" (the generic title of the whole work of which all three volumes are but parts) three times, and goes on to say that he is only afraid of annoying both critics and public by "a superabundant eulogy". So much for the judgment of others of the craft. But both Miss Sinclair and Mr. Beresford tangle themselves up in discussions of realism and idealism, in hair-splitting agonies as to whether Miss Richardson's art is "objective" or "subjective". With much travail, an unexpected thought is finally born to each; namely, that the book is at once realistic and romantic, that the subjective method must include the objective. The proverbial camel struggling to squeeze through the needle's eye can

have encountered scarcely more difficulty in transit than these excellent *prose* novelists in their attempt to follow the special swiftness of the *poetical* novelist. I pointed out in my "Tendencies in Modern American Poetry" that this fusion of realism and romanticism, so ardently striven for by Heine, was the very stock in trade, or better, the vital aim, of modern poetry. And, behold, a novelist great enough to see life whole and indivisible! Do let us have done with "kultur" and treat, even art, with crass common-sense. As Mr. Quiller-Couch says: realism never wrote anything, it was so-and-so. Miss Richardson, being a woman and not a formula, writes with the whole of herself. We are all realists, some of us are poets; Miss Richardson is both, as a balanced artist should be, and, so being, is English to the core as neither Mr. Cannan nor Mr. Beresford can ever hope to be. The formula has ensnared them, can they ever escape?

Even when the specific aim of these writers is to portray the artistic character, as Mr. Cannan attempts to do in "Mendel", for instance, it is rather the external mannerisms that are given than the spirit which informs them. I have said that it is only by external touches that one can apprehend an internal fact. But to the artist that fact must be obvious and absorbing, for, failing comprehension in himself, these touches are of no more account than so many particles of dust. Mr. Cannan and Mr. Swinerton deal glibly with schools and manners, but always as recording journalists. Why? I think because the method, being based on a misconception, breaks just here, the formula clamps down on any farther-reaching comprehension; or, if one prefers, the limitations of the men themselves

have been raised to the dignity of a canon of art.

Henry James speaks of these young authors as "saturated" in the realities of their subject; but Mr. Beresford, with a finer understanding, says that Miss Richardson alone has really "plunged". To drop the guiding strings of cant and splash in, is what is wanted; and, seeing this, most of these men appear rather to be shivering after a knee-deep dip. For art is virile, it requires an awful and never failing energy. Nothing is so exhausting as creative invention. I believe that the reason so many drop by the way is more because the necessary vitality is lacking to them than through a paucity of talent. The sentimental has gone, thank goodness! But it is a confession of inability to permit a negative to rule one's art. With all the knowledge of their craft which these young men superabundantly possess, one sees them writing always with eyes nervously fixed upon a gigantic "Thou shalt not!"

The truth is what we are already beginning to feel is a truism too trite for expression, but which must be expressed here if these writers are to be understood. The social order is breaking up under our noses. It had begun before the war, but what was a slow crumbling has become an ava-

lanche. These books stand midway between two stabilities. One we know, for it is past; the other we believe must be. They are shifting and uncertain as the time is uncertain. They have no boldness of invention because the sources of invention, the array of customs and manners which make up any contemporary life, are for the moment clogged. They hesitate and grope, and only in this trilogy of Miss Richardson's do we fall again into anything like a sure stride, and even here the stride is only sure by comparison. The time has got these authors by the throat. Mr. Cannan attempts escape through cynicism; Mr. Beresford shuts his eyes and darkens the windows of his laboratory; Mr. McKenna whistles and collates old prints; Mr. Swinerton sets his face and plods ahead with bulldog heroism and pathos; Mr. Mackenzie drinks a toast "to the next man that dies"; but Miss Richardson opens the window and insists that since the sun is still shining it is better to notice the fact and get what good we may.

Gallant souls; sincere artists; these are the stuff of which literary revivals are made. Your era may have gone down under the guns, but you will always be that era and perhaps a new one as well.

CHALLENGE AND QUEST

BY H. W. BOYNTON

At least, the war has made a few breaches in the stupid wall of indolent incomprehension that has so long separated us even from our closest kinsmen; so that an Italian or a Swede in his native dress and speech has been only one degree less alien (and comic) to us true-born Americans, than a Slav or a "Chink". Oddly enough, but for France, it is the literature of neutral countries that has been specially opening up for us during these years of struggle—the Swiss Vallotton, the Dutch Couperus, the Spaniards, Alarcón and Blasco Ibáñez, the Danish Nexö, the Swedish Lagerlöf, have all become known to us in English, or at least widely known, during this period. Most popular among the Scandinavians, of course, has been Selma Lagerlöf. Stories like "The Emperor of Portugallia" and "Liliecrona's Home" have hit a large English-reading public "where it lives", because they are both very simple and very moving. Bless us (we say), I wonder if these Swedes aren't a good deal like folks, after all—when they're home, anyhow! More remarkable is the fact that some fourteen editions of Dr. Lagerlöf's first story, "Gösta Berling's Saga", have been printed in America. For that narrative is so rambling and fanciful and exotic in its setting and atmosphere as to offer little, one would think, to the brisk eye of the western world. Yet there is something about it. . . . The American-Scandinavian Foundation now presents it in stately two-volume form, being volumes X and XI of their Scandinavian Classics: a

series of translations issued "in the belief that greater familiarity with the chief literary monuments of the North will help Americans to a better understanding of Scandinavians, and thus serve to stimulate their sympathetic cooperation to good ends".

But why haven't we known something before this of the Norwegian, Bojer? I for one, after reading "The Great Hunger", feel aggrieved at my own stupidity in having let ignorance of a cousin-tongue conceal the very existence of a story-teller who (to judge by this one) has been telling magic tales for nearly a quarter of a century, just over the wall. I suppose Mr. Galsworthy, who alludes to Bojer as "the distinguished Norwegian writer", must have been "listening in" for some time. It appears that this story has moved him beyond bounds, so that he has actually been brought to express his opinion of it in print. "This", he says (in his first sentence as quoted by the publisher), "is the first work of fiction I have ever reviewed." It is all the more remarkable that in his second sentence he falls so readily and unerringly into the lingo of the confirmed reviewer: "It has the stark realistic spirituality characteristic of a race with special depths of darkness to contend with, and its northern sunlight and beauty". If he had mentioned the virile quality of the story, and its convincing action, and its grip on the eternal verities, he would have done the whole trick. However, whatever our suspicions of the alleged "stark realistic spirituality" of the

book, we may heartily agree with Mr. Galsworthy's summing-up: "a very fine work, both in execution and meaning". It is fine and strong and simple, and its theme cannot be put better than Mr. Galsworthy puts it: "What is it we are all after, what is the Ultima Thule of our souls, if we may use that word? Desire to reach, that is 'the great hunger'."

From what the publishers let fall, I judge "The Great Hunger" has an autobiographical basis. Johan Bojer, like the Peer Holm of the book, was a boy of good blood brought up in a laborer's family; went to work in early life, and was ambitious enough to get his schooling at the same time. Here no doubt the resemblance ends. Peer Holm is the love-child of a Norwegian officer and a frivolous woman. His father sees to his welfare and bequeaths him a little sum which helps him set his foot on the first rung of the upward ladder. That his road is to be upward he never doubts: the only question—a question which goes long unanswered—is whither that upward road leads, what is its real goal? At first he dreams childishly of becoming a priest, a bishop: "a sort of heavenly messenger with snowy white robes and a face of glory", a heavenly power also who, if need were, "would lift up his finger, and all the stars should break into song". But that road is closed to him by poverty. He takes a menial job in Christiania, and sets himself to fierce study by night; gets admission to an engineering school. A great grief comes to him in the loss of the sister he has found for a time. His faith in God is gone, and faith in science, in the triumph of materialism, is all he has to cling to. Always there is the question of the farther goal:

I am going to be a great engineer. And

then? I will be one of the sons of Prometheus, that head the revolt against the tyranny of Heaven. And then? I will help to raise the great ladder on which men climb aloft—higher and higher, up toward the light, and the spirit, and the mastery over nature. And then? Live happily, marry and have children, and a rich and beautiful home. And then? Oh, well, one fine day, of course, one must grow old and die. And then? And then? And then?

The first steps, at least, are in sight. Peer mounts them, till he is a great and famous engineer. He has done marvels in the East—has helped harness the Nile, for one thing. But he has no real faith in this, and tosses away his career in disgust. "To help mankind to make quicker progress—is that nothing?" asks a dazed stay-at-home who would have given his ears to be in Peer's shoes. "Lord!" retorts Peer. "What I'd like to know is, where mankind are making for, that they're in such a hurry." "That the Nile Barrage has doubled the production of corn in Egypt—created the possibilities of life for millions of human beings—is that nothing?" "My good fellow, do you really think there aren't enough fools on this earth already? Have we too little wailing and discontent and class-hatred as it is? Why must we go about to double it?"

Then love and mated happiness come to Peer. I recall nowhere a more beautiful interpretation of the lover's first entranced realization of his love than in the passage that describes Peer's white night in his boat, drifting alone on the lake: "Merle—was ever such a name? Are you called Merle?" But even mated happiness can only still the Great Hunger, not satisfy it. His old work calls, his old unrest, and now misfortune dogs him. Only when he has lost everything, property, health, his child, does he get a glimpse of the real meaning of ex-

istence, the real secret—the divinity of man. It is he who has made God: “In the midst of his thralldom he has created the beautiful on earth; in the midst of his torments he has had so much surplus energy of soul that he has sent it radiating forth into the cold deeps of space and warmed them with God”.

“The Challenge to Sirius” is a story embodying, in negative or at least passive fashion, a similar idea. Every human life, says the story-teller, is a challenge to Sirius, “to the great Indifference”. The cold stars should not condescend always—“the remoteness of these Great Ones was being assailed, for men were finding that in their own hearts burned a spark of the fire that had set the stars alight”. Therefore, since any human life bears witness to this truth, let us take the case not of a strong Peer, eagerly seeking, but of an amiable Frank, removed from the commonplace only by a faculty of withdrawal. He knows when to quit his latest road, but he leaves his next turning pretty much to chance. He knows enough to leave the Isle of Oxney for London when it is time to try his wings; he knows enough to return to the soil when his wings prove too weak to lift him to any sort of genuine success as a writer. He knows enough to leave his London mistress (surely a very modern young woman for the Victorian ‘fifties!) when the news of his country sweetheart’s marriage reveals to him his real passion. But he doesn’t know enough either to stay away from that now forbidden sweet, or to attempt it manfully. After some seven years of snooping on the outskirts, he does muster up courage enough to put his arm round her—only to discover that she has no notion of leaving her

husband and children even for the man she ought to have married. So then he drifts off to America, and for lack of anything better to do, enlists in the ranks of the Confederacy, and fights (at great length) under that standard, till, at its hapless downfall, he is impelled to drift again. In the upshot, he drifts home to find his old love a widow, to marry her and live contentedly enough ever after. In the interim he has had a high romantic affair with a daughter of the Confederacy, but somehow, we gather, his heart has always been true to Poll. The truth is, he has been a decent enough, blundering, well-meaning sort of fellow from childhood, and will be to the end. Perhaps decency and a childlike heart are as effective challenges to Sirius as more heroic qualities: this, at least, is what the author seems to be saying.

This writer is almost mistress of a vivid and eloquent style—almost, because now and then it fairly gets the upper hand. In passages of natural description she is often extremely effective:

The Isle of Oxney was a little pip of a county wedged between Sussex and Kent. . . . It rose out of the marsh to a couple of hundred feet, and went hillocking east and west for about four miles, a mile less north and south. As soon as the marshes were left behind the ground became good marl, and there were many farms caught in a web of little twisting lanes. The farms were mostly tumbling places, for in the Isle of Oxney the earth was stingier than it looked, but their riot was a wholesome, vegetable kind—bright colours and soft pungent smells like wasp-thridden apples lying in the grass. . . .

Now and then, perhaps, one is a little suspicious of this artist’s alert felicity in the use of odd epithets and turns of phrase:

The funeral was on a typical April day, with sudden snorting showers, followed by wistful spreads of sunshine, while the primroses scented the damp lanes through which John Rainger’s coffin bumped in a farm-cart.

I am tempted to vie with Mr. Galsworthy's "realistic spirituality" by applying the phrase "sentimental naturalism" to the "Nono" of Gaston Roupnel. This is a story of peasant life in Burgundy. Nono, the central figure, is a poor wine-grower, an honest, simple fellow in whom, for all his grossness and stupidity, there is a kernel of goodness and even a spark of idealism. He loves the soil to which he is a slave. The sight of thrifty fields, the smell of growing things, the stray calls of nature, lift and console his uncouth, wistful spirit. In human affairs he is bungling and unfortunate enough. There is nothing on his surface to inspire the respect of men or the love of woman. At five-and-twenty he marries a girl whom he has watched grow up, and who is now left alone by the death of her mother. She is not a bad girl, but very feminine and frail; and a male brute has already possessed her. This fellow continues to pursue her after her marriage. She cannot resist him, though she has a real affection for Nono and would like to be faithful to him. Also she is of the pleasure-loving type, and can but be impatient of his dull ways. The birth of a child keeps them together for a time, but the break is sure to come. The mother runs off with her original owner and Nono is left to twenty years of sorrow and regret. He becomes the drunken butt of the countryside, always babbling of his lost wife and of what they have been to each other. His daughter grows to womanhood to be in turn betrayed. Then his wife returns to the neighborhood with the brute she has served so long, who is now near the end of his evil days. Finally, after his death, Nono takes her to him again, and to their old home, where a grandchild is in need of the care of the broken but

by no means vicious old woman. There is still an Indian summer before them. Says the good Nono:

Come, you mustn't cry, because we've everything to make us happy: the little one, wood in the wood-stack, bacon in the salting-tub, wine in the cellar. . . . besides all that, we can love each other, and in a lasting and supreme way which was unknown to us in the time of our kisses. . . . For be sure, it ain't in vain that we've suffered.

If this is romance reduced to almost its lowest terms (not quite, for the author of "Limehouse Nights", for instance, has achieved lower) it is none the less the real thing—a divine spark here not of will or challenge but of unselfish and indomitable love.

A year or two ago the house of Knopf had the enterprise to undertake a series of "Modern Spanish Novels". Among the early numbers appeared "The Cabin", to be highly praised by critics and pretty comfortably ignored, apparently, by the public at large. I doubt if one out of ten among the readers who made such a thumping success of the English version of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" knew that an earlier novel by Ibáñez had recently appeared in English. For their benefit (and that of its publisher, who might fairly have had the luck to issue "The Four Horsemen") a revised edition of "The Cabin" is now available. *Per contra*, the actual publisher of "The Four Horsemen" now takes a leaf from Mr. Knopf's book and offers an English rendering of an Argentine classic, "Amalia". It is in truth a better story, better translated, than the "Martin Rivas" which Mr. Knopf had Englished as a Chilean masterpiece. Mr. Knopf doesn't seem to have the lucky end of it, so far. I wish Mr. Dutton had followed his example in telling the reader something about the author. I make out that the book is at least half a century old, and

that for nearly as long as that it has existed in Russian, German, and other versions, though it is now for the first time put into English.

"Amalia" is a story of its period, done in the great Dumas tradition. Speech is often highflown, actions are often "heroic" in that spectacular sense which has now long been relegated (at least so far as English is concerned) to the literature and drama of the Great Half-baked. Noble sentiments—which never show even their faces in the society of the knowing ones, the world of Wells and Shaw—here take the floor, boldly, sure of "a hand". Strangely enough (by our current standards) this does not mean that humor is lacking in a narrative which concerns not only the ardent Belgrano, as humorless as Romeo, but the witty and warm-fancied Daniel Bello, the absurd Don Candido (a sort of Argentine Aguecheek), and the subtle and malicious Dona Maria Josefa Ezcurra. This is a tale of the Argentine of the eighteen-thirties and forties, a loose congeries of provinces in which the leaven of free unity was working, but as yet feebly and blindly. It was under the banner of "Federalism" that Juan Manuel Rosas, governor of Buenos Aires, succeeded for a time in making himself dictator of the whole country. "His policy was one of isolation for the Republic, this policy extending even to its commercial relations with other countries; and for the country itself of retrogression and ignorance." Therefore he played for the favor of the lowest class, and used all possible methods of repression against the liberal party, or element—the "Unitarians", who included virtually all citizens of intelligence or breeding.

The action of the romance begins some five years after the usurpation

of power by Rosas. General Lavalle, former governor of Buenos Aires and military leader of the Unionists, or Unitarians, has recently taken the field, has been acclaimed in several provinces, and before the end of the present story has approached within striking distance of Buenos Aires with a force sufficiently large to give him a fair chance of success in an attempt against the city. What is lacking is a spirit of unity and concerted effort on the part of the liberals, both within and without the city. Unhappily the trend of the national character has so long been toward selfish individualism that it is unable to come up to the scratch in this emergency. Rosas's rule is based on personal force, cunning, and his ability to inspire fear among followers and enemies alike. A few intelligent citizens of the oppressed city perceive that with the organization of even a hundred patriots a fatal blow might be struck against the precarious authority of the dictator. But not a hundred, not forty, even among those who are heartily enough in sympathy with the Unionist cause, can be got to act together. Their only leader is young Daniel Bello, a man of rare courage and insight. He sees what is needed, and does not mince matters as to the facts:

Would you have a country, would you have liberty, would you have free institutions, unite together against the enemy of our social reformation—ignorance! against the instigator of our savage passions—political fanaticism! against the propagator of our disunion, of our vices, of our rancorous passions, of our vain and stubborn spirit—religious skepticism. For believe me—we have neither religion, virtue, nor knowledge; and we have nothing of civilization but its vices.

The orator is applauded, but the time is not ripe. The little band of half-hearted liberals melts away at the threat of danger; Lavalle withdraws at the moment when a bold advance

would have turned the tide against the tyrant. It was not till some fifteen years later that his fall came, that he was exiled, and the Argentine Republic began to deserve its name.

So much for the book as history: its real test comes, of course, in its quality as a story; and this quality is high. At no time does the story-teller permit his central action, which rightly concerns only a few persons, to be submerged by data or generalization. The steadfast Amalia and the delicate Florencia are as well contrasted as their lovers, Eduardo the romantic and Daniel the adroit. The action moves steadily if not swiftly to its tragic conclusion—which a shallower romancer would have avoided for the conventional "happy ending".

This fidelity to the human story, to the solid golden thread of a limited action involving a small group of "characters", is what we must pay tribute to, first of all, in Mr. Walpole's "The Secret City", as we did in "The Dark Forest", of which it is a sequel. But in the later instance the feat is far more difficult. In "The Dark Forest", the story of the Russian-Galician campaign, the author had, complex as it seemed, a relatively simple problem. He had to make his romantic tale interesting in itself, and also as embodying that whole experience (which was of course his own experience) of a campaign beginning in hope and ending in disaster, a campaign between the "clods and Hamlets" of the blundering north, and the kaiserlings of the efficient south. But the Russia of the war had, after all, a certain unity, at least of appearance. There was fighting to do against a particular enemy, and you were either for or against it. After its first moments, on the other hand, the Russia

of the Revolution was an almost impenetrable mess. For most of us, it remains so to this day. What Mr. Walpole, in the person of his Durward, tries to do is nothing less than to give (always through the medium of his personal narrative) some sort of interpretation—some glimpses beyond the surface at least—of that mess. He disclaims all pretensions to authority. No English eye, he confesses, can comprehend "either Russia as she really is, or Russia as Russians see her". All he can give is an impression: "Of Russia and the Russians I know nothing, but of the effect upon myself and my ideas of life that Russia and the Russians have made during these last three years I know something."

Durward's service at the front has left his mark, he is no longer fit for the Red Cross, and lingers invalided in Petrograd, at first through inertia, and later because the city has laid its enchantment upon him. He sees it as a temporary foothold of man in the midst of a vast inimical world of natural forces. It is a "secret city", in which strange impulses are at work. It is physically ominous:

The town, raised all of a piece by Peter the Great, could claim no ancient history at all, but through every stick and stone that had been laid there stirred the spirit and soul of the ground, so that out of one of the sluggish canals one might expect at any moment to see the horrid and scaly head of some paleolithic monster with dead and greedy eyes slowly push its way up, that it might gaze at the little black hurrying atoms as they crossed and recrossed the grey bridge.

Chance gives Durward intimacy in the household of certain relatives of that mighty surgeon and ruthless lover Semyonov, who was the dominating figure in "The Dark Forest". You recall that having won Marie away from Trenchard he loses her by death, and that Trenchard, to his mind, gets the advantage of him by dying shortly

after. Semyonov longs to follow her in turn, but death does not find him, and some kink of honor forbids suicide. His only hope is to torment some fellow being to the point of murder; and that is his game, at last successful, in the present story. His hapless victim Markovitch is one of those strange creatures of paltry presence and conduct and a kind of stifled nobility of soul, with whom Russian fiction abounds. His wife Vera, calm and maternal, yet touched also with the Slav madness, is an amazing portrait; her sister Nina, wilful, petulant, child-hearted, is not less so in her way. Involved with them, not to be detached from their fates, are the three Englishmen, Durward the sensitive, Bohun the snob, and Lawrence the imperturbable whom Russia so easily moulds to her liking. . . .

Their tale is to be read, not summarized, and in it the tale of Russia in her throes, struggling toward we know not what strange final parturition: a fellow being Russia, at all events, and therefore not to be despaired of.

Gösta Berling's Saga. By Selma Lagerlöf. Translated from the Swedish by Lillie Tudeer. Two vols. The American-Scandinavian Foundation.

The Great Hunger. By Johan Bojer. Translated from the Norwegian by W. J. Alexander Worster and C. Archer. Moffat, Yard and Co.

The Challenge to Sirius. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. E. P. Dutton and Co.

Nono: Love and the Soil. By Gaston Roupenel. Translated by Barnet J. Beyer. E. P. Dutton and Co.

Amalla: A Romance of the Argentine Translated from the Spanish of José Marmol by Mary J. Serrano. E. P. Dutton and Co.

The Secret City. By Hugh Walpole. George H. Doran Company.

THE SCRIBE'S COLOPHON

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

Thy tasks are heavy, kindly Master! When
Through weary hours I drove the faltering pen
(That still across the ending parchment runs
In service of my brothers and Thy sons),
Too hard I deemed Thy tasks—till, sudden came
A breath from Thee that roused my spirit's flame,
And toil was utter joy.

Oh, Thou,
Who deignest, even now
From Heaven on Thy scribe to look,
Bless the three fingers that have writ this book!

THE LITERARY AFTERMATH OF THE WAR

BY WILBUR CORTEZ ABBOTT

There are a hundred ways to tell how the history of the world is going which are not known to mere historians, but are the breath of life to many men besides. Among them one reigns supreme; it is the list of newly published books. There in a convenient, concrete form one finds from week to week, almost from day to day, distilled and crystallized, not only the actions but the very thoughts of men. And never more than now; for never in the world's history were thought and action so swiftly reflected in print, and seldom, if ever, was there so much thought and action to be reflected as at present. What, then, are we to learn from the most recent books?

First comes the literary aftermath of war, the lessening stream of personal experience, which not long ago poured its vast tide of "war books" into the hands of avid readers. There is a certain melancholy tinge to these last leaves. It must fill an accomplished correspondent with sadness to have so good a war, with its illimitable wealth of unexcelled material, drop, so to speak, from under him at the precise moment that he is best prepared to exploit its infinite possibilities. Such, no doubt, has been the fate of many promising manuscripts in the past few months. Some have escaped that fate, to our advantage as to theirs. Among them two are eminent: Irvin Cobb's "The Glory of the Coming", and Floyd Gibbons's "'And They Thought We Wouldn't Fight' ". Both authors are unusually gifted and

typical men of letters in a double journalistic sense, and in these volumes, which have escaped the peace, we have some of the best correspondence which our side has produced. They do not possess the haunting charm of Philip Gibbs, with whom they may well be compared. He somehow manages to transfer the beauty and significance of English life to Flanders battle-grounds, and to give a certain heroic quality of high tragedy to even the slightest details of his great pictures. The Americans have a more direct appeal; they seem more intimate and more alive. To them the war is no dim, far-off struggle of superhuman figures, fighting as men fight in history. It is direct, immediate, the imminent business of life. And if their work lacks the finish and the background of the Englishman, it meets the final test of literary craftsmanship, it is uncommonly good reading!

Moreover, it answers the question which filled our hearts not long ago, and answers it in the affirmative. It shows that, in our curt, expressive phrase, our men "came through"; that, in a larger sense, this civilization which we have built was sound and unafraid when tried in the furnace of war; that our men—and our women, too, as "Mrs. Private Peat" in the volume which bears her name still further demonstrates — were brave and competent; and this must give us all fresh heart. And were there any lingering doubt, it would be dispelled by the Books of Saints and

Heroes which fall from the press, the stories of the gentlemen-adventurers. For whether we hang in suspense over the exploits of the French ace of aces, as related by M. Bordeaux in his "Guynemer, Knight of the Air", or read in "The American Spirit" the letters of young Kilburn Adams who, like so many of his kind, hurried to the great, compelling hazard, we cannot but feel, with all our great regret, that what we held most dear has justified itself in its sons and their sacrifice.

Now that the curtain of silence has been partly drawn, now that we read the stories which not long ago it was impossible to tell, we can appreciate this more; for we can better see what it was we had to face. No one can read M. Jean Massart's fascinating tale of "The Secret Press in Belgium", whose life forms a romantic page in journalistic history, without finding between the lines of its absorbing narrative of moving accidents by flood and field, something of the enemy it deluded so successfully. In particular, no one can lay down Jones and Hollister's still more informing narrative of "The German Secret Service in America", without a keener realization that we had to do—perhaps we still have to do—with an opponent even more adroit and more unscrupulous than we had dreamed until the full tale of his activities was cast in one account. And one who has been in closer touch with all these dark and sinister designs is more than glad to see the unlovely portrait of the fount and origin of these evils, Bernstorff, placed where he should be—the frontispiece—that all who run may read.

Nor do the lessons of the war end here; indeed these volumes seem to testify that they have just begun.

Whether we turn to doctors or libraries or economics we find guidance for a future—which we are hoping will not come to pass. The debt we owe to medicine, as revealed in Woods Hutchinson's "The Doctor in War", for new weapons in the conflict which never ends; to political economy, as Clark, Hamilton and Moulton's "Readings in the Economics of War" demonstrates, for revenue and expenditure, credits and interest—these do not make for the absorbing interest of such experiences as those of Gibbons and Guynemer and Adams on the battle-field, but they will affect our future in ways which even the champions of the Great Adventure cannot touch. And reading in Mr. Koch's "War Libraries", in the light of that "column of brilliant sparks" which showed that the priceless illuminated manuscripts of Louvain had perished from the earth, gives one a fresh sense, even in this field, of what price we paid for all this knowledge.

To a nation like the United States, which Admiral Mahan profoundly observes is, from the standpoint of world politics, an island and must be so defended, such a selection from the writings of the master of us all in naval affairs as Mr. Westcott has made in his "Mahan on Naval Warfare", and such a study as that of Commander Gill of "Naval Power in the War", come with peculiar force and timeliness. They are of the highest importance to all men concerned—and that means every one of us—for, as the great philosopher observed three centuries ago, "Dominion of the sea is the epitome of monopoly", nor have we reason to question that dictum as we look back across the last four strenuous years.

Now—braving Raleigh's observation that it is dangerous to follow too

closely behind Time since one stands in danger of having his teeth kicked out—come the first budding histories of the late conflict, pushing their leaves through the spring mould, to remind us, among other things, that the war is done; and beside them, bearing the same message, the full-blooming flowers of peace, tinged with the brilliant hues of the millennium. Histories like Professor McMaster's "The United States in the World War", and Dr. March's "History of the World War", if, as Mr. Dooley says, they are "interestin' but not conclusive", have, besides the valuable material they contain, one great purpose to serve: they begin to provide the perspective which is so necessary to understand not only what has gone before but what is to come after.

To this end, such volumes as Viscount Bryce's "Essays and Addresses in War Time", Professor Ely's "The World War and Leadership in a Democracy", Mr. Powers's "The Great Peace", Mr. Tead's "The People's Part in Peace", even Professor Hocking's "Morale and Its Enemies", and Dr. Gulick's "Morals and Morale", contribute mightily. For these studies of politics and economics and society and peace, even the accounts of that mysterious, newly canonized product of the human mind, morale, which has been drawn from its ancient hiding-place into almost excessive publicity, testify to another thing. It is that peace has its problems and dangers, as well as its victories, no less renowned than those of war. "There is", as Bryce points out, "no necessary connection between fighting quality and intellectual quality", for the dull Spartans fought better, on land at least, than the bright Athenians. And having demolished in so far as possible the fallacy with which

the late German propaganda sought to infect us—that of the biological analogy between nature and human society—he distinguishes, as we must all distinguish if our society is to survive, between material, intellectual, and moral progress. He insists once more on—what cannot be too strongly emphasized—the necessity of correlation between these basic elements of a healthy society if it is to remain sound and enduring. And this, in the last resolution, seems to be the fundamental lesson of the war as of the peace which is to come.

But not the last word. That is reserved for a very different kind of fruit of world conflict—the Books of Lost Causes and Impossible Loyalties—which are, to many minds, neither lost nor forgotten, but form an active and peculiarly vocal element in the great controversy with which the world resounds. Of these Miss Connolly's Sinn Fein narrative, "The Unbroken Tradition", and the speeches of the late Karl Liebknecht as set forth in Mr. Zimand's translation with an introduction by Mr. Weyl, under the title "The Future Belongs to the People", are significant examples. For it is inevitable that such a stirring of the depths as we have undergone brings to the surface much of the underlying bitterness and discontent of men, and we have both national and industrial grievances to reckon with.

Nor is either grievance insignificant. It is true that, despite the tragic factor in such books as these, in each there is a touch of unintentional comedy. As one listens to the speeches of Liebknecht and the story of Miss Connolly's Odyssey, as he hears the solemn chorus of Social Democrats applaud the one and Miss Connolly's relative ejaculate her nat-

ural astonishment at the other, the voices blend into a weird antiphony—"My God!" said Margaret." "Very true!" said the Social Democrats." "My God!" said Margaret." "Very true!" said the Social Democrats." It is true that the words of the champions of a new order inspire neither confidence nor fear to an American trained in the hard school of political experience, and that to him the sentiments voiced by Liebknecht and his followers seem to lack prophetic inspiration. They may be revelations to a German Social Democrat, but they seem something less than news to most of us. It is true there is no one but regrets the tragic outcome of the ill-planned and worse-advised rebellion of 1916, for nothing is more evident than that such doctrines and such methods as we have seen in Ireland and in Germany and their con-

nection in the past four years, lead nowhere except to futile tragedy but partly dignified by sacrifice. Yet in a world devoted to publicity and to the rights of the oppressed, so full of vocal grievance, so given to words and ignorance, so prone to mistake emotion for reason, we must consider such phenomena—not, indeed, with a view to embrace all causes insistently declared, but to adjudge their merits and deficiencies, to compare the argument with the facts, and to determine which is sound and what and how much of remedy they require.

And this is the value of surveys of current life in current literature. They may provide amusement and food for thought, but they provide that without which amusement and even thought are of small avail—perspective, the long view of things.

The Glory of the Coming. By Irvin S. Cobb. George H. Doran Company.

"And They Thought We Wouldn't Fight." By Floyd Gibbons. George H. Doran Company.

Mrs. Private Peat. By Herself. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Guynemer, Knight of the Air. By Henry Bordeaux. Yale University Press.

The American Spirit. Letters of Briggs Kilburn Adams. The Atlantic Monthly Press.

The Secret Press in Belgium. By Jean Massart. E. P. Dutton and Co.

The German Secret Service in America, 1914-1918. By John Price Jones and Paul Merrick Hollister. Small, Maynard and Co.

The Doctor in War. By Woods Hutchinson, M.D. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Readings in the Economics of War. Edited by J. Maurice Clark, Walton H. Hamilton, and Harold G. Moulton. University of Chicago Press.

War Libraries and Allied Studies. By Theodore Wesley Koch. G. K. Stechert and Co.

Mahan on Naval Warfare. Edited by Allan Westcott. Little, Brown and Co.

Naval Power in the War. By C. C. Gill. George H. Doran Company.

The United States in the World War. By John Bach McMaster. D. Appleton and Co.

History of the World War. By Francis A. March. The John C. Winston Co.

Essays and Addresses in War Time. By the Rt. Hon. Viscount Bryce. The Macmillan Co.

The World War and Leadership in a Democracy. By Richard T. Ely. The Macmillan Co.

The Great Peace. By H. H. Powers. The Macmillan Co.

The People's Part in Peace. By Ordway Tead. Henry Holt and Co.

Morale and Its Enemies. By William Ernest Hocking. Yale University Press.

Morals and Morale. By Luther H. Gulick, M.D. Association Press.

The Unbroken Tradition. By Nora Connolly. Boni and Liveright.

"The Future Belongs to the People." By Karl Liebknecht. The Macmillan Co.

HUGH WALPOLE

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

When I went to England recently on a war mission, there were three literary men I wanted, more than all others, to meet, if I could. They were Rudyard Kipling, Arnold Bennett, and Hugh Walpole. The order in which I name them is the order, I think, in which they should be placed in one's mind.

Seldom do our dreams come true. But my average, in this case, was high. I did not meet Kipling; I almost met Bennett; and I saw Walpole three times—once at breakfast, for an hour and a half, in his bachelor chambers in Ryder Street. And while I missed Kipling and Bennett, perhaps I made up for that loss in the sense of enjoyment I found in a young man who is, I venture to say, the hope of English literature now; a young man who, to use Stevenson's phrase, "will hold the fort in perilous days", and carry on the torch.

On a trip like mine, you usually meet a man in a crowd; and it was so with Walpole and me. We were brushed against each other in the corridor of the Ritz where someone was giving a luncheon for our party of editors. I recognized him at once, though I had not known he was to be present. I had seen his photograph—that strong, lusty, boyish face, with eyes a little vague behind big tortoise-shell glasses; the kind of man you would be sure to pick out in any gathering. For, if Hugh Walpole is anything, he is distinguished, and you know at once that the society he writes of in some of his books is known to him at first

hand; that he has not a veneer of manners, but that manners are his by inheritance. You feel that he has lived in high, candle-lit rooms in London, and that he has sat down with dukes and duchesses and other such fast-disappearing folk. Also, he has the voice of culture, and he is as leisurely as his books—those deep, rich volumes that go to the very roots of life; that dig not only around and into the mystery of existence, but penetrate beyond and underneath it. They are astounding performances for one so young; and my own feeling of Walpole is that he is a Keats of prose, one who, baptized in some divine fire, has a double vision, and is almost clairvoyantly able to see the shadow of our dreams. There is indeed something uncanny in the way Walpole comprehends this troubled life, and piles observation on observation at the sides of the trench where he works. He has that genius for the illuminating phrase, whether it is a description of a person or a scene, which puts him in the class of the masters of literature.

We were fortunately seated next each other on that day we met, and I liked him at once when he said, "We can't, of course, have any real talk here. You must come and dine with me at my rooms". Moreover, it was impossible to speak of art when politics was the main topic all around us in those thrilling days toward the close of the war, and when every one of us at the luncheon was hurrying away on some important errand. The novelist had

to get back to the Ministry of Information, and he looked at his watch, like any business man, when he thought it was time for him to go. He knows Russia as few men in England today know it; and his work for the Ministry, I was told, was invaluable. Those who have read "The Dark Forest" would guess this, I imagine, and would realize that his knowledge would be utilized by the British government in the war. He has never used Russia merely as a background for his stories; he intimately knows that sad, disintegrated land, and has put his ear to her heart, his finger on her pulse. And he goes back to Russia, as he goes back to old characters, eternally finding something new to reveal for us, and passionately interested in every phase of her social disorder and burning unrest.

My days were a long schedule in England, just as Walpole's were; and so it was not until I returned from France that a certain delightful Major A——, who is too modest to have his name given in print, could arrange my second meeting with his friend. Walpole had told me that this Major A—— was the salt of the earth; and as I had thought so too, even on my first talk with him, I was only too glad to put myself in his hands, knowing that he would fix the proper time and setting for another meeting. He did. I couldn't get around for dinner, so a breakfast was arranged, at which we three met again—the breakfast in Ryder Street, St. James's, that paradise of bachelors young and old, where Dickens and Thackeray loitered for a brief period, in the very heart of teeming London, yet quiet enough to suit the most temperamental man of letters. A proper place, I thought, for Walpole to live, remembering "The Duchess of Wrexhe" and that other

beautiful story of London, "The Green Mirror", with its descriptions of the solemnity of life in the English capital. Here were the very gray buildings Walpole likes so well to tell about, the sense of remoteness right in the midst of things, and I climbed the stairs expectantly. I knew exactly the kind of room I would step into—a room lined with books in dignified bindings, with a table set by the window, and a hush over it all—just the room for a bit of intimate talk. I was not "interviewing" Walpole, as well he knew, nor was I "studying" him for publication. I am writing this now only because I want this young English author to visit America again—he came here once as a boy—and I hope Americans will get some picture—if a sadly inadequate one—of the kind of man their guest is to be.

Walpole is modest. He won't talk of himself much, and I imagine it would take several years of friendship to come to know him as one would wish to know him. But he is enthusiastic about everything, and eager for your point of view. I remember telling him of a woman who never ended her sentences—a most exasperating person; and he laughed and said: "She'd be a good minor character, wouldn't she, sometime? Rather funny, that". I said he would find many types in America that would interest him, for he has a delightful sense of humor. Do you remember that scene in "The Green Mirror" where the hero and heroine flirt and send messages to each other through a copy of "Pride and Prejudice"? That is one of the finest bits of light writing I know, as sparkling as champagne, revealing a true and delicate appreciation of comedy. How lovely it would be on the stage!

Walpole, I took it, likes to loaf about

London, and go into the country, as every Englishman does, for the weekend. He likes his freedom—his ability to rush off to the Continent and hear good music now and then; and since he has no family ties to hold him back, he does this very often. Altogether, he leads the kind of life a literary man should lead, and, as Browning puts it, "does that which some men dream of all their lives". He does not have to hurry anything for the printer, and although I did not inquire, I suppose he would spurn the use of a typewriter. His is the kind of composition one cannot conceive as being written in any way except with a pen—undoubtedly a quill pen, too. You would as soon think of Dante dictating to a stenographer, as Walpole picking out the letters on a typemachine.

One of the first things Walpole said to me was that he wished to come here when the war was over. He couldn't recall us well, for he had been very young when he stayed in New York—in the old Chelsea district, I believe it was; and he was passionately anxious to read some books about us before he came back. He said that even Bennett's "Your United States" did not give him the conception of us that he had hoped for; and I told him that he couldn't do better than to read Julian Street's two volumes, "American Adventures" and "Abroad at Home" for a true picture of America and Americans. For Street had gone leisurely through his own country several years ago, on two memorable trips with Wallace Morgan, while Bennett had scampered about, writing, I admitted, with brilliancy, but with no complete understanding of our ways and manners. When I got back home, I sent Walpole the volumes, and I got Street to write something on the fly-leaf of

each. I recall that he urged the Englishman not to neglect the South when he came on his visit, which I hope is not far distant; to be sure to see, in its entirety, that part of our wonderful country which foreigners are only too likely to miss. And that made me think what a magnificent novel Walpole could write, with the South for a setting, if he could be induced to live here long enough to absorb, for instance, the leisurely and colorful life of cities like Charleston and New Orleans. This Englishman might get a flavor there which we, because of our propinquity, do not get; and he might do for the romantic South what he has done for romantic London.

Walpole sat at the feet of Henry James; but he was wise enough, he told me, to get away from that influence before it was too late. This is no disparagement of his master; it is simply another revelation of his own artistic wisdom; for no young writer can remain too long under the spell of a greater man without taking on the mannerisms as well as the manner of the older artist. There is not a glimmer in Walpole's work of this youthful influence, except his perfection of English, his adherence to the old traditions, his firm determination to write, not with an eye on serial markets, but ever for the test of the years. "I'm not a continued-story man", he laughingly said. And thank God he isn't! We have enough of them over here. "But one man in America I like tremendously is Joseph Hergesheimer. That fellow can write", he followed up. "Yet he's a popular magazinist, too, isn't he? It must be a knack; but I'll never get it." And he didn't seem anxious to acquire it at all. Then, when I urged him again to come to America, where new vistas would open and shine for him, he

said: "But they'd want me to go about and speak, wouldn't they? And I'm no talker at all. I don't like formal dinners—banquets—at all." It was almost pathetic the way he said it; and my heart went out to him. I assured him that we would be civilized enough to let him alone if he really wanted to be left alone; but it might be hard to get the kind of privacy he had in England, since he was now definitely of age, artistically, and we like to make a fuss over a visiting celebrity. He blushed at this; and I wondered for a moment if I had said the wrong thing. "After the war", he went on, "maybe I'll come. I'd love to; for you've been mighty fine to me there, and I'd like to shake America's hand."

We would like to shake his, too.

"Won't you have some more tea, or

some more fish?" he asked, after we had talked incessantly about the war.

But I knew my time was up—and his, too. For he was still clerking it in soldierly fashion at the Ministry, and conscientiously keeping hours at his desk in Norfolk street. I, too, had to catch a train—for I think our party was going to Winchester that day. So the Major and Walpole and I went out into the silent little street, where a few shopkeepers had taken down their shutters. And the author of "Fortitude" went, with strength of character, as he should, to the War Office, while I looked after him a moment and then turned toward the station.

"I hope our next meeting will be in New York", I said to myself. And now that the war is over, something tells me that it will be.

SPRING COMES BACK

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

Spring comes back like an oldtime lover
Half forgotten, shut out of mind,
Blithe and swift as in days long over,
Still as laughing, as wild and kind.

Ah, we forget his faithless wooing,
All the mock of his promising,
What now else but our love's renewing,
Locked to the heart and the lips of Spring!

JEREMY

BY HUGH WALPOLE

(Continued)

CHAPTER VIII

Religion

§ 1

Always in after years Jeremy remembered that party of Miss Maddison's—not because it was there that he had won his first fight, but for the deeper reason that from that day his life received a new color woven into the texture of it; even now when he thinks of those hours that followed Miss Maddison's party, he catches his breath and glances around him to see whether everything is safe. The children, on arriving home that evening, found that their father and mother had already returned from Drymouth. Jeremy, sleepy though he was, rushed to his mother, held her hand, explained his black eye, and then suddenly, in a way that he had, fell asleep there where he was and had to be carried up to bed.

When he awoke next morning his first thought was of his mother. He did not know why: she was so definitely part of the background of his daily life that he felt too sure of her continual and unvarying presence to need deliberate thought of her. But this morning he wanted to get up quickly and find her. Perhaps her absence had made him feel more insecure, but there had also been something that night—something in her face, something in the touch of her hand. . . .

And the other thing that he realized was that summer had truly come. He knew at once that hot smell that

pressed even through the closed window-panes of his room; the bars and squares of light on the floor when he jumped out of bed and stood upon them seemed to burn the soles of his feet, and the rays of light on the ceiling quivered as only summer sunlight can quiver. The two windows of his bedroom looked back behind Polchester, over fields and hedges, to a dim purple line of wood. A tiny stream ran through the first two fields, and this little river was shining now with a white, hot light that had yet the breeze of the morning ruffling it.

He ran to his window and opened it. Beyond the wall that boarded their house was a little brown path; even as he watched, a company of cows were slowly wandering along. Already they were flapping their ears lazily in anticipation of the flies, and the boy who was driving them was whistling as one only whistles on a summer morning. He could see the buttercups, too, in the nearest field; they seemed to have sprung to life in the space of a night. Someone was pulling the rope of a well somewhere, and someone else was pouring water out upon some stone court. Even as he watched, a bee came blundering up to his window, hesitated for a moment and then went whirring off again; and through all the sun and glitter and the sparkle of the little river there was a scent of pinks and mignonette and hay and even, although it could not really

be so, of the gorse. The sky was a pale white-blue, so pale that it was scarcely any color at all, and a few puffs of clouds, dead white like the purest smoke, hovered in dancing procession above the purple wood. The sun burned upon his bare feet and his head and his hands.

This coming of summer meant so much more to him than merely the immediate joy of it: it meant Rafiel and Cow Farm and the cave, and green pools with crabs in them, and shrimp-ing and paddling and riding home in the evening on hay-carts, and drinking milk out of tin cans, and cows, and small pigs. It meant peeling sticks and apples, and collecting shells and fishermen's nets, and sandwiches and saffron buns mixed with sand and hot ginger beer; one's ears peeling with the sun, and church on Sunday with the Rafiel sheep cropping the grass just outside the church door; and Dick Marriott the fisherman, and slipping along over the green water in his boat, trailing one's fingers in the water, and fishy smells by the sea-wall, and red masses of dogfish on the pier, and the still, cool feel of the farmhouse sheets just after getting into bed—all these things and a thousand more the coming of summer meant to Jeremy.

But this morning he did not feel his customary joy. Closing his window and dressing slowly, he wondered what was the matter. What could it be? It was not his eye—certainly it was a funny color this morning and it hurt when you touched it, but he was proud of that. No, it was not his eye. And it was not the dog, who came into his room, after scratching on the door, and made his usual morning pretense of having come for any other purpose than to see his friend and master—first looking under the bed, then going up to the window pretending to gaze

out of it (which he could not do), barking, then rolling on a square of sunlit carpet and, after that, lying on his back, his legs out stiff, his ridiculous "imperial" pointed and ironical; then suddenly turning, with a twist of his legs, rushing at last up to Jeremy, barking at him, laughing at him, licking him and even biting his stockings—last of all seizing a bedroom slipper and rushing, wildly, into the schoolroom with it.

No, there was nothing the matter with Hamlet. Nor was there anything the matter with Miss Jones, free, happily, from her customary neuralgia and delighted with the new number of "The Church Times". Nor was it the breakfast, which today included bacon and strawberry jam. Nor finally was it Mary or Helen who, pleased with the summer weather (and Mary additionally pleased with the virtues of Lance as minutely recorded in the second volume of "The Pillars of the House"), were both in the most amiable of tempers. No, it must be something inside Jeremy himself. . . .

He waited until the end of breakfast to ask his question: "Can I go and see mother, Miss Jones?"

Mary and Helen looked across at him inquisitively.

"What do you want to see your mother for now, Jeremy? You always see her at twelve o'clock." Miss Jones pushed her spectacles lower upon her nose and continued her reading.

"I want to."

"Well, you can't now."

"Why not?"

"Because I say not; that's enough."

But Jeremy was gentle today. He got off his chair, went round to Miss Jones's chair, and looking up at her out of his bruised eye,

said in his most touching voice:

"But, please, Miss Jones, I want to. I really do."

Then she said what he had known all the time was coming:

"I'm afraid you won't see your mother today, dear. She's not well. She's in bed."

"What? Is she ill?"

"She's tired after her journey yesterday, I expect."

He said no more.

He tried during the whole of that day not to think of his mother and he found that, for the first time in his life, he could do nothing else but think of her. During the morning he sat very silently over his lessons, did all that he was told, did not once kick Mary under the table, nor ask Miss Jones to sharpen his pencil, nor make faces at Hamlet. Once or twice, in a way that he had, he leaned his head on his hand as though he were an ancient professor with a whole library of great works behind him, and when Miss Jones asked him whether he had a headache he said, "No, thank you", instead of seizing on the wonderful opportunity for release that such a question offered him.

When they all went for a walk in the afternoon he sprang, for a moment, into something of his natural vivacity; they came upon a thin, ill-shaven tramp, dressed as a sailor, with a patch over one eye, producing terrible discordance from a fiddle. This individual held in one hand a black tin cup, and at his side crouched a mongrel terrier whose beaten and disheveled appearance created at once hopes in the breast of the flamboyant Hamlet. This couple were posted just outside Mr. Poole's second-hand bookshop, close to the second box and, for a moment, Jeremy was enthralled. He wanted to give the hero his week's

penny, and upon finding that his week's penny was not—owing to sweet purchases on the previous day, he began elaborate bargainings with Miss Jones as to the forestalling of future pennies. Meanwhile Hamlet leaped, with every sign of joyful expectation, upon the pauper dog, the blind sailor began to hit wildly about with his stick, Mr. Poole's second box was upset, and the sailor's black patch fell off, revealing him as the possessor of two beautiful eyes just like any other gentleman, and a fine vigorous stock of the best Glebeshire profanities. Mr. Poole, himself, an irascible old man, came out, a policeman approached, two old ladies from the close, well known to Jeremy, were shocked by the tramp, and the cathedral bell, as though it had just woke up to its real responsibilities, suddenly began to ring.

All this was, of course, delightful to Jeremy, and offered so many possible veins of interest that he could have stayed there for hours. He wanted very badly to ask the sailor why he covered up a perfectly wholesome eye with a black patch and he would have liked to see what Hamlet could do in the direction of eating up the scattered remnants of Mr. Poole's second box. But he was dragged away by the agitated hand of Miss Jones, having to console himself finally with a wink from the august policeman who, known throughout Polchester as Tom Noddy, was a kindly soul and liked gentlemanly little boys but persecuted the street sort.

For a moment this exciting adventure carried him away and he even listened for a minute or two to Mary who, seizing her opportunity, began hurriedly: "Once upon a time there lived a sailor, very thin, and he never washed and he had a dog and a violin—", but soon he remembered and

sighed and said, "Oh, bother, Mary!" and then walked on by himself. And still all through that hot afternoon, when even the Rope Walk did not offer any shade and when the Pol was of so clear a color that you could see trout and emerald stones and golden sand as under glass, and when Hamlet was compelled to run ahead and find a piece of shade and lie there stretched, panting, with his tongue out until they came up to him—even all these signs of a true and marvelous summer did not relieve Jeremy of his burden. Something horrible was going to happen. He knew it with such certainty that he wondered how Mary and Helen could be so gaily light-hearted and despised them for their carelessness. This was connected in some way with the hot weather; he felt as though, were a cold breeze suddenly to come and rain to fall, he would be happy again.

There had once been a boy, older than he, called Johnny Bain, a fat boy who had lived next door to the Coles. Whenever he had had the opportunity he had bullied Jeremy, pinching his arms, putting pins into his legs, and shouting suddenly into his ears. Jeremy, who had feared Johnny Bain, had always "felt" the stout youth's arrival before he appeared. The sky had seemed to darken, the air to thicken, the birds to gather in the "rooky" wood. He had trembled and shaken, his teeth had chattered, and his throat grown dry for no reason at all.

As he had once felt about Johnny Bain so now he felt about life in general. Something horrible was going to happen. . . . Something to do with Mother. . . . As he came up the road to their house his heart beat so that he could not hear his own steps.

§ 2

They entered the house and at once even Mary, preoccupied as she was with her story about the sailor, noticed that something was wrong.

"Rose! Rose!" she called out loudly.

"Hush!" said Miss Jones. "You must be quiet, dear."

"Why?" said Mary. "I want Rose to——"

"Your mother isn't at all well, dear—I——"

And she was interrupted by Rose who, coming suddenly downstairs with a face very different from her usual cheerful one, said something to Miss Jones in a low voice.

Miss Jones gave a little cry: "So soon? . . . A girl . . ." and then added, "How is she?"

Then Rose said something more which the children could not catch and vanished.

They all went upstairs. Then in the schoolroom Miss Jones said an amazing thing:

"I must tell you all, children, that you've got a new little sister."

"A new sister!" screamed Mary.

Helen said: "Oh, Miss Jones!"

Jeremy said: "What did she come for just now when mother is ill?"

"God wanted her to come, dear", said Miss Jones. "You must all be very kind to her and do all you can——"

She was interrupted by a torrent of questions from the two girls. What was she like? What was her name? Could she walk? Where did she come from? Did father and mother find her in Drymouth?—and so on. Jeremy was silent. At last he said: "We don't want any more girls here".

"Better than having another boy", said Helen.

But he would not take up the challenge. He sat on his favorite seat on

the window-ledge, dragged up a reluctant Hamlet to sit with him, and gazed out down into the garden that was misty now in the evening golden light, the trees and the soil black beneath the gold, the rooks circling slowly across the sky above the farther side of the road. Hamlet wriggled. He always detested that he should be cuddled and he would press first with one leg, then with another against Jeremy's coat; then he would lie dead for a moment, suddenly springing with his head up in the hope that the surprise would free him; then he would turn into a snake, twisting his body under Jeremy's arm and dropping with a flop on to the floor. All these manœuvres today availed him nothing; Jeremy held his neck in a vise and dug his fingers well into the skin. Hamlet whined, then lay still and, in the midst of indignant reflections against the imbecile tyrannies of man, fell to his own surprise asleep.

Jeremy sat there while the dusk fell and all the beautiful lights were drawn from the sky and the rooks went to bed. Rose came to draw the curtains and then he left his window-seat, dragged out his toy farm and pretended to play with it. He looked at his sisters. They seemed quite tranquil. Helen was sewing and Mary deep in "The Pillars of the House". The clock ticked. Hamlet, lost in sleep, snored and sputtered; the whole world pursued its ordinary way. Only in himself something was changed: he was unhappy and he could not account for his unhappiness. It should have been because his mother was ill, and yet she had been ill before and he had been only disturbed for a moment. After all, grown-up people always got well. There had been Aunt Amy who had measles and the wife of the dean who had something, and even the

bishop once. . . . But now he was frightened. There was some perception, coming to him now for the first time in his life, that this world was not absolutely stable, that people left it, people came into it, that there was change and danger and something stronger. . . . Gradually this perception was approaching him as though it had been some dark figure who had entered the house and now with muffled step and veiled face was slowly climbing the stairs toward him. He only knew that his mother could not go, she could not go. She was part of his life, and she would always be so. Why, now when he thought of it, he could do nothing without his mother; every day he must tell her what he had done and what he was going to do, must show her what he had acquired, and must explain to her what he had lost, must go to her when he was hurt, and when he was frightened and when he was glad—and all these things he had never even thought until now.

As he sat there the house seemed to grow even quieter and quieter about him. He felt as though he would have liked to go to the schoolroom door and listen. It was terrible imagining the house behind the door—quite silent—so that the clocks had stopped and no one walked upon the stairs and no one laughed down in the pantry. He wished that they would make more noise in the schoolroom. He upset the church and the apple farm and Mrs. Noah.

But the silence after the noise was worse than ever.

Soon Miss Jones took the two girls away to her room to fit on some clothes, an operation which Helen adored and Mary hated. Jeremy was left alone and he was, at once, terribly frightened. He knew that it was of

no use to be frightened and he tried to go on with his game, putting the church with the apple-trees around it and the Noah family all sleeping under the trees; but at every moment something compelled him to raise his head and see that no one was there, and he felt so small and so lonely that he would have liked to hide under something.

Then when he thought of his mother all alone and the house so quiet around her and no one able to go to her, he felt so miserable that he turned round from his village and stared desolately into the fireplace. The thought of his new sister came to him, but was dismissed impatiently. He did not want a new sister—Mary and Helen were trouble enough as it was—and he felt, with an old weary air, that it was time, indeed, that he was off to school. Nothing was the same. Always new people. Never any peace. . . .

Jeremy, left alone, had a desperate impulse to scream that someone must come, that he was frightened, that something horrible was in the house. He stood up, staring at the closed door, his face white, his eyes large and full of fear. Then he flung himself down by Hamlet and taking him by the neck, whispered:

"I'm frightened! I'm frightened! Bark or something. . . . There's someone here!"

§ 3

Next morning Mrs. Cole was still alive. There had been no change during the night; today, the doctor said, would be the critical day. Today was Sunday and Mr. Cole took his morning service at his church as usual. He had been up all night—he looked haggard and pale, wearing the expression as of a man lost in a world that he had always trusted. But he would not

fail in his duty. "When two or three are gathered together in my name . . ." Perhaps God would hear him. . . .

It was a day of tremendous heat. No one had ever remembered so hot a day at so early a time of year. The windows of the church were open, but no breeze blew through the aisles. The relentless, blazing blue of the sky penetrated into the cool shadows of the church and it was as though the congregation sat there under shimmering glass. The waves of light shifted, rose and fell above the bonnets and hats and bare heads, and all the little choir-boys fell asleep during the sermon.

The Cole family did not fall asleep. They sat with pale faces and stiff backs staring at their father and thinking about their mother. Mary and Helen were frightened; the house was so strange, everyone spoke in whispers and, on the way into church, many ladies asked them how their mother was.

They felt important as well as sad. But Jeremy did not feel important. He had not heard the ladies and their questions—he would not have cared if he had. People had always called him "a queer little boy" simply because he was independent and thought more than he spoke. Nevertheless, he had always in reality been normal enough until now. Today he was really "queer", was conscious for the first time of the existence of a world whose adjacency to the real world was, in after days, to trouble him so often and to complicate life for him so grievously. The terror that had come down upon him on the previous day seemed today utterly to soak through into the very heart of him. His mother was going to die unless something or somebody saved her. What was dying?

Going away, he had always been told, with a golden harp, to sing hymns in a foreign country. But today the picture would not form so easily. There was silence and darkness and confusion about this death. His mother was going, against her will, and no one could tell him whither she was going. If he could only stop her dying, force God to leave her alone, to leave her with them all as she had been before. . . .

He fixed his eyes upon his father, who climbed into his pulpit and gave out the text of his sermons. Today he would talk about the sacrifice of Isaac. "Abraham, as his hearers would remember . . ." and so on.

Jeremy listened and gradually there grew before his eyes the figure of a strange and terrible God. This was no new figure. He had never thought directly about God, but for a very long time now he had had Him in the background of his life, as Polchester Town Hall was in the background. But now he definitely and actively figured to himself this God, this God who was taking his mother away, and was intending apparently to put her into some dark place where she would know nobody. It must be some horrible place, because his father looked so frightened—which he would not look if his mother were simply going, with a golden harp, to sing hymns. Jeremy had always heard that this God was loving and kind and tender, but the figure whom his father was now drawing for the benefit of the congregation was none of these things.

Mr. Cole spoke of a God just and terrible, but a God who apparently for the merest fancy put His faithful servant to terrible anguish and distress and then, for another fancy as light as the first, spared him his sorrow. Mr. Cole emphasized the neces-

sity for obedience, the need for a willing surrender of anything that may be dear to us, "because the love of God must be greater than anything that holds us here on earth". But Jeremy did not listen to these remarks; his mind was filled with this picture of a vast, shadowy figure, seated in the sky, his white beard flowing beneath eyes that frowned from dark, rocky eyebrows out upon people like Jeremy who, although doing their best, were nevertheless at the mercy of any whim that He might have. This terrible figure was the author of the hot day, author of the silent house and the shimmering darkened church, author of the decision to take his mother away from all that she loved and put her somewhere where she would be alone and cold and silent—"simply because he wishes . . ."

"From this beautiful passage", concluded Mr. Cole, "we learn that God is just and merciful but that He demands our obedience. We must be ready at any instant to give up what we love best . . ."

Afterward they all trooped out into the splendid sunshine.

§ 4

There was a horrible Sunday dinner when the silence, and the roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, and the dining-room quivering with heat, emphasized every minute of the solemn ticking clock—Mary suddenly burst into tears, choked over a glass of water, and was led from the room. Jeremy ate his beef and rice pudding in silence except that once or twice in a low hoarse voice he whispered: "Pass the mustard, please" or "Pass the salt, please". Miss Jones, watching his white face and the tremble of his upper lip, longed to say something

to comfort him but wisely held her peace.

After dinner Jeremy collected Hamlet and went to the conservatory. This, like so many other English conservatories, was a desolate and desperate little place where boxes of sand, dry corded-looking bulbs, and an unhappy plant or two languished, forgotten and forlorn. For Jeremy the place had had always an indescribable fascination. When he was very young there had been absolute trust that things would grow, that every kind of wonder might spring before one's eyes at any moment of the day. Then when no wonder came, there had been the thrill of the empty boxes of earth, the probing with one's fingers to see what the funny-looking bulbs would be, and the watching of the fronds on the pale vine. Afterward there was another fascination—the fascination of some strange and sinister atmosphere that he was much too young to define. The place, he knew, was different from the rest of the house. It projected, conventionally enough, from the drawing-room, but the heavy door with thick windows of red glass shut it off from the whole world. Its rather dirty and obscure windows looked over the same country that Jeremy's bedroom window commanded. It also caught all the sun, so that in the summer it was terribly hot. But he loved the heat.

Another thing that Jeremy felt there was that he was in a glass cage swinging over the whole world. If one shut one's eyes, one could easily fancy that one was swinging out, swinging, swinging . . . and that suddenly, perhaps, the cage would be detached from the house and go sailing, like a magic carpet, to Arabia and Persia and anywhere you please

to command . . . easily and quickly.

Today the glass burnt like fire and the green fields came floating up like running water. The house was utterly still; the red glass door shut off the world. Jeremy sat, his arms tightly round Hamlet's neck, on the dirty floor; he was a strange mixture of misery, weariness, fright, and anger. There was already in him a strain of impatience, so that he could not bear simply to sit down and bewail something as, for instance, both his sisters were doing at this moment. He must act. They could not be happy without their mother; he himself wanted her so badly that even now, there in the flaming conservatory, if he had allowed himself to do such a thing, he would have sat and cried and cried and cried. But he was not going to cry. Mary and Helen could cry; they were girls; he was going to do something.

As he sat there, getting hotter and hotter, there grew, larger and larger before his eyes, the figure of Terrible God. That image of Someone of a vast size sitting in the red-hot sky, his white beard flowing, his eyes frowning, grew ever more and more awful. Jeremy stared up into the glass, his eyes blinking, the sweat beginning to pour down his nose, and yet his body shivering with terror. But he had strung himself up to meet Him. Somehow he was going to save his mother and hinder her departure. At an instant, inside him, he was crying: "I want my mother! I want my mother!" like a little boy who had been left in the street, and at the other, "You shan't have her! You shan't have her!" as though someone were trying to steal his toy village or Hamlet away from him. His sleepy, bemused, heated brain wandered, in dazed fashion, back to his

father's sermon of that morning. Abraham and Isaac! Abraham and Isaac!

Abraham and Isaac! Suddenly, as though through the flaming glass something had been flung to him, an idea came. Perhaps God, that huge, ugly God, was teasing the Coles just as once He had teased Abraham. Perhaps He wished to see whether they were truly obedient as the Jampot had sometimes wished in the old days. He was only, it might be, pretending. Perhaps he was demanding that one of them should give up something, something of great value. Even Jeremy, himself. . . .

If he had to sacrifice something to save his mother what would be hardest to sacrifice? Would it be his toy village or Mary or Helen or his soldiers or his paint-box or his goldfish that he had in a bowl or . . . No, of course he had known from the first what would be hardest . . . it would, of course, be Hamlet.

At this stage in his thinking he removed his arms from Hamlet's neck and looked at the animal. At the same moment the light that had filled the glass-house with a fiery radiance that burnt in the very heart of the place, was clouded. Above in the sky, black smoky clouds, rolling in fold after fold as though some demon were flinging them out across the sky as one flings a carpet, piled up and up, each one darker than the last. The light vanished; the conservatory was filled with a thick murky glow, and far across the fields from the heart of the black wood came the low rumble of thunder. But Jeremy did not hear that; he was busy with his thoughts. He stared at the dog who was lying stretched out on the dirty floor, his nose between his toes. It cannot truthfully be said that the resolve

that was forming in Jeremy's head had its birth in any fine, noble idealisms. It was as though some bully, seizing his best marbles, had said: "I'll give you these back, if you hand over this week's pocket-money!" His attitude to the bully could not truthfully be described as one of homage or reverence; rather was it one of anger and impotent rebellion.

He loved Hamlet and he loved his mother more than Hamlet, but he was not moved by sentiment. Grimly, his legs apart, his eyes shut tight as they were when he said his prayers, he made his challenge.

"I'll give you Hamlet, if you won't take mother——" A pause. "Only I can't cut Hamlet's throat. But I could lose him if that would do. . . . Only you must take him now—I couldn't do it tomorrow." His voice began to tremble. He was frightened. He could feel behind his closed eyes that the darkness had gathered. The place seemed to be filled with rolling smoke and the house was so terribly still!

He said again: "You can take Hamlet. He's my best thing. You can . . . You can . . ."

There followed then with the promptitude of a most admirably managed theatrical climax a peal of thunder that seemed to strike the house with the iron hand of a giant. Two more came and then, for a second, a silence, more deadly than all the earlier havoc.

Jeremy felt that God had leapt upon him. He opened his eyes, turned as though to run and then saw, with a freezing check upon the very beat of his heart, that Hamlet was gone. . . .

§5

There was no Hamlet!

In that second of frantic, unreasoning terror he received a conviction of

God that no rationalistic training in later years was able to remove.

There was no Hamlet—only the dusky, dirty place with a black torrent-driven world beyond it. With a rush as of a thousand whips slashing the air, the rain came down upon the glass. Jeremy turned crying, "Mother! Mother! I want Mother!" and flung himself at the red glass doors; fumbling in his terror for the handle, he felt as though the end of the world had come; such a panic had seized him as only belongs to the most desperate of nightmares. God had answered him. Hamlet was gone and in a moment Jeremy himself might be seized. . . .

He felt frantically for the door; he beat upon the glass. He cried "Mother! Mother! Mother!"

He had found the door but just as he turned the handle he was aware of a new sound, heard distantly, through the rain. Looking back he saw, from behind a rampart of dusty flower-pots, first a head, then a rough, tousled body, then a tail that might be

recognized among all the tails of Christendom.

Hamlet (who had trained himself to meet with a fine natural show of bravery every possible violence save only thunder) crept ashamed, dirty, and smiling toward his master.

God had only played His trick—Abraham and Isaac after all.

Then with a fine sense of victory and defiance Jeremy turned back, looked up at the slashing rain, and gazed out upon the black country. At last he seized Hamlet and dragging him out by his hind-legs, knelt there in the dust, and suffered himself to be licked until his face was as though a snail had crossed over it.

The thunder passed. Blue pushed up into the grey. A cool air blew through the world.

Nevertheless, deep in his heart, the terror remained. In that moment he had met God, face to face; he had delivered his first challenge. . . .

It was on the evening of that Sunday that Mrs. Cole turned the corner toward recovery.

(To be continued)

COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT

*The Punk in
Punctuation*

I have always had a very keen ambition
 To become a sort of poet laureate
 But I'm hampered by my lack of erudition
 For I've never somehow learned to punctuate

I can never handle commas with assurance
 Though I understand their use is fixed by rule
 And it taxes any editor's endurance
 To supply the things I didn't learn at school

I know nothing of the colon's life and pleasures
 Of the semicolon's joys just half as much
 And my best intentioned dithyrambic measures
 Always need the punctuator's gentle touch

When to use parentheses and when the bracket
 Is a puzzle far beyond my simple ken
 You may never miss such knowledge till you lack it
 But you'll find it very necessary then

Take the hyphen and the dash they're most confusing
 I can never tell the short one from the long
 And the question-mark my use of it's amusing
 As to risking asterisks I'm always wrong

I can never use the marks that mean quotation
 I'm as apt as not to turn them inside out
 And the little sign that stands for exclamation
 Is a constant source of never ending doubt

So the only way to thwart my hesitating
 And to bring my dread dilemma to an end
 Is to let the reader do the punctuating
 With the marks I'm very happy to append

; ; ? , .) * : ; — & ' ? ' ' ' () ; / — * — : : ' ' ')
 ... / ? , , : : ; * — () ! ' ' * ' ' — , , ? . ; ; ... / — & ' '
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—HINTON GILMORE

"Wise-Cracking" Crook Novels

What are we going to do with the crook plays and the crook novels now so much with us? I refer of course to the trouble the authors of them deliberately cause us by their flourishing of the crook language. At least I assume out of politeness that it really is crook language that is flourished. I should hate to think we are all of us being baffled or intrigued (*intrigued*—that indeed is a word which Sophie Kerr might well have added to her "detestable" list in the February number) by a language specially cooked up in the humble hall-bedroom or the palatial studio (as the case may be) of some crook-story artist. Yet stranger things have happened—

How disturbing it is to the simple-minded reader with the usual 700- to 800-word vocabulary to discover, for instance, that neither "soup" nor "sausage" has anything to do with food, nor "bubble" with drink, that a "gay cat" is by no manner of means a hilarious feline, and that bells have no part in a "ring-up"!

Revolving these great matters in my mind, I have come to the conclusion that what the reading public needs is a little discreet guidance. To this end I have prepared a short examination paper in crook terms which I give below, and which I believe covers the ground with some completeness. Any student who devotes a mere four or five hours a day of his spare time for a few months to the careful study of the works of George Bronson Howard, Mrs. E. T. Rath, and the other well-known crook-story writers, with this paper as a guide, will be able—I feel convinced—to graduate *summa cum laude* in the noble art of "wise-cracking". In

fact he (or she) should not only be able to read a crook novel or see a crook play without discomfort, but will be able to "shoot the wise-cracking stuff" personally, to the envy of his (or her) friends, and even (theoretically) to hold up his (or her) end in the company of the very crooks themselves. (May I be there to see!)

To encourage the earnest-minded inquirer I shall be glad to donate a copy of "Belle Jones" or "Jessica's First Prayer" as a prize to the best set of answers sent in before July 4th, on the condition that each candidate for the prize encloses an affidavit, sworn on a stack of "Daisy" books not less than four feet high, that the answers are his (or her) unaided work, and that no assistance whatever has been sought from a professional crook.

EXAMINATION PAPER

(Note—Write your answers clearly, on one side of the paper only. Additional marks will be given for verifiable references to authorities and quotations of original texts.)

- Construct sentences illustrating the correct use of the following terms: olivet, galway, ducket, to clean for the works.
- If a pete intends to snuff a drum,
 - would he prefer a harnessed box or a kelster, and why?
 - in which case would he make use of soup or of dooley, and why?
 - for what reasons would a looker be desirable?
- Is a paper-hanger or a scratchman generally considered as the higher grade of worker? How does each compare socially and professionally with (a) a mush-talker, (b) a baster, (c) a moll-buzzer, (d) a knucker, (e) a creeper, (f) a yegg?
- Distinguish carefully between (a) the bubble, (b) the callie, (c) the hoose-gow; and evaluate (without the use of logarithms) the difference in the feelings of a gentleman (a) kangarooed to the dump by a stool-pigeon, (b) ditched through a pal crocking to a snitch.
- Discuss the effect of the Prohibition Amendment on a white liner. What would be his chances after its passage of procuring sufficient powders to enable him to get slopped up (a) in the State of Maine, (b) in New York City?

6. Explain clearly with examples the uses of any five of the following articles; a mouth-piece, a drag, a rumble, a slang, a scat, a monniker, a rally.

7. Differentiate a door-rapper from a cleaner, and state, with adequate reasons, which would be the more likely (a) to ding for a lump, (b) to be a ring-up for a holster (omitting in the latter case the possibilities of the joint being bugged).

Problem A

A lammister, X, is traveling along a curved road AB at the rate of f miles per hour. 4 flatties, W_1, W_2, W_3, W_4 , each packing a rod, and 2 sausages, S_1, S_2 , are traveling in the same direction at a rate of $f + 1$ miles per hour. 2 fly cops, V_1, V_2 , of whom V_2 is britching a gat, are traveling in the opposite direction on the same curve at a speed of $f + 2$ miles. X gets jerry too late to be able to initiate either tangential or transverse action. Estimate to 5 places of decimals the chances of (a) a mattance, (b) X jimmying a bull and getting settled for a fiver in consequence.

Problem B

Two broads, A, a gun-moll, B, a haybag, are gay cats for a dip, C. While hopping a rattler, R, A and B fan G, a guy with woods, for his super, prop, poke, and bunch. A certain hook, H, getting rap to it, maces A and B for a split. Simultaneously, C, hop-scotching and traversing a slightly larger area in the same elapsed time by means of a dangler, connects with H, A, and B, while A is stalling, and B is giving H an earful. Draw a diagram showing the probable direction in which H will screw his nut— S_1 and S_2 being the top and bottom respectively of the main stem and W a moving dick got-necking thereon, and having a known speed $1\frac{1}{2}$ times that of H.

—MOREBY ACKLOM

Poetry Democratized

Children should make up poems without the slightest embarrassment, and the time spent in school in writing their own poems would be better spent than that consumed in learning arithmetic. When everybody writes his own poems, two-thirds of the misery of the world will flow away singing.

—SARA TEASDALE

Reginald sat at his desk, abstracted. His eyes surveyed the multiplication chart which the teacher was exploiting, but his six-year-old mind was on higher things. "Regi-

nald?" called his instructor, with her pointer at $8 \times 8 = ?$ To which he replied, frowning:

Eight times eight? I once knew—
Chance it maketh forty-two!
Prithee do not bore me, Teacher!
Sordid facts are not my metier!

And the woman, properly rebuked, subsided.

Anon the boy traveled homeward, to be greeted at the back door by the butcher's rugged tones:

Lamb or fowl or tenderloin,
Any cut of meat that's goin'.
Not an ounce of extra gristle
Sure as my new car's "Kissel"!

Then his mother's voice:

No, not one thing will I take
But a pound of good whale steak
Which you and fish-man each opine
Should be in the other's line!

Pursuing his course indoors Reggie found, working on the kitchen sink, the plumber whom the garbage man, *en passant*, was engaging in pleasant converse:

Times is hard on my trade, Bill!
People don't waste any swill!
All account of Herbert Hoover
Not an egg-shell is left over!

The plumber rejoined:

Well, my daily income's more—
'Stead of one hundred it's four.
Folks grow careless about pipes
When they're busy with receipts!

Aghast at the atrocious rhyme and rhythm of the crude fellows, their hearer sought the orchard where he solaced himself with seven large apples eaten in rapid and stimulating succession. Some hours later he stated briefly and conclusively:

Mother, I've a raging pain
Wracking me, perforce, in twain!

He would have mentioned the apples, but, concentrate as he might, he could not, in his discomfort, think of anything that rhymed with them.

The doctor, after extensive tapping, pronounced:

Madam, my profound advice is
Your son has appendicitis!
Quickly I must operate
Or 'twill be, I fear, too late!

But Reginald foiled him. On the
operating table, just after the anæsthetist
had counseled cheerily:

Take a deep, deep whiff of ether
And your struggles will be briefer!

desperation brought resource and the
victim announced:

Long since, to dispel care's leaven,
I devoured apples seven!

thereby saving his father a cool five
hundred—

And vindicating the Muse!

—RUTH LAMBERT JONES

A BOOK-SHELF FOR THE MONTH

BRAND WHITLOCK'S STORY OF BELGIUM

By Arthur Bartlett Maurice

The telling of the story of Belgium's Calvary is essentially an American task. Before the gathering storm in August, 1914, a thousand or so of our countrymen, interrupted in their pleasure jaunts, hurried across the Flanders lowlands in the excited scamper for the ports of embarkation. Some of them even carried away impressions of the land as it was in the days when it was hoping, doubting, awaiting the shock. When they had gone others remained. These, perhaps a hundred in all, held by ties of service or business, felt the blast from the throat of the Beast blowing hotter and hotter as the frontier forts crumbled beneath the weight of the Krupp guns; saw the stream of refugees pouring westward, and the great German military machine rumble through Brussels and roll on in its journey to the French border. To those Americans who had stayed were added a score of newspaper correspondents who had been rushed across the Atlantic in time to find the occupation of the Belgian capital a fact, and to witness the later fighting that led to the fall of Ant-

werp. Then the iron grip on the unhappy land tightened to endure for four years. The correspondents had no longer a place, and one by one the business men drifted away. But other Americans came; the volunteers of the organization known as the C. R. B., who from October, 1914, till April, 1917, remained in the land to carry on the work of the material *ravitaillement*, and by that tight pressure of the hand of Belgium to convey to the nation the message of faith and hope. But although the work was permanent as long as was possible, the men of the C. R. B., with an exception or two, replaced one another at intervals, and there were frequent changes in the diplomatic and consular services.

The C. R. B. story of Belgium under the yoke would be like a novel in the Wilkie Collins method, in which one character after another takes up the burden of narrative. Mr. Poland or Mr. Crosby would carry the tale to the point where it would be taken up by Dr. Kellogg, who in turn would relinquish it to Mr. Gregory, his successor as director. But in the United States Legation in the Rue de Trèves there was one man who saw the beginning and the end, who was there when Belgium was smiling in fancied se-

curity, and who was there practically without interruption until the day in April, 1917, when thousands of Belgians gathered in the streets about the Gare du Nord in Brussels to wave farewell to the train load of Americans who were starting on the journey across Germany to the Swiss frontier. That was the American Minister, and the result in continuity of Mr. Whitlock's narrative gives it a place which nothing else that has been written about Belgium under the German occupation can even challenge. For the present, at least, the book is the last word.

This opinion, which may be expressed without fear of possible contradiction, is also without thought of disparagement of the writings of other Americans. Strikingly vivid was Hugh Gibson's "A Journal from our Legation in Belgium", published a year or two ago. But with the exception of a supplementary chapter about Edith Cavell, that book carried only to the end of 1914. Both Dr. Vernon Kellogg and Mrs. Kellogg have written about the suffering land, which they knew so well, with rare sympathy and literary skill. War correspondence has no more brilliant chapter than that in which the late Richard Harding Davis described the entry of the German armies into Brussels, no longer regiments of men marching, but "something uncanny, inhuman, a force of nature like a landslide, a tidal wave, or lava sweeping down a mountain; not of this earth, but mysterious, ghostlike; carrying all the mystery and menace of a fog rolling toward you across the sea". Among other writings that come to mind are the entertaining but perhaps not overdiscreet "War Bread" of Mr. Edward Eyre Hunt; the Belgian chapters of Mr. Frederick Pal-

mer's "My Year of the Great War"; the descriptive work of Will Irwin and Mary Roberts Rinehart, and that curious account in which Irvin Cobb, for once gullible, attempted to whitewash German methods. It may interest Mr. Cobb to learn that German officers in Brussels used to tell with great gusto of the elaborate setting of the scene that had been made for his benefit and the benefit of his fellow investigators.

It has been Mr. Whitlock's method not only to tell his story but also to prove his case. The first might have been done in less than half the space; for the second, the five hundred thousand words to which the two volumes run were needed. To illustrate: he tells of an order issued by the occupying military authorities calling on the civil population to deliver certain household goods and threatening punishment in the event of non-compliance. In order that posterity may have no doubt in the matter he reproduces the order in its original text. His is the double rôle of historian and advocate. The Germans themselves furnished the damning documentary evidence. The tale of rapacity and ruthless repression was told in the *affiches* that day by day were placarded against Belgian walls. The name of Edith Cavell is likely to live through history. Already forgotten by the great world outside of Belgium are the five others, two of them women, condemned to execution in the same *affiche*.

Somehow, in the pages of Mr. Whitlock's book, one sees not only Belgium, but also, and more clearly and vividly than in any other narrative that has come within the present reviewer's observation, Germany—the Germany that first revealed itself to an amazed world in August, 1914.

For nowhere were the Germans so modernly German as in Poland, Belgium, and the occupied provinces of Northern France.

The olden Germany had meant so much that was good and pleasant to think upon—all the various connotations of such names as Beethoven, Mozart, Handel, Wagner, Schiller, and Goethe. There had been Carlyle's vast enthusiasm, too, his translation of Schiller's works and his tremendous book on the great Frederick. Then the Rhine, the legends, the songs, and all that, and the traditions of 1848, Carl Schurz, Franz Sigel, and their like. All this had passed away. There comes an hour, as Mr. Guglielmo Ferrero has said, in the lives of nations as of men, when a choice must be made between moral and material success. Germany had made the choice, and the old Germany was gone, never to return.

It is not merely the picture of a nation, crushed but indomitable, held in the iron grip of its conquerors, that the book presents. Clearly limned on the vast canvas are vivid figures of individuals—the Germans Von Bisping, Von der Goltz Pasha, Von der Lancken, Lutwitz, Brohn, Von Falkenhausen, Von Sauberzweig, and Schulbach; the astute and useful Spanish ambassador Villalobar; the Belgians Burgomaster Max, Francqui, de Solvay, Maitre de Leval, Tibbaut, Louis Franck, Baron Lambert, and above all, Désiré James (Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines); the Americans Hoover, Gibson, Kellogg, Crosby, Poland, Lucey, Gregory, and Gray. These are the outstanding men, against the background of the hundreds of thousands in more or less soiled field gray, the eight or nine millions of civilians of Belgium and Northern France who were living under the yoke, and the little group of subalterns in the American relief service. It is a book of many pages brilliantly written. In the essence it is a page of history that is absolutely without parallel.

Belgium. By Brand Whitlock, United

States Minister to Belgium. D. Appleton and Company.

MAX'S "HAPPY HYPOCRITE"

By Benjamin De Casseres

Max Beerbohm was never *fin de siècle*—that phrase in vogue a quarter of a century ago that stamped a man a decadent (*de-cay-dent*, please, not the French *dec-a-dong*), a genius with asymmetrical toes or a multi-nuanced soul with a supra-subtle *flair* for intangible and sometimes scatological doings. No, Max was always a sane, sober, English, eighteenth-century satirist—wholesome, sentimental, cunning. A golden butterfly, done by Whistler; a light epigram, parlor-turned by Wilde; a paragraph in an auto-preface to one of Shaw's plays; a Mephisto à la Sir Jimmie Barry. This is Max Beerbohm. To read him is to love him—which may or may not be praise for a satirist. As you like it.

"The Happy Hypocrite", *de luxe*, comes to us from John Lane. This immortally perfect little tale of Lord George Hell, roysterer and gay sinner of a London that is long no more, and how he had a saint's mask manufactured to woo the impeccable Miss Mere, who read in his face, palm-wise, the roué and gambler and the veteran of a thousand vices; how Lord George won his demure Virginia under a perfectly chaste English moon that dabbled in a perfectly chaste English pool; how the frightful La Gambogi, a demi-ripper from London, unmasked him in his Eden only to find that the mask had become the man, and how Lord George Hell entered his heaven of happiness with the pretty Miss Mere and lived forever after perfectly happy, a retired man—all this is as well known to the connoisseurs

of literature as it is unknown to the Man in the Subway.

The curious thing about "The Happy Hypocrite" is that we have never discovered the moral of the story. What is its meaning? Is it a satire on virtue, on vice, on gambling, on Puritanism, on you, on me, or on Max himself? Is it a morality story, a fairy story, a metaphysical treatise, a psychological allegory, or a superb defense of the master art—hypocrisy, that art which is the supreme manoeuvre of survival in the struggle for existence?

But the greatness of "The Happy Hypocrite" consists just in that—that we can read anything at all into it. It is for young, old, and the readers of "The New Republic". If it is a morality yarn, the moral is plain: "it is never too late to mend", granting that there is anything to mend. "Repent ye", etc., for the Kingdom of Boredom is at hand. Lord George Hell was wiser than Dorian Gray, who also met his Elsa after touring Venusburg. But Dorian was a bad lot, and quite beyond resuscitation.

If it is a fairy story of how a bad little Englishman was rescued by a good little English lass, it may adorn any parlor table—unto Philadelphia—and may be read aloud after grace or the bootlegged cocktail.

If it is a metaphysical allegory of the transformation of the soul by the Lamarckian dint-of-wishing theory, it is a tale of universal import—one that would have delighted Arthur Schopenhauer, and does no doubt delight the great Jules de Gaultier, French philosopher, whose pet formula that men become supermen by conceiving themselves as they are *not* is the very basis of all progress, moral and immoral.

If it is a defense of hypocrisy as the racial art preservative, nothing like it has, then, been done in literature since the Don Juan of Molière, who found he could get away with more when he played the game of respectability than he could as an open dandified François Villon.

The book is superbly illustrated by George Sheringham.

The Happy Hypocrite. By Max Beerbohm. John Lane Co.

MR. GALSWORTHY'S INTERPRETATION OF COMING EVENTS

By Louise Townsend Nicholl

England must go back to the land and grow her own food. That is the chief contention, the most often reiterated argument, of John Galsworthy in his latest book, "Another Sheaf". Two of the twelve articles in the collection, written respectively in 1917 and 1918, are called definitely "The Land". In several of the others mention is made of this growing tendency toward the desertion of the country which is endangering the nation's independence and very existence, and its corollary, *town-blight*, which will lower the health, beauty, efficiency, intelligence, and happiness of individuals and gradually of the race.

"Since the air is mastered and there are pathways under the sea, we, the proudest people in the world, will exist henceforth by mere merciful accident, *until we grow our own food*", is one of the texts of his talk. "We have as good a climate and soil as any in the world, not indeed for pleasure, but for health and food, and yet, I am sure, we are rotting physically faster than any other people"; and, "We are by a long way the most town-ridden country in the world; our towns by a long way the smokiest and worst-built,

with the most inbred town populations", are other statements, and these are not the most disturbing in their phraseology. He is not generalizing—he has facts to back him up. His outline for reformation is, he says, already well in the public eye, on paper, but has not yet in reality been adopted as a national creed.

It is five-fold:

1. Such solid economic basis to the growth of our food as will give us again national security, more arable land than we have ever had, and on it a full complement of well-paid workers, with bettered cottages, and a livened village life.
2. A vast number of small holdings, State-created, with co-operative working.
3. A wide belt-system of garden allotments round every town, industrial or not.
4. Drastic improvements in housing, feeding, and sanitation in the towns themselves.
5. Education that shall raise not only the standard of knowledge but the standard of taste in town and country.

There is much exquisite writing in the book, as in all of Galsworthy's, and especially in the little sketch of home-going soldiers, "The Road", and in "France, 1916-1917, An Impression". There are some economic and industrial discussions and informal conjectures as to the future, and a delightfully whimsical "Grotesques", which describes the visits to London in 1947 of the Angel Aethereal, who comes every thirty-seven years. But next in importance to the English land idea is the idea of the strong union of English-speaking peoples, in the interests of which Mr. Galsworthy has come here this year, for the James Russell Lowell centenary. The article "American and Briton" is the last of three which give wonderfully clear analyses of the national differences between the English and the French, the Russians, and the Americans. But the last of the three is of the greatest importance, for, as he says, "On the mutual understanding of each other by Britons and Americans the future

happiness of nations depends more than on any other world cause".

Another Sheaf. By John Galsworthy.
Charles Scribner's Sons.

AN HISTORICAL TRILOGY

By R. L. Schuyler

With the publication of "National Self-Government" Professor Ramsay Muir completes an historical trilogy to which he gives as a general title, "The Culmination of Modern History". The volumes previously published are "Nationalism and Internationalism" (1916) and "The Expansion of Europe" (1917). The work as a whole is a political interpretation of modern history from the point of view of the Great War.

A reader has no valid complaint to lodge against an historian who seeks in brief compass to generalize from the events of several centuries on the ground that his presentation of facts is more or less abbreviated. That is to be expected. But he has a right to demand that statements of fact, where such are given, should be substantially correct. Unfortunately, Professor Muir is guilty of a good many lapses from factual accuracy. A few examples may with propriety be put in evidence. In "The Expansion of Europe" it is stated that Virginia was planted in 1608 (page 34); that Albany is located at the junction of the Mohawk and the Hudson (page 29); that "full religious toleration" was allowed in Maryland (page 37); that the English conquest of New Netherlands took place in 1667 (page 42); that the Virginia assembly of 1619 consisted of one representative from each "township" (page 35); that India fell into a state of "complete anarchy" following the collapse of the Mogul Empire (page 50); that

the United States is the single instance of a daughter-nation outnumbering its mother country (page 56); and that the Monroe Doctrine has been safeguarded by the British navy (page 102), a statement which, while partially true, manifestly leaves out of consideration those occasions when the Doctrine was invoked against Great Britain.

In "National Self-Government" (page 29) the party cabinet is said to have been the main motive force in British politics ever since 1784, although the party cabinet in fact disappeared from British politics in 1915 and has not yet been restored. To say that the middle class "abandoned power" in England in 1867 (page 76) raises the question, who has been ruling in that country since that date? The remark that outside of Britain and the communities sprung from her, representative systems have been the product of the last hundred years (page 1) overlooks the history of France since 1789. The statement that almost all classes of the population were growing prosperous in England during the third quarter of the nineteenth century (page 152) conjures up a vision of English society in that period that is altogether too roseate. Within the narrow compass of six pages (pages 38-44) the author dispenses a variety of error respecting the Constitution of the United States which suggests that he has never read that document.

Turning from matters of fact to questions of judgment and interpretation: to say that the fundamental cause of the decline of the Roman Empire "was that the life-giving balance and conflict between Law and Liberty were more and more lost as the centralized power of the Emperors and their officials increased", ("National-

ism and Internationalism", page 26) is a most summary and *ex cathedra* way of disposing of a debatable question. To represent British policy in its support of Turkey at the Congress of Berlin as subordinate to that of Germany and Austria (page 104) seems unwarranted, while the assertion that this was the sole occasion in the history of the national movement when Britain ranged herself against the national cause leaves Ireland out of consideration. It is assumed that the rapid changes of ministry in France during the Third Republic have meant political instability ("National Self-Government", page 148). The Paris Commune of 1871 should not be described as "the aimless and reckless outburst of mere revolutionary insanity" (page 145). The system of national education created in France under the Third Republic, which certainly taught patriotism and Republicanism, is highly commended ("National Self-Government", pages 204-5); while the educational system of the German Empire, which taught patriotism and devotion to the Hohenzollern, is represented as tending to destroy individuality and thought (pages 186-190). Of course it always makes a difference whose ox is gored, but is not the real issue whether educational systems should be utilized for the purposes of nationalistic propaganda at all? There are those who think that we should divorce nationalism, as we have divorced sectarianism, from education.

Professor Muir is perhaps unduly severe in his judgment upon America's traditional policy of aloofness from "world politics". Americans, he thinks, were persuaded that they were a chosen people, who should not concern themselves with the problems of the rest of the world ("The Expansion

of Europe", page 65). It is true that the American Revolution was not a crusading movement, like the French Revolution, yet there have always been Americans who, like Jefferson, hoped that the example of the United States would prove contagious, and believed that the best service the United States could perform to the world was to put its own house in order and thus to afford to other peoples an inspiring proof of the practicability of democracy.

Professor Muir's trilogy is one of the more serious historical interpretations called forth by the war. It had its origin in a popular lecture in which he undertook to show that the chief political developments of the modern world were brought simultaneously to a test in the Great War. These are, in his view, (1) the growth of the idea of nationality; (2) the growth of the idea of internationalism as the fulfilment, not the antithesis, of nationality; (3) the growth of self-government through representative institutions as dependent upon the sense of nationality; and (4) the expansion of the political influence and ideas of Europe over the non-European world.

Professor Muir interprets the Great War as the culmination of modern history in the sense that it is to determine whether the world is to be organized on the basis of cooperative nationalism or military domination, democracy or autocracy, trusteeship over the backward peoples of the earth or imperial exploitation. His volumes should contribute to a better understanding of what may be called the historical background of these antithetical principles, and even those who are tolerably familiar with the broad outlines of modern history will find much that is suggestive in what he

has written. Those who incline to a materialistic interpretation of history will feel that he overemphasizes ideas at the expense of the brute facts of human existence.

Nationalism and Internationalism. By Ramsay Muir. Houghton Mifflin Co.
 The Expansion of Europe. By Ramsay Muir. Houghton Mifflin Co.
 National Self-Government. By Ramsay Muir. Henry Holt and Co.

OLD BOTTLES FOR NEW WINE

By Grace Isabel Colbron

The danger to the world of a diplomatic outlook which lags a generation behind actualities in international relations, while yet it has power to embroil nations in war, a fatal power over the weal and woe of millions, is set forth clearly in Dr. Howe's latest book. The old bottles have burst with the new wine, but in doing so they have torn a world wide open and wrought endless misery. The new internationalism of industry and commerce, which for half a century has been linking the entire globe in ever closer bonds, has come into disastrous conflict with the diplomacy which still thinks . . . and worse yet, acts . . . in the old nationalistic ideals of a hundred years ago. To a slight extent diplomacy and foreign offices and embassies have kept pace with the times in that they represent not only the feudal monarchies and aristocracies, but the new oligarchy of monopolized industry and legalized privilege. But diplomacy still does not represent the people of any nation, and sooner or later the crash was bound to come. For out of the difference between old forms and new facts imperialism was born, the imperialism which is at war with internationalism, which is, always and forever, at war with democracy as well. Given a nation with a growing creative power

in industrialism which reached to the far corners of the earth, but still ruled by a military caste with anachronistic ideals of conquest which belong in an earlier century . . . what happened was bound to happen.

But Dr. Howe's book is an impassioned warning that it is not enough for the democratic world to have overthrown German imperialism. The more modern states have an imperialism of monopoly which is equally dangerous, and equally pregnant with the seeds of future wars. The "flag that protects the investor" may be the banner of a republic, but it contains a menace of war just as strong as though it represented a despotic monarchy. The forces of privilege that seek protective tariffs and monopolies at home, that demand the same privileges overseas, arouse the antagonisms that make for war. And no enduring peace can come until, in the settlement, right is recognized rather than might.

The greatest war of the world should be ended by the greatest peace of the world,— is the key-note sentence of the book. And it must be a peace that recognizes the simple fundamentals of freedom for all peoples, not merely for the white race, freedom of industry and commerce, as well as freedom of thought and speech.

Along its more practical side Dr. Howe's book gives a very interesting resumé of the history of the great trade routes that lie by land and sea around the Mediterranean, "the strategic center of the world". Here lies the greatest problem for the Peace Conference to solve, and in this writer's opinion at least, it can be solved only by international control of these trade routes for which wars have been fought for generations.

Practically and ethically, and, not

least, in its clear, simple and readable style, Dr. Howe's book is an important contribution to what we may call "reconstruction literature".

The Only Possible Peace. By Frederic C. Howe. Charles Scribner's Sons.

HOW-DO-YOU-DO, ENGLAND!

By Benjamin De Casseres

It was in 1775 that the British people living on a strip of the Atlantic seaboard in America set forth upon the tremendous enterprise of licking a British king who was not British. The War of Independence was an Englishman's war. It was a war fought for age-long English principles. It was fought by the sons of Englishmen against a stupid Prussian monarch. It was a war carried on to force Anglo-Saxon tradition upon a clique that ruled England. The Declaration of Independence was written in the same spirit that ruled Cromwell when he broke the stubborn neck of Charles I. In other words, the American Revolution was a household scrap. And this was not clearly understood in this country until that fatal day in 1914 when the Prussian hoof began its goose-step toward Liège, whose guns have never been silenced.

As to "English hypocrisy", that we used to mouth glibly, there has been more hypocrisy in the world's attitude toward that great British Empire than that empire has ever been guilty of. Her sword is bloody. So is the sword of every superior people. Civilization is not carried on by presentation copies of Shakespeare, Voltaire, or Emerson to backward races. We have "civilized" the Indian with British methods. And did France take a plebiscite in Morocco? The walls of Casablanca will answer the

question. The most famous and fairest treaty was signed by an Englishman—William Penn.

Two timely books on England, "Shaking Hands with England", by Charles Hanson Towne, and "Explaining the Britishers", by Frederick William Wile, have just appeared. Mr. Towne, as one of the editors of "McClure's Magazine", went to England in 1918, and his book is a magnificent tribute to that country's work in the world war against the organized thuggery on the other side of the Rhine. It is the record of a people's morale, its almost jocular fearlessness and fatality in the face of starvation, murder from the air, and extermination—for in regard to the latter we have now no doubts as to the intent of the Prussians. Mr. Towne writes down his experiences in a vital, human, breezy way that makes pictures for the mind. One gets the impression from it that England in her darkest hours never knew fear. She has a fatal presentiment of her own grandeur, an invulnerable complacency in regard to her vitality. There is a cock-sureness about the consciousness of her importance that is founded on something profounder than consciousness, which her history and her triumph do not belie. Reading Mr. Towne's book is not only shaking hands with England, but with something great in ourselves. Language is profounder than thought or treaties. An Anglo-American alliance, which Mr. Towne urges, is not a political necessity, but a psychological fatality.

"Explaining the Britishers", by Mr. Wile, who was the representative in Germany and England for the Chicago "Daily News" and who was for thirteen years in Germany as correspondent of the London "Daily

Mail", is a splendid interpretation of the British character by an American who had been taught, like most of us, to think of England as "our hereditary foe". He was brought up to scoff, and remains to applaud. Mr. Wile's book goes further under the skin than Mr. Towne's. It is one of the most admirable expositions of the English character that we have read. It is, too, a complementary volume to Mr. Towne's in telling the story of the almost unbelievable work of these 30,000,000 people in achieving the end which is now in sight.

Mr. Towne's book has a few fine chapters on France. But this should have gone into a separate cover. For if England has been sublime, France was supernatural.

Shaking Hands with England. By Charles Hanson Towne. George H. Doran Company.
Explaining the Britishers. By Frederick William Wile. George H. Doran Company.

THE UNITED STATES MARINES

By Walter A. Dyer

Since that crucial moment of the Great War when the German drive was halted at Château-Thierry, only thirty-five miles from Paris, all the world has heard of the prowess of the United States marines. Hard-hitting, sharp-shooting, steel-hearted fighters they are, who won for themselves and their nation imperishable glory during the bitterest struggles of the last phase of the war. And yet it is doubtful whether the man in the street has any very clear idea of what a marine really is, what his place is in the American military establishment, or whence came this particular group of fighting men that seemed all ready to jump in at the critical moment while the army was still in the making.

As a matter of fact they did not

spring up out of the ground at the call for men. They were ready before that as the rest of the nation was not ready. They have, indeed, been ready always; they have been on the job in every war and every expedition in which the United States has been engaged since the days of John Paul Jones. They are the mobile fighting force of the navy, the foot-soldiers of the fleets, the world policemen of Uncle Sam, and if they have not attracted much attention in the past, it is largely because they have performed their far-flung duties so quietly and efficiently. They have a history and a tradition as old and honorable as that of army or navy, and an *esprit de corps* that cannot be surpassed anywhere in the world.

The marines were with John Paul Jones on the "Ranger" and the "Bon Homme Richard". They took part in the important naval engagements of our Revolutionary War. They were a potent factor in the war against the Barbary corsairs, and it was a marine, Lieutenant O'Bannon, who raised the Stars and Stripes on the fortress of Derne in Tripoli in 1803.

They took an important part in the War of 1812 and the war with Mexico. They distinguished themselves at the storming of Chapultepec on September 13, 1847, and on the following day it was Lieutenant Nicholson of the marines who raised the United States flag on the National Palace in the City of Mexico.

They were with Commodore Perry in Japan in 1853 and at Harper's Ferry in 1859. They took part in most of the naval engagements of the Civil War. In 1898 the marines won distinction at Guantanamo and Cavite, and were left to straighten things out in Cuba and the Philippines after the Spanish War. They helped to quell

the Boxer Rebellion in China in 1900. They have brought order out of chaos in Nicaragua, Haiti, and Santo Domingo. Everywhere their fighting has been picturesque and daring and the story of it reads like a romance. In 1914 they played a leading rôle in the occupation of Vera Cruz.

The marine corps has always been small in numbers and mighty in strength. When war was declared on Germany, there were only about 11,000 marines mobilized. The numbers were rapidly increased, however, until over 50,000 were enrolled, and a special overseas training camp was established at Quantico, Virginia. In the winter of 1917-18 two regiments of marines, mostly new men under seasoned officers, were sent to France, forming half of the Second Division, A. E. F. They fought at Belleau Wood, at Villers-Cotterets, at Blanc Mont Ridge, and before Sedan, and now they form a part of the honored army of occupation. No body of American fighting troops has seen more action or won greater honors.

Willis J. Abbot, author of "The Story of Our Army" and "The Story of Our Navy", has told the whole story of the marine corps in a volume of permanent value as a contribution to United States history. And because we are in a mood for reading of the achievements of fighting Americans, the story contains a wealth of dramatic interest. One might wish that Mr. Abbot had devoted more than one sketchy chapter to the deeds of our marines in France, but Brigadier-General A. W. Catlin has done that in "With the Help of God and a Few Marines". The two books are complementary and will be read with intense interest by any who have enjoyed such records of the Americans in France as those of Floyd Gib-

bons and Frederick Palmer. It is such books as these that will increase in value when volumes of transitory soldier impressions, however thrilling they were while the guns were roaring, have been forgotten.

Soldiers of the Sea. The Story of the United States Marine Corps. By Willis J. Abbot. Dodd, Mead and Co.

ROMANCE THE DEMIURGE

By Henry A. Lappin

James Branch Cabell has for some years past been regarded by a faithful percipient few as an artist of distinguished quality. But although he has been writing and publishing—in these United States—essays, verses, translations, studies historical and genealogical, short-stories and novels (and all this has been going on for sixteen years), it is nevertheless fairly safe to wager that he is hardly more than a mere name even to the comparatively small group of readers who borrow or buy the very few contemporary books that are worth re-reading. And yet before one has finished the rich thirty pages of the second section of “Beyond Life”, this latest book of his, one begins to realize that Mr. Cabell surely deserves a special place in contemporary American literature, and that his place is high. If Mr. Cabell were an Englishman, an Irishman, or a translated Frenchman he would long before this have been monographed and lectured upon by one of the more eminent of those professors peripatetic whose fad is omniscience and whose parergic foible it is at once to discover and exhibit, to avow and amuse. For, with rare lapses, Mr. Cabell is no less scholar than artist. No small part of his power and charm comes out of his varied learning; learning that he

bears lightly and gracefully as you might carry a chrysanthemum in the buttonhole. It is clear that he knows his Greek and Latin poets, and he is intimate with the mediæval and Renaissance French writers. Nothing could be more penetrating or more warmly satisfying than his pages on the Restoration dramatists; on Richard Brinsley Sheridan his word is certainly the most illuminating that the present reviewer has so far read.

It may seem ungracious to find even a little fault with a writer whose book has given one such keen enjoyment. But one may perhaps (to get it over and done with) refer at this point to certain of Mr. Cabell's stylistic idiosyncracies. A year ago, one is informed, the literary editor of the Chicago “Tribune” announced his conviction—printed by the publishers on the paper jacket of “Beyond Life”—that Mr. Cabell was “the greatest living master of English prose”. For the most part Mr. Cabell writes with ease, grace, and considerable charm, but he is most decidedly not what the Chicago editor says he is. He is too fond, for one thing, of that childish affectation, Wardour Street English. It is a pity that he should deface his page with such words and locutions as “questionless”, “anciently”, “by ordinary”, “whereamong”. He speaks once of “liquid refreshments”; he uses that no-word “viewpoint”. Probably it is his printer who misspells for him the word “divagate” every time it occurs.

For the best contemporary achievement in letters his *flair* is unerring, as witness his praise of that great and amazingly neglected craftsman, Arthur Machen. Nor is he in any doubt as to what he dislikes: the foot-notes toward the close of this book on the Reverend Harold Bell Wright, Gene

Stratton-Porter, Marie Corelli, Henry Sydnor Harrison, R. W. Chambers, and Captain Rupert Hughes are brief masterpieces of delicate and definitive excoriation. Of four-fifths of our current fiction it would be difficult to find a description more just or more ironically incisive than the reference to—

. . . the upliftingly lachrymose tale-tellers, whose imaginary wives and husbands can grow "really to know each other" only after the bank fails or some other material misfortune has reduced them to poverty and caresses . . . those fearless fictionists whose heroines find it a married woman's first duty in life to set up housekeeping with a bachelor.

With equally bland scorn he disposes of our most widely circulated periodicals: ". . . those justly popular magazines where the fiction is arranged, and to every appearance written, with a view of inducing people to read the advertisements." Indeed it is in his *obiter dicta* on contemporary tendencies, social and literary, and on the peculiarities of men and women—the eternal tendencies—that the author is at his wisest and wittiest. John Charteris, that quaint little man, is Mr. Cabell's mouthpiece throughout, and without apparent effort he can bring the sun up the sky with talking. On this occasion he begins at nine o'clock at night, and as he draws to a close, having argued and expounded and digressed through the long watches of the night into the dawn, the grey light of earliest morning is filtering into the room through an open shutter.

"Off hand", he begins finely, "I would say that books are best insured against oblivion through practice of the auctorial virtues of distinction and clarity, of beauty and symmetry, of tenderness and truth and urbanity." And on he goes discoursing *de omnibus rebus et de quibusdam aliis*,

but chiefly of the reality of romance as an agent in human life and striving—an agent, controlling, creative, and ameliorative; so that, in the sum, "each generation of naturally inert mortals is propelled toward a higher sphere and manner of living by the might of each generation's ignorance and prejudices and follies and stupidities beneficially directed". To the development of this thesis the little man returns intermittently in the course of his lengthy monologue. "He seemed to take an impish delight in his own discursiveness"—says the man whom Mr. Cabell represents as the reporter of, and the occasional foil to, Charteris—"and he shifted from irony to earnestness and back again so irresponsibly that I was not always sure of his actual belief." This is the conclusion Charteris arrives at on the last page but two:

Romance it is undoubtedly who whispers to every man that life is not a blind and aimless business, not all a hopeless waste and confusion; that his existence is a pageant (appreciatively observed by divine spectators), and that he is strong and excellent and wise: and to romance he listens, willing and thrice willing to be cheated by the honeyed fiction. The things of which romance assures him are very far from true, yet it is solely by believing himself a creature but little lower than the cherubim that man has by interminable small degrees become upon the whole distinctly superior to the chimpanzee . . .

All which, if true, is exceedingly disturbing. But then it isn't true. That sort of statement we feel we must take seriously from a man like Bertrand Russell, even though we are not a whit more convinced by him than by John Charteris. For one suspects Charteris of being merely pleasantly perverse: the frore and stately solemnity of the Cambridge thinker is another matter. It is doing the author not the least injustice to admit that one may be rather less interested in the particular point to be made than

in the ambling digressions—which are many and gorgeous. For sheer staying-power and the precious faculty of being profoundly and continuously interesting to his audience, it is only with Conrad's Marlow that John Charteris may be compared. Without lavish quotation it is extremely difficult to convey adequately the vitality and cleverness of this book. There is something worth quoting on almost every page. Here are two of the good things: "Cleanliness is, if not actually next to godliness, so far a promoter of benevolence that no man feels upon quite friendly terms with his fellow-beings when conscious that he needs a shave". A wedding-trip he describes as "a transmuting journey upon which demigods depart and wherefrom return only Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So". And every lover of literature and liberty will deeply sympathize with the *sæva indignatio* that descends upon and possesses Charteris whenever the question of Prohibition emerges. There is a delicious foot-note, defining Prohibitionists, which clamors to be set down here: "Sectarians of the period, who upheld the tenets of Mohammed as opposed to those of Christ in the matter of beverages, and made of dietary preferences a national issue, in imitation of the wars of Lilliput and Blefuscu over the preferable matter of eating. Charteris frequently mentions this heresy."

More than once in reading these pages one is curiously reminded—and not always by contrast—of the large gesture of Hilaire Belloc. Over the Romance theory propounded by Charteris Mr. Belloc might knit his brows and frown unconscionably, but how he would enjoy that foot-note!

Beyond Life. By James Branch Cabell. Robert M. McBride and Co.

OUR FIRST ANTHOLOGY OF NATIVE SONG

By Ernest Thompson Seton

In "The Path on the Rainbow" we have a remarkable and valuable mass of poems selected from original collections by our best investigators of native song. At the outset it strikes one that a classification into poems, songs, ballads, and sagas would have been extremely helpful. The differences between these have not always been recognized by the compiler. Nevertheless, such a mode of handling would not have been easy without full possession of the originals; and it seems obvious that the editor's point of view is purely literary, with chief reference to the English translations.

In some respects this is bound to be unfair to the material—for example, the mourning song of the Kagwantan (page 177):

It is his own fault
that this man of the wolf people died.
Do not lay the blame on anyone else.

This is the song—the whole of it as given. Considered as poetry in this form it is valueless, but shrilled or chanted to the tom-tom in rhythmic rendition and native expression with many repeats, it might easily rank high as a song.

Similarly, one is tempted to doubt the wisdom of including such a song as "Dead-slave's Song" (page 172):

I used to make fun
of this poor little girl at Wrangell
When she was very small.

The qualities which gave value to the original are surely not here.

On the other hand, the Micmac "Vengeance Song" (page 7) is obviously of true song construction, with its incisive statements interlarded with repeated rhythmic vocables that

are there to develop and vent enthusiasm.

A song-poem of exquisite beauty even in translation is the Paiute "Song of Beautiful Women" (page 222). Apparently it should be "of a Beautiful Woman":

Go thy way in comeliness!
Strong sun across the sod doth make
Such quickening as thy countenance.
Pursue thy unguessed errand and pass by;
I am more worth for what the passing
wakes
Great races in my loins to thee that cry!
My blood is redder for thy loveliness—
Prosper; be fair; pass by!

If there is anything finer in our own literature of the kind, I do not know where to look for it.

The Navaho also have made some noble contributions. The "Prayer to the Mountain Spirit" (page 221) is equal to the finest passages of Ossian and strangely akin to them in thought. So also the Wabanaki love-song or chant (page 5) and the Iroquois "Ritual of Fire and Darkness" would do credit to the literature of any people. On the other hand, "The Song My Paddle Sings" strikes me as foreign and less inspired than most in the volume.

Amid such an abundance of good things one is tempted to launch out at great length, especially since this is the first anthology of its kind. As a piece of book-making it is high class. Printers' errors are few. I note one, however (maybe not by the printer), that should be corrected: the name of Tekahionwake is misspelled each time—I give it here as she herself gave it. The collection is blessed with a true and discriminating introduction by Mary Austin, and as a whole is of such value that it will at once take a permanent place in our libraries.

The Path on the Rainbow, Edited by George W. Cronyn. Boni and Liveright.

SHE HAD A HABIT OF MARRYING

By Maurice Francis Egan

The value of the author of "Marie Grubbe" to the literature of Denmark was in the beginning that of style; afterward he gave to Danish literature its first psychological novel, "Niels Lyhne". He was born in 1847; he died in 1885. He threw over the conventionalities of the older Danish writers; if he could not find a word in the classicists, Ohlenschläger and Holberg, he invented one; he was determined to express color—even the most violent color. If this is not understood, it will be difficult for English-speaking readers to comprehend the reason for Georg Brandès's extravagant praise of the book. Marie Grubbe, the heroine, is a young woman who dared to live her own life in the seventeenth century in Denmark, when the desires, the passions and the inherited prejudices of men and women of the upper classes were their sole guides. She had a habit of marrying, and she had special charms for the illegitimate sons of kings—of which there were many in those times—and of these she chose two in high favor; and there were others to whom she was not legally bound, the interesting Sti Högh, for instance. She was a woman of sensuous and sensual instincts of the most elemental kind, whom none of the older Danish authors would have dared to portray; but the picture of the times is inimitable, and the very difficult work of the translator admirable. A comparison of the original Danish with Hanna Astrup Larsen's English is a linguistic education in itself. Jacobsen applied Shakespeare's methods to the novel as well as he could; he probably conceived it in blank verse; he shows no sympathy with a character which

deprives itself of sympathy, but, while we can barely understand the raptures of the critical Georg Brandès on the ground that this was the first novel of a new movement, we must admit that it is a useful and interesting and glowing contribution to our knowledge of literature.

Marie Grubbe: *A Lady of the Seventeenth Century*. By Jans Peter Jacobsen. Translated from the Danish by Hanna Astrup Larsen. Boni and Liveright.

PORTUGAL

By David S. Muzzey

Even for students of history Portugal is scarcely more than the border of the Spanish peninsula, an insignificant strip of land, glorious five centuries ago for its pioneer work of exploration and colonization, but long since sunk in poverty and burdened with unproductive African dependencies. Such political vicissitudes as Portugal has experienced in the last decade, culminating in the assassination, in December, of President Paes and the abortive royalist rising in the North, would in any other land of Europe have called forth an ample literature of articles and books. But few even of well-read students could today give any coherent account of the history of Portugal from the assassination of King Manuel I in 1908 to the assassination which was to prepare the way for the return of King Manuel II in 1918.

For the better understanding of Portugal, its politics and its people—especially for the understanding of Portugal's attitude to the Great War—George Young, former secretary of the British Legation in Lisbon, has published this series of essays dealing with the old glories, the empire, and

the eclipse, the long agony and the rebirth of the state which, from the days of its dependence on the Roman Empire as the province of Lusitania down to the days of its republican revolution a few years ago, has manifested a marvelous toughness and tenacity of national spirit, a creativeness, an originality, and a solidarity equaled by very few states in the world.

The master hand is visible in a few strokes. One has to read only a few pages of Mr. Young's entrancing book to realize that he is listening to the words of an authority on the subject; more than that, to the words of a man who loves the land for its uniqueness, who is steeped in its poetry and art, and who believes in the capacities and destinies of its people.

The book is called "an historical study", but it is much more than that: it is a very delicate appreciation of the national psychology of Portugal, illustrated not alone by its legislation and diplomacy, but by its architecture, its drama, the habits of its country folk and its fisher folk, its amusements, its schools, its churches, and its markets. One of the most delightful features of the book is the frequent quotation by the author, in English rhymes of his own making, of passages from the stately epic or the sprightly folk-song of the Portuguese poet of the twelfth or the twentieth century. Mr. Young loves the old Portugal, but the best part of his book is his faith in the new Portugal. The poet in him appreciates the altar-piece of San Vincente which graces the title-page, but the statesman in him hails the new republic of Portugal with hope and Godspeed.

Portugal, Old and Young. By George Young. Oxford University Press.

MR. VAN LOAN'S GOLF BOOK

By Brian Hooker

The late Charles Van Loan could write a very good golf story. He not only could, but did. And having done so, he repeated the achievement from cover to cover of a fat and satisfying volume. Nor is that any easy or common accomplishment; for although there may be higher flights of literary endeavor, there is none wherein success is more exacting and more rare. It must be at once a thoroughly good story and a vision of essential and veritable golf. For the first, only natural-born story-tellers with a sound professional training are eligible. There is not a chance for the amateur, however much of a golfer he may be. And for the second, there is probably no other sport, not even baseball, whose votaries form so intimate and critical a freemasonry. The average fan is only a spectator; but the golfer himself plays the game which he adores, and woe betide the Philistine who misinterprets one jot or one tittle of the true inwardness of the pastime. Mr. Van Loan qualifies on both counts. As a writer, he is much in the tradition of that fine old vein of sporting narrative which is both English and American, and dates from the days of Jorrocks and before. And as a golfer, he is entirely one of us. The iron has entered into his soul—to say nothing of the brassy, the cleek, and the putter.

Who else has done this particular thing as well, it would be rather hard to say. One thinks at once and of course of Holworthy Hall, whose "Dormie One" stands out alone among golf stories as Owen Wister's "Philosophy 4" does among stories of college life—a bit of sheer perfection

in its kind, with no close second. But, after that, our recollection goes vainly wandering. Mr. Van Loan catches exactly that warm and jolly atmosphere of the nineteenth hole through which one smiles back in retrospect over the other eighteen: that sense of sunlight and games and drinks and jovial masculine companionship which colors the old sporting prints. And this is quaintly projected through a style entirely modern and American, bearing to literature much the relation that a jazz band does to music. Also he has a knack of choosing material that every golfer knows, and setting up thus a community of memories—the four-some that never let anyone through; the man who tried to give up the game; the duffer who shot an 82 and wanted to be put in class A; and many lesser details not less universal.

On the other hand, it is easy enough to pick flaws. The real humor of the book is overcast now and again by verbal cleverness too obviously and anxiously clever; that sort of playing to the magazine gallery which was O. Henry's besetting sin. The dark horse is the prominent figure in too many of the stories. And the financial phase of things is emphasized out of due proportion. Somebody ought of course to sign for the drinks; and it is amusing, among friends, to have a little something on the game. But golf is not one of the gambling sports, and he who thinks more of the bet than of the game is no golfer. Overinsistence upon that sort of thing sheds a rather unpleasant aroma of cheap money upon some of the tales.

Nevertheless, it is ungracious to find fault with anything so generally enjoyable. Let us rather be grateful, and regret that Mr. Van Loan will

not give us more of the same. That he played to his handicap is all any reader need require. In conclusion, the present reviewer desires to go on record as endorsing all that has been said about the eighteenth hole on the Sundown course (which is also the Yavapai Golf and Country Club). Their nineteenth hole should likewise be remembered with respect.

Fore! By Charles E. Van Loan. George H. Doran Company.

BOSWELLITIS

By Stark Young

The original plan of the Saturday Club, we are told in the preface of its book, was to preserve a record of the first half-century of its existence. But by sanction of the Club only sixteen years of its history are covered in the volume. This volume runs beyond five hundred pages. At this rate it would have taken fifteen hundred pages and more to cover the ground. Or can it be that the rest of the Club's history would be only too brief; or that its members reserve the chronicle of the years remaining as their future literary task? Such, however, may be malicious wonder, and is as well abandoned. There are some to whom such a volume would be of deep interest. For such as consider the middle of the last century in Boston to be of great importance generally in American annals, this book will be a boon. Or for those who like to dress up men and talk into town things, who like the chat and the style of bygone Augustan days, the book sets forth men and scenes little less interesting perhaps than Boswell's friends and haunts.

But there are many people also whom such a book will bore. They feel that there is something about it

of what Romain Rolland would call a distinguished taste in stale things. They would like something more alive, or more intense, or modern, or cosmopolitan. They may feel as one might feel to hear a Bostonian allude to one of the great Boston tenors; one has heard of Tamagno, Caruso, Nicolini, and others, but just who are the great Boston tenors? Such persons find tedious those faces throughout the book with their sterling gracelessness written on them, their solemnities, firmness, their self-consciousness, and shy and stealthy posing; fine faces, some of them adorable, many of them preachers in their hearts' heart at least, and most of them afraid of being happy. Such an effect of the book must be admitted if one is to attempt any statement or estimate of its general value and interest.

And yet such a standpoint is not fair. In the first place this handsome volume is intended for the Club. In the second place many of the names are of note, a few of great renown; and parts of the material are not easily accessible elsewhere and are of no little importance in the history of American literature and thought. The Club is not to be confused with "The Atlantic Monthly" nor its meetings with the "Atlantic" dinners; but the Club members and the magazine contributors were so closely associated that they frequently may be taken as identical.

The book traces the meetings of the Club from that first meeting in the small front room at Parker's and the second in the large front room to the west of it on down, from 1855 to 1870. At the head of this first table sat Agassiz with his great laugh; at the foot Longfellow. There was no folderol, no regulations, minutes, and so on, but what seems to have been the

simplest and friendliest fellowship. They admired each other and listened to each other and gave each other compliments. We find Longfellow calling Emerson the Chrysostom and Sir Thomas Browne of the day; and Emerson calling "Hiawatha" a fine work, sweet and wholesome as maize; for, as the editor of our volume observes, Longfellow "had a healthy soul and not the faults often accompanying the artistic temperament".

The eleven men who first met as the Saturday Club in 1855 were Louis Agassiz, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Richard H. Dana, Jr., John Sullivan Dwight, Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar, James Russell Lowell, John Lothrop Motley, Benjamin Peirce, Samuel Gray Ward, Edwin P. Whipple, and Horatio Woodman. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Cornelius Conway Felton were admitted to membership very soon afterward. By 1870 such names as Hawthorne, Charles Eliot Norton, and William Morris Hunt appear. Most of them were not geniuses in Coleridge's definition of the word, men who can carry the feelings of youth into the powers of manhood. But they had feelings and enthusiasm and seriousness. Some of them, like John Sullivan Dwight, with his gift of a beautiful love and appreciation of music but no creative force, counted in sheer personal quality; some like Emerson went far into sheer genius.

The English critic, Leslie Stephen, one of Lowell's friends, wrote of the Saturday Club:

Lowell said that he had never seen equally good society in London. Colonel Higginson observes that Holmes and Lowell were the most brilliant talkers he ever heard, but suggests a qualification of this comparison. "They had not", he said, "the London art of repression", and monopolized the talk too much. They could, he intimates, overlook the claims of their interlocutors. He once heard

Lowell demonstrating to the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" that "Tom Jones" was the best novel ever written; while Holmes was proving to her husband, the divinity professor, that the pulpit was responsible for all the swearing. Dr. and Mrs. Beecher Stowe, it is implied, must have been reduced to ciphers before they could be the passive recipients of such doctrine.

The "art of repression" (he adds), I fancy is very often superfluous in London. . . . A society which included all the best scholars and men of genius within reach of Boston had abundance of the raw material of talk. They might be compared in point of talent even with the men who met Johnson at the "Turk's Head" and certainly had as great a variety of interests in men and books. They had, it would seem, fewer jealousies, or, as the sneerer would put it, were readier for mutual admiration, and such admiration, when it has a fair excuse, is the best security for forming the kind of soil in which the flower of talk grows spontaneously.

The book takes up alphabetically thirty-four names, for the record of some of which Dr. Emerson draws on the help of others. Of the records, the editor's "Agassiz" and Professor Bliss Perry's "Dana" are among the best. It is not a remarkable book, never really distinguished, but kindly and more or less helpful. For most readers there may be in it something too much of old men clapping one another on the back. And if for some the estimates intimidate by setting forth such an array of greatness, one must remember that these men are judged not *sub specie æternitatis* but *Bostoniensis*; and must take the histories as full of friendly facts and appreciation and sometimes delightful quotations and memories.

The Early Years of the Saturday Club.
By Edward Waldo Emerson. Houghton Mifflin Co.

THE REAL BUSINESS OF LIVING

By David S. Muzzey

We are now seeing, and are sure to see in increasing number with each year that passes, books designed to

inspire young students with an interest in their growing responsibilities and privileges as American citizens. That any boy or any girl should grow up ignorant of problems with which our American democracy is grappling—the relation of liberty to law, the adjustment of industrial disputes, the ever-widening agencies of public welfare, the special difficulties which confront our great urban communities—is now regarded even by large numbers of our “educators” to be as shameful a thing as the failure to manipulate the binomial theorem, or as a false quantity in a Latin hexameter was considered by our grandfathers. President Wilson has recommended that the schools “increase materially the time and attention devoted to instruction bearing directly upon the problems of community and national life”.

Of the books so far published to meet this recommendation, Professor Tufts’s “The Real Business of Living” seems to us the best from several points of view. It is perhaps a little too long for a text-book for the grades for which its simple style and elementary presentation of material make it suitable. But the teacher who is pressed for time could omit or condense Part 1, an historical sketch of

the beginnings of cooperation, order, and liberty, without impairing the usefulness of the remaining three parts of the book, which deal respectively with “the problems of cooperation and right in business”, with the special problems of city and country life, and with the meaning of liberty and the task of democracy in the new world. The book is interesting, very clearly written, with a great wealth of illustration taken from present-day experience, stimulating in its reasoned patriotism, and very skilful in its blending of political, economic, and social elements as inseparable factors in the whole and single life of an American citizen.

The deed of gift founding Phillips Academy, Andover, declares that the purpose of the school is to “instruct youth not only in English and Latin Grammar, Arithmetic, Writing, and those Sciences wherein they are commonly taught; but more especially to learn them the Great End and Real Business of Living”. The Great End was undoubtedly to “glorify God and enjoy Him forever”: the Real Business Professor Tufts argues is to know and fulfil one’s duties in the improvement of man.

The Real Business of Living. By James H. Tufts. Henry Holt and Co.

THUS SPEAKS THE FEMINIST

BY ELEANOR KILMER SCEVA

Once in the dear dead days beyond recall New York was hung with yellow bunting and there were suffrage tea-rooms and "We want the vote" buttons lurking in every corner of the city and in many coat lapels; other things were happening, too, but they were of less importance. All that was before the war. Now Lady Day is celebrated on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November and there is a current belief, so Florence Leftwich Ravenel says, in "Women and the French Tradition", that the question of equal suffrage is perhaps only one of the more material aspects of the subject and only the weapon of further aggression, since so many questions, fine and subtle and laying hold on the deepest issues of life, are raised by the theory of feminism.

Every new movement brings its literature, and the platform of the suffrage party is best assimilated by a survey of recent books on the subject. The advance of feminism in the last few years has been so rapid and revolutionary that none but feminists, ardent ones, vigorous ones, may hope to keep up with it. There are many of these, and among them many writers, as the list of books published in the last few months will testify. After reading a few of them one realizes the full significance of the movement, and the realization will bring with it a conviction that women may bake war bread, draft an armistice, sit at the Peace Conference (Hermione of "Sun Dial" fame is a feminist), or do any number of things as formidable, with

ease and ability. In fact, it is extremely difficult to find a field of activity which women have not invaded during the war; and having become aware of the extent of their accomplishments, it is not likely that they will retire to the chimney corner to meditate upon past and glorious achievements.

These feminist books embrace all phases of the movement. There are books for and of and by that gallant band, the women who went to war; there are books for women in business, and books for women who stay at home; and there are books which are concerned wholly with the international and universal meaning and program of the feminist movement. There are so many books on the subject that some publishing houses and bookshops deal almost entirely in feminist propaganda. A notable example of this is the Womans Press of New York City. In connection with the publishing house there is a bookshop run entirely by women, where the best books by women authors are sold by women who know not only the books but many of the authors responsible for them, and who are able to advise and criticize intelligently. The Womans Press is in co-operation with the Y. W. C. A. and has done splendid work during the war. Another unique bookshop is the Sun-wise Turn, the inspiration of a woman who believed that people who sold books should know more about them than is indicated on the jacket covers; and the best literature on all subjects

has a place in the little shop in the Murray Hill district where its influence is not confined to the *literati*. It is not uncommon in the Sunwise Turn to see a shop-girl inquiring for a book on silk, or selling, or tinware, or for an Ibsen play.

To return to the feminist movement, it undoubtedly began when woman established her superiority to man by her mastery of the culinary arts, woman's immemorial accomplishment. It is certainly more complicated now than when the first roast pig was accidentally discovered by the child who burned his fingers on it, and quite as advanced, thanks to Mrs. Allen and her contemporaries, as other aspects of the woman question. Mrs. Allen has written cook books before the three recently published, but this trio brings cooking patriotically and economically to a war basis and beyond that to triumph. She treats respectively of "Wheat Substitutes", "Meat Substitutes", and "Sugar Substitutes" with such intrigue that she convinces the war-devastated world that soy beans are preferable to beefsteaks, and cheese puddings to the indigestible shortcake of our forebears. Not that Mrs. Allen would deprive Americans of the ancient and honorable right to shortcake. Oh, no! But she discloses the proper juxtaposition of artificial shortening, whole-wheat flour, and synthetic sweetening which will produce a shortcake fit to win the approval of the gods, and Mr. Hoover.

Shortcake and labor are synonymous terms. Let us consider the Labor party. An anthology of nine notable writers edited by Dr. Marion Phillips is called "Women and the Labour Party". It offers an interpretation of Labor policy for women, and is published with the hearty approval of the Labor party in the hope that the great

mass of women, particularly those belonging to the wage-earning class, will find in its pages evidence that the party is working for the creation of a democratic order of society in which men and women can live and work together on a footing of complete equality.

Books on suffrage and war work for women have run neck and neck during the past year. With the coming of peace, the former will be used as a basis and program for the instruction of voters, and as an answer to the question which is universal—where do we go from here? The records of what women have done in the war will be found in every library, since their accomplishments are among the wonders of the age. There is the story of "Mobilizing Woman-Power" which tells the secret of women's achievements in the war. Harriot Stanton Blatch has written the epic of the self-effacing spinster, who during the war emanated the challenge—"Superfluous? Not I. I'm a recruit for national service!" Theodore Roosevelt, in his foreword to "Mobilizing Woman-Power", said: "No one has more vividly set forth than Mrs. Blatch that service benefits the one who serves precisely as it benefits the one who is served". This is the key-note of Mrs. Blatch's book.

The results of the mobilization of women for war service are set forth in numerous books in which the next generation may see evidence of the effects of war upon the woman question. In "Women of the War" the Honorable Mrs. Francis McLaren has followed them over their path of glory and hardship. Her book is a series of vivid word pictures showing the influence, in varied spheres, which women have exercised during the course of the war. Mrs. McLaren's

pen, as gracious as her personality, flits delightfully from military hospitals to lumber yards and Y. M. C. A. canteens, stopping to chat intimately with women picketed at way stations. Her book is a window through which may be seen the wide vista of the potential abilities of women.

No women are more wholly and tragically "of the war" than "The Women of Belgium", who, as the author of the book so named, Charlotte Kellogg, says, "turned tragedy to triumph with an incredible, unbreakable spirit". The story of Belgium can never be told; its shifting scenes of unbelievable horror, hope unfulfilled, and mighty endurance have moved the world to its championship. What the experiences were of those who came to the relief of Belgium is Mrs. Kellogg's theme, and in her rôle of assistant to Mr. Herbert Hoover she had ample opportunity to gather material for her excellent book.

Madeleine Z. Doty has an inquiring soul which led her to go around the world in 1918 to find out what women in other countries of the world were doing and thinking. She started out unattended save by her dauntless spirit and an adequate supply of heavy clothing. She came back with more of the former and decidedly less of the latter, after visiting Japan, China, Russia, Sweden, Norway, England, and France, finding them successively autocratic, awakening, turbulent, materialistic, vital, democratic, and inspiring. Hers was a remarkable experience, and one is impressed on reading her book with the extreme frigidity of countries at war and the necessity of having one's passport attached conspicuously to one's person. Miss Doty forgot the cold, although it was the dead of winter, when she visited Ellen Key in her home in Sweden.

Mrs. Alec Tweedie, as her contribution to war literature, has given us "Women and Soldiers", a comprehensive discourse, tolerant of both species, and as kindly disposed toward men as men are toward women. The large and easy style of her book is admirable; one feels that she could dispose of the problems of the universe with a wave of her hand. "Men", she says, "are dears, but they don't always see very far ahead." An interesting and valuable feature of Mrs. Tweedie's book is her forecast for the future.

One of the first war books written was "Private Peat", by Himself. His wife, who is fully aware of the fact that people are quite as interested in war brides as in the soldiers who marry them, has written "Mrs. Private Peat", by Herself. The book is a recital of Mrs. Private Peat's experiences in England and America in wartime, and it is a refreshing contrast to the maudlin remarks of some other war brides which have added to the outrages of war. Mrs. Private Peat is a charming and sensible woman; she does not perpetrate upon a defenseless public her anxiety for her husband's safety; she simply says, in the last chapter which is headed "Private Peat", "I married him". And we respect her for it.

"For men must fight and women must work" was written on the banner that led Mrs. Pankhurst's greatest parade through the streets of London in 1915. Mabel Potter Daggett, in "Women Wanted", says that this was the vanguard in the march of all the women of the world to economic independence. Her book is a challenge to women to fill the positions that are waiting for them. She tells the astonishing feats of Englishwomen as an example to Americans, and her book has been used as a text-book by

the National League for Women's Service, and endorsed by leading feminists all over the United States.

The church, which has been wondering how to reconcile the remarks of St. Paul to feminism, should, says the Reverend Bernard Iddings Bell, "be preparing to preach the cross in feminist terms, as feminists come into control of the thought of the world". His book is a just representation of the movement, in that he recognizes that it is not in essence a demand for woman's rights or privileges, but rather for woman's responsibilities.

There are plenty of books on suffrage to instruct every woman who has been presented with the ballot and doesn't know how to use it now that it is hers. Three books are devoted entirely to the woman citizen. Mary Austin, in "The Young Woman Citizen", takes her in her youth and trains her in the way in which she should go. Mrs. Austin wrote her book for women of all stages of advancement and retrogression. Her book is offered to all those irritating ladies who say that "they don't see why women want to vote, anyway". Two other books on "The Woman Citizen" have been written, respectively, by Mary Sumner Boyd and Horace A. Hollister. Dr. Hollister, of the University of Illinois, discusses the problem of educating women, showing that any necessary readjustments in their status and achievements should be met by changing the school and college curricula for future generations of citizens. His book is scholarly and comprehensive, but not meat for babes, and it would be advisable for the seeker after the first principles of feminism to cut her eye-teeth on something less solid. Mary Sumner Boyd, who is chairman of the research department of the Leslie

Woman Suffrage commission, felt that a handbook of civics was necessary when women kept the telephone busy asking whether they were qualified to vote after the suffrage amendment was passed in New York State. Her aim is to show when and how citizens may apply the right to vote to best advantage. The simplicity of her book will make it most valuable to the woman who wants to discover what political parties mean in government and just what each party stands for.

Helen Ring Robinson, author of "Preparing Women for Citizenship", believes that the task is almost accomplished. She says: "The Great War has done more to teach women citizenship than ten thousand writers could accomplish with typewriters eternally unleashed". Anyone who reads the table of contents of her book is lured on to explore further. "Women and the Three D's" is one heading, "Her Country Bounded by a Wedding Ring" another, and the book is just as clever and convincing as the table of contents promises.

For the average woman who never thought of politics as having any connection with her daily life is the book, "Your Vote and How to Use It". Mrs. Raymond Brown sets forth the issues which may be controlled by the ballot and tells women how they may put through reforms which they desire. Since most women are reformers at heart her book will surely be appreciated. John B. Howe, in "The Eve of Election", imparts some of the knowledge of history and politics gathered in thirty-five years in an editorial capacity in three large eastern cities. He does not confine his book to the attention of the recently enfranchised sex, as much of his material is of interest even to seasoned voters. The

last book to be considered, which bears directly on suffrage, is "A History of Suffrage in the United States", by Kirk Porter. The author traces the right to vote from the landowner of the early colonies through all its agitating career down to the last six months. Surely a monumental task, and one which he has performed without giving the impression of undue ponderousness.

There are a number of books which have sprung, *mirabile dictu*, neither from the war nor from the question of suffrage. A few go even further than to prepare women to vote; they prepare them to be women, which, after all, is a prime requisite if one is born with every intention of being one. Dr. E. B. Lowry, author of well-known sex-hygiene books, has written "Preparing for Womanhood". Her book is a kindly and instructive talk to girls but it should not be read in the same breath with Dr. Clelia Duel Mosher's "Health and the Woman Movement", because they disagree in minor details which are really unessential but apt to be confusing. Dr. Mosher treats of the new vocations of women and their effect on general health. She agrees with Olive Schreiner that life and not the feminist movement is altering the status of women, and she advocates bringing up boys and girls on the same principles despite the shrieks of those who wish to protect the alleged weaker sex.

"Women as Sex Vendors", by R. B. Tobias and Mary E. Marcy, might be termed Helpful Hints to Homeless Girls. The authors have the most remarkable ideas about the present status of women that have ever passed the censor. Perhaps fifty years ago, before the White Slave dramas made us what we are today, these authors

might have caused a ripple by promulgating the theory that women always have their sex to tide them over a season of ill luck, and they are for that reason economically higher than men. The authors claim their book is on feminism because they are certain that the proper application of feminist principles will change all this, they don't know exactly how. Let us remark with Walter de la Mare, in passing,

Do diddle di do, poor Jim Jay,
Got caught fast in yesterday.

Since the widow woman in the Bible engineered a successful business deal with the prophet Elisha over a cruse of oil and a barrel of meal, there has been no dearth of women in business life. And there are probably more now than ever before since women have stepped neatly into positions left vacant by soldiers; so Eleanor Gilbert's book "The Ambitious Woman in Business" is a timely affair which tells why they are in business, whether they ought to be there, and then forecasts what they may get out of a business career.

When the nearest neighbor was twenty miles away and the horses were needed for farm work, there was little talk of feminism. Clubs, where women may meet kindred spirits, are very fine disseminators of feminist propaganda. Kate Louise Roberts has prepared a series of programs for women's clubs, outlines of papers, rules of parliamentary procedure, and general information, in "The Club Woman's Handy Book of Programs and Club Management". "Girls' Clubs, Their Organization and Management" is a manual for workers by Helen J. Ferris which will be useful to all who are interested in or connected, in any way, with the movement for girls' clubs which has swept

the country and is now showing the first fruits of labor.

Winifred Kirkland has produced the most feminine book that ever vaunted feminist principles. "The Joys of Being A Woman" is particularly recommended to those who think that a feminist is a queer sort of creature neither fish, flesh, nor fowl. Miss Kirkland proves conclusively that a woman may use her full allotment of brains and still hate to stay alone in a house at night, and be unable to pack a suitcase properly.

A country that has produced, in a hundred years, three such notable women as Mme. de Staël, George Sand, and Arvède Barive, is surely not behind in the advance of feminism, as Florence Leftwich Ravenel points out in "Women and the French Tradition". Feminism in France means really the triumph of woman over her traditional rôle.

Rose Falls Bres embraces all feminists in "Maids, Wives, and Widows", discussing marriage, divorce, child labor, and mothers' pensions, subjects that are usually concealed in a labyrinth of technical expressions which the average woman has not time to penetrate.

There are anthologies and *anthologies*. A recent one composed of every feminist author anyone ever heard of, and a few that are not feminists but sound a little like it, is "Woman's Voice", compiled by Josephine Conger-Kaneko. The chief fault of this volume is that it attempts to be the voice of "crowds of women", to quote from the preface. To represent the voice of crowds of women is a noteworthy ambition, but the result is apt to be an indistinct shout. The quotations, however, should be invaluable to club women who need something representative and have neither time nor op-

portunity to read the complete works of an author. A solid, valuable anthology is a collection of the best extracts from the works of Ellen Key, Havelock Ellis, Dickinson, Edward Carpenter, and others who are justly famous. This is called "The Woman Question" and is edited for the Modern Library by T. R. Smith.

Two very recent books, fresh from the press, prove that there is still much to be said for and against women. It is a constantly employed feature of Henry L. Mencken's books that his arguments are not based on conventional grounds; but in his latest outburst called "In Defense of Women", he is so devotedly and flamboyantly unconventional that this rather detracts from any other qualities which his work may have. It is, presumably, the author's intention that his book shall fall upon the reader like a bolt from the blue, confounding him with the force and intensity of statements which are so spectacular as to deprive him of reasoning power in the first flush of surprise. Mr. Mencken goes in heavily for whole measures, affirming that women are much more clever than men and will not admit it for fear men will find out that they are putting something over on them. It is his humor to overthrow the conscious superiority of men before they lose more ground. Mr. Mencken here, as ever, is clever and amusing. His book may be virulent feminist propaganda if taken in excess.

In marked contrast to the lately discussed pæan of praise, is a book by an anonymous author, evidently a war-weary Londoner. "Women" is obviously not written in Mr. Mencken's kindly strain. The jacket cover says it is "a frank and unsentimental study of the manifold activities of modern

women in their psychological aspects". The first chapter, "The Women Are Splendid", sets the tone of the book. We gather from it that women have been "unpardonably splendid" during the war. "Their instinctive hunger for emotion was immediately gratified, and dreams of rational and responsible life were abandoned in the first thrilling shock of armaments." The author calls attention to the fact that in discussing the extraordinary attraction which war has for women, it is hard to steer a path between emotional muddle-headedness and cynicism. Certainly there are no depths (nor heights) of cynicism too scathing for certain types of women who have donned uniforms and strutted around in the reflected glory of other women war workers, but the author has an unfortunate gift of hitting upon the worst things that can be said of women, and commenting that they are generally true. It is not a quality which will make his book popular in America, which is, perhaps, not so

sophisticated as England, as far as women war workers are concerned. There is much in the book which will act as leaven among the great mass of self-satisfied women, should it ever reach them. That the present labor situation (with particular reference to the women who have taken positions vacated by soldiers and who refuse to abandon business for the home) will mature into a great sex-hatred, is an interesting theory, but an improbable one. The author does not realize that this is a temporary condition and that it will subside within a reasonable length of time.

The present moment is probably the most crucial test of the victories of the feminists. If they hold what they have gained through war work, there will probably be a marked decrease in feminist literature, because they will be too busy to write books. The present collection is remarkably vigorous and young, showing the movement in all its phases of growth and rebellion and achievement.

Mrs. Allen's Cook Book; Mrs. Allen's Book of Wheat Substitutes; Mrs. Allen's Book of Meat Substitutes; Mrs. Allen's Book of Sugar Substitutes. By Ida C. Bailey Allen. Small, Maynard and Co.

Women and the Labour Party. Edited by Dr. Marion Phillips. B. W. Huebsch.

Mobilizing Woman - Power. By Harriot Stanton Blatch. The Womens Press.

Women of the War. By Hon. Mrs. Francis McLaren. George H. Doran Company.

The Women of Belgium. By Charlotte Kellogg. Funk and Wagnalls Co.

Behind the Battle Line. By Madeleine Z. Doty. The Macmillan Co.

Women and Soldiers. By Mrs. Alec Tweedie. John Lane Co.

Mrs. Private Peat. By Herself. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Women Wanted. By Mabel Potter Daggett. George H. Doran Company.

Right and Wrong After the War. By Bernard Iddings Bell. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Young Woman Citizen. By Mary Austin. The Womens Press.

The Woman Citizen. By Horace A. Hollister, Ph.D. D. Appleton and Co.

The Woman Citizen. By Mary Sumner Boyd. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Preparing Women for Citizenship. By Helen Ring Robinson. The Macmillan Co.

Your Vote and How to Use It. By Mrs. Raymond Brown. Harper and Bros.

The Eve of Election. By John B. Howe. The Macmillan Co.

A History of Suffrage in the United States. By Kirk Porter. University of Chicago Press.

Preparing for Womanhood. By Dr. E. B. Lowry. Forbes and Company.

Health and the Woman Movement. By Dr. Clelia Duel Mosher. The Womens Press.

Women as Sex Vendors. By R. B. Tobias and Mary E. Marcy. Charles H. Kerr and Co.

The Ambitious Woman in Business. By Eleanor Gilbert. Funk and Wagnalls Co.

The Club Woman's Handy Book of Programs and Club Management. By Kate Louise Roberts. Funk and Wagnalls Co.

Girls' Clubs, Their Organization and Management. By Helen J. Ferris. E. P. Dutton and Co.

The Joys of Being a Woman. By Winifred Kirkland. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Women and the French Tradition. By Florence L. Ravenel. The Macmillan Co.

Maids, Wives, and Widows. By Rose Falls Bres. E. P. Dutton and Co.

Woman's Voice: An Anthology. By Josephine Conger-Kaneko. The Stratford Co.

The Woman Question. Edited by T. R. Smith. Boni and Liveright.

In Defense of Women. By Henry L. Mencken. Phillip Goodman.

Women. Anonymous. Alfred A. Knopf.

THE LOWELL PERFORMANCE

BY ONE OF THE AUDIENCE

The American Academy of Arts and Letters, with the aid of visiting English and Canadian men of letters, chief among them being John Galsworthy, honored the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of James Russell Lowell at a banquet in New York City on February 20th, and at a meeting on February 22nd (Lowell's actual birthday). On the latter occasion a sprightly professor from Harvard delivered the principal address, and a second Cambridge man, a humorist, was also a speaker. Both meetings seemed, however, to one who sat through them, to be characterized by a portentous solemnity that might have elicited a smile from the thin lips of Hosea Bigelow.

Elihu Root presided at the banquet. Mr. Root set the key by soaring into that region of generalities where statesman are so at home, and ultimately introduced Mr. Galsworthy, who rose, pale and corn-colored, and read from a manuscript written with his unfailing clarity and richness of style. He took a rap at nationalistic propaganda (Mr. Creel was not present), and pleaded for the only legitimate propaganda, that of internationally understandable works of art and literature. But he, too, dwelt for the most part in the region of generalities. So did Dr. Maurice Hutton, of the University of Toronto, who followed. He pointed out, with much justice, that Lowell as humorist was unlike the run of humorists, because he did not take the easy way of making fun of the reformers, of

everything new and experimental. But Dr. Hutton, also, failed to come to grapple with the present, and if there are any humorists in the National Academy, or the Institute of Arts and Letters, they sat quite comfortable under his lips. Brander Matthews closed the evening with an "after-dinner" speech, largely composed of anecdotes about Lowell, which made you feel that both he and Professor Matthews were very pleasant fellows.

At the birthday meeting the Chancellor of the Academy, William Milligan Sloane, presided, and Barrett Wendell gave the chief address. Professor Wendell climbed the Lowell family tree and sported for more than an hour amid the branches. Unfortunately, however, the Ritz-Carlton Hotel is situated some distance from Brattle Street. At the close of his remarks a noted American painter drew the present writer aside and said, "Why is it, when you New Englanders produce anybody who transcends the locality, you immediately try to drag him back?" We pondered upon this question so earnestly that we failed to hear Alfred Noyes read two poems, and we had no satisfactory answer even when Stephen Butler Leacock had spoken briefly for Canada, and Edgar Lee Masters had begun a poem. We gave up the problem, to hear what Masters had to say.

We were not alone in hoping that Masters would conduct Lowell to Spoon River. It seemed an excellent opportunity. But he didn't. He, too,

had become oppressed, or obsessed, by the portentous solemnity of Academies, and produced a poem in rhymed stanzas that may possibly read better than it sounded. Finally, Dr. Crothers of Cambridge, one of the most delightful humorous essayists in America, rose to end the meeting. Here was our last hope—and he, too, disappointed us. Even he took Lowell with the kind of seriousness that Lowell himself, you feel sure, would have regarded with a smile. We departed from the two gatherings with a confused impression that Lowell had several superb grandfathers, that

the English language is a wonderful thing, that Britons and all others who speak it never, never, never shall be slaves, and that the American Academy of Arts and Letters takes itself very seriously. The one thing we should most have liked to hear, a discussion by Mr. Galsworthy, in light, say, of the Bigelow Papers, of the problem of reformatory, or purposeful literature, as opposed to “art for art’s sake”, we did not hear at all. But perhaps it is impossible ever to get anything specific and real out of public commemorative functions.

WOODEN SHIPS

BY DAVID MORTON

They are remembering forests where they grew:
The midnight quiet and the giant dance;
And all the singing summers that they knew
Are haunting still their altered circumstance.

Leaves they have lost, and robins in the nest,
Tug of the friendly earth denied to ships,
These, and the rooted certainties, and rest—
To gain a watery girdle at the hips.

Only the wind that follows ever aft,
They greet not as a stranger on their ways;
But this old friend, with whom they drank and laughed,
Sits in the stern and talks of other days,
When they had held high bacchanalias still,
Or dreamed among the stars on some tall hill.

NEW FASHIONS IN RARE BOOKS

BY GEORGE H. SARGENT

"Why", asked a young and unseasoned book collector who sat beside me at the Jones sale of rare books, "should a quarto edition of a third-rate Elizabethan drama, from which Shakespeare took the characters and the plot of one of his comedies, bring ten times as much as the first edition of Wendelin of Speyer's beautiful Pliny? Are the classics dead? What is the meaning of these high prices for early English literature?"

Being a Yankee, I asked: "Why is your new spring derby preferable to the very becoming creation which adorned your noble brow a year ago?"

'Tis the fashion. Book collectors, although to the uninitiated they appear to be a strange race, full of foibles, are only human after all. Fashions in book collecting change, like everything else. Leaving out of consideration the special reasons which give extraordinary value to particular editions or particular copies of a book, any student of book collecting must observe that the fashions change—slowly and insensibly, to be sure—but nevertheless to an extent which makes the book market an active field for speculation. If the dealer could only foresee what the collector of tomorrow will want, he would of course clear his shelves of the favorites of yesterday and stock up to his limit with the books which are to be in vogue tomorrow, or with the next generation. Fortunately it is not given us to lift the veil, and so there are still opportunities for the collector as well as the dealer.

In considering the changing fashions in book collecting, we have nothing to do with collections such as were made by the Ptolemies of ancient Egypt, which were displays of royal luxury, gathered principally for ostentatious uses, although they ultimately served a useful purpose in preserving scholarship. Still less let us consider the collections of modern plutocrats who revel in showing their "limited editions" in gaudy modern bindings and announce proudly, "This copy is No. 1, especially prepared for Mr. Newrich Crœsus". In dealing with fashions we must deal with the mass, and fortunately for the future of book collecting, these collectors do not form the majority. Some of them come in time to understand the error of their ways, and buy only real books. Others find their "priceless treasures" selling for ten per cent of their purchase price, under the acid test of the auction room, and the world of book collecting knows them henceforth as only wiser and sadder men.

The tastes of book collectors are infinite in their variety. I know of one man who collects books and prints relating to one-legged men, although his own understanding is of the soundest. The favorite author—the famous historic character—the historic event—first editions—early printing—Americana—the classics—English literature—and a thousand special subjects, furnish scope for the activities of the book collector. But the great majority of people who form libraries are not hobby-riders. They seek a selec-

tion of books which shall be of interest to the owner and his friends—and in many cases the interests of the collector's friends are of as much consideration in determining his purchases as are his own particular preferences. There are collections like that of Mr. John Hodgkin, recently loaned to the London Library, which do not come under any particular category. They do not appeal to collectors of first editions, finely illustrated books, English literature, or any of the other recognized bibliographical divisions. They are curiosities of composition and printing. They do not bring high prices and their collectors are few. They are simply curios, like Mr. Hodgkin's volume of Gigantine verse which contains a single word of thirty letters and fifteen syllables, or that collection of thousands of couplets which can be read either backward or forward. Their place is in a museum, not in the collections of a book-lover.

To begin with the earliest collectors after the invention of printing, the great private libraries formed along special lines dealt with religious literature and the classics. Dr. Lazarus Seaman, whose book auction in 1676 is the first known English book auction of which a catalogue was issued, had 5,639 lots, of which the greater number were Bibles and works of the Greek and Latin fathers. There was no poetry, not even a Milton, and the sale of Robert Greene's "Notable Discovery of Cosenage", 1591, for eight shillings, shows in what utter contempt the highly-prized English literature of today was held. The collectors in the early part of the eighteenth century were less enthusiastic than Dr. Seaman about Bibles, but they devoted their attention to the classics. The library of Thomas Pellet—whose

title, very properly, was M. D.—at the first recorded sale at Sotheby's, in 1744, contained several original editions of the classics which brought substantial sums for that day, when the rarest of Elizabethan and Shakespearian quartos could be had for a few pence each. Dr. Pellet's first edition of Homer (Florence, 1488) brought £4 15s.; Lord Pembroke's copy was sold in 1914 for £360. Yet in spite of this apparent rise in values, the classics have fallen into disfavor among collectors. The man who would not give £230 for the Pembroke Homer paid that sum for the doggerel verses by Robert Louis Stevenson addressed to the "Thompson Class Club", and went away chortling in his joy.

We may still pay what seem large prices for the classics, but compared with the sums paid for other rarities, classics are plainly not the fashion. The eighteenth century collectors passed by the works of Caxton because he gave the world English editions of English writers or French translations instead of adding to the great stock of editions of classical authors. Dr. Johnson, who refused to "disgrace the walls of Westminster Abbey with an English inscription" when asked to write an epitaph for Goldsmith, would have styled the present generation of book collectors irreverent and trivial. But nobody was then paying forty pounds for a copy of Dr. Johnson's dictionary. The authors of their own time were as much neglected by the collectors as are our own modern authors—even more so, for Hardy and Kipling and others have gone into the three-figure class.

After the classics, early printing seems to have come into demand, but there the prices were not high except for the very rare items. The highest

price paid for a book in the eighteenth century was for Lord Spencer's duplicate vellum copy of the Fust and Schoeffer Bible of 1462, which brought £252 in 1798. That Mr. Huth's similar copy brought £3,050 in 1911 is not an indication of a general popular appreciation of biblical literature. But while the contemporary authors were neglected, there seems to have been a fashionable demand for the eighteenth century illustrated books. These were not the charming works of Gravelot and Moreau le Jeune, which are now sought, but the great works like Buffon's "Natural History". Even though the Allen copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare brought £40 19s. in 1799, Shakespeare had not come into his own. The difference is even more striking in considering the early quarto plays. Dodd's collection, of 264 lots, which included some of the rarest Elizabethan plays, brought only £22 3s. in 1798. Not a single play brought as much as a pound. The reason: nobody wanted them—they were not in fashion.

In the early part of the nineteenth century, when Dr. Dibdin flourished under the spreading leaves of the offshoot of the tree of knowledge known as "the Bibliomania", there was another transition. The classics were still sought in the Continental libraries. In England there was a tendency to broaden the field of collecting. Dr. Dibdin's own works mounted to high prices, and they were considered among the books which "no gentleman's library should be without". Toward the middle of the century they appeared in magnificent bindings and brought more than Shakespeare quartos. When Rich, Henry Stevens of Vermont, and others from this country went to London to pick up the early works relating to America, there

was another shift in the wind, and the English dealers and collectors began to gather up that which they had so carelessly thrown aside in the past. As a generation of book collectors came up in this country to succeed men like the Mathers in Massachusetts and the Byrds in Virginia, England discovered that the Americans had tastes of their own in collecting, and those literary sartorial artists, the rare book dealers, began to cater to the wants of collectors who sometimes appreciated the works of English literature more than did their own members of the tribe.

So Americana came to be the fashion. It is still in fashion, and always should be. The history of one's own country is worth preserving, or the country itself is not. As the rarest works relating to America were absorbed into public and private libraries, prices naturally went up, and the noble classics paled into insignificance beside some New England minister's account of an Indian skirmish which was dignified by the name of a "Warre". There always will be, at least let us hope, a respectable standing army of collectors who will gather up the early literature relating to the history of our own country. Indeed, the present prices of Americana seem low in comparison with English literature, though high in comparison with past prices, but we are still young as a nation—younger yet as a world-nation.

First editions—there was a time within the memory of men still collecting when "first edition" was a magic designation in an auction catalogue, stimulating in its effect upon prices. Now a good many first editions can be picked up at less than the published price. But these are of the common works of favorite authors.

When Mr. P. K. Foley, some twenty years ago, issued his "First Editions of American Authors", his lists included a vast number of items which had hitherto been unknown to collectors of favorite authors. The volume stimulated the first edition collectors, and was responsible for the formation of some valuable collections. But mighty few of us desire to have everything, good, bad, and indifferent, written by even a favorite author. What we do want is the rare items, the things we search for vainly through hundreds of book and auction catalogues, and the very scarce first works of our greatest American authors. So the "first edition" fashion seems to have settled down upon a solid foundation. The rarest books of the great authors will always be in demand under the simple economic law, and the price of \$11,600 paid at the Halsey sale in New York last February at the Anderson auction rooms proves that first editions, as such, have by no means gone entirely out of fashion. They are fashionable with collectors—but not a fad. When golf was introduced into America it was played—or rather "played at"—by a large number of fashionable people who took it up as "the proper thing" and wore extravagant costumes and dug a row of divots across the continent. Now it is a healthful, pleasure-giving sport for old and young. You may not like golf or the collecting of first editions, but both of them have a reason for being.

There is another class of books which are much in favor and in which the interest has steadily grown for a quarter-century, with no signs of diminution. These are "association books". This is particularly an age of the "human interest" story. The young reporter is told to put the

"human interest" into his account. The dramatic critic rarely fails to overlook the "human interest", as though apart from its human interest the play would be a play at all. The "human interest" of an association book lies not in the text, but in the fact that it has belonged to somebody considered worth while. A book collector may not be able to read Latin, yet he is willing to pay \$1,700 for John Milton's copy of Thucydides with Milton's signature and autograph notes. An old volume, the "Letters of Obscure Men", printed at Frankfort in 1643, is interesting as the greatest satire of the sixteenth century, but it is much more interesting as having been once owned by Alexander Pope and then by Jonathan Swift, two of the greatest of England's satirists, and to the collector of association books it is cheap at a few hundred dollars.

Every association book is unique. To be sure, the author of the "Ingoldsby Legends" wrote an apologetic verse on more than one copy of the blank page 236 of the first issue of that work; but the Widener copy in the Widener Memorial Library at Harvard has not only this, but "points" which differentiate it from all other copies. The association book has a direct relation to the author (or the former owner) which no other book has. The possession of some of these volumes lifts the possessor to a pinnacle of fame among his fellow collectors, and arouses that sense of envy which it is the secret pleasure of every human collector to seek to awaken among his fellow men. Envyng the association books of A. Edward Newton as I do, it was with a sense of joy that I read between the lines that distinguished Johnsonian collector's envy of Miss Amy Lowell's copy of the first

edition of Boswell's "Life of Johnson", "filled with the marginalia of the one person in the world whose knowledge of the old man rivaled that of the great biographer himself". So long as we are to treasure the writings of our great literary lights, so long will the books on which they have stamped their personal mark be treasured, and increasingly appreciated. Dead men tell no tales; they also make no more presentation copies.

For my own part—and my feeling in this matter seems to be shared by many others—I like a book that has been in the libraries of great collectors. Such a book is likely, in the first place, to be well preserved, and in "collector's state". It is generally a book with some interest for its contents, and with a certain measure of rarity. There is a satisfaction not easily expressed in words, of owning a book which the cataloguer describes as the "James Bindley-Upcott-Utterson-Daniel - Tite - Beckford - Wodhul-Ashburnham - Huth - Huntington - Jones copy". It has a satisfactory pedigree. There will be in course of time, as Mr. W. N. C. Carleton asserts, a certain distinction in owning a book that bears the impress of the Earl of Bridgewater's library, even though it may not be such a rarity as the dedication copy of Milton's "Comus". Such books have the appearance of secure respectability. There is nothing snobbish about them. They were born to the purple, and they are conscious of it without thinking it worth while to try to impress that fact. Some day the *provenance* of a book will play a much greater part than it does now in determining value. The fashion of collecting such books is already growing.

At the risk of being derided for prophesying, I venture the suggestion

that present conditions will bring about a change in book fashions. The great rarities of literature, such as the Gutenberg Bible, the Caxtons, the scarcest first editions of famous books or favorite authors, the great Americana, will hold their own. But a new generation of book collectors is coming up. The signs are apparent in the auction rooms and on the shelves of the dealers in rare books. People who have been buying new automobiles every year, who have given up their steam yachts to the government and will not get new ones, are buying books. Then there is the increasing class of people who have always liked books, but who have not really entered the lists as collectors. These new collectors, and they form a large and increasing army, are buying "books which they can enjoy and show to their friends". Now a man who is getting together a private library and has no particular hobby is likely either to plunge into ridiculous extravagances in the book line or go cautiously and accumulate a fine collection of books. The new collector who has yet much to learn by experience does not wish to have a library in which the true bibliophile and the experienced collector can find nothing to interest them. So the new collector is buying good books, usually in fine bindings. One of my friends said that he had a fancy for collecting Americana. "But the stuff always looks so shabby in a library", he added, as an excuse for his hesitation. It is an easy matter to explain to such people, as to the first edition collector, that he can very easily have cases made for his books, as ornamental as he pleases, but that he would better take no chances of trimming or otherwise detracting from the value of his acquisitions by submitting them to the binder. The

coming fashion, therefore, seems to be for good books which are attractive in appearance. The experienced collector is getting more particular every year about the condition of his books. The new collector will take a leaf from his book of knowledge, and assure himself that his books have all the "points", "covers correct", and are "first issues" of first editions. Such libraries as those of Mr. Huntington and Mr. Morgan stand alone, and are not easily to be duplicated. But however small the library, it may be well selected, and in selecting it to suit his own personal fancies the collector will

absorb a great deal of valuable bibliographical information. Great libraries are for the few; for the many, a collection which contains nothing but books which have an established place in literature or history, in immaculate condition, and preserved in such ornamental form as suits the owner's taste, will be a permanent source of joy and an accretion to the estate in ultimate settlement. "Old books are best", says Mr. Beverly Chew, and he knows. Whether it be in English literature, Americana, or what not, the well-kept rare old book will always be in fashion.

PRESENT POETRY AND THE LATE WAR

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

The late war, which occupied all the younger poets to frenzy and is naturally omnipresent in all newly collected volumes of verse, has not disturbed the serenity of English standard works. The fifth volume of Ward's "The English Poets", issued nearly forty years after the fourth volume, still holds to that old English rule of admitting no living writer—a rule which even the Britannica has shaken off. This spoils rather badly for purposes of study and reference a volume which otherwise has a traditional excellence of criticism and selection. Commencing with Browning, it follows with the other great mid-Victorians—Arnold, Swinburne, Morris, Tennyson—to each his brief biography and critical essay. It seems curious, in so mid-Victorian a selection, to find the Stevenson-Henley group following; and still more curious, after missing Yeats with a gasp of surprise,

to find that the accident of early death has given Rupert Brooke, the latest if the loveliest of English poets, a place in the volume.

A contrast to this last volume of a monumental anthology—typical, perhaps, of the difference between ourselves and the English—is the anthology Mr. Braithwaite gathers up yearly from the magazines. This year, inevitably, it is permeated by the war. And yet, curiously enough, we feel a new note in this year's magazine poetry: a major note of steadiness, courage, optimism, even gayety. Many of the poets seem to have deliberately turned from war thoughts to the old loveliness, as in Amy Lowell's blue and silver garden piece, "Madonna of the Evening Flowers", a poem so peaceful that to read it is to feel rest; and in William Rose Benét's "Front Line", where the tired soldier on the firing-line envisions the

Christmas pageant of the Magi:

Because it was softly snowing,
 Because it was Christmastide,
 He saw three figures passing
 Glittering in their pride:
 One rode a cream white camel,
 One was a blackamoor,
 One a bearded Persian;
 They all rode up to the door.
 They all rode up to the stable door,
 Dismounted and bowed the knee.
 The door flamed open like a rose
 But more he could not see. . .

Where war is faced in these poems it is faced gallantly, as in the "Prayer of a Soldier in France" and "High Heart" of Joyce and Aline Kilmer, or "The Young Dead" of Maxwell Struthers Burt. Mr. Braithwaite's plan of including only shorter lyrics this year is perhaps responsible for the exclusion of E. A. Robinson, whom we have learned to expect, but this does not explain why we miss Miss Rittenhouse's clear-cut little cameos. There is perhaps a thought too much of Patience Worth and Gamaliel Bradford, and perhaps too few new discoveries. But on the whole it is a collection to be grateful for. We should likewise be grateful that this year's poets, unlike those in the Anthology of 1916, are not principally occupied in removing their clothes and making a wild dash into nature to see what the neighbors will say.

It is a question when an anthology begins being an anthology. "Estrays" might be called a quatrolology, perhaps. It is the work of four young men, of whom Thomas Kennedy seems the least youthful, and Vincent Starrett the most violently affected by the dead but still naughty 'nineties. "Carnegie Tech War Verse" has been well chosen from undergraduate work by Haniel Long, and keeps for us the poignant, boyish "Memories" of young Richard Mansfield, himself since killed on the flying field:

. . . The hotel lobby is gold and red
 And you catch yourself thinking of things
 he said
 And a girl comes near with a turn of her
 head;
 He'd have liked her too—but he's dead. . .

Some of the young people represented in this little collection are going to do good things.

"The Book of Lincoln" is an anthology of another sort; a useful and comprehensive collection of poems concerning Lincoln, prefaced by a chronology and Lincoln's best-known speeches, and ending with a short bibliography: a book that reference libraries should have. The same can be said of George Herbert Palmer's "Formative Types in English Poetry", an intelligent study of seven typical poets, from Chaucer to Browning. As for Wilbur Macey Stone's essay on "The Divine and Moral Songs of Isaac Watts", it is not, perhaps, a necessity to every library, but it is refreshing in its pleasant detachment from the present. It is followed by a bibliography of the good Doctor's poems.

"Liberty Illumined", by Charles Crandall, takes us back to the wars again: a collection of patriotic verse which is honest and undistinguished. "Gleams and Dreams" by Reuben Goldsmith, notwithstanding its title, is very much the same sort of book. Ivan Swift's "The Blue Crane", in spite of an occasional excursion into free verse, reads like an estray from our quiet American 'seventies when poetry was gentlemanlike and pleasant, not particularly exciting or excited, and knew nothing of war at all. In "Octavia", a poetic drama by Charles V. H. Roberts, we have hope of escape from the present back to the day of Nero. But it is a vain hope, for the next poem to it is called "Kamerad". It has an agreeable plot—the scene is laid in hell and the

Kaiser is seen being rewarded for his past life—but it does not thrill as it might. Mary Murtaugh in her "Snatches from a Diary" added a new annoyance to war for her lover, if he got the diary as is hinted. Horace Spencer Fiske's "Ballads of Peace and War" are straightforwardly written verses after the manner of Service and, at a somewhat greater distance, after the manner of Kipling. The young men have turned to Kipling as a master in this war (and surely if the agonized warnings of twenty years make a man the poet of a war Kipling has earned his right to the title), and Gilbert Frankau, "Frank Danby's" son, also has the Kipling tradition. But the difference between his "The Other Side" and war poems by those who had not yet learned the trenches, poets good or bad, is significant. Frankau and Siegfried Sassoon have lost sight of the traditional glories of war: have even lost the capacity to escape from it into remembered beauty, in their years in the trenches.

The Englishman, more luxuriously civilized perhaps than any race on earth, resented doggedly—while fighting as doggedly on—the physical disgustingness of our late warfare; and he wants to make sure that we know enough about it not to want to do it again. Robert Nichols shows us this in his winning preface to Sassoon's new book. In "Counter Attack", the delicately lovely poems that were beginning to make us over here watch for Sassoon's name in the English periodicals, have given place to descriptions as bitter as Frankau's, but more subtly done. Where Frankau cries out in agony against—

This outrage we call war,
 . . . naked, hideous, stupid, vile,
 One vast abomination . . . They,
 Who, coming after, till the ransomed fields

Reading my written words, should understand
 This stark, stupendous horror, visualise
 The unutterable foulness of it all—

Sassoon mocks:

No doubt they'll soon get well; the shock and strain
 Have caused their stammering, disconnected talk.
 They'll soon forget . . .
 Their dreams that drip with murder: and they'll be proud
 Of glorious war that shattered all their pride . . .
 Men who went out to battle, grim and glad;
 Children with eyes that hate you, broken and mad.

He uses unsparingly the oriental irony that is the heritage of all countrymen of the Preacher. Even in the lovely lines of "Invocation",—

Mute in that golden silence hung with green,
 Come down from Heaven and bring me in your eyes
 Remembrance of all beauty that has been
 And stillness from the pools of Paradise,—

he cannot quite forget the "drumming shafts of stifling death".

Sassoon has deliberately discarded beauty. Alter Brody, writing vividly of the New York slums from a Russian immigrant's point of view, as yet has seen no need of beauty. Louis Untermeyer, in an illuminating preface, points out the book's Semitic undertone: but the Semitism is naturally on a different note from that of Sassoon, the English country gentleman. Brody's oriental sense of mockery is of a cruder sort. It comes dangerously near being billingsgate at times, as when he calls, in "Grotesque", a harmless cathedral names that would be too noisome for Sassoon's most thoroughly dead German. The end of that poem, however, is pleasing:

Beast! Beast! Beast!
 Gray beast with the ravenous maw
 Devouring my soul,
 Avaunt! Avaunt!

The idea of St. John's or St. Patrick's rising up and ponderously availing at Mr. Brody's shrieked request is cheering: which is well, for one needs cheer after many pages of unquestionably vivid free verse about dead dogs and bulging, pimped girls. Young Mr. Brody has strength. But he has not yet learned the power of reserve. The title poem and "Kartushkiya-Beroza" have wistfulness and even magic, but humor and tolerance have yet to come to him. Yet Mr. Untermeyer is right—he is undoubtedly a find.

One wishes that Jean Untermeyer's "Growing Pains" could have been prefaced by Louis Untermeyer. He could have done it so well. But the poems do not need a preface. They are little vividly colored pieces of psychology, done in a free verse, which, unlike so much called by that name, is clearly the writer's natural medium. "Sonya" is a penetrating study, and in "Clothes" Mrs. Untermeyer achieves a poem whose feminine psychology is universal. One gets from the book an arresting effect of blacks and whites and scarlets grouped with an art that is daring, and yet instinctive, and unmistakably oriental.

Kahlil Gibran's "The Madman" is another phase of orientalism; prose-poems, or apologues if you will, by a countryman of Nas'r-ed-Din.

In spite of facts one thinks of Max Eastman as a foreigner, perhaps because he has so fought for our inflowing element; but his little book of poems, "Colors of Life", betrays him as an ingrained Anglo-Saxon. The book holds no exotic coloring. Even

when he is hymning a Russian assassin (the word is his) he does it in the cool and lucid manner of Edward Rowland Sill's countryman, and his outdoors is a New England landscape. In spite of himself, it is a quiet and a scholarly beauty that his poems breathe. In the prefatory essay we have a fine supplementary chapter to his book on poetry, already a standard work. He is as unoriental as Villon of France, to whom, after all, it is left to say the last word about the war:

Princes to death are all foretold,

Even as the humblest of their array:

Whether they sorrow or whether they scold
The wind carries their like away!

The English Poets. Edited by Thomas Humphry Ward. The Macmillan Co.

Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1918. By William Stanley Braithwaite. Small, Maynard and Co.

Estrays. By Thomas Kennedy, George Seymour, Vincent Starrett, Basil Thompson. Camelot Press.

Carnegie Tech War Verse. Carnegie Institute of Technology.

The Book of Lincoln. Compiled by Mary Wright-Davis. George H. Doran Company.

Formative Types in English Poetry. By George Herbert Palmer. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Divine and Moral Songs of Isaac Watts. By Wilbur Macey Stone. The Triptych.

Liberty Illumined. By Charles Crandall. Advocate Print.

Gleams and Dreams. By Reuben Goldsmith. James T. White and Co.

The Blue Crane. By Ivan Swift. James T. White and Co.

Octavia and New Poems. By Charles V. H. Roberts. Torch Press.

Snatches from a Diary. By Mary Murtagh. The Four Seas Co.

Ballads of Peace and War. By Horace Spencer Fiske. The Stratford Co.

The Other Side. By Gilbert Frankau. Alfred A. Knopf.

Counter Attack. By Siegfried Sassoon. E. P. Dutton and Co.

A Family Album. By Alter Brody. B. W. Huebsch.

Growing Pains. By Jean Starr Untermeyer. B. W. Huebsch.

The Madman, His Parables and Poems. By Kahlil Gibran. Alfred A. Knopf.

Colors of Life. By Max Eastman. Alfred A. Knopf.

Poems, by François Villon. Translated with an introduction by John Payne. Boni and Liveright.

FICTION IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

The following lists of books in demand in February in the public libraries of the United States have been compiled from reports made by two hundred representative libraries, in every section of the country and in cities of all sizes down to ten thousand population. The order of choice is as stated by the librarians.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	<i>Vicente Blasco Ibáñez</i>	DUTTON
2. "Shavings"	<i>Joseph C. Lincoln</i>	APPLETON
3. The Desert of Wheat	<i>Zane Grey</i>	HARPER
4. The Tin Soldier	<i>Temple Bailey</i>	PENN
5. The Curious Quest	<i>E. Phillips Oppenheim</i>	LITTLE, BROWN
6. The Magnificent Ambersons	<i>Booth Tarkington</i>	DOUBLEDAY

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	<i>Vicente Blasco Ibáñez</i>	DUTTON
2. The Magnificent Ambersons	<i>Booth Tarkington</i>	DOUBLEDAY
3. The Desert of Wheat	<i>Zane Grey</i>	HARPER
4. "Shavings"	<i>Joseph C. Lincoln</i>	APPLETON
5. Joan and Peter	<i>H. G. Wells</i>	MACMILLAN
6. The Amazing Interlude	<i>Mary Roberts Rinehart</i>	DORAN

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	<i>Vicente Blasco Ibáñez</i>	DUTTON
2. Joan and Peter	<i>H. G. Wells</i>	MACMILLAN
3. The Magnificent Ambersons	<i>Booth Tarkington</i>	DOUBLEDAY
4. "Shavings"	<i>Joseph C. Lincoln</i>	APPLETON
5. The Star in the Window	<i>Olive Higgins Prouty</i>	STOKES
6. A Daughter of the Land	<i>Gene Stratton-Porter</i>	DOUBLEDAY

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	<i>Vicente Blasco Ibáñez</i>	DUTTON
2. A Daughter of the Land	<i>Gene Stratton-Porter</i>	DOUBLEDAY
3. The Magnificent Ambersons	<i>Booth Tarkington</i>	DOUBLEDAY
4. The Desert of Wheat	<i>Zane Grey</i>	HARPER
5. Billy and the Major	<i>Emma Speed Sampson</i>	REILLY & BRITTON
6. Joan and Peter	<i>H. G. Wells.</i>	MACMILLAN

WESTERN STATES

1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	<i>Vicente Blasco Ibáñez</i>	DUTTON
2. Joan and Peter	<i>H. G. Wells</i>	MACMILLAN
3. The Desert of Wheat	<i>Zane Grey</i>	HARPER
4. Winds of Chance	<i>Rex Beach</i>	HARPER
5. A Daughter of the Land	<i>Gene Stratton-Porter</i>	DOUBLEDAY
6. The U. P. Trail	<i>Zane Grey</i>	HARPER

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	<i>Vicente Blasco Ibáñez</i>	DUTTON
2. Joan and Peter	<i>H. G. Wells</i>	MACMILLAN
3. "Shavings"	<i>Joseph C. Lincoln</i>	APPLETON
4. The Desert of Wheat	<i>Zane Grey</i>	HARPER
5. The Magnificent Ambersons	<i>Booth Tarkington</i>	DOUBLEDAY
6. A Daughter of the Land	<i>Gene Stratton-Porter</i>	DOUBLEDAY

GENERAL BOOKS IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

The titles have been scored by the simple process of giving each a credit of six for each time it appears as first choice, and so down to a score of one for each time it appears in sixth place. The total score for each section and for the whole country determines the order of choice in the tables herewith.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1. Ambassador Morgenthau's Story	<i>Henry Morgenthau</i>	DOUBLEDAY
2. Letters of Susan Hale	<i>Caroline P. Atkinson</i>	MARSHALL JONES
3. The Education of Henry Adams	<i>Henry Adams</i>	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
4. Joyce Kilmer: Poems, Essays and Letters	<i>Robert Cortes Holliday</i>	DORAN
5. With the Help of God and a Few Marines	<i>A. W. Catlin</i>	DOUBLEDAY
6. The New Revelation	<i>A. Conan Doyle</i>	DORAN

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	<i>Henry Adams</i>	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
2. The Kaiser as I Know Him	<i>Arthur N. Davis</i>	HARPER
3. Ambassador Morgenthau's Story	<i>Henry Morgenthau</i>	DOUBLEDAY
4. A Minstrel in France	<i>Harry Lauder</i>	HEARST'S
5. The Glory of the Trenches	<i>Coningsby Dawson</i>	JOHN LANE
6. The Betrothal	<i>Maurice Maeterlinck</i>	DODD, MEAD

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	<i>Henry Adams</i>	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
2. Ambassador Morgenthau's Story	<i>Henry Morgenthau</i>	DOUBLEDAY
3. "And They Thought We Wouldn't Fight"	<i>Floyd Gibbons</i>	DORAN
4. The Betrothal	<i>Maurice Maeterlinck</i>	DODD, MEAD
5. The Village	<i>Ernest Poole</i>	MACMILLAN
6. High Adventure	<i>J. Norman Hall</i>	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	<i>Henry Adams</i>	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
2. The New Revelation	<i>A. Conan Doyle</i>	DORAN
3. The Life and Letters of Joel Chandler Harris	<i>Julia Collier Harris</i>	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
4. A Minstrel in France	<i>Harry Lauder</i>	HEARST'S
5. Outwitting the Hun	<i>Pat O'Brien</i>	HARPER
6. Rhymes of a Red Cross Man	<i>Robert W. Service</i>	BARSE & HOPKINS

WESTERN STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	<i>Henry Adams</i>	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
2. The New Revelation	<i>A. Conan Doyle</i>	DORAN
3. "And They Thought We Wouldn't Fight."	<i>Floyd Gibbons</i>	DORAN
4. Cavalry of the Clouds	<i>Alan Bott</i>	DOUBLEDAY
5. Paths of Glory	<i>Irvin S. Cobb</i>	DORAN
6. Far Away and Long Ago	<i>W. H. Hudson</i>	DUTTON

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	<i>Henry Adams</i>	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
2. Ambassador Morgenthau's Story	<i>Henry Morgenthau</i>	DOUBLEDAY
3. The New Revelation	<i>A. Conan Doyle</i>	DORAN
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6. The Betrothal	<i>Maurice Maeterlinck</i>	DODD, MEAD

THE GOSSIP SHOP

It is a curious thing that in all the talk about Lowell that has been going, there has been no reference to the most able estimate, the most penetrating interrogation to be found in print of the figure whose centenary has been so handsomely observed. This is the study "Lowell" in the "American Prose Masters" of W. C. Brownell, a volume published ten years ago.

The paper opens on a note of Lowellian good nature. Mr. Brownell remembers hearing Lowell on two occasions. He recalls an anecdote with which Lowell began a speech at a dinner in aid of the American School at Athens. "He had been present at a large political meeting in England somewhere, Manchester perhaps, where Gladstone was to speak. The hall was packed and the air stifling. For some reason it was impossible to open the windows, which were very high, and one had to be broken. It was feared that the noise would startle the audience and the Mayor stepped forward to explain what was proposed. The audience, however, had not assembled to listen to the Mayor and overwhelmed him with cries of 'Gladstone', 'Gladstone'. At last the misconceived and infuriated official restored silence by shouting at the top of his lungs: 'I'm not going to make a speech; I've got something to say!'"

Lowell, Mr. Brownell asserts, had something to say. He was in general at his best in improvisation. The foremost American man of letters was also the first after-dinner orator of his time. He had an ideal equipment

for "the admirable art of telling people on any special occasion, on a high plane and in an elevated, an exquisite or an energetic way, as may be required, precisely what they wish to hear." Lowell's passions "may be summed up in patriotism, books and nature". To a sterling character were added "ingrained cleverness and an extraordinary personal charm".

No writer of anything resembling his bookish and scholarly turn ever possessed high spirits in any such degree, as no writer ever so cordially conjoined the study and out-of-doors. . . . He was the best of company and in the best of company. He was geniality itself.

Though Mr. Brownell dissents with spirit from the depreciation of Lowell's scholarship as "not up to current standards"—praying that belles-lettres, at least, may "hold out a little longer before it is transformed into scientific feudalism or declines in Byzantine decadence"—he does find the man essentially of the dilettante temperament.

He was a dilettante of an original type in being so thoroughly American. He had the disinterested delight in the delectable that characterizes the dilettante as distinguished from the artist, to whom the delectable is material. His singularity—as a dilettante, not as an American—consists in his being attracted by the elementary quite as much as by the differentiated.

The quality of Lowell's temperament appears in his culture; though he reads with the industry of a Chinese scholar, he always follows his natural bent, and so fails of an adequate discipline. It appears in his criticism; for example, he immensely admires Dante and knows everything

about him, "but he does not communicate because he does not express his general conception of Dante, and he does not because he has not himself, one feels sure, thought it out into definitions". It appears in his style; it is praised for its brilliant and felicitous detail, but "its defect is that it is detail, and so accentuated as to nullify the ensemble, on which style inexorably depends". Preferring rather to read than to think, to color than to design, to decorate than to construct, he falls short through temperamental indolence of the great architects of prose—of the great critics.

To note at something like random other salient points of this entertaining, finely instructive, and, in a way, definitive study which has been so largely passed over: to his countrymen it must remain satisfactorily notable that Lowell "should have had such a striking European success with such an exclusively American equipment". "More than any other critic of his eminence Lowell would have profited by an acquaintance with the plastic arts." "When he deals with ideas of a general nature he is apt to recall Mr. Howells's remark about an eminent publicist accustomed 'to do his boldest thinking along the safest lines'." "Lowell possessed too little deference as well as too little *malice* to be distinctly penetrating." Lowell "wrote a good deal too much verse". But "a great deal of it is very fine, very noble and at times very beautiful". His poetry "constitutes, on the whole, the most admirable American contribution to the nature poetry of English literature". "And his patriotic poetry is altogether unmatched—even unrivalled." "He will doubtless cease to be one of our superstitions, but will remain one of our chief glories."

The following Cobb story is told by Lieutenant-Colonel William A. Bishop, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., D.F.C., of Canada and the British Royal Flying Corps—and all the rest of it, in short the premier aviator of the war:

Colonel Bishop, returning to England in the spring of 1918, crossed on the same boat which carried Irvin S. Cobb. In convoy their ship was directly followed by the camouflaged troop ship "Tuscania". The last night of the voyage, when the convoy was passing through the channel between the north of Ireland and Scotland, the danger signal sounded. It had been arranged that five blasts of a steam whistle meant a submarine. After two blasts had sounded great confusion raged on Colonel Bishop's ship, when at its height Mr. Cobb was seen looming above the scene. With a noble gesture he raised his hand. "Wait", he said impressively, "remember, three more to come"—and calmed the excited company. Another hoot, then another, and then another! Mr. Cobb's hand descended. "I wish the ——— thing wouldn't stutter so!" he remarked, as the "Tuscania" was torpedoed.

The ending of the war will release among innumerable other writers a very distinguished little band of English novelists who have been doing very difficult and absorbing war work. True, some of these romancers have managed to produce a book this autumn, the two outstanding examples being Compton Mackenzie and W. B. Maxwell. Each of these men took the outbreak of war most seriously. Compton Mackenzie's Secret Service achievements took him far afield, to the Near East. W. B. Maxwell joined up at once, though very much beyond the military age (at that time), and

he saw the most difficult and trying phase of the war as an active combatant.

The death was recently announced of M. Paul Margueritte—the author, with his brother Victor, of a number of novels dealing with the events of 1870-71 and the loss of Alsace-Lorraine. Apropos of this and of the beginning in the “Revue des Deux Mondes” of a sequel by René Bazin to his famous Alsatian novel, “Les Oberlé”, one is reminded of the group of novels that grew up about the disastrous war and the lost provinces. It is a large and wistful chapter in French fiction that the reannexation of Alsace-Lorraine automatically ends.

“If she (America) gets swelled head the world will get cold feet”, remarked that impeccable stylist, John Galsworthy, speaking February twenty-second as the guest of the faculty of the College of the City of New York before 2,000 persons in the Great Hall. Mr. Galsworthy’s theme was, that on America now that the war is over, the destiny of civilization may hang for the next century.

The latest recruit to the growing band of English hereditary novelists is the quite young lady who chooses to write under the name of “E. M. Delafield”. The author of “The War Workers” and “The Pelicans” is descended on her father’s side from a noble French family, the de la Pastures (hence obviously her choice of a pen name). Though the family began by being *émigrés*, they have become quite English in everything but appearance. “E. M. Delafield’s” father looked like a marquis of the old regime. When no longer in his first youth he married the daughter

of the then British Consul at Calais. A charming account of their romance may be found in Mrs. de la Pasture’s novel “Catherine of Calais”. But the most popular of her books was “Peter’s Mother”, which was also successfully dramatized. “E. M. Delafield” may owe much to her mother’s example, but she cannot owe much to her mother’s precept, for that lady is now the wife of Sir Hugh Clifford, and lives in the Gold Coast Colony.

From a gentleman signing himself Archibald Pratt has come to the Gossip Shop a post-card bearing the following inscription, which the Gossip Shop is happy to print:

Mr. Gelett Burgess should realize that some of us poor scribes who don’t know the New York editors are rather offended by his poem (?) in the February BOOKMAN. We don’t eat ourselves—let alone with editors. A picture of Irvin S. Cobb is enough . . . censored . . .

Don Marquis, whose “Prefaces” is a spring book, announces that after a period when his family suffered from influenza, there was no cook, and even the trained nurse was “took” with the dread “flu”, “Mrs. Marquis and I have planned a novel of the most scathing sort which we will call ‘Domesticity’ unless we can think of a shorter, uglier word”.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Locke have had signal favors conferred upon them in recognition of their services to the Belgians during the war. Mr. Locke has been made “Chevalier de l’Ordre de la Couronne” by the King of the Belgians, principally for his work on “The Book of Belgium’s Gratitude”, and Mrs. Locke has received the Médaille de la Reine Elisabeth, in gratitude for the help she gave the Belgian soldiers by turning her house into a convalescent home.

After her years of arduously useful war work, Mrs. Edith Wharton is recuperating and resting in the south of France. Following "The Marne", Mrs. Wharton is at work on a new novel as well as on several short-stories and essays, so that her energy is again directed in its normal ways now that war's need is done.

Speaking of the subject of eating with editors, and editors' eating, and all that kind of thing, it is a curious thing that Chicago editors, or at any rate Chicago literary editors, all apparently regularly eat in New York. It seems to the conductor of the Gossip Shop that it was only a few weeks ago that he had lunch with the celebrated Henry Blackman Sell, of the Chicago "Daily News". A bit after this in walks the celebrated Burton Rasco, of the Chicago "Tribune", prepared to provide an excellent meal. And then here is the celebrated Mr. Sell again keen for the pleasures of the table. Hardly has he withdrawn when one turns to find the celebrated Miss Fanny Butcher, of the Chicago "Tribune", and looking charmingly like luncheon, too.

Booth Tarkington turns up as the leading feature of a recent number of the London "Bookman". The elaborate article by R. Ellis Roberts is accompanied by two portraits. One of these is the well-known recent picture in which that celebrated suit of race-track checks is a conspicuous part of the design. The other is a picture much less known, a profile, presenting much the effect of an aristocratic painting. This is reproduced both on the cover of the magazine and on a full page within in a fashion which is described as "suitable for framing". The article traces the novelist from

the time of "Monsieur Beaucaire" down to date. It reaches the conclusion that: "'Turmoil' remains Mr. Tarkington's best novel: but his latest, 'The Magnificent Ambersons', runs it very close."

"The Girl from the Marsh Croft", a five-reel film, which, according to the advertisement in the Chicago "Tribune", was "produced in Sweden from a story by Selma Lagerlöf", was recently announced to be presented at Aryan Grotto Temple in Chicago, "tonite, tomorrow and Saturday". "Musical program", to continue the announcement, "by Swedish Ladies' Trio and Meck's Orchestra".

The London "Bookman" for March was a Lowell centenary number, containing a special article on James Russell Lowell by R. Ellis Roberts. The magazine has long carried on its title-page, beneath its title, the line: "I am a Bookman".—*James Russell Lowell.*

Most admirers of W. B. Maxwell's work know that he is the son of the author of "Lady Audley's Secret". It is curious how often the literary gift is transmitted in England. Miss Bradon would have been the first eagerly to acknowledge that her son has proved to be a finer and more distinguished artist than she could have claimed to be, even in her prime. One feels sure also that Charles Kingsley, with his generous nature and loving heart aglow, would have delighted in the extraordinary literary gift of his daughter, "Lucas Malet". A writer of whom some of the English critics expect very great things is Gilbert Frankau, the eldest son of the late "Frank Danby". His work does not recall in the slightest degree that of

his brilliant mother, but, like her, he has the gift of surprising the public. His novel in verse, "One of Us", was a daring experiment. To the student of literature it recalled to an amazing extent "Don Juan", and even "Childe Harold". Then came the war. Young Frankau served his time in the trenches, then was attached to the British Embassy in Rome. He wrote a number of powerful, grim war poems, but now, in "One of Them", he goes back to his first method; and already this satirical picture of the same world as that described from another angle in Bennett's "The Pretty Lady", has run into six thousand. He has also just edited a collection of sketches written by "Frank Danby" entitled "Mothers and Children".

Vachel Lindsay has been roaming about again. He was recently seen, and heard, at numerous points in New York, also, apparently, in Philadelphia. An impressionistic reporter for a paper there thus sums him up:

Mr. Lindsay was found sitting cheerfully under the panoramic map in Broad Street Station, waiting for something to happen. He is a man of middle-size, with plenty of blonde hair and plenty of blonde ideas; clean-shaved, with twilight-colored eyes and a quaint way of throwing his head back like a lion at bay. He wears a green felt hat and makes careful notes of his engagements.

"The year 1819 was unusually prolific in remarkable babies—not just healthy, blooming youngsters, but children whose intellectual proclivities might almost cause the suspicion that they sprang from the head of Zeus", is the way the matter is put by the Gossip Shop's entertaining Boston friend, "The Piper". Among the babies who came into the world during that memorable year a century ago were small persons known to us by the following names: William Wetmore

Story, James Russell Lowell, Edwin Percy Whipple, Julia Ward Howe, Walt Whitman, and Samuel Longfellow.

D. Thomas Curtin (author of "The Land of Deepening Shadow" and "The Edge of the Quicksands"), whose article on Admiral Jellicoe's story of the Grand Fleet appears in this number of THE BOOKMAN, returned to America after the armistice to lecture throughout the United States. He is at the same time studying economic and political conditions during our highly important transition period. He expects to return to the troubled sections of central and eastern Europe in a few months.

On the subject of German intrigue the Chicago "Post" says in an editorial:

Mr. D. Thomas Curtin, an American newspaper man who went to Germany during the war and got out the first authentic story of internal conditions, related in an address at the City Club the other day an interesting incident illustrating the way in which Germany, in spite of defeat, continues to play the game of mischief-maker. When the American troops entered Coblenz and the British entered Cologne, he said, there was found in both cities a newspaper offered for sale under the intriguing title of "The English-American News". It was printed in English but written by Germans, and it originated in German presses.

Its contents were made up largely of garbled quotations from British and American newspapers calculated to awaken suspicion and prejudice in the minds of the soldiers of the one country against the aims and motives of the people and government of the other.

The trick was crude: its exposure a simple matter; its results probably of little value to the propagandists. But the fact that it was attempted carries its warning. It demonstrates beyond controversy the hope of Germany—a hope that rests upon creating a dissension among the nations now endeavoring to establish concord and order in the world. And it emphasizes the pernicious nature

of like propaganda in America and the allied countries.

Every once in a while something happens which is so good that it doesn't seem that it could be so. Here the Gossip Shop pauses for breath. The publishers of Ralph Connor's new novel, "The Sky Pilot in No Man's Land", recently received a letter from an aeronautic journal saying, "Please advise if this is an aeronautical publication", and requesting a review copy of this spectacular "fly book".

News arrived from England of the death, at the age of fifty-three, of H. A. Hinkson, the husband of Katharine Tynan. Mr. Hinkson was the author of many books for boys which had considerable success in England, and some clever novels. Since 1914 Mr. Hinkson had been Resident Magistrate for South Mayo.

Charles E. Van Loan, short-story and sporting writer and an associate editor of "The Saturday Evening Post", died March 3, 1919, at the Abington Hospital in Philadelphia. He was forty-two years of age. The immediate cause of death was nephritis, but his vitality had been considerably lessened by an automobile accident in California six years ago. Mr. Van Loan is survived by his widow and two children.

Charles Emmet Van Loan was born in San Jose, California, June 29, 1876, and received his education in the public schools of his native state. He began his career in the mercantile business, which he gave up in 1903 to become a newspaper writer in Los Angeles. He later did newspaper work in New York City until 1910, since which time he had been engaged in magazine work and in writing books, among

which are "The Big League", "The Lucky Seventh", "The Ten Thousand Dollar Arm", "Inside the Ropes", "Buck Parvin and the Movies", and "Old Man Curry". His most recent books were "Score by Innings", a collection of baseball tales, and "Fore!", a book of golf stories. Mr. Van Loan had made sport a field altogether his own in fiction.

It is reported upon authority which may be regarded as fairly responsible that Robert Cortes Holliday, owner of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman (and incidentally, and by the way, etc., author of "Walking-Stick Papers"), continually calls to the attention of all and sundry the fact that it was an Airedale terrier which was adjudged the finest of all dogs at the recent Westminster Kennel show at Madison Square Garden. Tristram Shandy, Esquire, by the way, ate up a silver thimble and an eighteen-dollar pair of shell spectacles within the last week.

The motion picture rights to "The Avalanche", Gertrude Atherton's new mystery-romance of San Francisco society life, were sold within two weeks of the publication of the book. This is said to be the quickest purchase on record. The story will be used as a vehicle for Miss Elsie Ferguson.

A new edition of Arthur Symons's "The Symbolist Movement in Literature" has been brought out.

Grant M. Overton, in writing of Edna Ferber in "The Women Who Make Our Novels", says of her first novel, "Dawn O'Hara": "After it was completed, she did not like it. It was her mother who rescued the manuscript from the waste-basket and sent it to a publisher—the same person

have since carried him to fame. I remember how we young barbarians of the reporters' room shook our heads quizzically at him because of a serious article a column long in which he fiercely and wittily protested against a certain type of man in the streets of cities who fancies he is fascinating, and ogles girls with a view to casual flirtations. Gibbs shrugged his shoulders and smiled at our rough gibes. He meant what he said and stuck to it. He still means what he says, and it is his sincerity as a writer which gives him a good deal of his power.

In spite of his success in journalism, I always regard Philip Gibbs as being more distinctively literary than journalistic. His mind goes beneath the happenings of the day, using them as illustrations, drawing lessons from them; and is always more concerned with the inner and wider significance of affairs than just their ephemeral and surface interest as objectives. When to this fact you add a gift of phrase at once limpid and musical, you begin to see why it only required the big opportunity such as this war has afforded to lift Philip Gibbs to eminence. Of course he had imagination as well, and what may be called the high-pressure constructive brain which often goes with a modest temperament. Those who meet him now that he is near the age of forty, and feel the touch of his boyish simplicity and sympathy, are a little surprised that in truth he was always old for his years.

Philip Gibbs was first moved to writing at the age of sixteen; he wrote about five hundred words describing the scene at London bridge in the winter where the sea-gulls, the wildest of creatures on their native North sea, become almost tame and

perform astoundingly familiar flights round and about gathered groups of people on the embankment and on the bridge in their pursuit of the food which is tossed in the air to them, or flung down onto the slow-moving waters of the river. His little description was printed in the "Daily Chronicle", the paper on which he was fated subsequently to make himself famous. He was nineteen when he wrote his first book called "Founders of the Empire" which was published by Cassell's and which by the way still has a steady sale. Editorial work with Cassell's and with Tillotson's, the big north-country syndicate, led him very quickly into direct newspaper work. At twenty-one, he wrote his first novel, "The Individualist", and that year is memorable for him for another reason because it was on his twenty-first birthday that he was married, married on an income which at that moment did not exceed six hundred dollars a year. Many books came from him in the years that followed, all of them worth while, some of them with the touch of genius. One novel "The Street of Adventure" is a lively and accurate representation of the versatile life of Fleet Street. His historical works include a history of the French Revolution, and the story of George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham. Several essays were his, and among those listed in the reference books are "Facts and Ideas", "The Eighth Year", and "The New Man". He was joint author with his brother Cosmo Hamilton of a play called "Menders of Nets" which had a good run at two theatres in London. During all this literary work he was engaged in active newspaper work, steadily building up for himself a reputation as the best descriptive writer in Fleet Street.

Hard trenchant journalism has been the continuing web on which Philip Gibbs has woven his literary output. A hundred adventures have been his—not merely violent ones of a physical kind but also those of a more delicate nature, because he has come in contact with many of the great men of the earth, talked with them, and has been able to appraise them. Like all the rest of his craft he has had to go through months and years of hard work often enough unrelieved by any touch of color, because opportunities for real achievement do not come as often as some people think in the journalistic profession. Two successes of his may be mentioned. One was in connection with the revolution in Portugal, where after the Republic came into power many of those who were opposed to it were thrust into jail under horrifying physical circumstances. They were put into disgusting dens underground, and the conditions would inevitably have led to a heavy death toll. Indeed, many of the prisoners did actually droop to death. Philip Gibbs, who was in Portugal for the "Daily Chronicle", made it his business to visit many of these places, satisfied himself as to the state of affairs, and then wrote a series of articles for the English newspaper, which were reprinted on the continent, caused a sensation, and led to the release of fifteen hundred persons who were suffering something like torture from the conditions under which they were confined.

The other story is about Dr. Cook, the explorer. When it was announced that Dr. Cook was on his way back to Denmark, having discovered the North Pole, correspondents from London were rushed over to Copenhagen to meet him. By some mischance, the "Chronicle" man was not sent on the

spur of the moment. Philip Gibbs was called into the editorial room next day and the editor explained the circumstances to him and said, "Leave at once for Copenhagen. I don't know what luck you will have because you are twenty-four hours behind everyone else." Philip Gibbs found Copenhagen seething with correspondents, not only from England but from other countries. He spoke not a word of Danish. He had no friends in Copenhagen. The other correspondents were all busy trying to make arrangements so that they could get in touch with Dr. Cook as soon as he came to land. In something like despair on the second day after his arrival, Philip Gibbs was in a restaurant where one of the waiters spoke a little English, and after his meal he had what he now regards as an inspiration—he talked to the waiter about his mission and asked if by any chance the waiter knew any people interested in polar exploration. The waiter was an intelligent man and what was more had information of value. "The lady sitting over there with a friend", he said, "is the wife of a famous polar explorer." Philip Gibbs secured the acquaintance of the ladies, explained his difficulty, and the upshot was that through their introductions and good offices he was the only correspondent to go off in the official tug to meet the ship of Dr. Cook which shortly afterward appeared on the horizon. He was the only correspondent on board and he had the extraordinary advantage of traveling back to Copenhagen for twenty-four hours in the company of Dr. Cook and of hearing his entire story. He was enabled to put a five-column narrative on the wire to London directly he landed, and the feelings of the other correspondents were such that even their graphic pens and

their ready tongues failed to give them full expression. Philip Gibbs arrived after everyone else and finished before everyone else. It is an instance of his quick judgment and his courage that he denounced Dr. Cook as a liar in the course of that five-column article, and his judgment was subsequently upheld. "I had a feeling that Dr. Cook was a liar after my first ten minutes' talk with him." And be it remembered that Philip Gibbs is not a man addicted to harsh judgment.

Philip Gibbs's life at the front for four years was a series of emotional experiences. You can see that in the little lines on his forehead which used not to be there in the old far-off days of peace. However, all was not horror in the four years, and there were many little incidents which would have repaid the telling had they not been overshadowed by bigger things. Philip Gibbs remembers how Lloyd George, wearing the regulation metal helmet beneath the edges of which his long gray hair sprouted forth, came into the trenches one day. A cockney Tommy watched the new arrival with interest. "Blimey, Bill", he said to his companion, "here's the Archbishop of Canterbury." Mr. Gibbs talked with Lloyd George in the trenches and the Prime Minister, who spoke freely to the war correspondent, took away valuable first-hand information derived from Mr. Gibbs, on such matters as a correspondent—mixing with the men as well as seeing the fighting—might be able to give. With all his alertness Philip Gibbs has gained a touch of what may be called personal philosophy, during the years of upward struggle. He was playing a game of chess in a dugout near the front with a friend who happened to be the representative of one of the largest publishing houses in England.

A telegram arrived for this friend during the game. It was opened and found to contain a message offering a notable post with the firm for Philip Gibbs. The representative of the firm in question took his pipe from his mouth and read out the telegram to Gibbs. "What's your answer?" he said. "No", said Gibbs and moved a pawn. Then they devoted themselves to the game and the matter was dismissed forever. Philip Gibbs saw Field-Marshal Haig many times. The most memorable occasion was after the armistice was signed when the British commander-in-chief met the British correspondent at Hohenzollern Bridge at Coblenz. It was the first time Haig had crossed the Rhine. He told the correspondents that they had helped him to win the war and had played the game like men.

Philip Gibbs is a prolific and stylistic writer, and I once asked him if he had been influenced by any special authors in his younger days. "No", he said, "except possibly to some extent by Thackeray. I have been free from any except such general influences as come from wide reading and interest in books." He threw out his hand with a forlorn gesture and there was a twinkle in his eye. "I am a man without education", he said.

Philip Gibbs's style with its long, smooth, flowing sentences lightened here and there by an unusual verb, has the easiness that shows the practised artist. It would be inaccurate to suggest that his prose is technically brilliant. But it has the power which no meretricious glitter could confer. He has first of all the gift which I think James M. Barrie possesses in the extreme degree, of lucidity, especially lucidity in matters of emotion. Place behind that gift of expression "a spirit intense and rare", unite that

with spiritual ardor, and the balancing touch derived from life and books, and you get as a result the direct, moving appeal which Philip Gibbs always makes whether in articles or stories. He has not the irony of Thackeray nor the crystal-cut phrase of Stevenson, nor the poignancy (laughing and weeping) of Barrie, and yet he has something of all three.

I tried to get him to talk about himself recently but without very much success. I pinned him down, however, about his actual writing. Did he put much labor into it? He replied that of course it was an effort but that he never strained after effect with words, and he found that his most effective work was that done under the pressure of feeling. Narrations, illustrations, and lessons take form easily when he is much moved.

Philip Gibbs comes of a literary family. He was born Philip Hamilton Gibbs. He is one of the six sons of the late Henry Gibbs of the Board of Education (England) and Helen Hamilton. He is thus the brother of Cosmo Hamilton, the well-known novelist and dramatist who in 1898 legally adopted his mother's surname for family reasons; of Anthony Hamilton Gibbs, whose books dealing with the west coast of Africa were widely praised, and of Major Arthur Hamilton Gibbs, M.C. Royal Field Artillery, author of "Rowlandson's Oxford", "The Compleat Oxford Man", "Cheadle & Son" and "The Hour of Conflict". If his talents of expression were born in him, so were other things equally notable. Those who have not met Philip Gibbs are enthusiastic about his literary gifts, but those who know him personally think less of his writing than of the man. A certain soft magnetism emanates from him. Were he completely unknown, Philip Gibbs

could not enter any gathering of intellectual and sensitive people without leaving his mark, and this without the slightest conscious thought or effort on his own part, but just as the result of the spirit that shines out of him whether he will or not. He seeks neither to hide nor to present what is in him. He is boyishly natural; and there is always the healthy and comfortable thought that here is no weakling, that this delicate personality—so temperamentally averse from violence, and thoughts of hardship—has been in daily danger of his life for four years on the western front, and has under the strain of personal peril written daily the most illuminating literary dispatches ever penned from a battle front. Philip Gibbs is a queer mixture. That is one of the reasons he is so interesting.

There will be none so gratified at the fame which has come upon Philip Gibbs as his colleagues for so many years among working newspaper men. They know his full worth. They will remember him not for his high talents but for his generous self-effacing comradeship, for his unfailing helpfulness and good nature. These are more to the newspaper craft in any land than fame or power or genius. The feeling of those men may well be a proud possession for any individual, and I know it is an especial joy for Philip Gibbs.

British people generally are proud of his achievements, and grateful to America for the reception that great nation has given one of Britain's gifted sons. They like to think, moreover, that he represents to the American people he has met, not only many special attainments but also that which is particularly precious to our race—a typical illustration in manners, speech, and character of an English gentleman.

THE CORRAL KID

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mentioned in the dedication of the novel. "To my dear mother who frequently interrupted me in my minor poems, who says 'Mi ah ah!' outside my door." Miss Parker, Mr. Cleveland talks, in thirty min. The publication speaks of Mr. Cleveland as Mr. Grant, but no matter.

Henry van Dyke's first volume of stories since the publication of his "The Unknown Quantity" in 1912, was recently published under the title "The Valley of Vision." Why "The Valley of Vision"? Why not "The Mountain of Vision"? asked a literal minded friend. "Humana", is van Dyke's plan, "It is in the valley of suffering that the deepest visions of the meaning of life come to us." The subtitle of the volume is "A Book of Homages and Some Half-Told Tales". There are eighteen stories in the volume.

The American publishers of Theodore's "Theodore Roosevelt: Knight of the Air" have sent to the Clontarf Shop a photograph of a life size portrait in oil, painted by J. Christian Lawrence, fellow modelist of the London Academy and president of the Portsmouth Art Society. "From a small snapshot taken two days before Theodore's last flight." France has accepted the gift of this portrait, which will hang in La Mairie de l'Arrière Paris. The Clontarf Shop says it resembles the original more than any likeness they have. The translator of the volume, Mrs. Louise Morgan Hill, is about to be given the Medal de la Reconnaissance Française for her work at the Vol de l'Espérance.

The following is by "Theodore" in "The Chaffing Dish":

There is nothing more to be said about the newspaper business in London

which "The Great of America" that great thing that means, in which the greatest thing is not lost; perhaps

Looking for the most perfect thing in the perfect world, by a man who has seen the world in its fullness. (Which you might be ready) That the newspaper business is not, they don't see it in the same way as an American newspaper, at least not in Philadelphia.

Perhaps it should be explained to some that "Theodore" is Christopher Morley and "The Chaffing Dish" is a department he conducts in the Philadelphia "Evening Ledger".

Miss Joanna Johnson, whose novel "Hacking Home" is soon to appear, writes her publishers:

I swim rather well and consider swimming the finest sport in the world; I consider motion pictures the lowest form of adult human amusement, but I like the theatre. How original? I have earned my own living since I was fifteen years of age as a printer, a proof reader, a reporter, a press agent, an advertising copy writer and advertising salesman, etc. I have lived in San Francisco, Chicago, Detroit, New York, Grand Rapids, St. Louis, and many smaller towns. I like ice skating and am very fond of walking. I like traveling and am awfully fond of people. I would write more if it didn't take so much time to do my talking. I believe that most people don't get what they want in the world because they don't quite know what it is that they do want. I believe that any person who knows exactly what he or she wants, has only to reach out and take it from an unresisting world. I am pure American, my ancestors on both sides of the house having been in this country for three hundred years. My blood is English, Irish, and Welsh.

Several officers returning from abroad, it is said, have told George Barr McCutcheon that Luxembourg is known to the soldiers who have been stationed there as Gruntark, and has been called Gruntark from General Pershing down to the "doughboys". The report continues that another

division of the A. E. F. stationed somewhere in the Vosges claim to have discovered the original Graustark there.

Dry though it may sound, "The Taxation of Mines in Montana", a new book by Louis Levine, has stirred academic circles considerably. Dr. Levine was professor of economics at the State University of Montana for two years. The work was undertaken at the instance of the university and was to have been published by the institution; but when the result of Dr. Levine's research was presented to the chancellor and to the governor of the state they decided not to publish it and they requested the author to withhold it. This Dr. Levine declined to do and the book was brought out promptly by a New York publisher. Such men as Professors Seager, Seligman, and Haig of Columbia have expressed their confidence in Dr. Levine's preeminent fitness for any study in problems of taxation, and editorials of protest in regard to the action against Dr. Levine appeared in "The New Republic" and "The Nation".

Mrs. Alice M. Williamson, of the A. M. and C. N. Williamson team, arrived in this country recently to spend a few weeks putting the finishing touches upon an American novel which Mrs. Williamson has had in mind ever since her last trip to America. Incidentally, during the first day or two of her stay here she arranged with her American publishers for her next book, which will be out early next fall. The story was written mostly during wartime and also at intervals during the recent very dangerous illness of Mr. Williamson. It reflects nothing of the war nor the harrowing incidents which were going on about the pair

on all sides—they remained at their home in southern France doing war work.

Says the writer of "A London Letter" in a recent issue of "M. A. B.":

The influence of literature on fashions is not the easiest thing to observe around us; it would be easier, no doubt, to observe the influence of fashion upon literature. If, however, literature is to influence fashion, it seems only fair that the author who is most diligent in satirizing or recommending any special mode should effect the greatest changes in the artificial aspect of his fellow-creatures. For instance, in the matter of whiskers one would naturally assume that the late humorist, Frank Richardson, who almost earned his livelihood by ridiculing whiskers, would have laughed them off the face of at least one public man. But no, for dramatic influence on "face fungi", as Richardson called them, one must go to Lord Dunsany, poet, fantasist, occultist, of all people. For, within a few months of the appearance of his skit now "collected" in "Tales of War" on the Kaiser's moustache, we read in the daily press the solemn news that the All-Highest now wears "a stubbly beard" and that "his moustache no longer points upward".

"Quaint epitaphs always attract", confesses C. K. Shorter in a recent number of "The Sphere", "and a correspondent sends me the two following from the graveyard of St. Philip's Church, Birmingham:

Oh, come, death, how could you be so unkind
As to take him before and leave me behind;
You should have taken both of us, if either,
Which wouldn't have been so bad for the survivor.

Here lies the mother of children seven,
Four on earth and three in heaven;
The three in heaven preferring rather
To die with mother than live with father."

Dr. Frederick Agar's new book, "Democracy and the Church", claims that the only hope for democratic principles to rule the world lies in the more definite adoption of the teachings of Jesus Christ.

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THE BOOKMAN



May, 1919

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Frank Dilnot

VIEWING WITH ALARM
Rupert Hughes

THE LATE CHARLES E. VAN LOAN
Robert H. Davis

GENTLE READER
F. Tennyson Jesse

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THE BOOKMAN



PHILIP GIBBS
BY FRANK DILNOT

In spite of the large audiences which have greeted him in many of the big centers of America during his lecturing tour, Philip Gibbs must remain but an inspiring name to hundreds of thousands of American people who have read his dispatches from the front during the four years of war. His friends here are repeatedly asked what he is like personally. Does he come up to the expectations raised by his writings? Is he disappointing? The plain answer is that he is just the kind of man one would expect.

Philip Gibbs is a slim figure of a man with boyishness and sympathy in his pale clean-shaven face, with reflective eyes, a sensitive mouth, and shoulders slightly canted forward in a kind of gentle eagerness. He is about forty years of age. For over twenty years he has been working with ardor and intensity not merely at the profession of journalism but in the allied art of literature, producing novels, essays, and histories. His newspaper work alone would have exhausted most individuals, for there has been hardly a month in that twenty years without its nervous and physical strain. The frail framework

of the man and his gentle charm of manner have a message of their own. They give hardly a hint of the burning strenuousness of spirit within which has driven Philip Gibbs forward to success over obstacles that would have broken the energies of nine men out of ten.

You could look at Philip Gibbs and know at a glance that he is not a business leader. There is neither aggressiveness nor acquisitiveness in that thin, clear-cut face, despite the fact that one senses tenacity in the carefully formed jaw. In his eyes, however, you get a hint of the real Philip Gibbs. They are deep set and reposeful, but they are the most sensitive eyes I have seen in any man. Serene is the word to apply to them, serene until he becomes interested in you, when they suddenly reflect the mood with which he is in sympathy. They make conversation easy. They are always taking the best out of you. And the charm of this lies in the swift change that comes in them with the witty word or thought. Their understanding and their humor irradiate the man. Wrapped in his long loose overcoat and pausing with

a group of others on the sidewalk to look abstractedly into the windows of some big Fifth-Avenue store. Philip Gibbs has little or nothing to distinguish him from the ordinary man in the street. I tell him he wears his big overcoat to conceal his slight figure and to make himself out a real, big, dominating kind of man. He roars with laughter. It is good laughter and you know Gibbs very well when you have heard it.

When he came to this country there was some doubt among his friends as to whether he could make a platform speech as effectively as he writes or as he talks in conversation. These doubts were dispelled on the evening of the day he arrived, when at an informal gathering at the City Club of New York—tired as he was—he gave an unaffected little discourse, brightened by good stories. Like a cultured Englishman he pronounces all his syllables distinctly and gives full value to his consonants. Despite his lack of practice before big audiences and the absence of any of the tricks of the professional speaker, he has been able to hold great audiences in places like Carnegie Hall. He is lucky in having a carrying voice of pleasant timbre. It will be seen from all this that he is one of the exceptions to the rule that well-known writers are disappointing to their admirers when met in the flesh.

Always during the seventeen years I have known him has Philip Gibbs been the youthful-looking, student-like figure, engendering affection in all who met him. The rough and tumble of daily journalism is a hard school. It calls for unceasing and often exhausting effort, and the rewards do not always fall to the most gifted. It is impossible that such a man as Philip Gibbs should not have

felt the impulses of high ambitions; and when one realizes his talents, it is certain that one has sometimes been touched with bitterness if not with contempt. He must have known his own power. And with a burning spirit within him there has never been a day, I doubt if there has been more than an occasional hour, of his waking life, that he has not carried with him a reflection of his nature in that casually affectionate voice and manner, that vividness of interest in the people he is talking to, and the languid modesty, perfectly sincere and unaffected, whenever he and his own work are under discussion. Now as then kindness and sympathy shine from him, and he talks with the softness of a woman and the candor of a boy. All the time you realize that there are flames within him.

I first saw Philip Gibbs some seventeen years ago in the office of the "Daily Mail", slim and youthful, striding along one of the corridors with a proof in his hand. His title was literary editor. He was in charge of the descriptive articles on the editorial page, and it is not perhaps too much to say, notwithstanding the distinguished men who came before him and who followed him, that never was the editorial page of the "Daily Mail" more attractive. Lord Northcliffe—Alfred Harmsworth as he was then—always with an eye for talent, had noticed the work of young Philip Gibbs, who was on the staff of Cassell's, the famous publishers, and had promptly engaged him in a responsible position in Carmelite House. One of his tasks was to select the articles for the leader page, and occasionally to write one himself. Even in those youthful days, despite his humor, he had that mark of the reflectiveness and intensity which

VIEWING WITH ALARM

BY RUPERT HUGHES

My admired and valued friend, Charles Hanson Towne, has been viewing with alarm again. Of course poets always view with alarm, but Charles's immediate horror is the discovery that certain children of a friend of his prefer moving-pictures to "Little Men" and "Little Women" and even to "Huckleberry Finn" and "Tom Sawyer", and "Little Lord Fauntleroy"!! He says: "To what strange paths is the present generation being led? I tremble, I even shudder when I think of a perverted taste thus generally formed." Now I, on the contrary, should tremble, even shudder for any child that didn't prefer living moving-pictures to the labored shadowgraphs of mere authors. Such a child would prefer a spinning-wheel to a bicycle, a Sunday School lesson to a game of squat-tag, and church to a picnic; and such a child would be destined either to an early death or to a life of prolonged offensiveness to all normal people.

Charles wrote a splendid poem once about Manhattan and its appalling loneliness. It showed his wonderful gifts of imagination, for Charles knows everybody in New York, is booked six weeks ahead for all his meals, and is the most hilarious poet that ever died of grief every spring. Charles wrote also a pitiful picture of children in the corridor of a rich hotel, and shed melodious tears over the agonies of their lot, because the poor little plutocrettes must pine away in luxury, longing vainly to get out in rough clothes and bare feet and

be real children like the lucky poor.

Of course, poets can also write about the piteous condition of the poor gazing in at the rich, for poets can play either end against the other or the middle. But I had to scold Charles for this last poem and for pretending even for poetry's sweet sake that rich men's children do not get air and exercise. I reminded him of what he knew very well—that rich children get far better air and more exercise and fun than poor folks' children. It doesn't make as good poetry unless you're writing poor folks' poetry, but it makes better prose, especially if you're writing socialistic prose. One reason why people get rich, indeed, is in order that their children can have fun and good food and care.

But to get back: Charles is discouraged about the future of a world in which children prefer Mary Pickford to Miss Alcott's Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy—and he says, "Let us beware". He adds the frightful warning, "The child of today knows more than is good for it. Murder and arson are its daily food." This statement, whether true or not, is as venerable as the world. The child of today has always known too much and has always been a horrible and doomed creature, since the Today when Cain and Abel began the murder and arson business.

But I am amazed to see Mr. Towne speaking of "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" with reverence. Or rather, I am not at all amazed—for it was inevitable that these woe-ful books should be spoken of with

reverence, since they were spoken of with horror on their first appearance. Even Charles is old enough to remember that really nice people were properly revolted by the atrocious bad manners, dishonesty, and vulgarity of "Tom Sawyer". It was ruination to the carefully brought-up child. As for horror, I shall remember to my dying day the frightful tale of that man in the cave. I would give my left arm to write something as spine-freezing as that, and any movie-man who could equal the haunting effectiveness of it would be proud of his gift for what Huneker translated as "a new shudder". "Huckleberry Finn", as history knows, was barred from every respectable public library for its disgusting indecency, melodrama, and general impropriety. Its taste was as bad as the grammar of its two heroes, both of whom were models of "what nice boys never do".

I never heard "Little Lord Fauntleroy" rebuked for such qualities, but it probably caused more profanity and fisticuffs among the youth who were compelled to wear curls of a yankable length than any other evil influence in the history of the world. Harry Leon Wilson recently wrote a story about a boy whose mother forced him to wear Fauntleroy curls with horrible results. He became such a demon of bad temper and ferocity that the Germans wouldn't fight with him because he was so rough. The Alcott books were probably barred out of many Sunday School libraries as too hoydenish, but I have no record of that. In any case "Little Women" is now in the movies, and it made a successful play recently. As a boy I read it when it was too dark to go swimming or play baseball. My benighted youth had no such luxury as moving-picture shows, though I used to see nigger

minstrels and small-town plays as often as they struck town.

But what on earth can one fear from the movies when one considers what the pre-movie children were brought up on? From time immemorial children have been threatened with ogres and witches that eat children alive or change them to toads. Grimm's fairy-tales and many others are too hideous to read to young children nowadays, when we have learned that abject terror is not the best pap for infants. "Jack the Giant Killer", "Jack and the Beanstalk", "Hop o' My Thumb" and other nursery pets describe cannibalistic orgies, the mastication of raw children, or the thrusting of them into ovens to make gingerbread. The old grandmother eaten alive by a wolf that tries to eat a little girl alive is classic pabulum for babes. What worse can the movies offer? In the story of the imprisoned girl who let her hair down from the tower for her young lover to climb up by, the old witch cut the luckless youth into small bits without the incidental humor and happy ending of the Bab ballad about "It was a robber's daughter and her name was Alice Brown". "Robinson Crusoe" is full of cannibals and murders and duels. So is "Ivanhoe"; so "The Scottish Chiefs". For nearly a hundred and fifty years the whole world has loved Fenimore Cooper for his stories of Indian atrocities, scalpings, torture-dances, and gun and tomahawk and arrow play.

Before that there were the religious stories, the books of martyrs, the histories of saints, plucked with red-hot pincers, and broken on wheels and fed to lions. The vivid pictures of hell-fire were always kept before the young. Little Marjorie Fleming lived in Scotland and never saw a movie, yet

her diary is positively heartbreaking for its pictures of her fearful visions of the eternal torments she must undergo for little naughtinesses. She died young, the sweet delicious little soul, her innate gaiety frightened out of her. I think she was literally scared to death. The old English nurses cowed their babies with tales of the Black Wallace. Nurses of all times and climes have always painted pictures of demons to frighten their charges into submission. Few mothers have been above the use of that most terrible paregoric. In our later years the preachers and moralists continue to fill dark halls with demons for our discipline.

Little savage children who are not subjected to the depraving influence of dime novels, moving-pictures, roller-skates, soda-fountains, circuses, and other forms of early ruination, have had their own specific educations in murder, arson, and demonology. In the eighteenth century and before, children were excited by tales of highway robberies. They saw processions to the gallows. In yet earlier days they knew of legal and religious torture. The Romans, Greeks, Egyptians, Assyrians, and cave-people had their method of educating their babies into horror.

I am just reading Anatole France's latest book, "Le Petit Pierre", in which he describes, doubtless autobiographically, the terrors that flock about a little child's bed in the dark. May I not translate a bit?

My existence in that epoch, was dual; natural and banal, occasionally tedious during the day, it became supernatural and terrible at night. Around the little bed, where my mother with her beautiful hands tucked me in, passed with a grotesque and savage gait, yet not without rhythm and measure, little personages deformed, hunchbacked, crooked.

One night when his parents were away

from home, these beings attacked him and "frozen with terror, I screamed".

This must sound familiar to everybody that ever was a child in the dark. France describes also the theatre he made of his little hand, each finger a stock actor playing various rôles in the dramas he made up for his audience—himself. He tells of the dramas of persecutions, of captive princesses saved by valiant knights, of children stolen—and of Little Red Riding-Hood (played by the third finger) and the devouring wolf (played by the thumb). He ruined his theatre forever when he painted costumes and scenery on his hand; and any author who has experienced the shock of a dress rehearsal when the imagined costumes and scenes appear in all their stark realism, will sympathize with him.

Every child enters a world as full of terrors to him as it is to any bird or fox. He is a savage by inheritance, suspicious and cruel by nature. He tortures flies and sticks his fingers in mama's eyes and pulls papa's whiskers, just for love of pain. He inherits a salutary fear of everything, and peoples the dark with dreads. I have before me a little picture my mother has given me, showing a mother, interested in her book, pooh-poohing the bedroom fears of her child. She says:

"A great big boy like you shouldn't be afraid of the dark."

"I ain't afraid of the dark", he blubbers, "I'm afraid of the robbers and lions under the bed."

Considering what horrible experiences every boy and girl undergoes in the first few years at home, what possible danger can it meet in the dark movie-theatre that will be anything but tame by comparison? There are stupid, wicked, morbid, unwholesome moving-pictures, of course; for the

moving-picture is a human institution. But it is no more dangerous to childhood than the printed page, the trusted nurse, the neighborhood companion, or the opportunities of solitude. Mothers cannot save their children's souls by any known device. If the mother should stay by her child all the time, both mother and child would go mad and commit suicide or mutual murder. Once the mother lets the child go, other sorts of risks begin, and it is hard to tell from the score whether evil influences build or corrupt good manners. Advice to look out for the children is always in order, but it is easier for preachers to give than for parents to follow.

Since Cain and Abel's day, children have pretty generally insisted on doing what they could to make their own futures, and parents who wish to be friends with their young and not be run away from, toddle along and let their children lead them.

As for the moving-picture, it is a business first, an art incidentally and occasionally. It is among the great staple industries of the world; the fifth largest among all industries, it is said. A great many persons are in a state of constant agitation and publication because the movies are not all of them always up to the highest standards of art. In the first place, no two people agree on the standards of high art; in fact no one person agrees on the standards for any two seasons in succession. One person bewails the fact that Shakespeare is not played in all the theatres in the world every night of the year; another assails Shakespeare as cheap fustian, and wants the Russian or the Ibsenian drama exclusively; another wants "Shore Acres" or Mr. Ziegfeld's "Follies" or something else again.

But it is as futile to criticize the

inartistic quality of the average movie as it is to go into spasms because street-cars are not chariots of grace with Parthenonian friezes instead of advertisements; or to throw fits over railroad freight yards, or oatmeal containers; or to get excited because the daily comic pages of the evening papers employ inartistic and unoriginal themes. These things are far better than they might be; and the critic with his personal whims on art and the moralist with his personal schemes for keeping the world out of mischief, are like fussy old women chasing children along the beach. They cannot drive back the sea; no respectable child will obey them, and they simply get their shoes and other portions of their costume wet and the sea rolls on. The tide comes and goes. The critic who catches it on the ebb can drive it back with brilliant success; but the critic who tries to play Canute when it comes in, is doomed.

The moving-picture is under such legal censorship that actual murders and crimes are largely denatured. Beautiful educational pictures are included among the bad. As for Mary Pickford, I never saw her and neither did Charlie Towne ever see her, in a picture whose influence was less wholesome than any of Miss Alcott's books. The trouble with the movies, if anything, is that the moral standards of most of the heroes and heroines are too marshmallowy sweet and sticky for human guidance. Even the vampires are simply astonishing and impossible victims of wriggly indigestion, supposed to represent emotions which children of all ages regard with stupefaction and with no desire for doing likewise.

My only consolation in the case of Charlie Towne is the comforting

knowledge that a few years from now he will be writing for THE BOOKMAN another terrifying "Let us beware". He will tell how he went out to the home of "some friends in the country" and asked the children to go to the moving-pictures with him; and how they declined with scorn because they had dates at an airship regatta over Long Island Sound. He will regret the beautiful days when saintly Mary Pickford won the gentle hearts of the little angels the children were

in 1919, when they gave their parents no concern. And he will view with alarm the "perverted tastes" of children who would rather do the falling leaf and have sham battles in the clouds, than witness classic cowboys in chivalrous deeds of manly hippic exercise—or such a character-forming movie as Mr. Towne himself made out of the adventures of Theodore Roosevelt, a picture requiring no less than five assorted actors to play the title-rôle.

ON THE MANTELPIECE

BY AMY LOWELL

A thousand years went to her making,
A thousand years of experiments in pastes and glazes.
But now she stands
In all the glory of the finest porcelain and the most delicate paint,
A Dresden china shepherdess,
Flaunted before a tall mirror
On a high mantelpiece.

"Beautiful shepherdess,
I love the little pink rosettes on your shoes,
The angle of your hat sets my heart a-singing.
Drop me the purple rose you carry in your hand
That I may cherish it,
And that, at my death
Which I feel is not far off,
It may lie upon my bier."

So the shepherdess threw the purple rose over the mantelpiece,
But it splintered in fragments on the hearth.

Then from below there came a sound of weeping,
And the shepherdess beat her hands
And cried:
"My purple rose is broken,
It was the flower of my heart."
And she jumped off the mantelpiece
And was instantly shattered into seven hundred and twenty pieces.
But the little brown cricket who sang so sweetly
Scuttled away into a crevice of the marble
And went on warming his toes and chirping.

CURRENTS IN CONTEMPORARY FRENCH LETTERS

BY MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES

France is the land of the child-lover, and with the possible exception of Victor Hugo, no writer has written with more exquisite understanding and sympathy of children, and especially of little boys, than has Anatole France.

His new book, "Le Petit Pierre", is a return to his old tender manner, and is another proof, if proof were needed, that the war has not in any sense impaired his marvelous gift.

"I do not believe one can reconstitute the past", Anatole France once said to the present writer; "all one can hope to do is to give a kind of poetic vision of what perhaps happened." And then he went on to point out that apropos of realism nothing has been written in modern times which rivals in that sense the newly discovered "Mimes of Herondas". As he grows older he more and more desires to preach tolerance and charity. His brain has always been extraordinarily fertile, and all kinds of wonderful books which will never be written are locked away in his mind. Of these the one which posterity will most regret has the splendid title of "Autels de la Peur" (Altars of Fear). Now that fear and terror have come so near to every French heart, it is curious to think that this unwritten book was imagined, down to the last detail, long before the war.

Of course in a sense Anatole France is the apostle of doubt. He told me that as a young man he took as his device the haunting question "What is truth?", and in his philosophical nov-

els may be found a perpetual note of interrogation.

He has never been a strong man, and he wrote what certain French critics considered the most astonishing of his historical novels, "La Reine Pédauque", when he was very ill. He is one of the very few great writers who regard journalism as the best apprenticeship for original work. He once asked with a smile, talking to me, whether Pascal's "Letters" were not journalism. He also considers that Chateaubriand was really very little more than a great journalist. He himself as a young man wrote for many of the Paris daily papers, and his critical work is a delight to all lovers of modern French literature. It is a curious fact, one probably known to but few people, that in his story called "Leslie Wood" he has drawn a close portrait of that strange and fascinating English seer, writer, and prophet, Laurence Oliphant.

I am told that Paul Bourget's new book, "Le Justicier", contains several short stories dealing with the war. Bourget's place in French literature is a curious one. At one time he seemed the most French of novelists, critics, and thinkers. His greatest interest—I mean as a novelist—was the passion of love, and, above all, illicit love. The book which reflected him most closely in those early days was that sombre and terrible picture of life, "Mensonges". In one sense Bourget was always a moralist—but then how can any close student of life be anything else? Still, he loved playing with for-

bidden things. Those were the days when he was cruelly described as writing "Stendhalism and rose-water".

Then—one rather wonders why—he developed an extraordinary interest in other countries than France, and this curiously modified his whole outlook on human nature. His French critics shook their heads, and his famous story "Cosmopolis", though it was actually reviewed very favorably by Zola, was received with a chorus of ironic dispraise by his friends.

Of late years Bourget has become a practising Catholic, and the fact is reflected in many of his later stories. War, far more than misfortune, makes strange bedfellows, and since 1914 M. Bourget has been a pillar of "L'Union Sacrée". It will be interesting to see whether he will now develop a third literary and philosophic style.

What part Frenchwomen are going to play in the France of tomorrow is exciting and rendering anxious many distinguished French minds, and more than one book dealing with the question is now being written. The last work of Etienne Lamy was entitled "La Femme de Demain". Meanwhile certain well-known people have been giving their opinion on what the future holds with respect to feminism. On the whole they are all inclined to believe that the woman's vote will not make very much difference. It is certainly a curious thing that in France, where the wife and mother holds so great and preeminent a position, and where a woman can make it almost impossible for her son to marry—and that whatever be his age—, women should yet suffer from all sorts of legal disabilities. Yet so it is. These disabilities will certainly disappear when "Madame", and even more "Mademoiselle", have the vote.

With regard to literature, women writers have not in any special sense come to the front during the war. Marcelle Tinayre was easily first, with her wonderful and moving "Veillée des Armes", and Gyp, with her amusing and cynical "Un Cochon de Pessimiste", represented in her usual vein, the old guard. A good many years have gone by since a witty Englishman wrote a poem which began:

A countess lived in gay Paree,
And a quick little, *chic* little thing was she;
She could write with taste about "Her and Him",
She'd a gay little way—and a pseudonym.

In those days Gyp was the Rhoda Broughton of France. Her brilliant, witty, audacious pictures of both Paris society and château life, proved her an innovator. To the great surprise of those overserious folk who regarded her as of no account, Anatole France devoted to her work a long, critical article, which began: "Je tiens Gyp pour un grand philosophe"; and he went on to explain that he did not mean this at all in a paradoxical sense, and that he regarded her, in very truth, as a brilliant student of overcivilized humanity. The fact that Gyp is a great-niece of Mirabeau should make her interesting apart from her special gifts. She is a painter as well as a writer; and long before sport became the fashion in France she was one of the best living horsewomen. It is characteristic of the woman that she regards Maupassant as the finest French novelist, and declares the most sympathetic figure in French fiction to be his "Boule de Suif"!

Anatole France has always been generous to his fellow writers, and he has just written a preface to "La Danseuse de Shamakha". Though called a novel, and written by Armèn Ohan-

ian, it is really a passage in the life of a dancer who enchanted pre-war Paris, and it is thought to contain a wonderful picture of the eastern woman, especially of the eastern woman introduced to western civilization.

Apropos of the East and the West, how strangely eastern the French remain in some of their customs! When a British or American author brings out a book it is almost a matter of honor with him not to mention the fact to any critic he happens to know, still less must he make the slightest effort to secure "a good notice". The French author goes to work in a very different fashion. If he be a young man he calls, in person, with a copy of his book, on every well-known critic. He also presents his book to all the more distinguished people of his acquaintance, and especially to members of the learned professions. Then comes the turn of his fellow writers. Every one of them receives a copy. I remember once calling on Alphonse Daudet at a time when he was really very ill, so ill indeed that he was dictating a story—thus breaking a life-long writing habit. With a tired, kindly smile, he pointed to a pile of about twenty yellow volumes heaped up on his desk and observed: "These came yesterday and today. I must manage to write a line to each of the authors, and in two or three cases I must also manage to glance at the book, and to say something nice about it!" An English author gives away very few books, and those he does give away he has sent direct from his publisher, with a slip containing the words "With the Author's Compliments". The Frenchman writes in every copy a most elaborate dedication. Zola used to spend two working days of eight hours each at his publishers, writing out these "dedicaces",

as they are called, for his friends.

Perhaps the war will have done both French and English authors good if it keeps up the price of books. It was a great misfortune for the French writer when the price of novels was lowered to three francs, fifty centimes. It often happens that a French book attains world-wide fame without giving the author of it a quarter of the sum he would have obtained in England or in America. That is the real reason why the shrewder French novelists always turn their attention to the theatre, and it is also the reason why the writer who requires to make a living out of his gift tries to write such novels as will meet with favor in serial form. Most French provincial towns have at least one daily newspaper, and each newspaper, whatever be its politics or interests, publishes a serial. The price of a serial differs according to the position the author has won in the serial market. For something like twenty years the most popular serial writer was Ohnet, best known outside France for his popular play "The Iron Master". Zola at the height of his fame could only get his novels serialized in Paris papers, and even then heavily censored. The French newspaper reader likes a simple, sentimental story, or else a good thriller of "The Mystery of the Yellow Room" type. He has no use for human nature in the raw.

It is pleasant to see a return to the fascinating memoirs which have always formed so very important and characteristic a section of French literature. As most people acquainted with the Gallic temperament are well aware, though it is a secret from those who know not France in an intimate sense, there is something extraordinarily secretive and reserved about the average Frenchman. Thus whereas

amusing books of reminiscences dealing with people who are still alive—and it may be added very much alive—pour out in an incessant stream from London publishing houses, a Frenchman, if he keep any kind of diary, generally leaves directions that it is not to be published for, say, fifty years after his death. This characteristic attitude holds good even with regard to historical books. Only lately, only in fact since the present century has dawned, have we begun to have really intimate documents concerning the private history of the last three kings of France. This lends all the more interest to a book which has just appeared entitled “Un Projet de Mariage du Duc d’Orléans”. The book contains many curious letters from the clever, cunning sovereign whom Queen Victoria always called “beloved Uncle Leopold”—that enigmatic Leopold of Coburg, who, after being the husband of Princess Charlotte of England, became the first King of the Belgians and son-in-law to Louis Philippe. King Leopold was very fond of acting as matchmaker. He arranged the marriage of Queen Victoria and he was always trying to put Coburg princes and princesses on the thrones of Europe.

Books on the Revolution are also beginning to appear again. Thus M. Beaunier announces “Joseph Joubert et la Révolution”, and M. Lenôtre is sure to go back to his first love in “Gens de la Vieille France”.

Few people are aware that M. Lenôtre owed his first great interest in what may be called the personal and human side of history to Sardou. The great dramatist had but one real hobby outside the theatre—this was history, and especially the history of Paris. From every point of view it is a great pity that Sardou never had

time to write the memoirs of which he was always talking. When he was born many people around him remembered the great Revolution as vividly as those among us who live into old age will remember the events of the Great War in say thirty or forty years’ time. Even as a child he was keenly interested in the human mysteries of the Revolution. He used to wander about Paris as a little boy looking up historic houses and historic places. He helped to found “L’Intermédiaire”, a fascinating little publication composed entirely of the seekers and the finders of curious and out of the way facts. Till his death he was a constant contributor to “L’Intermédiaire” (never under his own name) and he once told the present writer that through questions inserted in this sometimes very Gallic “Notes and Queries” he had obtained an amazing amount of authentic information concerning the family histories and the romantic adventures of both famous and obscure Revolutionary characters.

Lovers of books which are at once charmingly produced and most carefully edited, will find much to fascinate them in the publications of the Bibliophiles Français. This society has lost no time since the signing of the armistice, a new volume just issued by its members being the quaintly named “Lettres de la Main de Louis XIII”. The old Kings of France were great letter writers, and also readers of other people’s letters. Both Louis XIV and Louis XV used to have the love-letters of their courtiers and friends intercepted in the post. After having read and chuckled over them, they would sometimes have careful copies made, and some of these copies have been found quite recently in the French Archives. A case in point was

the love correspondence of the Duke of Orleans—Philippe Egalité—and of Madame de Genlis. The result of this curious find was a most interesting book—interesting from a human as well as an historical point of view—“*Le Roman d'un Gouverneur*”. Madame de Genlis was made “Governor” of the young Princess of Orleans, a post which had never before been given to a woman. Her relations with the Duke had always been suspected, but to the very end of her life she always declared that as a young woman she had been a true and loyal friend to his Duchess. The discovery of these letters proved that she was not only a prude, but also a hypocrite of a very noisome type.

Apropos of royal letters, I hear that a remarkable correspondence between the late Tsar and the Ex-German Emperor has been brought back from Petrograd by a French diplomat, who bought the collection for a mere song. This correspondence will probably see the light next year.

I am told that many American soldiers have been astonished at finding what a very great part religion plays in French life. They expected to find something very different. The great Catholic revival is owing in a measure to the way in which the younger members of the French clergy have distinguished themselves as active combatants. Many years ago, when it was first decided by a then very anti-Christian government, that the priests of France should no longer be exempt from military service, Cardinal Manning observed that this was a good, and not an evil, thing. I remember being very much impressed by what he said, for it was in direct contradiction to the feeling of the French hierarchy. He went on: “What is a vocation to the priesthood worth if it can

be affected by a short term of barrack life?” The Great War has proved him right.

This religious revival is to a certain extent reflected in contemporary literature and lends special interest to the poet Francis Jammes's novel “*Monsieur le Curé d'Ozeron*”. Francis Jammes, who is a poet first, and a prose writer afterward, always writes with a beautiful and direct simplicity. The foreign reader of French novels will find his story almost too simple. It is a delicate study of life in a little village near the Pyrenees; and perhaps because it is in such sharp contrast to the horrors that have been filling men's minds for over four years, it has already become popular in France and is making the name of the author known to a much wider circle than was the case before.

Paris has been very much amused and rather critical over Sacha Guitry's womanless play “*Pasteur*”. France, unlike England, has a suspicion of the freak play. It may, however, be questioned whether “*Pasteur*”, in the ordinary sense of the word, is a play at all. It is more a glorification of the great scientist and an attempt to prove that there are much worse things in the world than war. The key-note is struck (in the first act) in the words supposed to have been uttered by Pasteur on the day war was declared in 1870: “There are worse foes than the Germans. Foes more cruel and more dangerous. Those foes are called—microbes!” Young Guitry—he is still quite young—only makes one concession to popular taste. In Act III there is a pathetic scene where a child who has been bitten by a mad dog is brought to Pasteur as a last hope. Rather to the disappointment of the audience the actual operation on the child takes

place off the stage. Sacha Guitry is very lucky in having so great an actor as his own father to take the title-rôle of his play. Lucien Guitry manages to hold the audience for three hours and on the First Night he made a great innovation. He made a speech at the end of the play, and then—but this was not an innovation—when the author of “Pasteur” came forward to make his bow, father and son fell into each other’s arms and affectionately embraced! During the last few years there has been at least one brilliant English play in which there was no woman, and it will be remembered that in “Old Heidelberg” there is but one feminine part.

Under the general title of “*Mystiques et Réalistes Anglo-Saxons*”, M. Michaud deals with writers and thinkers differing as widely as Emerson

and Jack London, Walter Pater and Upton Sinclair, Walt Whitman and Bernard Shaw. M. Michaud is already an authority on Emerson, and in this new book he makes an honest effort to interpret to his French reader the mind and the philosophy of a number of thinkers and writers who are typically un-French in their outlook on life and on what is usually called morality.

I welcome an attempt to revive the fame of J. Barbey d’Aurevilly. The author of the “*Diaboliques*” was a very great writer, some might call him the Edgar Allan Poe of France. He had an extraordinary imagination and a unique power of dealing with the horrible and with the strange, and he has now taken his place among French critics as one of the “illustrations” of modern French literature.

TRELAWNEY LIES BY SHELLEY

(In the Protestant Cemetery, Rome)

BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL

Chaplain 332nd Infantry, A. E. F., Italy

Trelawney lies by Shelley, and one bed
Of violets covers Keats and Severn, so
The friends who went life's way together know
No parting of the ways now they are dead.
Young Shelley, like a spirit, spoke and fled,
And Keats, before his youth began to blow;
Trelawney counted eighty winters' snow,
And eighty winters fell on Severn's head.

Yet here they lie, like poppies at one stroke
Cut by the selfsame blade in the summer sun;
The poets, and the friends who heard their song,
Believed and waited till the morning broke,
Then told their candle that the night was done;
When Friendship rested in the daytime strong.

THE FIRST BOOKS OF A JAPANESE CHILD

BY ETSU INAGAKI SUGIMOTO

One of my pleasantest first recollections connected with books is of a day when my father returned from a journey to Tokyo with gifts for all the family. I can see my mother's face now, and hear her gentle voice as she said:

"Daughters, are you all ready to greet the honorable father? It was well, Suiko, to put on the stork hair-pin of congratulation for the welcome. Oh, careless Tachiko, the white on your face is too thin. Only tea-house girls powder to look natural. And your pale lips are ill luck. Hasten to your nurse and tell her to dress your face properly. Haruko, it is not graceful to laugh unsuppressed. You will have to learn more repose of manner. And little Etsu—oh, my daughter, again you must have Ishi fasten back those ugly, curly strands of hair."

And when at last we were together again, all sitting in a prim row on the matting, she gravely admonished us to cultivate the proper spirit of dignity and subdued joy for the honorable welcome. Of course we were only too glad to obey carefully every instruction, for oh, how important those homecomings were to us children!

My father was one of the conservative type of *Samurai* who buried all political ambition with the fall of feudalism. Retiring to an estate which he turned into a very *unpaying* farm, tilled mostly by his old, faithful and wholly inexperienced retainers, he devoted his life to reading, to memories and to introducing unwel-

come ideas of progressive reform to his neighbors.

Although my father prided himself on having leveled his rank to the class of farmer, he retained one extravagance which was unlike ordinary farmers. The formal, every-two-year journey to the Capital, which before the Restoration, law had required of men of his position, was now merged into an informal annual trip which he laughingly called "the Window toward Growing Days". The name was most appropriate, for these trips of my father gave his whole household a distant view of progressing Japan. Besides the wonderful word pictures, he also brought us gifts of strange, unknown things—trinkets for the servants, toys for the children, useful home articles for mother, and often rare imported things for the much honored grandmother.

I being the youngest, and the favorite of my father, generally fared the best of all. Perhaps it was because of this that I was always the most impatient one of the waiting group. I vividly remember even now—though three decades have passed since then—how on this particular day I watched the slow-lengthening shadows of the garden trees. I had placed my high, wooden clogs on a stepping-stone just at the edge of the longest shadow, and as the sun crept farther I moved them from stone to stone, following the sunshine. I think I must have had a vague feeling that I could thus hasten the slanting shadow into the long straight

line which would mean sunset—and my mother had said that father would arrive at “the close of day”.

At last—at last—and before the shadow had quite straightened, I hurriedly snatched up the clogs and clattered across the stones, for I had heard the jinrikisha man’s cry of “Okaeri!” just outside the gate. I could scarcely bear my joy, and I have a bit of guilt in my heart yet when I recall how crookedly I pushed those clogs into the neat box of shelves in the “shoe-off” alcove of the vestibule.

The next moment the men, perspiring and laughing, came trotting up to the door where we, servants and all, were gathered, our heads bowed to the floor, all in a quiver of excitement and delight, but of course everybody gravely saying the proper words of greeting. Then, my duty done, I was caught up in my father’s arms and we went to honorable grandmother, who was the only one of the household who might wait in her room for the coming of the master of the house.

That day was one of the “memory stones” of my life, for among all the wonderful and beautiful things which were taken from the willow-wood boxes straddled over the shoulders of the servants was a set of books for me. I can see them now. Ten small volumes of tough Japanese paper, tied together with silk cord, and marked, “Tales of the Western Seas”. They were translations, compiled from various sources, and only recently published by one of the progressive book houses of Tokyo. There were extracts from “Peter Parley’s World History”, “National Reader”, “Wilson’s Readers” and probably other books that would be familiar to me now if I could remember.

The charm of delight that rare

things give came to me during days and weeks—even months and years—from those books. I can recite whole pages of them now. There was a most interesting story of Christopher Columbus. It was not translated literally, but adapted so the Japanese mind would readily grasp the thought without being buried in a puzzling mass of strange customs. All facts of the wonderful discovery were stated truthfully, but Columbus was pictured as a fisher lad, and somewhere in the story there figured a lacquered bowl and a pair of chopsticks.

One musical little poem I committed to memory, all unknowing that years after I would teach it, clothed in strange, foreign words, to my own little girl. It was,—

Ware ima inentosu.
Waga Kami waga tamashii wo mamoritamae.
Moshi ware mesamezushite shinaba,
Shu yo! waga tamashii wo sukuetamae.
Kore, ware Shu no nani yorite negotokoro nari.

Now I lay me down to sleep.
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.
This I ask for Jesus’s sake.

These books were not only the first shaft of light which opened to my eager eyes the wonders of the western world, but they drew still closer the loving bond that had always existed between my father and myself. The contents were new to him also, and he took much interest in reading them to me. It was a wonderful thing in those days for a little girl to read books with her father and talk of them to him, for books were considered almost sacred, and were never spoken of carelessly. I even yet do not know why the “Tales of the Western Seas” seemed so different to us, but it was certainly true that no feeling of formality was associated with those

books. My father and I enjoyed them as if they and we were companions of the same age.

Until then, all the books I had read had been a few old-fashioned novels and the books on Confucian Ethics, which I had learned to recite without knowing their meaning. I must explain that my education from babyhood had been different from that of my sisters. I was supposed to be destined for a priestess, as I had been born with the navel cord looped around the neck like a priest's rosary. It was a common superstition in those days that this was a direct command from Buddha, and it was sincerely believed by my mother and grandmother. In a Japanese home the ruling of the house and children is generally left to the women members, so my father, who I now know was a very broad-minded man, quietly bowed to the earnest wish of my grandmother to have me educated as a priestess. He, however, selected for my tutor a priest whom he knew—a very scholarly man, who spent very little time in teaching me the forms of temple worship, but who most conscientiously instructed me in the doctrines of Confucius. This was considered the foundation of all literary culture and was believed by my father to be the highest moral teaching of the time.

So my mental education was much more like that of a boy than a girl, but of course I also learned all the domestic accomplishments taught my sisters—sewing, weaving, embroidery, cooking, flower arranging and the complicated etiquette of ceremonial tea.

My teacher always came on the days of threes and sevens—that is, the 3rd, 7th, 13th, 17th, 23rd and 27th. This was in accordance with our Moon calendar custom of dividing days into

groups of tens instead of sevens, as is done by the Sun calendar. I enjoyed my lessons very much. The stateliness of my teacher's appearance, the ceremony of his manner, and the rigid obedience and submission required of me appealed to my dramatic instinct. Then the surroundings were most impressive to my childish mind. The room was always prepared with especial care the day of my lessons, and when I entered I invariably saw the same sight. I close my eyes now and all is as clear as if it were an hour ago.

The room was wide and light, separated from the garden porch by a row of sliding paper doors crossed with slender bars of wood. The black-bordered straw mats were cream-colored with time, but immaculate in their dustlessness. Books and desk were there, and in the sacred alcove hung a roll-picture of Confucius. Before this was a little teakwood stand from which rose a curling mist of incense. On one side sat my teacher, his flowing grey robes lying in straight, dignified lines about his folded knees, a band of gold brocade across his shoulder and a crystal rosary around his left wrist. His face was always pale, and his deep, earnest eyes beneath the priestly cap looked like wells of soft velvet. He was the gentlest and saintliest man I ever saw. Years after he proved that a holy heart and a progressive mind can climb together, for he was excommunicated from the Orthodox Temple for advocating a reform doctrine that combined the beliefs of Buddhism and Christianity. Whether through accident or design, this broad-minded priest was the teacher chosen for me by my broad-minded, though conservative father.

As it may be interesting to know the first books studied by a Japanese child

of six years, I will give a list—but it must be remembered that these were the books for boys. It was very unusual for a girl to study Chinese classics. My first lessons were from the "Four Books of Confucius". These are: Daigaku—"Great Learning", which teaches that the wise use of knowledge leads to virtue; Chuyo—"The Unchanging Center", which treats of the unalterableness of universal law; Rongo and Moshi—which consist of the autobiography, anecdotes and sayings of Confucius, gathered by his disciples.

Of course I got not one idea from this heavy reading. My mind was filled with many words in which were hidden grand thoughts, but they meant nothing to me then. Sometimes I would feel curious at some half-caught idea and ask my teacher the meaning. His reply invariably was:

"Meditation will untangle thoughts from words", or "A hundred times reading reveals the meaning"; once he said to me, "You are too young to comprehend the profoundly deep books of Confucius".

This was undoubtedly true, but there was a certain rhythmic cadence in the meaningless words that was like music and I learned readily page after page, until I knew perfectly every word of the four books, and could recite them as a child rattles off the senseless jingle of a counting-out game. In the years since, the splendid thoughts of the grand old philosopher have dawned upon me gradually, sometimes flashing like a sudden ray of sunshine, when some well-remembered passage has come into my mind.

My priest-teacher taught these books with the same reverence that he taught his religion—that is, with absence of bodily comfort and with all thought of the world put away. Dur-

ing my lesson he was obliged, despite his own wish, to sit on the thick, silk cushion the servant brought to him, for cushions were our chairs, and the position of instructor was too greatly revered to allow him to sit on a level with his pupil; but, during the two-hour lesson, he never moved the slightest fraction of an inch except with his hands and his lips. And I sat before him on the matting in an equally correct and unchanging position.

Once I moved. I remember with deep humiliation that careless act. It was in the midst of a lesson. For some reason I was restless and swayed my body slightly, allowing my folded knee to stray a trifle from the proper angle. The faintest shade of surprise crossed my instructor's face, then very quietly he closed his book, saying gently, but with a stern air:

"Little Miss, it is evident that your mental attitude today is not suited for study. You should retire to your own room and meditate."

My little heart was almost killed with shame. There was nothing I could do. I humbly bowed to the picture of Confucius, then to my teacher, and backing respectfully to the door, I went slowly to my father to report, as I always did, at the close of my lesson. Father was surprised, as the time was not yet up, and his unconscious remark, "How quickly you have done your work this day!" was like a death knell. The memory of that moment hurts like a bruise to this very day.

As absence of bodily comfort was the custom for priests and teachers while studying, of course all lesser people grew to feel that hardship of body meant inspiration of mind. For this reason, although my home was in a province where the winters were very severe, no one ever dreamed of having a charcoal blaze for warmth

where I studied. Also my studies were purposely arranged so that the hardest lessons and longest hours came during the thirty days of midwinter, which the calendar calls the coldest of the year. The ninth day is considered the most severe. I well remember one "ninth day" morning when my nurse wakened me with the first gleam of sunrise. It was a bitter day and my kind Ishi helped me in every way she could, without actually doing the work for me. The snow was deep everywhere. I remember how the bamboo grove looked with its feathery tops so snow-laden that they were like wide-spread umbrellas. Once or twice a sharp crack and a great, soft fluff of spurring snow against the grey sky told that a trunk had snapped under its too heavy burden. Ishi took me on her back, and in straw snow-boots slowly waded to where I could reach the low branch of a tree, from which I gathered perfectly pure, untouched snow, just from the sky. This I melted to mix ink for my penmanship study. The reverence for learning is so strong in Japan that not only books, but even the tools we use in writing are kept as free from contamination as possible. Japanese penmanship is more than mere writing. The shading energy of pen-brush strokes so accurately expresses the writer's condition of mind that nothing can be better training in mental control. Practising Japanese penmanship has the intense fascination of painting pictures, but it is careful and slow work, and of course I wrote in a room without fire. As Japanese houses are tropical in their architecture, the absence of the little charcoal firebox brought the temperature about equal to that outside. I froze my fingers that morning without knowing it, until I looked back and saw my good nurse softly cry-

ing as she watched my purple hand.

Of course the absolute necessity of this rigid discipline was never questioned by anyone, but because I was a delicate child, I think it sometimes caused uneasiness to the family. I do not remember ever feeling especially cold, but I well recall how promptly Ishi always appeared at the close of my lessons with a big, padded kimono all warmed, ready to wrap around me, and how I was hurried into grandmother's room where, beside her glowing firebox, there was always something hot for me to drink. Even my trusting mother, who felt that the priest studies were essential in carrying out the plan of the holy Buddha, once said to my father:

"Honorable husband, I am sometimes so bold as to wonder if the studies are too hard for our little girl."

My father, gently stroking my head, replied:

"The lioness pushes her young over the rock to the valley hundreds of feet below. Her heart is breaking, but she sternly watches while the little creature is climbing back to her. So only can it gain strength for its life-work."

But my brain life was not all work. Like all children, I often slipped away into the realm of fairyland. All the servants had a wonderful fund of folk-tales, but Ishi had the best memory and the readiest tongue of them all, and I don't remember ever going to sleep without stories. They were mostly simple old legends and priest-tales or the odd jingles that every country has in store for its children, and had all come down by word of mouth from past generations. At that time there were no books written in the language the people used in conversation. Only the stilted, ceremonious style of the classics was considered proper for literature. I could

read when quite young, and found a good deal of pleasure in the long, tedious recitals of the weeping ladies who are invariably the heroines of old Japanese novels, but I enjoyed still more having my grandmother tell the stories to me in conversational language. She was a great reader, and during the shut-in evenings of the long, snowy winters, we children gathered around the firebox and listened to grandmother talk. In this way I became familiar, when very young, with our mythology, with the lives of Japan's greatest historical personages, and with the outline stories of many of our best novels. Also, I learned much of the old classic dramas from the lips of my grandmother. These were always of intense interest to me, and I spent many happy hours sitting on the mat before my grandmother's cushion—but Ishi's tales were different! Those I listened to, all warm and comfortable, snuggled up crookedly in the soft cushions of my bed, giggling and interrupting, and then begging for "just one more" before I said good night and stretched myself

into the "kinoji", which was the necessary position for a *Samurai* girl's sleep.

The "Tales of the Western Seas" I enjoyed in the same informal way that I did Ishi's fairy stories. Japanese books I always treated with great respect, handling them carefully and sitting properly when I read them, but there was no known rule regarding foreign books, and reading these with my father had given me a feeling of close friendliness for them. I would even sit on a cushion when reading one, or let it lie on the mat beside me, or carry it about folded in my sleeve, just for the pleasure of having it close to me.

I do not know whose idea it was to translate and publish those ten little paper volumes, but whoever it was holds my lasting gratitude, for through them I was introduced to countless other friends and companions who, in the years since that "memory stone" day, have brought to me such a wealth of knowledge and happiness that I cannot think what life would have been without them.

THE LATE CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

BY ROBERT H. DAVIS

I never knew his name, but Chinatown loafers called him Charlie the Chink. The tourist guides found a more picturesque name for him, pointing him out to their staring flocks as "the white Chinaman". At first Charlie was inclined to resent this, but when he found it brought him a slender harvest in small silver pieces, he courted rather than shunned the distinction. If he ever had any pride it was long years behind him, before the opium pipe claimed him body and soul.—*Quoted from the first paragraph of the first fiction story, "The Street of the Whispering Shadows" (Scraps Book, November, 1909), from the pen of the late Charles E. Van Loan, who died in Philadelphia, March, 1919.*

In the history of American literature those years between 1909 and 1919, inclusive, mark a decade in which one man at least made a singular and lasting impression in the field of fiction. That it was the writer's lot to come in contact with him at the beginning of his career is a mere coincidence founded upon an accident, having its origin beside a prize-ring in Philadelphia. Briefly, in the exuberance of the moment when the late Stanley Ketchell was plucking the pugilistic laurels from the beetling brow of Mr. Jack O'Brien and placing them upon his own, Van Loan and I became acquainted. In fact we returned to New York that night from Philadelphia on a milk-train. When we separated in the grey dawn of the morning, he informed me that he had concealed in his grip three letters of introduction to me.

"I thought something", said he, "of tackling the magazine game, having done newspaper work for several years. Is there any chance for a modest young man in the fiction field?"

He had been a sporting editor in

California where he took up journalism in 1904, coming to New York in 1906, having acquired a nation-wide reputation as a writer on sporting topics from every conceivable angle. He possessed the peculiar gift of characterization developed to a high degree and could cover a baseball game, a horse-race, a prize-fight, or any sporting event with fine grace and distinction. In his hands the brawn of life, the animated, playful mob, the lusty-throated fans, the vikings of the diamond, became personalities in literature.

"Have you written any fiction?" I inquired.

"No, but I kin try. In fact I have a story all ready to hurl at you."

"Very well, leave the letters of introduction in your grip and bring in the story."

He had a way of speaking in the argot of the sporting world.

"Listen, Bo!" said he, punctuating his conversation by tapping me on the breast rather violently, "I don't know whether I can come through with this or not. There is a lot of stuff that ought to be written in the form of fiction about every American outdoor game. Somebody's got to do it."

A milk-cart rattled by; daylight was breaking.

"Come here, boy! I may never see you again." He seized my coat lapel, and held me back against a strong inclination for what one of his own characters would have termed "the hay". "What time will you be at your office in the morning?"

"About nine, if you will let me go home for two hours", I replied.

"All right, beat it! If I send my card in at five minutes past nine, kin I see you?"

"You kin", I said, dashing for an uptown car.

The next morning bright and fair, he presented himself and offered a manuscript. I don't think I shall ever forget the expression on his face. His eyes were very blue, the eyebrows so blond as to be almost invisible at a certain angle; a strong, protruding lower jaw, with a tremendous physical vitality marking his every movement. When he sat down at my desk he completely surrounded it. Under the ritual of certain editorial prerogatives I tossed the manuscript into a drawer and told him that I would read it in a day or two.

"Nothing like that", said he, "read it *now*. I have been waiting three years to get an opinion on that story and I can't wait any longer."

I tried to swerve him from literature by rehearsing the Ketchell-O'Brien affair, but he wouldn't have it. Again the middle finger of the right hand crossed the barrier and fell upon me.

"Right now, Bo! Right now! Don't forget those three letters of introduction from your best friends. You have got to make good with *them*."

There was no possible way to postpone the matter. I read the manuscript and accepted it, with the understanding that certain corrections were to be made at his leisure. He wished also to make an extra copy for his file.

From the story of his own life, contributed by Van Loan to "The American Magazine" nine years afterwards, I quote the following paragraph:

I wrote a cheerful little story on seventeen pages of yellow foolscap, and it was full of Chinamen, detectives, gambling hells, opium joints, love's young dream, comedy relief, and sudden death. I was unusually well stocked up with sudden death. There are three murders in that story, and one suicide. . . . The first two victims were shot six times. I would have shot them more extensively but the sort of gun I was using accommodated only six cartridges. . . . I had to save the last shell so that the hero would have something with which to blow out his brains in the final paragraph.

In its original form, "The Street of the Whispering Shadows" probably did contain the saturnalian record which Van Loan refers to, but he had so carefully amended, revised, and rearranged its vital statistics before it came to my desk that it developed finally into a dramatic love story in which "the white Chinaman" paid with his life the bill he had contracted in the pungent oriental alleys, concluding with a scene in which "Charlie the Chink" made good with tradition. Even in that story, written at the very beginning of his career, one could not help but observe the beauty of style, the meticulous charm that comes to men who write with thorough understanding. If that story were republished in one of Van Loan's books today, it would be difficult for any critic to segregate it as the product of an unpractised hand.

In the interests of chronological accuracy, "The Drugstore Derby", a racing story, the first piece of fiction he actually sold, was bought on June 15, 1909, for "The All-Story Weekly", and appeared in the issue for January, 1910.

His first baseball story was "The Golden Ball of the Argonauts", bought the next day, June 16, 1909, and published in the "Munsey" for September of the same year. These stories were both written while he was revising "The Street of the Whispering

Shadows", otherwise his first-born, which turned up July 27, 1909, revised, by which time this new writer was on the wing.

Steadily thereafter he turned out a stream of fiction. Many of his manuscripts were in longhand, in the beautiful, flowing style of a telegrapher, carefully punctuated and paragraphed, suggesting an original Arnold Bennett manuscript, the which, having once seen, none can ever forget. When he had access to a typewriter, the copy looked as though designed to take a prize in a stenographers' competition. He seemed to have the delusion that a manuscript must *look* good to *be* good.

During 1909, 1910, and 1911 he published ten short stories and one novellette, "The Message to Buckshot John", in the "Munsey". He contributed also many special articles on sporting themes to various Munsey publications. During the summer of 1911 he began to cast longing eyes away from Park Row toward the entrance to Grub Street.

"Do you think I could make a good living if I tossed this newspaper job?" he asked.

"I don't think you can make a good living until you *do* toss it", was my advice.

Nevertheless, being a married man with a wife and two children, the regular salary idea rather appealed to Van. I deliberately sowed the seeds of unrest in his somewhat receptive mind, suggesting that he retire immediately from daily journalism and bend his pen to fiction.

"Have you got the nerve to say that in the presence of my wife?" he asked somewhat defiantly.

We both looked upon the mission as hopeless, but decided to announce the plan at the dinner table. Van Loan,

in extremely good humor, ate heartily and was very buoyant. After the dessert, our scenario called for cigars, coffee, and a casual reference to literature as a means of livelihood, with special application to young Mr. Van Loan as a possible luminary in American belles-lettres. I deplore the anticlimax, but when I stated the case, Mrs. Van Loan very briefly expressed her regret that he "hadn't done so before. I am so glad he intends to now." Van tossed his hands heavenward with the air of a man who had thrown away an entire meal in an unnecessary experiment.

In September of that year, Van Loan joined the staff of the Munsey Company as a special writer, but the deliberate occupation of writing for a monthly instead of a daily got on his nerves. He paced up and down the cage like a captive panther. Finally he put it into speech:

"I used to write from fifteen hundred to three thousand words a day—thirty articles a month—and now I am writing one or two. Give me air!"

At the close of the year—on December 30th, to be exact—he shook the dust of the desk from his elbows and became free. From that time he applied himself earnestly to fiction and special material, without regard to office hours, and began contributing to "The Popular", "The Metropolitan", "Collier's" and finally to "The Saturday Evening Post", to which publication he attached himself as an associate editor a few months before his death.

During the years between 1909 and 1919 he had made himself the *prose* laureate of the golf-course, the prize-ring, the diamond, and the race-track. No writer before Van Loan was more familiar with the characteristics,

foibles, strength, and adorable weaknesses of those about whom he wrote. The motion-picture game was like an open book to him. From the front office to the back lot of the film business Van was at home. He could walk into a league park with Honus Wagner, or Frank Chance, or Johnny Evers, or Christy Mathewson and split the honors. When he lumbered into a boxing carnival, the referee bowed to him with more reverence than to the principals. On the golf-course even the caddies approached him with bated breath.

In 1912 he brought out his first volume "The Ten Thousand Dollar Arm", followed in 1913 by "Inside the Ropes" and "The Lucky Seventh". The titles of these books suggest their contents. In 1915 he published "Buck Parvin and the Movies"; in 1917, "Old Man Curry"; in 1918, "Fore!"; in 1919, "Score by Innings". A posthumous volume entitled "Taking the Count" will appear in May of the present year.

There are numerous opinions as to the sporting theme in which Van Loan excelled. Mr. Jack Lait of Chicago holds that the bed-rock of his fame and popularity is the racing story. Every member of the big and the bush leaguers considers that his baseball fiction exceeds in importance anything found in the Talmud or the Koran. There are a hundred thousand golfers in the United States who would rather miss a twelve-inch putt than a Van Loan golf story. Time was when fight managers used to send Christmas presents of a copy of "Inside the Ropes" to the boxing commission.

It is difficult to classify Van Loan's relation to his readers. He came into the field of literature with a highly developed reportorial equipment, photographic in its accuracy. A big fea-

ture story to him was no more important than a local item. It merely meant five columns instead of two sticks, and ten hours of work instead of ten minutes. The same precise care and attention to fact and detail permeated everything from his pen. His manuscript could be sent to the composing room without passing over the copy-reader's desk. He made no mistakes in his interviews. He saw things as they actually were.

When he turned his attention to fiction he drew many of his characters from his own experience; tucked away somewhere in the story was an actual fact of real life. Suddenly he began to create. Presto! He had opened the gates and was soon able to visualize those persons as flesh and blood. One gets the best illustration of the effect of this practice in his volume "Inside the Ropes", which he wrote in 1913 early in his career. Instead of being mere pugilistic pawns when they stepped into the ring, they seemed like real boxers, renamed. He wrote those tales with two lobes of his brain, fact and fancy, working harmoniously.

In his golf book "Fore!" published in 1918, we find imagination taking its full fling, due no doubt to the fact that Van Loan had become a very enthusiastic golfer. He lived it, played it, and dreamed it; in consequence of which a romantic touch crept into his literature, and those bald facts which lack the transcendental splendor of fiction were richened through the influence of the greater imaginative impulse.

Near San Bernardino in 1914, Van Loan while driving an automobile was piled up on the roadside and rendered unconscious. His skull was fractured. Several ribs were broken. The left wrist received a compound fracture.

from which he never wholly recovered, although several attempts were made to reset the limb and graft a new bone into place. During all the time he lay in the hospital, his one hope was to get out on the golf course and tackle the game one-handed. On that subject he wrote me:

The only thing to do was to stretch those muscles and tendons and the only way to do that was by main strength. So while the surgeon held the bones in place, his three understudies laid hold above and below the breaks and bent and pulled. Oh, boy! If ever a guy wanted to quit and resign immediately, I was he. That lasted twenty minutes and when it was over I was through completely—limp as a rag and soaked to the skin. If I do get a straight arm out of the mess, which seems likely from the next X-rays, I suppose I will say it was worth while, but believe me, it was at a price. That arm hasn't quit aching since and it will be days and weeks before it does quit.

Otherwise, I am fine.

Everybody is fine.

When I can walk I am going to have a harness built to support my plaster cast and see what golf can be played with a barrel of cement in place of a left arm. Ought to help a fellow to keep his head down, what?

VAN.

And yet with his left arm entirely helpless, he mastered the game with his good right arm and played many an eighteen-hole score in the eighties. After that automobile accident he suffered considerably, in fact he never wholly recovered from a series of operations which he insisted should be made. None of his friends ever knew exactly how much pain he endured. While in the hospital he carried on his literary work, contributing steadily to several magazines. An interesting light is shed on his character in a letter dated November 12, 1916, when his boy Richard was in the hands of the doctors, threatened with mastoiditis:

The poor little kid had another awfully close call but to-day everything points to an early recovery. He slumped badly on Thursday last and there was a consultation

to decide whether to operate again or not, but he fooled 'em and rallied on his own, and the temperature began to go down. To-day it's normal and he's thin and hollow-eyed and gosh, how hungry! He mentions roast beef in the tones of one uttering a prayer, and jaws the nurses because 'he don't never get nothing to eat what he can bite'.

The wife is a total wreck, nervously speaking, and still the happiest woman on earth. And as for me—well, I'm only his *father*. I don't count, maybe.

CHAS.

Van Loan's books, his popularity, the fame he has left behind him are incontestable evidence of his fitness. He lived a full life and made the most of every opportunity. He was a man's man and believed in the man's game. Physically he was a remarkable specimen, standing over six feet in height, strong as an ox, and willing at any moment to engage in the roughest recreation; always in good humor. While these few notes are intended to deal with his literary career, I cannot refrain from recording an incident which admirably illustrates his love for the strenuous life, and his sense of humor.

We were bass fishing on a lake in the Croton water-shed and had put up for the night at a little inn, Westchester way. Among the guests was a celebrated strong man who was recuperating from a hard summer tour along the vaudeville circuit. At the supper table he entertained us by bending dimes with his fingers and tearing full decks of cards in twain, after which he went out on the lawn and juggled flagstones while Van held a flash-light on him. He made such a tremendous hit with both of us that he insisted upon a program that would last up to midnight. Enough is too much, so we both retired and went to sleep. About ten o'clock we were awakened by strange noises on the outer stairway.

"Is that bird coming up to enter-

tain us?" said Van, getting out of bed and opening the door.

On the stairway, Samson the Second, in the full glare of a tin reflector shining from a lamp hung on the wall, was disclosed in the act of walking upstairs on his hands. It was perfectly plain that he intended to come into our room. Van softly closed the door, leaving me in total darkness. The next moment I heard a tremendous commotion, the deep breathing of strong men in conflict, the heave of colossal bodies (every little movement had a meaning all its own) and then a wild snort of agony, a moment of silence, followed by the shock of an overfed monstrosity hitting the bottom of the staircase after having pulled all the banisters and some of the steps down to the ground floor with him. Softly the door opened on a scene of total darkness, Van slipped

back into the room, and, as Samuel Pepys would say, "to bed again".

"What happened, Charlie?" I made bold to inquire.

"Well, first I turned the light out", he replied, "then I threw him downstairs. I had some difficulty snatching him from the banisters on the way down. He has got more claws than a fiddler-crab; but finally he went."

"You took a big chance", I observed.

"No, Robert, no chance whatever. When you turn the lights out on a vaudeville actor, the show is over. He cannot perform in the dark."

The next morning at the breakfast table, Hercules, after seeing Van Loan bend a quarter double, and tear in twain with his naked hands a two-hundred-page Aqueduct report, apologized for calling on us after ten P. M.

Pardon this digression; it is not literature, it is art.

TO MY DAUGHTER—THREE DAYS OLD

BY NANCY BARR MAVITY

Your eyes look out unquestioning, unafraid,
On an alien world.
Your ears are crinkled, half-unfolded leaf-buds;
Your hands are fluttering moths at twilight;
You have supped on the white milk of my love—
You have never tasted the salt of tears.

Little unawakened heart!
When your eyes have grown dark with pain,
When your ears have heard the rhythm
Of your own sobbing in the night,
When your weary hands have lifted the burden of sorrow,
And your lips have forgotten my breast,
This other drink I bring you—
The strong red wine of courage,
Distilled from the slow drops of my suffering heart.

Then shall your eyes look out
Unquestioning, unafraid,
On an alien world.

THE LONDONER

LONDON.

I remember once having to explain to a very wise and innocent person the meaning of a phrase which had puzzled her. It was in connection with the memoir of Rupert Brooke, and it had reference to the delay in publishing the volume of Brooke's poems which was to contain this memoir. The exact phrase I forget, but it was to the effect that Brooke's family objected to a few passages. The questioner said: "Why should they object?" My answer was: "Supposing I were to die, and some sort of memoir were being published as a preface to a posthumous collection of things I had written, the memoir would probably be submitted to you. Very likely there would be some statements about me which you would think untrue, or as tending to put me in a poor light. Or in fact, you might say: this is not the Simon I knew. There would inevitably be friction. The book would be delayed either until the passages had been deleted or until they had been modified, or until you had been persuaded that they did not bear the interpretation you supposed. You would be awfully sensitive about anything written about me after death."

Now this, I admit, was a very long-winded way of answering the poor lady's question; but indeed the whole business of memoir-writing is fraught with perils and divergences of opinion. It is bad enough when the subject of a biography has been dead for a time sufficiently long to allow of the death of his immediate relatives and friends. Even when that is the case, there are

bound to be some people alive who think they know better than the biographer what the great man looked like, or thought, or said: the people who always know better than others upon all subjects are legion. I am one of their number. If a friend of mine were to die in circumstances which necessitated the publication of a biography, I am quite sure that I should find the biography singularly inadequate. How could it be otherwise? We have all more or less fixed ideas of what our friends are, and if those friends have been public men our scrutiny of their characters has probably been more avid and more unreasonable than is the case with our less distinguished intimates. So few of us can suspend judgment upon the character of a friend, that a person of any depth and variety of character is constantly bringing the more superficial of us up with a jerk of astonishment. We say in stupefaction: "I didn't know you would have done that or thought that!" And yet one more skilled in the reading of character would have avoided this pitfall of definite assumption. He would have suspended judgment all the time, gradually enlarging his conception so as to allow for the free development and revelation of personality, never, as it were, "closing down" his mental picture of the reality which grows and changes every day.

It is a wonderful business, this reading of character. And relatives are such bad judges. For one thing they are bigoted. For another they are so accustomed to seeing the object of their affection solely as he appears to

themselves that they cannot conceive of his having had any other life than the one with which they are familiar. Nor is this all: they refuse to believe in the judgment of others even upon matters of which they, the relatives, have absolutely no information. It is never realized that to make a biography desirable at all a man must have been so exceptional that his interests, his "contacts" with all sorts of things beyond the range of the ordinary mind, must have rendered him a being apart. There is in general no need to write biographies of the relatives of distinguished men. They have had their little hour or two in his company, and it is over when he is dead. Nothing but affectionate—but generally uncritical—memory can perpetuate that domestic association. His life apart from them is no more their business than it is yours or mine. You may say it is nobody's business, and that therefore it should not be written in full for ghouls to feed upon. But suppose the curiosity aroused in this man has nothing whatever to do with the mere sensationalism of the vulgar? Is there not a clear case for giving us the man as he really was—not adorned, and not colored with the affectionate and misleading glow of the private view?

The answer is of course that the ordinary private citizen who keeps out of the law courts retires from life surrounded in a charitable assumption of virtue. That is quite true. But we are dealing with the case of men who have in a sense become public property. They have deliberately sought public applause for their work during life; the fame that has been theirs has been given in response to the appeal; and such men are no longer private citizens. To argue that the sins of public men should be con-

cealed upon grounds of "the general good" is prudish. We are not really such owls as to think better of our undistinguished friends than they deserve. And why mislead those who are to come after as to the real character of our great men? Either the men are great enough to survive revelation not alone of peccadilloes but of characteristic meannesses or eccentricities, or we are rendering them false homage in supposing them free from ordinary human weakness. That is not the way to get reality into the curriculum of life. And it is reality that is most needed in the education of the future. We have during the war had quite enough of expediency, of policy, and suppression. It is now our task to be open, to "come forth into the light of things" as Wordsworth said. Let us make quite sure that we do not pursue the practice of moral censorship until in time to come it dominates the world and makes all sin secret and vicious.

* * *

I have been led to moralize upon this subject because of several rather curious episodes in the literary life of London. There have been two publications recently issued which have caused great searching of heart. One of them is a book of miscellaneous tittle-tattle by a pseudonymous writer entitled "Set Down in Malice". The second is a biography of George Meredith written by the novelist's cousin, S. M. Ellis. The former book, in trying to be very daring, succeeded only in being impertinent, largely because the author had no sufficient acquaintance with the people he lampooned; the latter has been—at any rate, temporarily — suppressed. The reason given for the complaint against Mr. Ellis's book is that it quotes so freely from Meredith's own work as to be a

violation of copyright. The latter book I shall deal with later on. Of "Set Down in Malice" it should be said here that the author, who calls himself "Gerald Cumberland", is in reality a journalist named C. F. Kenyon, who, in pursuit of his calling, set out from time to time to obtain interviews from various celebrated persons. The tone of most of the references to these unhappy people suggests that an interviewer for a Labor newspaper should take his own personality less seriously than Mr. Cumberland has done. Several of my own friends appear in the book, and I am not so genial a reader as to have denied myself any malicious joy that was to be had from the revelation of the foibles of these notable ones. But never a laugh did I get from the references to anybody I knew! I could have told much funnier stories of them myself! Of all of them! Perhaps I shall do so at some future time. The only amusement I got from the book related to those whose acquaintance I do not enjoy and do not want to enjoy. For the rest, my comment, if spoken, would have been that of Charley's Aunt when she heard what is supposed to be the feminine notion of a joke. He (I mean "She") said indignantly: "A d——d silly story!" And, as far as my observant acquaintance with these celebrities goes, a very misleading story. I do not wish to suppress or to prohibit Mr. Cumberland's book; but I must admit that I should have welcomed a more perceptive volume upon these same lines. The "malice" of the title is not the thing that is the matter with the book: what is wrong is that the author, in seeing his subjects as a rule for a short time only, has been unable to seize their true and truly amusing characteristics. A lampoon, to be really effective, must con-

tain skilful portraiture as well as sharp satire.

* * *

Before dealing with the "Life" of Meredith, I may perhaps be allowed to mention that I first met Mr. Thomas Seccombe (the author of the "Life" which appears in the Dictionary of National Biography) at the time when he was engaged in writing this piece of work. Not extraordinarily, the passages which did not appear in the final version were more interesting and amusing than anything which was printed. After dinner, Seccombe read us some of the unpublished matter. I wish I could repeat it here. What I really hope is that he may one day be induced to publish this unused material as a separate book. It would be a good book; not a cruel book (for Seccombe is incapable of cruelty, his nature being one of light and leading), but a very salutary one.

The first time I ever met Arnold Bennett our conversation also turned upon Meredith. Bennett was extraordinarily anxious to know how Meredith had gained his acquaintance with the manners of the well-born. It was not until the meeting with Seccombe that I could have satisfied him; but the story is sufficiently amusing. Unfortunately I made my first blunder with Bennett over this subject. Either I was very nervous, or I was deaf, or my host was (I am sure he would never admit it) not quite clear in his inquiry. At any rate, I thought he was talking about another author about whom I knew a little. So I went on dilating upon the details of this other man's life, and Bennett went on getting more and more intrigued, until, to my horror (which followed, I am sure, swiftly upon his), I was interrupted with a wild cry. "What", roared Bennett, "are you talking

about?" I don't remember what I answered. I was so startled that I am sure I shouted back. And so Bennett never knew whether I had any information to impart about Meredith or not.

* * *

J. M. Barrie told me the other day that Meredith used to write down his notes for pieces of incident, or of striking phrases for either poetry or prose, in ordinary penny notebooks. The notes were in pencil; and in the books that survive, the pencil unblurred, are some of the most famous phrases in the whole run of Meredith's distinctly phrase-making talent, including that one in which the novelist asserted that woman would be the last thing to be civilized by man.

Mr. S. M. Ellis, being, as it were, of the Meredith family, has had a tremendous fund of material to draw from. Not only that, he is also a writer of the utmost diligence and candor. Accordingly it must not be supposed for one moment that the remarks I made earlier, regarding the habits of relatives, had any application to "George Meredith: his Life and Friends in relation to his Work". Far from it; I wish all biographers were as diligent and as honest-dealing as Mr. Ellis. We should have in that case more public spirit in our biographies of the great; and this would do us all good. The real, terrible truth about Meredith as a man is that he was rather a snob, with a definite sense of his own interest, just as other great men have been snobs, with a definite sense of their own interest; and that he treated his first wife and her son, Arthur, with a considerable amount of cruelty. It does his literary reputation no harm to have this matter, long known to people with a nose for private details concerning literary lights,

made public. Why, I have heard many things about living writers of a far more dispiriting character. The point of much greater importance is that Meredith's reputation as a writer is seriously diminished. It would not be true to say that he has no readers. A far more notable thing is that he has no imitators. He is out of the fashion. Ten years ago novels were being published which showed his influence. Today they are not even being written. Only the other day I met a young soldier who had revisited Oxford for the first time since the beginning of the war. He was full of violent contempt for the intellectual stagnation of his university. Among other things he deplored the prevailing archaism of Oxford's attitude to the fiction of our own day. He found his onetime colleagues, many of them back in a state of sublime self-satisfaction after playing inconspicuous parts in the World War, ignorant of all the good fiction of the time. They did not recognize the distinction of those who are everywhere else acknowledged as leaders. "Why", he said, angrily; "one man said to me: 'There is no fiction later than Meredith'!" From my friend's tone it was clear that the man might just as well have said "George Eliot". Even that could not have been more damning of Oxford's literary judgment. My friend is by no means an iconoclast. He has, in fact, closely studied Meredith's work as both novelist and poet. The truth is, that Meredith belongs to the Victorian era, and he is not yet old enough to be examined with curiosity as a relic of an age of smaller giants.

I was speaking just now of Meredith as a poet and novelist; and that reminds me of two things. The first is, that Arthur Symonds, a very delicate critic at his best, long ago caused

Meredith acute discomfort by pointing out how superior were the author's poems to his mannered novels. The other thing was, that nowadays few writers combine the rôles of poet and novelist. One such, Miss Irene Rutherford McLeod, has recently issued her first novel, called "Graduation". It is an extraordinary work, by which I must not be understood as indicating praise of the said work. It is written with a humorless intensity which would make it a joy to the ribald. A merry party could spend an enjoyable week-end with the book. But it is absurd because the author has genuinely tried to supply an authentic record of a young, impressionable girl's progress from youth to the married state. The description of the married state spares us almost nothing. It is not pornographic; but it is detailed, and gets nearer to a kind of sentimentalized truth than any novel I remember to have read. Miss McLeod is, like Meredith, a better poet than novelist. The writing of lyric verse does not demand a strong sense of humor; the writing of novels almost certainly does.

* * *

A writer who shows distinction in both forms of art is (Major) Francis Brett Young, whose novel, "The Crescent Moon", is being published in the United States this spring. Brett Young is in my opinion one of the few genuine talents among the newer writers. I shall be surprised if he does not make good in America, for his work is both beautiful and convincing in a realistic sense. He went all through the East African campaign in the medical service, and his account of the campaign, entitled "Marching on Tanga", drew attention to gifts previously not sufficiently recognized. "The Crescent Moon" is a novel deal-

ing with East Africa, and by many critics here it was likened to Mr. Conrad's greatest story, "The Heart of Darkness". To look at Brett Young one would hardly expect to find his work so notably romantic; and yet he is among all the younger novelists the one who is most unmistakably a romantic. He is a little above the middle height, and his general appearance is that of a shrewd man of—I was going to say, business. His conversation is practical. He is a Midlander, coming from Birmingham, the place where they make the screws and our Chancellors of the Exchequer. There is no doubt of that practical side to Brett Young's character which one would expect from the place of his birth; but it is an aspect which one finds in so many modern literary men. In his case it is unobtrusive, and he is in no sense a self-advertiser. I should say he was very modest. Of his great talent I think there can be absolutely no question.

* * *

I see that there is being issued in America a book by Dorothy Richardson. This writer is an experimentalist in form, and her work produces in me the queerest sensations. It is in a kind of Morse-code of dots and ejaculations. Some people here admire it tremendously, and I hear that the book is full of "portraits" of people known to me, not very flatteringly drawn. Miss Richardson's memory is so minute, or her diary so detailed, that she goes the length of describing the actual costumes worn by her victims upon specific occasions. But I am told that there are minor errors, relating to material, in the case of her feminine models. The book is bound to make a certain stir here, on account of the portraits. Whether it will do as much in America, where the au-

thor's method must stand alone, is another matter. I should be interested to know. Miss Richardson was a schoolfellow of Mrs. H. G. Wells, and has recently married a young artist of original, if bizarre, talent, named Alan Odle. I do not know if his work is at all known in the United States.

* * *

In an American list I notice a novel by a friend of mine, Viola Meynell. I should be very glad to hear that this book, published in England last year, had appealed to American readers. Miss Meynell is, of course, a daughter of Wilfred and Alice Meynell, and of all the women novelists I know she is the most charming. She, like Meredith (how singular!), employs notebooks for her work, and writes in pencil. But although you would never guess it from the result, Viola Meynell's writing is done amid extraordinary difficulties. It is sandwiched between tasks that would drive crazy the sensitive male author. Often it is written—and this is the most difficult way of all, because I also have done it in my time—with other people in the room, and other people who are talking. And in spite of all this, it would be hard to find a novelist with a more scrupulous sense of language than Viola Meynell. Her work, although sometimes lacking in the power that can come only from life intensely lived, has a refinement and a distinction all its own. It has been aptly likened to painting upon ivory, and naturally, when critics have used that figure, they recall another woman novelist who claimed as much, but deprecatingly, for her own work. I mean, of course, England's greatest woman novelist—the only great one, in my opinion, that we have ever had—Jane Austen.

* * *

I wish, by the way, that somebody would make a new and satisfactory collection of Jane Austen's letters. It is always said, by those who do not know, that these letters are tedious. I do not agree. To me they are delightful. Yet there is actually no current edition, and as Jane's centenary has come and gone, it looks as though we might have to wait another thirty-odd years before my wish is realized. By that time I expect to be dead. In 1915, dreaming of the centenary, I begged E. V. Lucas to remedy the lack of a good edition; but although he replied very amiably he would not undertake the task. I don't even know whether it attracted him. The reason he urged was that copyright difficulties stood in the way. Lucas is the man for the job, because he has shown how excellently he can do things of this kind. I cannot immediately call to mind anybody who would edit these letters as well.

* * *

It is a curious thing how one gets into one's head a notion that a certain man could do a particular thing better than another; but I am prepared to assert that in such matters I have an instinct as strong as the instinct of a woman for her true mate is supposed to be. And I have never admitted the infallibility of the vaunted feminine instinct. The other day I was asked to name the man who ought to introduce a certain book to the English public. I named him. I undertook to put the matter before him. I overruled his objections. Just suppose I was wrong all the time! After all, there have been unhappy marriages, however sure the instinct that prompted them. You shall hear all about the book and its preface in another letter.

SIMON PURE

THE MOTION-PICTURE SURGEON

Second Paper

BY A SCENARIO EDITOR

When the motion-picture rights to a book have been purchased, the first doctor into whose hands it is passed is the continuity writer. This person is familiar by name, yet I will venture to assert that the actual nature of his product is unknown to the average author who has suffered at his hands. There are very few members of this profession who have raised their peculiar work to the point of an art: it requires, at its poorest, a considerable degree of mechanical skill and the process is absolutely indispensable to the making of a picture.

As a rule the continuity writer is a person of fair imagination, coupled with the requisite understanding of footage and sequence. He must know, first of all, the number of feet of film his method of presentation will require, and how to keep the story within bounds in accordance with instructions as to the general nature of the proposed picture. A comedy runs from 1,000 to 3,000 feet, and other pictures from 3,000 up to, in the case of big features, as high as 12,000 feet. The average programme picture is about 6,000 feet long. Each reel contains 1,000 feet or under.

Editor's Note: The author of these articles is a well-known writer, represented by several published volumes and numerous magazine stories and articles. The statements made here are based on several months' experience as scenario editor for a large picture corporation and on the observations of the author, extending over a period of years, upon the methods of motion-picture production generally.

When one considers that the titles or sentences screened run a foot to a word, and that a certain number of them must be included, together with a proper and judicious selection of close-ups, medium close-ups, medium shots, and long shots, arranged in such sequence as will most effectively tell the story, one easily sees that a special technical knowledge is required of the continuity writer—to say nothing of a dramatic sense, a story sense, and most of the qualities which go to make up the natural story-teller plus a technique which is wholly new under the sun. Yet it is not so new but that a certain tradition of procedure has already grown up around it. The continuity writer has a distinct sense of the proper order of "shots" which should comprise a well-considered sequence: just such a feeling as the poet has toward the fourteen lines of the sonnet—although it would be difficult to say who might be considered the Shakespeare of the motion-picture. And when a semi-genius like Griffith breaks the usual sequence by suddenly projecting a picture of tame rabbits or swans, leaving, let us say, a battlefield for the moment to show it, he is supposed to have made a break almost as radical as an Amy Lowell poem seems to the academic poet.

The average continuity writer aims at a straight-line story: in other words, one in which the sequence develops steadily and uninterruptedly from opening to *dénouement*. And

as it is seldom indeed that an author sets forth his tale in this clean-cut fashion, it is the usually thankless task of the continuity man to show the author's events in a straight-line manner. A familiar device among authors is the closing of a chapter at a moment of suspense, and the opening of the chapter which follows with a return to some relevant but disconnected incident beginning "in the meantime". This is an old and well-tried method of creating literary suspense, but on the screen it creates only confusion. The use of such a device, called a cut-back, is almost always a source of annoyance and is a distinct pantomimic weakness—and of course pictures are primarily pantomime. The use of long titles is as bad, if not worse. In the most modern pictures the words projected in explanation are reduced to the minimum. In the traditional continuity writing there was, and is, an accepted average of so many titles a reel.

It will at once be perceived what a tremendous responsibility rests upon this first of the surgeons into whose hands a book is given to picturize. Much depends upon the angle from which he decides to write it: whether it is to be doctored so as to accentuate the feminine or the masculine character; whether "love interest" must be added. The receipt usually calls for a side-line of humor, pathos, or drama, each to be applied in just proportion, although the original author may have laid his emphasis in some particular place for reasons good and sufficient to him—but it is not "good screen stuff".

Once this reconstruction man has decided what "slant" he will tell the story from, he proceeds to establish his atmosphere through some scene of his own inventing. Indeed, fully

three-quarters of the scenes in the average film story are necessarily of the continuity man's inventing, even if he has read the book as well as the scenario. For the average novel offers scenes actually enacted to a footage of perhaps 3,000 feet at the very best—and remember that a feature must be 5,000 to 7,000 feet long.

Perhaps a sample page of finished continuity will be both interesting and enlightening. Here, for example, is a very fair average:

SCENE I: Exterior of house, day.

long shot

Mary approaches down steps and through garden.

SCENE II: Exterior of house, day.

medium close up

Mary picks rose and registers memories.

SCENE III: Exterior of house, day.

full close up

A tear on Mary's face.

SCENE IV: Exterior house, day.

medium long shot

John approaching hurriedly. She turns and sees him, registers surprise.

SCENE V: Exterior of house, day.

medium close up

John and Mary greet each other with warmth.

And so on. The first line is essential to the camera man and the director, because, although a picture is always numbered and written in sequence, it is never photographed in sequence: weather, sets, stages, locations, are never available in sequence, and it does not in the least matter if one takes Scene XLV first or Scene I. It all goes on the roll of film at the convenient moment and the cutter in the laboratory puts it in numerical sequence later.

A simple device takes care of this. The assistant to the camera man has a little blackboard with three divisions. At the side is the name of the director "Smith" in permanent letters. Below is an abbreviation of the title of the picture, say "Hearts of",

and then a larger blank space on which he marks the number of the scene about to be taken, and holds it in front of the camera for a few minutes before the scene itself is taken. Thus the cutter has the proper number and does his assembling numerically, of course removing these inserts.

Now when the continuity writer has completed his revision of the author's book, and inserted what are called working or temporary titles, he may very possibly go over it with the scenario editor. Theoretically at least, it must receive this official's O.K. and also that of the studio manager, because of course the latter must be sure that the likely estimate of the cost has not been exceeded in the method of presentation chosen in the continuity. But once officially stamped, about twelve copies of this lengthy document are typewritten at an average cost of twelve dollars each, and distributed—one to the star, one to the director, one each to the assistant, the camera man, the art director, and the casting director, and one goes in the office files. At least that is the theoretical distribution. However, many companies consider that a cast sheet containing no synopsis or description is enough for the casting director, the man who picks out and hires the actors and chooses the "types". He has not read the story, but some such sheet as this is a guide which he generally accepts without comment:

CAST FOR "THE FATAL WIFE"

Helen Holmes—the wife: young girl, society type (the star's name covers this character).

John Thomas—wealthy young business fellow, juvenile lead.

Mrs. Thomas—his mother, society matron.

Cyril Le Barge—the heavy (meaning any villain over forty; there are "light heavies" meaning villains under forty).

And so forth. Do you wonder, dear author, that your characters, as you see them on the screen, so seldom look as you had visualized them?

Then again there are many directors who do not believe in allowing either the star or any of the other actors to know what the story is about. They think that better results are obtained by shouting directions of individual scenes which the actors, unprepared and uninstructed except as regard to their make-up, follow blindly, having no idea what the scene is about.

Then again, other directors believe in taking the star and the other leads into their confidence, to the extent of telling them the story but of keeping the extra people in darkness. It is a common experience among motion-picture actors to make an entire film with only the vaguest notion as to what they are doing, and actually not to know the plot until they see the finished picture "run".

On the other hand, one or two very advanced companies have instituted the practice of calling a reading of the synopsis to the entire company, including the mechanical departments, before starting work. But even on the lots where this is being tried it is steadily opposed by the more conservative elements, and it must be admitted that a great many pretty good pictures have been produced by the "blind" method. However, they were not much like the stories from which they were supposedly taken.

But even if the casting director and the art director do receive manuscripts of the continuity, the chance of its being read by them is very small. "What's it about, Jack?" they ask of the director, and on his brief answer their action is taken. I have been on a set prepared for one of my own

stories where the art director had got an idea that a Southern family were about to sit down to supper. So far, correct. But the table was laden with silver and groaning with food, whereas my people were so poor that they were about to make a terrible sacrifice through sheer hunger. The art director's excuse for a blunder which, if not caught in time, would have cost several hundred feet of wasted film, was that he had not read the continuity and that the director had not described the scene correctly. The director's misconception of my Southern home is not surprising, since he was an ex-express man who had never been out of the state. The pity of it is that these errors are seldom caught in time, or even recognized as such at the first projections of the film, while it is still in what is called rough continuity.

So much for the script, or continuity proper. When it has passed editor and studio manager and is at length simultaneously in the hands of the next group, the director takes a hand at revamping the material, coloring, rearranging, and generally remodeling it in accordance with his taste. Furthermore, the difficulty of visualizing the descriptions which the continuity writer has supplied are almost insuperable, partly because of their brevity, and partly because of the dissimilarity of everybody's visualization. Often the continuity man has great difficulty in recognizing his own work on the screen, once the director gets hold of it.

And when this gentleman has done his best—or worst as the case may be—changing the sequences, the plot, introducing “atmospheric bits” of his own, or eliminating others, we have still to reckon with the cutter.

The latitude permitted the film cut-

ter constitutes perhaps the most individually remarkable condition in a studio. This man is not a writer by any means, nor is he a stage manager. He is merely a technical operator on a small salary; someone who has “been on the lot”, has learned cutting—a very simple process mechanically speaking—and has probably been taken on in the laboratory through the friendliness of someone with a pull: the usual procedure in all departments, by no means excluding the actors. Then to this person is entrusted the delicate task of arranging the sequence of the picture. He makes first what is called a rough continuity, which is simply the elimination of the numbers as before described. The picture is then run in the laboratory projecting room, and some one of the heads—usually the studio manager or the editor—takes a look at it, calling out suggested changes which the cutter notes. Whole pieces are taken on and re-inserted at different points: if necessary, retakes are made and the new footage added. It is a very simple matter entirely to alter the significance of a plot, to say nothing of ruining or bettering the atmosphere of a story by these changes.

One of the chief dangers at this point lies in the degree of confidence which the cutter inspires in the heads. As a rule, they trust him far too greatly, with the result that the rough continuity has usually been marvelously and wonderfully doctored before they even see it for the first time. Good material may have been thrown into the discard, the worst may have been left, and the editor be unaware of the fact. And if the result is poor he will blame the director, who will blame the continuity writer, who will blame the cutter, the star, the editor, and the director, and all will blame the

studio manager—perhaps because of some petty economy about the production. Indeed, what they call “passing the buck” is one of the favorite—and most strenuous—pastimes of the motion-picture world. Another favorite which runs a close second is “alibi-ing on titles”. The director makes a failure of his picture and then he puts the burden of saving the film on the editorial shoulders: “It will be all right when you give it the final titles”, he says—and sometimes with truth.

For many a dull—almost hopelessly dull—story has been saved by brilliant and clear titling. Here again practically the whole character of the story can be altered by the words which are spoken: by the insertion of descriptive titles, covering time-lapses, telegrams, or other objects. I, for one, have seen a war picture transformed into a business story by this same method. In this particular instance the original film had to be cut from 9,000 to 5,000 feet but the change, with rearrangement and new titles, made a salable property out of scrap-heap material.

Now perhaps the author who has marveled at the difference between his screened story and his written one, will perceive some of the reasons for that disturbing difference. The motion-picture magnate and all his staff seem convinced that a story is of some granite quality which will remain despite the handling to which it is submitted; that, provided the bones of the plot are left or some part of them, the motion-picture, visualized on the screen, will be the tale which they enjoyed in the reading. To the professional writer with his stock fact about three plots and thirty situations, this appears absurd. For the professional writer knows that it is quality, style, and method of presentation which

make the story—which make the pleasure, humor, or pathos of his tale. He knows that every detail which completes his visualization of place, persons, and emotions, was at once consciously and intuitively considered, and that without the equivalent of his carefully chosen words, any presentation of his story must fail. And at present the motion-picture concern which offers the author the opportunity of becoming his own medium, is almost as rare as is the author willing to try it. In other words, I see no way of overcoming the existing difficulties except for the authors who are interested in writing for the screen to become willing and able to learn the technique of picture making, exactly as they learned to read, write, dictate, or typewrite, proof-read, and construct.

When such a writer arises—one who can get his story accepted and write his own continuity, and who, first having learned the camera and the laboratory, then sits in with the casting, works hand in glove with the director, titles and cuts his finished product—only then shall we begin to get literary quality on the screen.

And it is the humble opinion of the scribe that literary quality is what the motion-picture lacks, plus the modicum of dramatics which every plotted story needs. And the achievement of this quality can only come when a single mind dominates the story from its inception to its release. Managers will come to realize this in time, and eventually be as horrified at interference with the author's procedure as a publisher would be if stenographer, type-setter, and proof-reader were permitted to doctor the manuscript of a novel.

But writing for the movies is a separate profession: make no mistake,

it cannot be done as a side-line. And until the conception of it as a cheap and easy money-maker is eliminated

from the minds of authors as well as managers, no real progress toward betterment will be made.

POLITICAL BIOGRAPHY IN CANADA

BY W. P. M. KENNEDY

One of the most fascinating literary forms is biography. It shares the movement of the drama, the historical interest of the epic, the seductiveness of the novel. As a human document, it makes its appeal, be the subject merely Abbot Samson set amid the commonplace details of a mediæval monastery, or a Lincoln or a Gladstone moving in that high world where the gods of nations hammer out state destinies or laugh in celestial humor over little mortals and their lesser ways. For a biography is a mirror of life. From its pages we catch something of that inspiration which belongs to any phase of human activity, and from which none of us are alienated, to which none of us are strangers. This, of course, of great biography. Alas, there are in library cold-storage many "lives" as dead as those whom they would fain have immortalized in the world of thought. Ponderous tomes—inanimate with the immensity of dullness.

Here, then, is a distinction and a difference. A great biography is a work of art. It is not a mere photography, well printed, well touched up. There belongs to it something of that creative genius which lifts truth out of the realms of science and preserves it in the realms of the imagination. A great biographer is no mere chronicler moving in the arid world

of facts. He is no mere conscientious reporter recording the sequence of character activities. He is no mere editor arranging the years as a tale that is told. He is all these, but he is something more. He must possess that historical insight which sees behind the rounded fact and can trace causes upon causes. He must record activities in vital and interpretative relationship with the spirit of the age. He must take the material on which he works and sift it in such a way that he will present in his work a picture complete and adequate, in which details will not destroy the unit of the conception, and the whole does not, on the other hand, overshadow anything essential. The great biographer is rare: the mediocre is common: the bad flourishes like weeds in the garden of the sluggard.

Of the many varieties of biography, perhaps that which is loosely named "political" has the widest audience. Except for those peoples who have inherited the apathy born of paternalism, politics is the widest of human interests outside the immediate personal circle. The modern world is certainly the city-state writ large, and the life of a great political figure has in it, in addition to the other appeals made by biography in general, an appeal to all that we call citizenship, love of country, national pride, hero-worship, or, more subtle still,

to that instinct which made Carlyle conceive of history as the lives of great men. Political biography, if it is to be great, requires not merely all those qualifications which belong to biographical writing as a whole, but almost all those which characterize the great historian. The poet's intuition, the novelist's sense of romance, the dramatist's sense of spectacular movement—these, and the historian's insight, his judicial-mindedness, his skill in evidence, that objectivity which can steer safely between the anæmic coldness of an iceberg and the red-blooded heat of a partisan. In addition, there must be a power to seize essentials in contemporary public opinion, to interpret the undercurrents of national and often international life, to distinguish the man and his age—the man making his age—the age making the man.

Now it is obvious that the great political biographer is the product of a highly developed society. National development, however successful in its evolution and however pregnant its stages, does not necessarily provide the creative conditions. Time, experience in political institutions, economic expansion sufficiently achieved, leisure, national culture, wide education are all necessary for "the world of circumstances" in which the true writer of political biography is developed. A self-conscious society is fatal for his production. A society in which there is little of that greatest elixir in politics—self-criticism—is not the nursery of great political biography. Of course there are brilliant exceptions—even literary criticism cannot claim a divine right in universals—but, on the whole, a new country, in which the economic is liable to outrun the political, in which the materialistic overshadows the idealistic,

cannot produce the highest and best political biography, while, on the other hand it will produce *much*. In a new country the makers of national life will stand head and shoulders over their contemporaries, and the self-conscious pride of successful experiment in nationality will call for a large biographical literature. That same pride, however, is liable to idealize the outstanding and creative men. It is liable to slur defects, and to emphasize success as the standard of judgment. There is the all-prevalent danger that the political biographies will lack perspective, while the very impatience of material failure will rob of critical examination the individual achievement of national heroes.

In turning, then, to examine Canadian political biography it is necessary to recall these facts. Canada has crushed into little over a century a marvelous political and economic development. This very intensity has given an increase of stature to her political leaders, while at the same time it has emphasized those limitations in self-criticism which belong to the national development of a new people. The great period is, of course, the period of Federation—before and after 1867. The names of Joseph Howe, John Macdonald, George Etienne Cartier, Charles Tupper, Richard Cartwright loom up before and after that date, while for a generation and more Wilfrid Laurier was the champion of Liberalism and the Moses to his French-Canadian fellow countrymen. It is an interesting study to examine some of the "lives"—official and otherwise—of these political figures, and we are fortunate in possessing two or more "lives" of recent date of some of these men, which provide comparative material

in the development of biographical literature.

First, there is Joseph Howe, the champion of responsible government in Nova Scotia. A man of magnetic personality, of native oratory, of political insight. A leader of the people, the idol of his fellow countrymen—yet petty and overbearing to his opponents, and small enough to risk the real good of his province for the bauble of political party. Mr. Longley's "Joseph Howe" is in many respects good. It is clear, well written, and has a sense of proportion. On the other hand, it lacks that *nescio quid* of biography which sets the man in clear-cut vision before the reader. There is none of the insight which makes for greatness, and much of the smallness which is too meticulous in its balances, and too honest to be entirely sincere—it doth protest too much. Howe was an egoist who could turn his native charm into repulsiveness and his native oratory into channels of virulent and poisonous invective. Mr. Longley just fails to be judicial—through overanxiety, it would seem—and fails to grasp the whole in trying to dissect the parts.

Several years later appeared "The Tribune of Nova Scotia" by Principal W. L. Grant of Upper Canada College. The advance in method is very pronounced. Mr. Grant had the training of a scientific historian and wide experience as a writer, which Mr. Longley had not, but there is something more. He makes Howe live. We really know the man, who is the greatest contributor to the literature of political thought yet produced in the British Dominions, yet who was on occasions the veriest demagogue. Mr. Grant understands Howe, Mr. Longley never does. Howe could turn his rapier into a bludgeon, his gen-

eralship into mob magnetism, his golden oratory into vitriolic billingsgate. Mr. Grant can interpret character. In addition, whereas Mr. Longley writes average practical prose, Mr. Grant has a distinct literary style. Full of his subject, widely read not merely in the literature of Howe, but in contemporary history, he gives us the finished portrait, where neither studios, sittings, nor the mixing of colors protrude. We watch the picture develop, but we are all the time unconscious of the artist's methods.

Howe's personal vanity robbed him—perhaps fortunately—of being one of the active Fathers of Canadian Federation, among whom two figures stand out in interest—George Etienne Cartier, the champion of French Canada, and John Macdonald, the greatest figure in Canadian political history. Mr. De Celle's life of Cartier is colorless. It is almost a mere record. Events follow one another, but we never get very far behind them. Yet Cartier was a romantic and fascinating figure. He had been "out" with the rebels of 1837 against the government. The years brought wisdom, but he watched by the cradle of the Dominion, never forgetting or letting others forget that the child could not thrive if French Canada did not help to provide sustenance. In other words, while he saw the vision, he was not blinded by it to what he considered were the claims of his race, religion, and province. He drove his bargain because he knew the price must be paid. The swashbuckler, however, of '37 had given place to the courteous knight, armed cap-a-pie for a fray if necessary, but always ready to build up rather than to risk the loss of a greater Canada in the mêlée of racial and religious strife. He steered the ship of Federation through the

shoals of parochialism, fanaticism, and "state rights", away down the river of her earliest trip, where the ghosts of rebellion flitted over the doubtful stream and the shadows of lost causes lurked along the ambiguous shores—out into the full ocean of national life. Cartier may not be a big figure in the history of the world, but Canadians owe him much.

Here indeed was a fine subject for a biography—not indeed brilliant, but one where there was room for much intimate and revealing work, for tender probing, for interpretative realism, for romantic settings. Neither of his biographers has succeeded. Mr. De Celles is passionately commonplace. Mr. Boyd is heavy and dull. Neither writer has a just perspective. Each tells his tale, but it lacks sincerity; it does not charm as Cartier charmed in real life. Mr. Boyd is more judicial than Mr. De Celles, but we feel that he has acquired this quality as a *tour de force*, that it is not the native genius of a man of letters and a trained historian. He rather sums up to a tribunal—fair, balanced, in which nothing is set down in malice, in anger, or in passion either for or against Cartier; but it is all too cold for the subject, too placid for a full-length biographical study. It follows the lines of the Dictionary of National Biography rather than of Boswell or Froude. It would please Sir Sidney Lee; it fails to grip that body to whom Boswell and Froude are inspirations. It is as drab as the average background of Canadian life.

When we approach John Macdonald, it must be said at once that Dr. Parkin's biography is much more successful than Sir Joseph Pope's volumes. There is a distinct advance. Macdonald soars above every figure in Canadian political history. He

could lead men as no one in Canada before nor since. He had a marvelous insight into motives, could make national destinies turn on trifles, and could interpret crowd psychology in a way approaching magic. Big in Federation, he lent it all the driving force of his own personality, and stamped it with features which it has never lost. Big in the years which followed, he overshadowed every contemporary till his death. Adroit in negotiation, watchful as a cat with a mouse, psychologically insensitive to public criticism, which he could twist to his own ends, he was a veritable Saul in his generation. Not above suspicion, his hands were not free from "the accursed thing"; but there he stands, a complex personality—hard to interpret, hard to understand, hard to analyze, hard to sum up.

Sir Joseph Pope's "lives" may be called official, and official biographies have, by divine right, inherent limitations. A Morley can succeed—the lesser man fails miserably. Pope's volumes are intrinsically poor things. They are unworthy of their subject. There is no application of criticism. The darker places in Macdonald's life are made still more sinister by omission or excuse. There is too much hero-worship. "I have sat at the feet of Gamaliel" seems written on every page. It is, of course, impossible to believe that the writer has deliberately catered to a Canadian public which, be it Tory or not, still idolizes "the old chief" of Conservation. The effect, however, is the same. The lives have been successful, but this success has been bought at a terrible price. Behind them lies plenty of spade-work, plenty of sifting, a personal knowledge, extending over years, which no one else possessed; yet we feel that there has been rather wilful

selection, rather the lover's desire to bind the spell than the truth-seeker's aim to present the man whole and entire in scorn of consequences. Scarcely any modern political biographies in Canada have, in the ideal sense, been greater failures. Dr. Parkin, writing with none of Sir Joseph Pope's advantage, has produced a worthier book. It is weakest where Pope, by his opportunities, ought to have been strongest, but it has a dignity, a polish, a balance, and an insight which overwhelm its predecessors. Dr. Parkin's culture, however, is cosmopolitan, not merely Canadian.

Perhaps Sir John Willison's "Sir Wilfrid Laurier" is the greatest biography in Canadian biographical literature. Laurier was a spellbinder; that epithet, indeed, explains much of his success and of his failure. When the spell worked there was always brilliant performance, when it failed there was a splutter of ineffective fire, the anti-climax of tottering witchcraft. Yet no Canadian had a more worldwide fame. Born in French Canada, a child of the older ideals, of the older civilization, and of the older religion, trained in the *cénacle* of Antoine Dorian, the brilliant French-Canadian opponent of Federation, he took up the reins of Liberal leadership as they fell from the hands of Edward Blake—most honest, most learned, most sincere of Canadian politicians; too kindly for the rough and tumble of party, too sensitive for the fierce impact of public life. A Roman Catholic at a moment in Canadian life when religious passions were fanned to a white heat, Laurier could accept a challenge from his own church and fight as no one else has fought the battle of Liberalism in the widest sense in his native province of Quebec. A romantic figure, too, he im-

pressed the British Empire as premier of a great sister nation who derived his culture largely from a foreign tradition, and who owed the development of his natural abilities to an atmosphere almost entirely un-British.

Like Sir Joseph Pope, Sir John Willison had singular opportunities of knowing the man whose life he has attempted to portray; and writing at the height of Laurier's fame and influence he had all the occasions of biographical sin ready at hand. As yet there had been no failure to interpret the national pulse, no reliance on mere spellbinding in an agonizing moment in the world's history, no fatal shadow of inexplicable shortcoming over the years of service. Sir John Willison brought to his work careful training as a journalist in the best days of Canadian journalism. He had an intimate knowledge of public life, of the party machine, of political inside history. Possessing himself something of Laurier's personal charm, he has developed a distinction in style which gives his volumes literary grace. Though Laurier was his political chief at the time of writing, there is little adulation. National criticism, judicious pronouncements, balanced judgments abound. The narrative moves along with fascination, because the author takes the reader into his confidence. We can almost hear him tell the story; we can almost hear him think; we can almost watch the care with which the words are weighed, episodes valued, movements interpreted, and praise and blame distributed. It is not too much to say that Willison's "Laurier" belongs to the same class as Morley's "Gladstone". Of course, the scale is less, the events never so momentous, the stage and figures very small in

comparison, but from the point of view of the history of modern Canada, the work is indispensable.

There are undoubtedly severe limitations. Laurier was still alive, and even though his power had largely narrowed down to the limits of his own province, yet "the old warhorse" had much of the old spell and the old vitality; though perhaps the fire and harness were those of a world that died in the agonies of the Great War. Thus, it is hard to say what the judicial hand of time will write on Laurier when the final winnowing of his history has been made. One thing, however, is certain: Willison's work will not be idly thrown aside. It represents the greatest advance in Canadian biographical literature. If there is a note of rhetoric here and there that grates on the ear of the fastidious critic, and a "jerkiness" at places which seems to protrude in the general purity of form, yet we feel that Canada possesses a prose writer who can lighten up a political subject with literary color and literary distinction.

Finally, it may not be amiss to close on the personal note. There has been a distinct advance in biographical literature during the last few years in Canada; but there is still too much self-consciousness and too little self-criticism in Canadian life to give any assurance of anything like uniform success. Sir Charles Tupper's "Recollections" and Sir Richard Cartwright's "Reminiscences" illustrate this point from the angle of personal character. Tupper and Cartwright were two of the lesser men who watched in those pregnant autumn days of the Quebec Conference when faith in Federation struggled with the hard facts of political deadlock. It is a platitude to say that autobiography is exceedingly difficult. The

Benvenuto Cellinis and the Benjamin Franklins are few, and even Homer—in Lord Morley's "Recollections"—sometimes nods. If biography has external difficulties, autobiography has countless internal problems to solve before it can be successful.

These two books may be said to be the pioneers of literary autobiography in Canada; perhaps they are worthy of that place. The more interesting is Tupper's. He was a bigger figure than Cartwright, and he stood forward at the end of his life as the champion of the closer federation of the British Empire. The common chord through all the pages is unbounded optimism. No cloud seems to have crossed Tupper's horizon, and he had infinite confidence in himself, and his causes are divine in potential and ultimate success. The note throughout is ponderous. There is nothing naïve, nothing piquant—and this from a man whose whole life was spent in the world of politics, who was Premier of Canada. Never a touch of liveliness, not a word of political philosophy, not a glimmer of insight in these heavy and confused pages. The spirit of self-confidence is never brought face to face with the spirit of self-criticism. The book only approaches literature: it will finally be classified as historical material—without introduction and explanatory notes—compiled by a man who can complacently call himself "the grand old statesman".

Like Tupper, Cartwright spent his life in politics. His note is more intimate, but he was a violent personal partisan. Flitting from one political camp to another, his personal judgments are one-sided, and hatred seems to have developed within him into a special vocation. His pronouncements, then, on political figures such

as Macdonald and Blake are vindictive and unjust, and indicate as much a want of the sense of *comme il faut* as the blunder in form—a series of imaginary interviews with a newspaper reporter—indicates a lack of literary perception. In political questions, however, apart from personal, there is more insight than in Tupper's book. Cartwright labored under no delusions about the divinity of parties as Tupper did, and he can trace political tendencies, where Tupper only blunders along in optimistic assurance.

On the whole, neither book will live as autobiography. It is true that autobiography works from the inner to the external, that egoism is its *primum mobile*, and that its success is proportionate to the self-absorption of the writer. Its universal motto might be Benjamin Franklin's: "It would not be altogether absurd if a man were to thank God for his vanity among the other comforts of life". Its keynote is lyrical. But, like the lyric, it needs discrimination. Neither

Tupper nor Cartwright possesses this in any degree. Both books undoubtedly possess that *sine qua non* of autobiography—egoism; but there is an overdose—it is the egoism of egoism. Both men were moral egoists, not literary egoists, and as a result their books are failures as literature. Too much conscious and predominating subjectivity is as fatal to autobiography as to the lyric. The books can at least stand as finger-posts marked "danger" to those Canadians who contemplate writing in this literary form.

Joseph Howe. By J. W. Longley. Morang and Co.

The Tribune of Nova Scotia. By W. L. Grant. Glasgow: Brook and Co.

Cartier. By H. D. De Celles. Morang and Co.

Sir George Etienne Cartier. By J. Boyd. The Macmillan Co.

Sir John A. Macdonald. By G. R. Parkin. Morang and Co.

Memoirs of the Right Honourable Sir John Alexander Macdonald. By Sir Joseph Pope. Durie.

The Day of Sir John Macdonald. By Sir Joseph Pope. Glasgow: Brook and Co.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier. By Sir J. S. Willison. 2 vols. Morang and Co.

Recollections of Sixty Years in Canada. By Sir Charles Tupper. Cassell and Co.

Reminiscences. By Sir Richard Cartwright. William Briggs.

COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT

*Freudian
America*

I do not know anything about Freud; in fact, to make a clean breast of it from the start, until fairly recently I suffered from a tendency to confuse psychology with physiology or even philology, and to class all three in my mind as among the words I must use with caution, being incurably ignorant of their meaning.

English people, as a rule, are not, like Americans, really alive to the exciting fact that they are alive. They live crudely on until they die, they fall in love, they fight wars, they go to church, and never dream of forming clubs and of meeting once a week to explain these phenomena to each other. Deliberate discussion on a given subject at a given moment is very rare in England. The Englishman, I am sorry to say, seldom goes to his neighbor's house except in search of a meal. During the meal possibly such subjects as love, the league of nations, the moral law, or labor unrest may arise by mistake, as it were, but nobody ever arrives prepared for these contingencies. I have never even heard of anyone in my native country attending a Browning tea, or a reading of modern verse; and I tremble to think what would be the fate of a guest who arrived primed with a little paper to read to the company on Bolshevism in the Old Testament, or a comparison between Spinoza and John Ruskin—an event which, I understand, would cause no surprise

in the United States. Anybody in England who thinks of a good thing to say and, while determined to say it, can never find an opening for it in his circle, may go and stand on a tub at Marble Arch. Unlimited tubs are at the disposal of the British public, and we are all at liberty to release our complexes thus. Only unfortunately we never know that we are doing so. To know exactly what you are doing is an American luxury.

English minds, I must suppose, work even as American minds do, but they work mechanically all by themselves; so to speak, they blush unseen, and their owners remain unaware of their processes. Even if we could discuss them, I think to do so would be branded as vulgar, as though we should call attention to our digestive organs.

Not only do talkers in America make dates on which to talk—a thing, I repeat, incomprehensible to the vague English mind—but they travel immense distances in order to meet other talkers on their special subjects. They spend their summers in colonies: there are whole villages full of writers, seashores black with artists, mountains encrusted with devotees of New Thought, camps specially built to the glory of Freud. Every American seems to know every other American with a kindred soul. No force on earth could keep asunder two admirers of one theory, though one be born in Portland, Maine, and the other in Portland, Oregon. Being pliable and intent on remaining inconspicuous, I also travel hopefully in the wake of

hostesses to sit at the feet of prophets, and learn why, how, and whether I am alive. I have remained politely awake through so many discussions that, though I know nothing about psychology, I have learned something about psychologists, at any rate amateur psychologists.

I know the inevitable clamorer after definitions; I know the young man who, overrating his own courage, begins to read in a mixed company a paper on certain of Freud's theories, and, on reaching the salient points of the paper, balks, blushes, treads on his own toes for a few embarrassing moments, and then skips tamely to the safe conclusion. I know the people—ninety per cent of amateur psychologists belong to this class—who attend the discussion simply in order to illustrate it with complexes of their own, and who interrupt any impersonal debate with such questions as: "Say, can you account for the fact that whenever I hear the name of Senator Lodge my right toe twitches?", or "Do you know, I once had an aunt who unconsciously began to howl like a wolf whenever bananas appeared upon the table. Is there any precedent for this?" With my accustomed eye I can see these questions straining like greyhounds on the leash from the first, and when they are all let loose together at the first pause, the effect is most exciting and confusing. I know the person, generally a woman, who has a complex to release of such a very complicated character that she spends the whole evening in intermittently emitting disjointed words which fail to convey anything to anybody, although the whole company is anxious to help and instruct her at the first sign of coherence. I know the person who always insists on going backward into the remote history of every phrase

and every word, and, after delivering an extempore lecture for thirty minutes, adds—"But perhaps I should make myself clearer if I read you a little paper which I wrote last night", and then spends the next thirty minutes in reading the lecture she has just delivered. I know the person—generally a man—who has a mania for summarizing; if he had his way every discussion would be a summary of the last discussion, a form of inbreeding, so to speak, which would eventually cause the whole enterprise to die of inanition. I know the person—always a man—who cannot make out what it is all about, but who wakes up now and then to ask a question which brings shame upon the earnest wife who brought him.

I think I may say that I have become an expert objective psychologist. I admit I still do not even know Freud's first name, but I flatter myself that I can now sit gracefully at the feet of any of his admirers. No complex, no repression, no release ever dawns on my horizon now without being wistfully encouraged by me—albeit without comprehension—and stored up for future use in order that I may show a spurious intelligence on suitable occasions. I keep a little stock of complicated and cultured dreams ready to my hand, and recite them to analyzers on request. I industriously examine even my most melancholy moods, and by this fascinating occupation prove the truth of that beautiful saying—(was it Ella Wheeler Wilcox's?)—that every cloud, if analytically turned inside out, can show a silver lining.

But it must be fun to be an American, and automatically know everything about one's self from birth.

—STELLA BENSON

The Literary Row

There are two kinds of rows, but the one I mean is a fight—a beautiful, lovely, all-around fight, with no essential part missing; and that is what a literary row is.

There are other kinds of rows: the matrimonial row, which has its merits, although it generally lacks originality and is always built on the same old foundation. There is, in fact, never anything unexpected about the matrimonial row—you always know beforehand just what is going to happen. There are also good points about the family row, but it is generally a vulgar affair, and has about it a kind of indecency which does not enhance its attractiveness. The theatrical row is sometimes impressive, though generally too brutal and provocative of unpleasant atrocities. It lacks gentility; and the intense egotism and gross materialism of the parties involved, together with their evident desire to make money out of it by advertisement—all these things give the theatrical row an undoubted flavor of dullness. Indeed, it is usually nothing but a horrible knock-down and drag-out kind of business, frequently overalcoholic, and usually disgusting and undramatic.

But the literary row is a tragic joy. When it gets going properly it takes in everything; there is no element missing to make it a success. All the various ingredients are there: envy, hatred, malice, and a whole combination of other things which you wouldn't believe it was possible to bring together in such profusion if you didn't see the thing working before your eyes.

Naturally, there are always women in a literary row, and when, in the

bargain, they are literary women, so much the more assured is the crowning success of the row. One genuine, simon-pure literary woman can plan and carry through almost any literary row to ultimate victory. If in addition to being a literary woman, she is also a woman editor (as sometimes happens) the nth power of the literary row is then assured. For this lady has imagination, experience, conceit, and an unbounded courage. That is to say, she has courage if she hasn't been an editor too long, and her spirit isn't broken.

Now I do not, for one moment, mean to imply that all literary rows are instigated by women, by literary women, or by women editors. I merely wish to say that no literary row is complete without one of these protagonists. As for the other actors, there is rarely any complaint about their number or variety. They are drawn from all walks of life. There is generally a publisher, a male author (although this species appears to be dying out), a futurist, an imagist or something of that sort, one or two philistines, an artist *au naturel*, several disinterested "friends", who usually act as witnesses and spend their time in lying about what has happened, and a literary agent. Of course literary rows can be pulled off without literary agents, but they are generally used when possible, as they lend an air of altruism to the whole affair and lift it above the sordid realm of the mere publisher.

The literary row is the only kind of row that can be classed as a work of genuine sanguinary art. For this reason you can always view it from various angles and from each angle it presents a different aspect. Another characteristic thing about it is that nobody ever quite knows where it

started. One poor devil of an author may have stolen an idea from another and sold it to a publisher, but afterward it may easily be proved that the idea didn't belong to the one who claimed it anyway—the man who thought he owned it may have got it from someone else. Or a woman editor may reject a manuscript written by a beautiful young authoress who was taken home in a taxicab from a bohemian blowout by the husband of the woman editor. It would, however, be extremely unfair to give more than a hint of the great variety of motives and scenes which constitute the framework of every literary row. But if we approach it philosophically, we shall begin to see why it is so remarkable. All the characters in it—with the possible exception of the author and the publisher—have imagination, that is, creative ability. This enables them to visualize every possibility of mendacity, jealousy, and so on. And as they are adepts in morbid introspection, and additional misinformation about what has happened is always forthcoming, the possibilities are unlimited. As the row proceeds on its course, it drags in printers' devils, innocent cashiers and business managers, newspaper reporters, and one or two patrons of literature (those silent sufferers that nobody ever hears of, the gentlemen who pay the cost of printing some book which the hapless author cannot get before the world in any other way).

One of the reasons for the superiority of the literary row over all others lies in its destructive power. A matrimonial or family row generally means either that a wife or a certain piece of property is exchanged or adjusted. But a literary row leaves behind it a chain of blasted reputations, of broken bank accounts, of people out of a job,

or men and women with careers ruined.

For example, one incidental result of past literary rows is the conventional idea now accepted by many ordinary minds that a man and a woman, if they both happen to be literary, cannot get along together when married; and that, in case they are so stupid as to commit this blunder, they must inevitably come to grief. The result of this is that all literary people who are so unfortunate as to fall in love with one another, start out with this preconceived obsession. The fact that they both like the same things spells ruin. The woman, having talent, must necessarily be disorderly and undomestic. The man, also having talent, must be morally irresponsible and eventually have to be put out of the house and chained to the woodshed, or put on a wire trolley. This stupid lie is actually and unconsciously accepted by large numbers of people with literary proclivities who dread to marry other literary people whom they have been so unlucky as to love, for fear they will shortly have to secure a divorce on the ground of compatibility. The truth is of course that it is possible to lead a decent life even if one is presumably intelligent, as literary people are presumed to be. I do not mean to imply that literary people are always intelligent. But when they are not, possibly their true literary qualities are not so genuine as they appear.

It is quite possible for two people to live together happily and to love each other enduringly and to have tastes that are quite in common. As a matter of fact, getting along together after marriage is an affair not so much of intelligence and mental proclivities, as it is of sensibility and character. People who pursue literary

work, be they men or women, usually have to invade their own homes with their trade, and as they are from necessity obliged to cultivate a certain selfishness in order to get their work done, all this is likely to cause trouble unless the various parties acquire character and common sense. The proper business of literary people when they live together is to avoid talking shop, not to encroach overmuch on the time and labor of one another, to cultivate humility, and to realize that the commonest things of life are the most interesting. As for the literary row, it often sweeps off their feet and permanently wrecks two young people just starting out, who love each other and who have a right to a good expectation of continued hap-

piness. It winds its venomous way through Bohemia; it penetrates the sanctum of the editor; it "grips" the publisher, it infuriates the landlord, and raises general hob with a whole company of people.

In nine times out of ten it is caused by the fact that literary people take themselves too seriously. They have an exaggerated idea of their own importance. They are often overselfish, and inasmuch as their writing does not put too great a strain upon their accuracy, in their hands the literary row takes on all the qualities of a masterpiece of fiction which, in common with most masterpieces, is great in proportion to the number of characters that are killed off.

—THOMAS L. MASSON

CONCERNING YARNS

BY BRIAN HOOKER

There are two ways of enjoying a story. One is the pleasure of artistic appreciation, which is a taste more or less cultivated and mature, the pleasure of testing the true portrayal of things we know, of noticing how truly the mirror has been held up to nature: the pleasure of assent. The other is the pleasure of wonder, the news interest as it were in things we personally know nothing about, the enjoyment of a story precisely because no such events have happened nor probably ever can happen to us in our lives. And this last is by all odds the more popular and universal pleasure of the two. The cultured reader at this point murmurs in his mind, "Ah, yes—realism and romance"; but it is not quite that, either. For the grim-

iest realism becomes thus darkly wonderful to those whose lives are lapped in lavender; and the wildest romance is thus enjoyed not with any sense of romantic art, but for the pleasure of vicarious adventure.

Now, this delight in a fiction beyond our own experience of fact, though it be nowise consciously artistic, is yet the oldest and the most natural pleasure art can give. It goes back to national childhood; for the legends of every race date long before its epics, and there is no photography in folklore. As for the individual child everywhere, he accepts with equal gusto the chronicles of another little boy who had his hair cut Dutch, or the most elvish fancies of fairyland. That is because to him facts them-

selves are still fanciful. But go on with him a few years until, as the shades of the prison house begin to close, you shall find him turning from tales of school and home to read of Indians and cowboys and the gory pirates of the Spanish Main; while his little sister from the like impulse palpitates over exquisite love affairs beyond her age. And when at last the light of common day beats pitilessly into every corner, and all the horizon-lines are sharply drawn, the instinct for escape into imagination reaches a greater stature. Some of us may know something about art; but all of us know what we like, and what we like is the unknown. That is what sends the Tired Business Man to the girl-and-music show. The facts he may get, if he chooses, at the stage entrance; but the facts are unsatisfying. What he wants is to behold the unearthly feminine cavorting under a light that never was on sea or land. That is what makes *matinée* heroes heroic equally to maid and matron; for the one has never fully known a lover, and the other knows that John was never like this. It is the same instinct which has made the fame of Robert Chambers extend far beyond Fifth Avenue and the country houses of Long Island; the same which has made Sherlock Holmes a name to conjure with almost everywhere except among detectives and policemen. All the unknown appears magnificent; but most of all, that which the limitation of our actual life has made unknowable.

And it is almost wholly an affair of identifying ourselves with the chief person of the tale, and in that character living awhile more richly than our actual lives allow. It was a lady who said: "*Je n'aime que des romans dont je puis être moi-même la héroïne*".

But there is nothing particularly feminine in that feeling. We men, no less, love those romances best of which we can imagine ourselves the hero; and no man is a hero to his own experience. So we demand the simple hero and the striking plot; the personality in which we can array ourselves without having to make-believe too violently, and the adventure as remote from humdrum actualities as may be. The very title of "*Alice in Wonderland*" symbolizes the spirit of the whole matter: an ordinary little girl in an extraordinary world. We can all be Alice, if only it were given all of us to arrive in Wonderland. And the later adventure of the same young person points nicely the distinction between the artistic pleasure of the few readers and the personal enjoyment of the general. For those few delight, like the superior Hamlet, in seeing the mirror held up to nature; but we others care not to look into reflections however true, but rather to step with Alice through the looking-glass into that strange land upon the other side. I remember in college days a discussion of some new novel, and one who said in awestruck tones: "You know, I've got a brother who's engaged, and *he* says that reading those love scenes is just like being in love yourself".

If youth but knew! Or if age, knowing too many facts of this old world, could in some perilous land even yet uncharted put on again the divine astonishment of young eyes! As we live onward, each one settles more and more into his own familiar rut, long since grown humdrum; and whether his accustomed way be that of the lizard on the rock or the eagle mounting to the sun, matters never a straw—contempt still grows upon familiarity. Rosy and golden skies

turn brass above us; be sure that the peacock and the tiger dress to their own sight in somber colors. So we make fiction our escape from fact, and in the person of hero or heroine taste of a richer life still iridescent with surprises, wherein danger and pain are strangely pleasant for the sake of the adventure they contain.

We do not explain this very clearly to ourselves; but then, we do not as a rule explain anything to ourselves very clearly. We say, popularly, that we do not like the sordid and the grievous in books: we get enough of that in life. And there is truth in this. But see how our leisurely and luxurious flock to the problem play, or devour the despairing novel. They say it is because they desire art; but it is not. It is because, like the rest of us, they desire the unfamiliar. We will all sup greedily upon horrors, if only they have a happy ending. That we indeed demand, because after the average reader has lived in the person of some character for three hundred pages, it gives him an unpleasant shock to have that character die or go to hell alive. Only a very strong and happy age can luxuriate in grief; and our own is naturally occupied with proclaiming its own grandeurs and glories: that is to say, with whistling to keep up courage. Nevertheless, we delight in the imagination of adversities which nothing would tempt us actually to undergo; probably from a flattering sense of huge endurance, as Tom Sawyer gloated over the dream of being a hermit in a cave. Our serious opinion as to the saint and the desperado alike is frankly that we would rather see than be one; but to be one in fancy and never count the cost—that lies very near the heart of secret longing. It is a truly dreadful reflection to consider what sort of literature would

be popular among the inhabitants of a conventional heaven. Perhaps in the intervals of harp playing they all read "Paradise Lost". And doubtless the damned (if any such there be) find a romantic interest in the pages of Rabindranath Tagore.

That is the real secret of popularity in modern romantic fiction from the beginning: a triumph not of literary art, but of adventures delivered at the door, to be enjoyed in comfort by the fireside. That was what made the general appeal of Scott and Byron and Bulwer-Lytton; of Charlotte Brontë, glaring upon conventional society through a passion of cloistered innocence; of Dickens, filling gray London with stranger creatures than are dreamed of in all mythology. That is why people vaguely respect Stevenson for a mysterious something called style, but frankly love him for "Jekyll" and for "Treasure Island"; or prefer Mr. Kipling in his earlier work, not as the perfect artist he has since become, but as the discoverer of a new world in the orient. That is the strength of the excellent ferocities of Jack London—by no means the philosophy which he strove to preach, but that lure of the great northwest which is felt so keenly by down-east-ers. That was what set us all reading war books for three years; precisely because we could not go to the war. And now that the war is over, the same human hunger turns back insatiate to its ordinary food of peaceful times, to tales of crime and mystery and adventure by land and sea, to whatever promises taking the reader out of his routine, and making him boylike the desperado of a dream, or the Odysseus of a leisure hour. I myself have just been reading within the compass of a month some fifty or sixty such tales, pretty well a whole

season's output of yarns. If it had been art, I must have surfeited long since. But I was reading as he who runs may read, for adventure; and I came to the last story with as fresh an interest as to the first.

A full half of all our adventure stories have to do in one way or another with crime. This is natural; for crime, as our daily papers tell us, is ever in our midst. And yet it remains fascinatingly unknown and mysterious, the nearest borderland of the world of romance. Most of us never suffer nor commit any breach of the more exciting commandments, nor otherwise become involved in any web of mysterious misdoing. We should be excessively uncomfortable if we did. All the more is this darkly wild environment of real heroes and villains pleasurable upon the printed page. And it is easy upon the imagination too, since these desperate affairs take place amid familiar scenes. Aside from the detective stories, which are in a class by themselves, there are always plenty of moving mysteries where the hero whose being we borrow for the nonce becomes enmeshed, innocently or otherwise, in some criminal complication. Two books of this kind stand out well among the rest. One is "The Blind Man's Eyes", by William MacHarg and Edwin Balmer, a really original and unusual story of business wickedness and intrigue. Its strong point is its intelligence. But do not be frightened, it will not make the reader think too hard. The brain work is done by the persons of the story. The other, Gertrude Atherton's "Mrs. Balfame", has for heroine a club-woman and suburban social leader who, if she did not indeed murder her husband, at least honestly tried to do so. There is genuine literary value too; real peo-

ple, and a veritable sense of things as they do actually happen. Mrs. Atherton likes to use one queer and far-fetched word to the half-dozen pages; and she simply cannot contain her spleen against the hateful men and the more hateful women who feel feminine about them. But this last is hardly a drawback nowadays. It should refresh all irritable wives; and for the others, there is a good sensational murder case, planned out with cleverness and skill, and very adequately written. Among others of the same general type, "Branded" by Francis Lynde has an unusual point of view. The hero is undeservedly imprisoned at the start; and the rest of the story deals with his efforts and adventures in shaking off that taint and digging a fortune out of the ground in the far west. "The Death Cry" by Darby Hauck involves a very genuine woman in a murder charge brought against the man who is her good friend and neighbor. "Suspense" by Isabel Ostrander, though it hardly suggests any sort of reality, yet makes a fair show of living up to its title. And "The White Rook" by J. B. Harris-Burland is such a tale as Henry Seton Merriman used to tell, though hardly told as he would tell it.

The pure type of detective story, which begins with a crime, develops through the unraveling of clues, and ends with solution and explanation, is really a sort of game between the author and the reader to see who shall first reach the true answer of the puzzle. It is thus different from other yarns, in that the reader remains more outside the story while he reads—concerned more as a spectator, less as an imaginative participant. And the fun of the thing depends almost entirely upon two points: the personality of the detective, and the cleverness and

fairness with which the game of mental hide-and-seek is played. Sherlock Holmes was of course supreme in both: he was himself a genuine discovery; and the stories were interesting mysteries honestly worked out. The immortal Sherlock usually did some real thinking, based upon data of which the reader was fairly made aware; so the reader enjoyed being beaten at the game, and gave the hero full credit for analytical genius. And the course of detective fiction for the last several years has been for the most part a search for some worthy successor to the wizard of Baker Street. Thus far, his mantle has not anywhere conspicuously fallen; rather has the garment been parted in the struggle, with much waving of tattered fragments. Perhaps the authors would deny this, but it is no less true.

Pretty well all the detectives of recent fiction, and certainly the best of them, are no more than degenerate Sherlocks in disguise. Christopher Quarles, in the two volumes of stories by Percy James Brebner, is as good as any. He produces an occasional effect of reasoning, and the stories themselves are well thought of. Then there is Craig Kennedy, Arthur B. Reeve's detective-scientist. "The Panama Plot" is his latest volume. Probably fame and fortune await the creator of the next really original and striking specialist in crime. But he will not be found easily, because original ideas do not come by prayer and fasting, nor always to those who can use them to good advantage. Meanwhile, we may be content with such as are good stories, though lacking an important hero. And indeed that is enough to ask. There is nothing easier to write than a detective story, if the mere writing were all: it does not need to be well written; and the

trick of suspense upon which its structure depends is simply the most facile tool in every author's workshop. But to invent a good detective plot is very difficult indeed, and calls for more combined brains and honesty and willing labor than many authors can compass.

Henry Leverage in "Whispering Wires" has a good idea. "In the Night" by R. Gorell Barnes is logical and entertaining beyond the average. And the Baroness Orczy has turned her familiar skill in fiction of the cloak-and-sword order to making a series of historical detective stories called "The Man in Grey", whose scene is laid in France in the time of the Chouans, those patriot-criminals of the Empire. But by all odds the best new book of the type is "Uncle Abner" by Melville Davisson Post. The setting, among the Virginia Hills a generation before the Civil War, is interesting in itself as an unfamiliar bit of our own history. The stories are admirably reasoned out, and written with a grim sententious flavor of the Old Testament style at once unusual and effective. Mr. Post is always intelligent; but this is the best sheer writing he has done. And Uncle Abner himself, the puritan pioneer who is a sort of amateur detective to the countryside, is a genuine character and an original one. He is not a new Sherlock Holmes, because he is not (as fiction) sufficiently modern and universal; but he is something more than well worth while.

In the domain of pure adventure, the sea stories take first place. All that should rightfully belong to piracy and the Spanish Main, color and thrills and gory throat-slitting and a captive maiden and a plague-ship manned by the pestilential dead, go to the making of Randall Parrish's "Wolves of the Sea": a comfortably orthodox tale of

its type, wherein no natural expectation shall be disappointed. "The Oilskin Packet", by Reginald Berkeley and James Dixon, pleasantly surprises one by being a good honest piece of workmanship. For it is nothing in the world but "Treasure Island" retold. You would expect so frank a copy to be carelessly done; or else that people who could tell a tale so well would take the trouble to invent one of their own. There is another story of buried treasure, Richard Le Gallienne's "Pieces of Eight": a modern one, with the pirates left out and replaced by a villain more or less perfunctory. Mr. Le Gallienne waxes very luscious over his heroine; and there are rosy dreams a plenty, kept carefully within the literal proprieties—a book for boys and virgins, by all means. Harold MacGrath finds a good title, "The Girl in His House", and lives up to the expectations it implies. She is a nice girl, and the circumstances of her domicile in the hero's home are sufficiently entertaining.

Finally there are some half-dozen books which fall rather into a category by themselves because of their connection with the war. They are not war books, in the too familiar sense which we are promptly beginning to avoid; but stories of international intrigue,

of diplomacy, or of the secret service, to which the war forms a more or less accidental background. And some of the best adventure stories of the year are of this kind. "The Man with the Club Foot", for instance, by Valentine Williams is a really admirable tale of the British secret service in Germany, vivid and well written and exciting, and affording a most satisfying loathsome vision of the Hun. You will not go to bed until you finish it. "The Unseen Hand" by Clarence Herbert New works out in wild and somewhat unconvincing improbability an excellent idea of a sort of super-secret service group of amateurs. A new and mildly amusing detective appears in the person of Inspector Dawson, with his combined human vanity and superhuman success. "The Lost Naval Papers" by Bennet Copplestone is the book in which the excellent Dawson has his being. E. Phillips Oppenheim presents two more exciting intrigues of his regular pattern, "The Pawns Count" and "The Zeppelin's Passenger". Neither is quite so good as "The Double Traitor" of three years ago, but they are up to his familiar standard. Talbot Mundy's "Hira Singh" is adventure of an entirely different sort, the tale of a Sikh regiment captured by the Germans and

The Blind Man's Eyes. By William MacHarg and Edwin Balmer. Little, Brown and Co.

Mrs. Balfame. By Gertrude Atherton. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Branded. By Francis Lynde. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Death Cry. By Darby Hauck. The Robert Shores Corporation.

Suspense. By Isabel Ostrander. Robert M. McBride and Co.

The White Rook. By J. B. Harris-Burland. Alfred A. Knopf.

The Master Detective. By Percy James Brebner. E. P. Dutton and Co.

The Panama Plot. By Arthur B. Reeve. Harper and Bros.

Whispering Wires. By Henry Leverage. Moffat, Yard and Co.

In the Night. By R. Gorell Barnes. Longmans, Green and Co.

The Man in Grey. By Baroness Orczy. George H. Doran Company.

Uncle Abner. By Melville Davisson Post. D. Appleton and Co.

Wolves of the Sea. By Randall Parrish. A. C. McClurg and Co.

The Oilskin Packet. By Reginald Berkeley and James Dixon. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Pieces of Eight. By Richard Le Gallienne. Doubleday Page and Co.

The Girl in His House. By Harold MacGrath. Harper and Bros.

The Man with the Club Foot. By Valentine Williams. Robert M. McBride and Co.

The Unseen Hand. By Clarence Herbert New. Doubleday Page and Co.

The Lost Naval Papers. By Bennet Copplestone. E. P. Dutton and Co.

The Pawns Count. The Zeppelin's Passenger. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Little, Brown and Co.

Hira Singh. By Talbot Mundy. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

The Island Mystery. By G. A. Birmingham. George H. Doran Company.

escaping across Asia Minor into Afghanistan, and so to India again. Here is as strange and stirring a story as one could wish, a modern Anabasis with all those qualities of humor and warfare and humanity which in our schoolboy days we missed in that most unappreciated classic. And to end the list, we have one delicious specimen of pure comedy, the farcical combination of a joyously disreputable minor king, an American millionaire, his daughter who buys an island so that she may be queen there-

of, and a native girl who learns English from hearing the sailors curse; with a Hun, an M. P., and an estimable young man thrown in for good measure. The book has been called a comic opera in narrative; but it is really a good deal more like the lamented Frank Stockton at his whimsical best. Why Mr. Birmingham should have called it "The Island Mystery" is itself a trifle mysterious. For the only mystery about it is how anything coming out of Ireland in war-time could be such fun.

GENTLE READER

BY F. TENNYSON JESSE

"Can you show me something really good, please?"

"This is very good, madam, quite the latest. Everyone is having this."

"Oh, I'll have it then. You're sure I shall like it?"

The assistant is quite sure, and Madam departs—not with the latest thing in dress material, as you might imagine, but with the product of a human brain, of experience; with that complex thing, born of heaven knows what mixed impulses, from need of bread to the urge of creation, that we call "only a novel". When she returns, having kept it the number of days allowed, perhaps she endorses the opinion of the librarian—who in nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand is no more fitted to have an opinion on books than a cat is to have one on the Milky Way—and then the librarian registers automatically the fact in her mind that it *must* be a good book because another customer has said so. Or perhaps the librarian

rashly recommended the book simply because it was new or had a striking cover or she liked the hero's name, or because she happened to open it at the page where it described the heroine as having the same colored hair as herself; but really in spite of these advantages, it is not a "nice" book at all, in which case the customer tells her so, with pain and some indignation. And straightway the librarian also is pained, and both have a feeling that someone has played a joke on them that is not in the best of taste. This is not an extreme picture—it is happening every day in every leading library in the world.

Or, again, you may see someone reading a book, once it is brought home in triumph from the library. The reader sits, perhaps, in a comfortable armchair, as every reader should—except the fortunate person who can take his book out-of-doors, puts up his feet and smokes. So far so good; these things should be part of the

ritual. One should read a book as one should listen to music—with perfect ease of body and no other human being anywhere near to disrupt the mind. But how often does one find these conditions carried out in either case? At a concert where a great performer is playing the works of a greater composer, people sit in rows, perturbed by the endless movements of their fellow humans, who open vanity-bags, rustle programmes, and blow their noses. The reader sits surrounded by families and friends, who interrupt to ask when the last train goes, to demand an opinion on preferential tariffs, or to repeat what Mary said when asked why she had given notice just when she knew it was bound to be most inconvenient to her considerate employer. Even if he is not directly attacked himself, one ear is bound to be affected by the description of how many shots it took to get out of the bunker at the seventh hole, or what other people think of the books they are reading.

Now, let us consider the undoubted fact that no one would expect a lover to be content to make love surrounded by people all talking to him and to each other. He may be allowed to be a lover—that is to say, his mental attitude is accepted and the holding of a surreptitious hand not prescribed; but that, as all the world knows, is not the whole art of making love. Reading a book is, or should be, making love.

It is the wedding of two minds, the delicate and easily-scared approach of one human being to another, the interchange of thought, by which man lives. It is more fragile in nature than what is usually called making love, because it has no allure of eye or seduction of sense to gloss over whatever might be found unsatisfactory in the intercourse of the soul. There-

fore, if anything, it requires even more carefully studied conditions than the wooing of a man and a maid, far more than the wooing of a man and a widow.

Yet—does a lover judge of the inner chances of his beloved by how she may treat him when all the old maids of the village are sitting round in a circle? No. But the reader finding his attention not held by a book which perhaps makes heavy demands on his mentality (which is only to say that the book is perhaps better than his brain unless he exerts the latter), finding that the chatter or the kindly-offered plate of cress sandwiches switches him off the track and breaks the atmosphere that the writer built up with heaven alone knows how much of care and pain—why, then, he finally drops the book and votes it rather dull. It is not, in his opinion, a “good book”.

Does he ever pause to consider whether he is a good reader? Was anyone ever heard to ask him or herself that question? And has any human being not passed an opinion on books?

The truth is that the reading of books is like love-making for more reasons than those stated above. It is like love-making because it takes two. It is not enough for the author to give, the reader must know how to take, and not only how to take, but how to give also in his turn. Who ever thinks of that, or asks himself: “Am I a good reader? Have I given that book a fair chance? Have I read it as I should like a book of mine, supposing I wrote one, to be read?”

A reader is very like any average decent member of a municipal council. He takes an interest in the orphanage in his town and in child-welfare as exemplified there; he likes to think the

poor little orphans have the best plain food, the best solid education, and the best stout boots suited to their station in life, but he does not say: "Is this where I should like to think of my own child being brought up?" For his own children he wants the other things of life—thin slippers, candy, dancing-lessons. Even thus is the author—for his child, too, he wants the finest flower of civilization; the plain fare necessary to maintain life does not satisfy him. The reader must bring the graces as well as the necessities which after all only consist of two eyes, in some cases supplemented by spectacles. It is what is brought into play behind the eyes that matters. It is sympathy, imagination, conscientiousness, and of these three the greatest is conscientiousness.

For without that, though he feel with the heart of men and of angels, it availeth him nothing. If he has "looked on", half—nay often very much more—of what the author has worked for is thrown away. What reader is there who can lay his hand on his heart and say he has never "looked on"?

To listen to outside things, and to "look on"—of these two sins is nearly every reader in the world guilty, to whichever of the two great classes of readers he belongs. For readers, even as writers, are divided into the two divisions of subjective and objective. Just as there is the author who writes to show his own soul and the author who writes to show the soul in some outside thing, so there is the reader who reads to get away from himself and he who reads to find himself. Between these two divisions it is not always easy to distinguish. In which, for instance, would you place the little scullery-maid who sits up in bed at night following the career of sweet

Gwendoline, who begins as a crushed little nursery governess and ends by marrying a duke? Nothing could be more alien from her life than even a nursery governess's experience of ducal mansions, to say nothing of the feel of the coronet when it is achieved; and yet undoubtedly it is in the latter class she belongs. It is herself, incongruous to any eyes but hers as it may appear, whom she sees in the white satin and the priceless pearls that are the gift of the bridegroom.

Nevertheless, though it is herself and not Gwendoline that the little maid sees, she is a good reader. She doesn't look on, because she knows it *must* "end well"; she doesn't listen to anyone else because if the other servant girl tried to speak to her she would tell her to shut up and not spoil it. She brings sympathy, because everyone can pretend about himself; conscientiousness, because everyone can see justice done to himself.

Yet that is not to say that the subjective reader is necessarily the best, though he is almost always fairly good; but not because of what he owes to the author, rather because of what he pays to himself. It stands to reason, therefore, that when anyone can manage to be a good objective reader, he is still better, because it means that he is getting beyond himself instead of turning round and round and admiring the view within. The subjective reader is centripetal, the objective is centrifugal; the one works inward on himself, the other flows out toward life. There are readers whose keenest delight is to say: "How true that is. I've often noticed that . . ." and there are others, though very much fewer, who like to be able to say: "I never thought of that . . . but I believe it's true". Both these can be good readers, though the latter is the

better, but most readers are only happy if they feel that nothing in the book was true at all, but only as they wish the truth could be.

It may be objected that the little scullery-maid is in the last-named class, although I have called her a good reader, but that would be a false conclusion. For her the miraculous career of Gwendoline could be true, and true of her, if only her circumstances were the same. She sees no inherent disability in herself or in life, only in the particular fate which made her work in a boarding-house. She is not the perfect reader, because she is subjective, but she is very high in the second class.

How many of the subscribers to the libraries can say as much? Or even think there is any necessity to say it? Lo, the poor author . . . defenseless, he lies at the mercy of every tired business man or idle woman, and he has no redress.

The past generation of scribes had a habit of interpolating remarks to the reader, cringingly calling him "gentle" in the midst of the narrative. Is it not possible that this arose from the instinctive feeling on the author's

part that all was not well with his reader, that he needed not only propitiating, but recalling at intervals to the story by means of being recalled to himself? In other words, was it not a recognition of the fact that the perfect objective reader is so rare as to be almost non-existent, and was it not an attempt frankly to make him subjective in the hope of, in that way, at least riveting his attention?

"But", the reader may exclaim here, trying to smother his uneasy conscience, "it can't be much of a book if it doesn't keep one's attention more than that . . ." Have you then been reading this article carelessly? My point is that a thoroughly bad reader can and does make what he is pleased to call a bad book. There are many books which no reading can make good—granted. The more careful the scrutiny given them the worse will they emerge from the ordeal, but that is only to say they are not worth reading at all. We all admit there are plenty of bad books, but who has given due thought to the bad readers? A book may not be worth looking at: but every book worth reading is worth reading well.

LITERARY VISITING IN ENGLAND

BY ARUNDEL COVE

Well, I had my hair cut in one of those ladylike "hair-dressers' shops", with the luscious wax busts, the feminine combs and curls in the window, and started out.

I had put in an industrious and highly interesting day writing to people that I didn't know, that I had arrived. And that I should like to look at them. Being a man of letters myself in a humble way, that is, an obscure journalist in New York.

Now enough has been written about Mr. Chesterton, one would think. But little or nothing has been said about his house. And, regarded as a garment of his mind, a man's house certainly is as interesting as his nose, and as indicative of character.

The little parlor in which you find yourself at Beaconsfield has, first, a good deal of English chintz in it. You have doubtless put up at some of those neat, old-fashioned inns of the English countryside. In the parlors of those inns, you recall, were stuffed birds in glass cases, gaily flowered wall-paper, much brightly painted china, and a miniature tin house (such as you had not seen since you were a small child at home), the occupants of which, a little tin man and woman, foretold the pending weather by their position at the two little doors. I do not positively remember any of these identical things in Mr. Chesterton's parlor; nevertheless, the general effect as it remains in my mind was very like the gay, simple, little parlors of these quaint, old, very English inns.

Next I was shown the "studio", a

clever contraption across the road. When the studio had been finished, I learned, it was not known what could be done with it, until it was discovered that it was a good place in which to give dances and amateur theatrical entertainments. "Do you believe in God?" Mr. Chesterton inquired at the gate; "for that is a very important thing", he said. "I do", I replied. "You must come to see me again", was then my parting word from the grand young man of England.

In one of the most delightful books in the world, by the way, the buoyant manner is at times something like this: "Now, I knew a man, and he did this and that. And I knew another man, and he was thus and so." "The Path to Rome" is the name of this book, and it was written by Hilaire Belloc. In it there is mention made of a very fine man. No reader could ever altogether forget the single paragraph about one very personable character. He was a large, laughing man (the author says), with tossing hair, who worked late at night, was very fond of the society of his friends, and talked continually. And that, without doubt, is the most inspired description that has ever been given of G. K. C.

As you continue on into the old village of Beaconsfield the first public house you enter is the "White Hart". "Mr. Chesterton lives in this village, I believe", you very likely say to the publican. "Oh, yes", this personage replies; "he comes in here every day or so. Yes, he doesn't care where he goes. Gets his ideas in here, he does.

Sits over there on that bench in the evenings, smokes his cigar—very fond of cigars, he is—and laughs like fun at all the boys say. He may be in presently now.” Some of the “boys” are there, several of the yokels from whom “Punch”, too, gets many of its ideas.

At the “Plough”, next public house on the way, the same conversation would occur.

Near to “Overroads”, Mr. Chesterton’s residence, in the village church “ . . . Lies Interred All that was Mortal of the Rt. Honourable Edmund Burke”, and in the churchyard is buried Edmund Waller. Disraeli, you remember, was earl hereabout. I did not have time the day I was there to visit “Milton’s Cottage”, in the vicinity. To a gentleman walking in the neighborhood of the railway station I made my remark concerning the prophet of this country, whom I had just seen. And I got quite a rise out of this gentleman. “Oh”, he exclaimed, “he’s a windbag. We don’t reckon on him much round here. He can’t reason logically.” And he was very urgent that I should visit the ancient Penn church, not far away, in the churchyard of which William Penn is buried.

One of the pleasant peculiarities of London is that a place is said to be “in” a street which it is not on at all. Frequently this is a considerable convenience. For instance, you do not know where Essex Street is, but you know quite well how to get to the Strand. And the address of the “New Witness” is something or other Essex Street, Strand. It is in a very modern building. There is an old-fashioned lift here. Here, before the war, the late Cecil Chesterton lived, when at business, in a microscopic office which overlooks the Victoria Embankment Gardens and a bit of the Temple.

“Yes, isn’t it a jolly place?” he said. A roly-poly little man, with merry eyes and a grin, a wilted collar and a very imperfect shave. Evidently shy when in the presence of powerful and impressive persons. He stood over against his bookcase all the while, sucked at an empty pipe which he made repeated efforts to light, and cast about in his mind for something to say. A happy idea coming to him, he asked how Mr. Roosevelt was. He was evidently relieved when I took my departure, though he earnestly urged me to come again.

Among the people I ran across in “Who’s Who” was Arthur Rackham. I thought I might as well go to see him. I’m glad I did. Mr. Rackham wrote to apologize for a delay of about twenty-four hours in replying to my letter. He lives in a delightful house tucked away in some kind of gardens in South Hampstead. He was eating dinner when I got there, and came in chewing, with his mouth full; supplied me with books, cigars, and cigarettes while he returned, as I insisted, to finish his meal. Very affable English gentleman. Did you know that his wife is an artist, too? Mr. Rackham is a knarled-looking person. He looks, in this respect, somewhat like one of his own imaginative conceptions of a tree, containing in its fibres the features of gnomes and goblins. Intensely interested in and sharply watchful of all the details in the reproduction of his pictures. Produced a letter from Mr. Heinemann as an exhibit in a discussion of the question: when is white paper white? Was more familiar with the publishing business in New York than any other person I saw in London. Most of them know no more about us over here than a goat. Said he never read criticisms of his work, or reviews or notices or

whatever you call 'em, as, dealing with things he had done in the past, they only switched him off the problems before him. Read a letter from a young American lady, art student, who was coming to see him, apparently very much in the same way that I had. Came with me as far as his gate. Said gaily, "Some day I'll knock at your door in New York".

I met a man in London who declared that he had never tasted beer, so I had tea with him in his garden. He has a vivacious French wife, a house of æsthetic atmosphere with Dürer prints all about, two small children who recite impressionist verse, a grey cap and suit to match (with trousers frayed at the bottom), a reddish-brown beard which sweeps his chest, features of high refinement, a dignified presence, courteous manners, a mild eye, a soft voice, an intellectual mind, and the name of Sturge Moore. He looks, in short, just like the photographs of Mr. Rabindranath Tagore; and he turns his head very seriously whenever he looks at you.

As he lives just across the street from John Masefield, we went over there. Mr. Masefield had told me by post-card (quite a habit they have over there of writing on post-cards; they frequently put things on post-cards that you would secure in a registered letter) that he was off on a far journey (they are continually just off for somewhere, those English). So we could only look over his house, and

a great deal of new Wedgwood china which was there. His house, in the pleasant and quiet residential district of Hampstead, is that of a gentleman in comfortable circumstances who makes considerable of a point, in his surroundings, of nice taste.

I did not see Mr. Shaw, because he did not reply to my letter concerning the matter.

At the Reform Club in Pall Mall, tall, august gentlemen, Englishmen every inch down to their grey spats, aristocratically stooped, presumably beneath the weight of government, pass before you as you wait in the spacious hall for the arrival of Mr. Belloc.

My grandfather, when I was a small boy in Indiana, used to wear boots made out of the same sort of leather that harness is made of. These were blacked with a kind of stove polish. He used to wear quite round cuffs with a high polish, fastened with big, dark stone cuff-buttons. His shirt was of the "boiled" variety, with a stiff, slick bosom. He wore a heavy, ready-made tie, stuffed with cotton. Now I do not say that the costume of Mr. Belloc, when I saw him, was identical with that of my grandfather. But in general effect his get-up was of that same period. As a writer, I think it will not be denied, he writes the best English now going in England. As a man he impressed me more, with his hearty, commanding character, than anyone I saw in that country.

ADVENTURES AND RIDDLES

BY H. W. BOYNTON

Haughty souls who think that fairy-tales are at best a kind of pretty nonsense, and that mystery stories are at best a kind of vulgar dream, need not bother with this article. Nor is it for those queer persons who speak respectfully of "The May Queen" and "Treasure Island" and "The Murders in the Rue Morgue", but have two blind eyes and an upturned nose for any new attempts at the same sort of thing. It is for the other people, and luckily there are a good many of them. I mean the people who like a good yarn just as they like anything else that is good, and are glad of a hint as to where, among the rubbish, it may be found. The stories I have grubbed up here (out of a sizable mountain of rubbish) seem to fall into three groups: yarns of atmospheric or spookish mystery, of secret service adventure, and of crime detection.

I have more than once advanced the theory (or let slip the notion) that literary quality is a secondary virtue in this general order of fiction—that, at all events, it is more or less wasted on the audience this fiction gets, and I have used the term "mechanical romance" to cover a kind of writing in which plot's the thing, so patently the thing that the reader no more cares about the style than the intelligent spectator of an expert chess game cares about the personal manners of the champion. But however true, or nearly true, this may be of the detective story proper (and I am going to question this presently), it is

certainly untrue of the atmospheric tale of mystery—of Stevenson's "The Merry Men", for instance, or of Mr. Hergesheimer's "Wild Oranges", or of the "Blue Aloes" of Cynthia Stockley. In South Africa the author of "The Claw", and "Poppy", and now of the four longish tales collected under the title of the first, has the advantage of a romantic atmosphere not untried, but hitherto unmastered, by any story-teller. She makes South Africa a place real and unique and her own in somewhat the same way, if not to the same degree, that the young Kipling set his seal on India. "Blue Aloes", the most striking among these present tales, has a strong dramatic situation rather than an elaborate plot.

It is effective not because of its structure in the mechanical sense, but because of its form in the artistic sense, its build and style and atmosphere. The land is strange, but as a physical presence it is quickly our own: what troubles and excites us is its secret menace, the half-felt evil lurking under the blue aloes of the old Karoo farm, and within the heavily barred shutters of its farmhouse. From the moment when, with a whispered warning (. . . "it was an hour when strange tree-creatures cry with the voices of human beings, and stealthy velvet-footed things prowl through places forbidden by day . . .") the tale begins, the note of horror steadily deepens—until the moment of predestined relief and elucidation.

"Sinister House" represents an almost equally successful and in a way more difficult feat. For the author has the advantage of no exotic atmosphere. He has set his little stage of terror as close as possible to the world of every day. It is at commuter's distance from the big city (say New York), up the famous river (say the Hudson), a neighbor's walk from "Forsby"—that snug, leveled, concrete-built suburb produced for the good of the race by a Common Sense Realty Company, and peopled by honest young couples with lawnmowers and Fords and baby-carriages and very decent prospects of moving on in due time to more spacious quarters and methods elsewhere. The stage itself is "a broken-down old wooden house, all squat and dark, on the edge of a precipice down to the river one way, and shut off from the sun and the rest of the world by a bunch of damp and half-rotten old evergreens the other". It has been a house of ill odor in the neighborhood, and deserted for years till a young wife takes an odd fancy to it and persuades her husband, who happens to own it, to settle down there. The pair are devoted to each other, but a strange cloud of horror and mystery hangs between them. The drama that ensues we watch through the eyes of a Forsby neighbor and friend. The weak point about the story is the narrator's wavering between a bookish and rather sophisticated style, and the blunt colloquialism proper to him as a "man in the street". But it is one of the best ghost stories of recent years.

The publishers of "Gregg" describe it, not unsuggestively, as "a psychological mystery story". It is a mystery not of plot but of character. The element of horror is supplied by the

fairly terrifying egotism of Gregg, an egotism hardly conscious of itself and therefore all the more menacing to others. As in her earlier story, "Solitaire", the writer has taken an apparently simple and "average" fellow being and invested him with wonder by letting us, tentatively, into the secret of his ruling passion. Nature has "camouflaged" Gregg with his mother's charming smile, and an air of reserved force from some less determinable quarter. Though he does and says little, people give him credit for all kinds of things. He is able to be a dullard and a parasite and a slacker without reproach. Only two persons, his wife and the friend who tells the story, ever see what he is. Even the selfish and idle accident of his death takes on romantic meaning for the easy world at large. This is not a popular sort of mystery story, and its telling is deliberately "literary" and in the James-Howells-Wharton tradition. On the whole, I am obliged to feel that it is primarily a very good "stunt" in its sophisticated kind.

"Lady Larkspur" and "The Lady from Long Acre" are literary in a lighter sense of the term. They are delightfully written pieces of mystery-comedy-adventure, based on the classic situation of the princess in disguise and suitably adorned with intrigues and "rum starts" of various kinds. "Lady Larkspur" is one of those playful and daintily-wrought novelettes which we who like our Nicholson have had to make the most of, since the war began. "The Lady from Long Acre" is a longer and more exuberant *divertissement* which ignores the war, and reverts frankly and happily to the Zenda kind of thing—a little European kingdom, an errant princess, a rollicking Englishman, and all

sorts of whimsical doings in London and "Livadia", with a cheerful if slightly nonchalant "kiss curtain". The performance is absurd from start to finish, but its absurdity is made delightful by the buoyant enjoyment of the story-teller, and by a quite uncommon illusion of characterization. "Tony", who is Sir Anthony Conway, Bart., is one of the most amusing irrepressibles in the modern gallery of romantic heroes.

Next to these tales in literary quality I should by all means place the group of secret service yarns, rather than the detective stories. "Tin Cowrie Dass" is a good link, since it is a story of a lost prince and also of the Anglo-Indian Secret Service. Mr. Rideout is an artist. Without ever having quite forgiven him for abandoning the vein of creative realism that I think he had only begun to work in "Beached Keels", I take up each of his romances with the comfortable assurance that here I shall find the thing done as it should be. "Tin Cowrie Dass" is a *nouvelle* of the length of "Lady Larkspur", a tale of mystery and adventure of a less whimsical and more dramatic type. Its exotic atmosphere has much to do with its effect, but the vivid, nervous style has more. "He was a lean, muscular young man, very neat, polite, with humorous black eyes, and cheeks tawny-brown like an old saddle." This is our first thumb-nail sketch of the punkah-wallah, the "dog's brother", who is to serve England perilously and so find a throne—and every step of this amazing transformation is passed swiftly, with a kind of smooth rush toward an end which the reader is permitted to foresee, and luxuriate in, while his surface nerves are agreeably played on by the menace of persons and events inimical to the desired

event. If this be "dope", hand it to us, Brother, for it is of the celestial variety, and few hearts are too low, or brows too high, to profit by it on occasion.

If the supply of full-length secret service romances of the late war is bound to slacken soon, as some authorities assert, there is little sign of it yet,—unless it be a sign that Mr. Oppenheim recently wrote a story of a different kind. The present season has supplied a number of good examples of this kind of yarn. The notable thing about them as a whole is that they are distinctly "better written" than such fiction used to be, from which it is fair to infer that a more intelligent audience has been demanding them or, at least, has been exposed to them. Apparently there are readers who like an intricate plot without being willing to put up with a totally wooden personnel or a totally banal style. At all events, we need no longer regard the "thrill" as something to be enjoyed by main force, in spite not only of our common sense (which of course ought to be interned during a romantic campaign) but of most of our other senses—the æsthetic sense, certainly. I for one am quite willing and able to believe in fairies when romance asks it of me, but I can't bear them decked in verbal squalor.

Therefore when I take up a novel like "The White Horse and the Red-Haired Girl", and am gently bespoken in the opening paragraph, I "yield to none" in my readiness to embark upon the (I hope) tolerably fantastic adventures arranged between its covers. The time is the end of 1914, with the war still young, and England groping. Already, however, the brother of the red-haired girl (whose home is near the great white horse carved long since on its Berkshire hill) has been

for some time "missing". Word comes that he is alive and hidden in Belgium; whereupon our Peggy sets forth with an American passport to rescue him single-handed. What more can be asked as a prelude to international adventures? As for what those adventures are, no reviewer (I have been indignantly reminded more than once) ought to give such things away. Which seems, to be sure, to leave very little to say except that they fill the bill for this kind of thing. Perhaps it may be hinted that an American aviator in the French service is present when most of the real ice is cut.

"The Web" is the kind of international spy story in which the secret agents of several countries are pitted against each other and the devil duly takes the hindmost, who is of course a German. The central figure is a young American of German descent whose sister is wife of an official of the British Admiralty. He is approached by German agents with a proposal to use him for the fatherland at great profit to himself. His intimacy in the official's house makes it possible for him to get valuable information to Germany, some of which he is obliged to carry in person. Naturally his world is a tight place for him, and in the end he gets his deserts. If I seem to have given away too much this time, let me say that it is not so—and jeopardize my whole case by admitting that the action has "surprise finish".

"The Man from the Clouds" boasts a new idea, which is a priceless thing in mystery fiction. An observation balloon attached to a British cruiser parts its cable and is blown to eastward in a heavy fog. The chances are their gas will hold out till they have drifted over land—probably some-

where on the German coast. They have only guesswork and their parachutes to count on. The pilot leaps first, and is never heard of again. His passenger, a new man to the work, lands on a small unknown island which he supposes is German. He hides his parachute and makes off through the mist, meets a man and greets him in German and gets a reply in that language—followed by a caution to speak English. He discovers that he is on an English island, not far from an important naval base: the stranger is obviously a spy, but he at once disappears, and after that there is a lively action concerning these two and, needless to say, a certain lovely and wise damsel of our hero's own social rank (this being an English story) who happens to be at hand in that somewhat remote spot. It is just possible to guess the answer to the riddle of the disappearing spy before you get to it, but not probable.

"The Avalanche" is Mrs. Atherton's second attempt at a mystery story, and I cannot think that she makes a distinguished or "convincing" job of it. However, there are others who think differently, notably the publisher, who says that this novel "proves again her right to the title of greatest American novelist by its craftsmanship, human understanding, and dramatic power". This labored pother about a royal ruby from Burmah, and a young Californian wife with a mother who has a past, and high life and gambling and blackmail in the best circles, is as far as possible from any sort of reality; and the mystery connected with it is a pale thing. That would be a dull customer who could not make out the gist of it very early in the proceedings. I suppose my main quarrel with the story is that it is neither hay nor grass,

doesn't really thrill as a mystery yarn, and is too crude in characterization and action to qualify as a serious novel.

Jewels and royal knickknacks play something more than their usual part in the current mystery tale. "Okewood of the Secret Service" has a star of Poland—a gem lost in the thirteenth century, and later found and treasured in the château of Sobieski near Warsaw. After the capture of Warsaw it is looted by a German officer and given to his Crown Prince. That amiable gentleman bestows it upon his mistress of the moment, a Polish girl who has been serving as a German secret service agent in Belgium. ("Donnerwetter!" said Willie, "it looks wonderful in your hair, Marcelle!") Later she is in England as a famous dancer of the halls, pursued by an emissary of the Crown Prince who has orders to get back the jewel at all costs—Injun-giver! Between these two parties and our cheerful young friend Okewood, and a fair and very English Barbara whose destiny may be divined, and various others, a lively rumpus is presently in full swing. Readers of this story's predecessor, "The Man with the Club Foot", will know the kind of feats the brothers Okewood and their creator are capable of. There is no doubt about the kind of ingenious nonsense we are after here: and we get it, with nothing to jar us from the boy-scout mood which is in order.

"The Riddle of the Purple Emperor" is much the same kind of yarn, less skilfully spun. It has to do with the adventures in England of a sacred Indian stone looted from a temple in Benares at the time of the Indian mutiny. The Hindoos are after it, and they don't care what happens as long as they get it. You would not

believe what dirty tricks they are capable of, if you did not read about them in the book. To run them to earth and give them what-for, takes a lot of doing even on the part of Cleek, the famous detective. Cleek is the kind of fellow who will look you in the eye and say, "Give me a moment and I'll be ready", and with a slight "writhing" of his features will turn them into somebody else's. The superiority of this method of disguise is patent. But Cleek isn't the only clever seemer in the book, for one of the Hindoo crowd begins the action by disguising himself as the lady he has just murdered, and passing himself off on her niece and others with excellent results—temporarily. I forgot to speak of the readiness with which Okewood transformed himself by means of a false beard and a fat gait into the similitude of a certain master-spy among the German forces in England.

It is plain that the standard of disguising is coming up all round. In "The Strange Case of Cavendish" and "The Fire Flingers" we have two murdered corpses disguised so as to deceive both near relatives and the police. In "The Fire Flingers" our hero accomplishes a double marvel by passing off on the widow the corpse as himself and himself as the husband: but he has had time to swap clothes and shave his beard, of course, while her back was turned. . . . To come back for the moment to our lost treasures. "The Black Stone" is nothing less than the Kaaba, the sacred stone of Islam. The real stone, as is generally known, has been missing for centuries. Strange chance has discovered it, and a diabolical German plot aims to stir up the whole Moslem world by means of it. The chief instrument in this machination is a high

German officer who has been deep in the counsels of Bernstorff in America. The stone is secreted in the shop of a curio dealer in Gibraltar. Von What's-his-name gets passage thither in the private yacht of a young American millionaire, a wooden-headed slacker who doesn't see that the war is any of his business, though the girl of his heart has done her best to rouse him by precept and example, and has finally gone off to be a nurse. The millionaire lad is distinctly irritated when he discovers what his passenger is up to, becomes suddenly wise, zealous, and brave, and—most of the events that follow are far-fetched from Cairo and points east.

The detective story proper has a quite different formula from the story of mystery-adventure. It begins at the end and works backward. The real action is mental, the working out of a problem. Hence my label of "mechanical romance", and my tendency to believe that style and literary quality are of little consequence to this variety of fiction. The great men who notoriously like a detective yarn are not looking for an interpretation of life or character. They are looking for the explanation of a concrete fact. A crime has been committed. Who did it, and how? Let us have no literary graces, my fine story-teller, but a compact account of things, the more matter-of-fact the better. This will do for a theory, but it doesn't really conclude the matter. We are invited to watch a chess game, but a game in which the odds are carefully arranged. The best detective story makes the most skilful arrangement. It must seem simple and matter-of-fact in the very act of being complex and ingenious and fanciful. And any illusion of reality in character and atmosphere it can muster is so much "to the

good". The detective stories that go down from one generation to another are works of literary art. "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" owes its perfection more to its skill in the telling than to its ingenuity of conception.

Among the group of sleuth stories before me several are readable by people who can't quite prefer to bolt their mysteries raw. Apart from their clever machinery, I have always found the long stories of Anna Katharine Green rather ludicrous for their ponderous crudity of style. To my surprise, several of the shorter tales collected in "Room Number 3" are of incontestable merit, as pieces of writing. "Midnight in Beauchamp Row" and "The Little Steel Coils" are finely finished bits of work. Murder is the one sure take-off for a long detective story; hence our extreme intimacy, in the world of fancy, with that myth in real life, the coroner. It would be hard not to kick him if he is anything like his counterfeit presentment in fiction, so it may be as well that he is not known to us in the flesh. Here, at all events, are four novels which summon us, in the opening scene, to view the corpse of Cock Robin and defy us to guess who killed him.

"The Mystery of the 13th Floor" and "The Diamond Pin" set out, as it were, from below scratch since (1) apparently, under the conditions, nobody *can* have killed Cock Robin, and (2) if he could have done the deed, then he couldn't have got away. In both cases the true answer is successfully withheld till the storyteller chooses to let us have it. Here the resemblance ceases. "The Mystery of the 13th Floor" is more than tolerably well written, for this kind of thing, while "The Diamond Pin" from every possible literary aspect (its structure is purely mechan-

ical) is a masterpiece of banality. In order to keep my reason, I am obliged to believe what I have suspected before—that whenever Miss Carolyn Wells (as was) writes a new detective story, she closes one eye, places her tongue in her cheek, and proceeds to experiment as to what further extremes of vulgar commonplace workmanship she can pass off on the public in the sacred name of “mystery”. “Who was the perpetrator of the ghastly deed?” she inquires in anguish. Ha! all the indications “mean the desperate, speedy work of a double-dyed villain” . . . “I’ve always been told”, remarks Detective Hughes (it is his first remark in the case), “that the more mysterious and insoluble a crime seems to be, the easier it is to solve it.” As a burlesque of the popular detective yarn, this is to be treasured.

In plot “The Crimson Alibi” bears a family resemblance to these two tales—the rich old party mysteriously killed, the heir who is known to have been on bad terms with the departed, and so on. As for plausibility of characterization and decency of

style, it is about on a par with “The Mystery of the 13th Floor”—that is to say, a good deal above the average performance. The clever thing about the plot is the impudent manner in which at the very outset we are induced to turn our backs upon the real door of exit from our quandary.

But the best of these stories from both mechanical and literary points of view is “The Twenty-Six Clues”. The author is, I think, the best going in this line, among Americans at least. There have been a number of recent detective stories by her showing range as well as quality. “The Twenty-Six Clues” concerns another of those city mysteries which seem to be rather challenging the favorite old tragedy of the lonely country house or the unguarded by-road. Perhaps one reason why I think well of this story, apart from its very presentable style, is because I did for once hit the nigger on the head—guess the real murderer, I mean. But I have a sneaking suspicion that the storyteller meant me to do just that, by just that hair’s-breadth!

Blue Aloes. By Cynthia Stockley. G. P. Putnam’s Sons.

Sinister House. By Leland Hall. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Gregg. By Fleta Campbell Springer. Harper and Bros.

Lady Larkspur. By Meredith Nicholson. Charles Scribner’s Sons.

The Lady from Long Acre. By Victor Bridges. G. P. Putnam’s Sons.

Tin Cowrie Dass. By Henry Milner Rideout. Duffield and Co.

The White Horse and the Red-Haired Girl. By Kenyon Gambier. George H. Doran Company.

The Web. By Frederic Arnold Kummer. The Century Co.

The Man from the Clouds. By J. Storer Clouston. George H. Doran Company.

The Avalanche. By Gertrude Atherton. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Okewood of the Secret Service. By Valentine Williams. Robert M. McBride and Co.

The Riddle of the Purple Emperor. By Thomas W. and Mary E. Hanshew. Doubleday, Page and Co.

The Strange Case of Cavendish. By Randall Parrish. George H. Doran Company.

The Fire Flingers. By William J. Neidig. Dodd, Mead and Co.

The Black Stone. By George Gibbs. D. Appleton and Co.

Room No. 3. By Anna Katharine Green. Dodd, Mead and Co.

The Mystery of the 13th Floor. By Lee Thayer. The Century Co.

The Diamond Pin. By Carolyn Wells. J. B. Lippincott Co.

The Crimson Alibi. By Octavus Roy Cohen. Dodd, Mead and Co.

The Twenty-Six Clues. By Isabel Ostrander. W. J. Watt and Co.

JEREMY

BY HUGH WALPOLE

*(Continued)*CHAPTER IX
To Cow Farm
§ 1

This next episode in Jeremy's year has, be it thoroughly understood, no plot nor climax to it—it is simply the chronicle of an odyssey. Nor can it be said to have been anything but a very ordinary odyssey to the outside observer who, if he be a parent, will tell you that going to the seaside with the family is the most bothering thing in the world; and if he is a bachelor or old maid will tell you that being in the same carriage with other people's children who are going to the sea is an abominable business, and the law ought to have something to say to it.

All through May, June, and July, Mrs. Cole slowly pulled back to something like her natural health. The new infant, Barbara by name, was as strong as a pony and kicked and screamed and roared so that the house was quite a new place. Her arrival had done a great deal for Helen, whose gaze had hitherto been concentrated entirely upon herself: now she suddenly discovered a new element in life and it was found that she was "ideal with a baby" and "a great help to Nurse". This made her more human and Barbara, realizing, as babies always do, who understands and who does not, would behave with Helen when she would behave with no one else. Mary could not be expected to transfer her allegiance from Jeremy, and then Barbara was frightened at

her spectacles; Jeremy, having Hamlet, did not need a baby!

There came a fine hot morning toward the end of July, when Miss Jones said suddenly in the middle of the history lesson, "Saturday week we go to Rafiel". Jeremy choked, kicked Mary under the table, and was generally impossible during the rest of the morning. It was Miss Jones's fault; she should have chosen her occasion more carefully. Before the evening Jeremy was standing in the corner for drawing on his bedroom wall-paper enormous figures in the blackest of black lead. These were to mark the days that remained before Saturday week and it was, Jeremy maintained, a perfectly natural thing to do and didn't hurt the old wall-paper, which was dirty enough anyway — and mother had said, long ago, he should have a new one.

Meanwhile, impossible to describe what Jeremy felt about it. Each year Cow Farm and Rafiel had grown more wonderful; this was now the fifth that would welcome them there. At first the horizon had been limited by physical incapacity, then the third year had been rainy, and the fourth . . . ah! the fourth! There had been very little the matter with that! But this would be better yet. For one thing there had never been such a summer as this year was providing—a little rain at night, a little breeze at the hottest hour of the day—everything arranged on purpose for Jeremy's com-

fort. And then, although he did not know it, this was to be truly the wonderful summer for him, because after this he would be a schoolboy and, as is well known, schoolboys believe in nothing save what they can see with their own eyes, and what they are told by other boys physically stronger than themselves.

Five or six days before the great departure, he began to worry himself about his box. Two years ago he had been given a little imitation green canvas luggage-box, exactly like his father's except that this one was light enough to carry in one's hand. Jeremy adored this box and would have taken it out with him, had he been permitted, on all his walks, but he had a way of filling it with heavy stones and then asking Miss Jones to carry it for him; it had, therefore, been forbidden.

But he would, of course, take it with him to Cow Farm, and it should contain all the things that he loved best. At first "all the things that he loved best" had not seemed so very numerous. There would, first of all, of course, be the Hottentot, a black and battered negro doll for whom he had long ceased to feel any affection, but he was compelled by an irritating sense of loyalty to include it in the party just as his mother might include some tiresome old maid "because she had nowhere to go to, poor thing". After the Hottentot there would be his paint-box, after the paint-box a blue writing-case, after the writing-case the family photographs (Father, Mother, Mary, and Helen), after the photographs a toy pistol, after the pistol Hamlet's ball (a worsted affair rendered by now shapeless and incoherent), after the ball "Alice in Wonderland" (Mary's copy, but she didn't know), after "Alice" "Herr Baby", after "Herr Baby" the prayer-book

that Aunt Amy gave him last birthday, after the prayer-book some dried flowers which were to be presented to Mrs. Monk, the lady of Cow Farm (this might be called carrying coals to Newcastle), after the flowers a Bible, after the Bible four walnuts (very dry and hard ones), after the walnuts some transfer papers, after the transfer papers six marbles . . . the box was full and more than full, and he had not included the hammer and nails that Uncle Samuel had once given him, nor the cigarette-case (innocent now of cigarettes, and transformed first into a home for walking snails, second into a grave for dead butterflies, third into a mouse-trap), nor the butterfly net, nor "Struvel-peter", nor the picture of Queen Victoria cut from the chocolate box, nor—most impossible omission of all—the toy village. The toy village! What must he do about that? Obviously impossible to take it all—and yet some of it he must have. Mr. and Mrs. Noah and the church perhaps—or no, Mrs. Monk would want to see the garden; it would never do not to show her the orchard with the apple-trees—and then the youngest Miss Noah! She had always seemed to Jeremy so attractive with her straight blue gown and hard red cheeks. He must show *her* to Mrs. Monk. And the butcher's shop, and then the sheep, and the dogs and the cows!

He was truly in despair. He sat on the schoolroom floor with his possessions all around him. Only Helen was in the room and he knew it would be no use to appeal to her (she had become so much more conceited since Barbara's arrival); and yet he must appeal to somebody, so he said very politely:

"Please, Helen, I've got my box and so many things to put into it and it's

nearly Saturday already—and I want to show the Noahs to Mrs. Monk.”

This would have been a difficult sentence for the most clear-headed person to unravel and Helen was, at that moment, trying to write a letter to an aunt whom she had never seen and for whom she had no sort of affection, so she answered roughly:

“Oh, don’t bother with your box, Jeremy. Don’t you see I’m busy?”

“You may be busy”, said Jeremy, rising indignantly to his feet, “but I’m busy, too, and my business is just as good as yours with your silly old letter.”

“Oh, *don’t bother!*” said Helen, whereupon Jeremy crept behind her and pinched her stocking. A battle followed too commonplace in its details to demand description here. It need only be said that Hamlet joined in it and ran away with Helen’s letter which had blown to the ground during the struggle, and that he ate it, in his corner, with great satisfaction. Then, when they were at their angriest Helen suddenly began to laugh, which she did sometimes, to her own intense annoyance, when she terribly wanted to be enraged; then Jeremy laughed, too, and Hamlet yielded up fragments of the letter—so that all was well.

But the problem of the box was not solved—and, in the end, the only part of the toy village that Mrs. Monk ever saw was the youngest Miss Noah and one apple-tree for her to sit under.

§ 2

The ritual of the journey to Cow Farm was, by this time, of course, firmly established, and the first part of the ritual was that one should wake up at three in the morning. This year, however, for some strange, mysterious reason, Jeremy overslept him-

self and did not wake until eight o’clock, to find then that everyone was already busy packing and brushing and rushing about, and that all his own most sacred preparations must be squeezed into no time at all, if he were to be ready. Old Tom Collins’s bus came along at twelve o’clock to catch the one-o’clock train, so that Jeremy might be considered to have the whole morning for his labors; but that was not going to be enough for him unless he was very careful. Grown-up people had such a way of suddenly catching onto you and washing your ears, or making you brush your teeth, or setting you down in a corner with a book, that circumnavigating them and out-plotting them needed as much nerve and enterprise as tracking red Indians. When things were fined down to the most naked accuracy, he had apparently only two “jobs”: one to accustom Hamlet to walking with a “lead”, the other to close the green box; but, of course, Mary would want advice and there would, in all probability, be a dispute or two about property that would take up the time.

It was indeed an eventful morning. Trouble began with Mary suddenly discovering that she had lost her copy of “Alice in Wonderland” and rushing to Jeremy’s box and upsetting all Jeremy’s things to see whether it were there. Jeremy objected to this with an indignation that was scarcely in the sequel justified, because Mary found the book jammed against the paint-box and a dry walnut nestling in its center. She cried and protested and then suddenly, with the disgusting sentimentality that was so characteristic of her, abandoned her position altogether and said that Jeremy could have it, and then cried again because he said he didn’t want it.

Then Jeremy had to put everything

back into the box again, and in the middle of this Hamlet ran off with the red-cheeked Miss Noah between his teeth and began to lick the blue off her dress, looking up at the assembled company between every lick with a smile of the loveliest satisfaction. Then, when the box was almost closed, it was discovered by a shocked and virtuous Helen that Jeremy had left out his Bible.

"There'll be one there", said Jeremy in an angry, agitated whisper, hoping to escape the attention of Miss Jones.

"What's that, Jeremy dear?" said Miss Jones.

"Oh, fancy, Miss Jones!" said Helen. "He's taking all his dirty old toys and even his old nigger doll, and he's leaving out his Bible."

"I'm not!" cried Jeremy, taking it and trying to squeeze it down between three walnuts and the toy pistol.

"Oh Jeremy dear, that's not the way to treat your Bible . . . I'll give you some paper to wrap it up in and you'd better take the things out again and put it in at the bottom of the box. . . ." Yes, obviously he would not be ready in time.

The matter of Hamlet and the "lead" was also very exhausting. Hamlet had never, in all his days, been tied to anyone or anything. Of course no one could tell what had been his history before he came strolling onto the Cole horizon, and it may be that once as a very small puppy he *had* been tied onto something. On the whole that is probable, his protests on this occasion being of a kind so vehement as to argue some reminiscences behind them. Mrs. Cole had bought a beautiful "lead" of black leather; of course he had already a collar studded with little silver nails, and the point was very simply to fasten the "lead" onto the collar. Jeremy had been promised

that he should conduct Hamlet and it had seemed, when the promise had been made, as though it would be a very simple thing to carry out. Hamlet no sooner saw the cord than he began his ingenious protests, sitting up and smiling at it, suddenly darting at the recumbent Miss Noah and rushing round the room with her, finally catching the "lead" itself in his teeth and hiding with it under Miss Jones's skirt.

The result was that Tom Collins's bus arrived when no one in the school-room was in the least prepared for it. Then what confusion there was! Mrs. Cole, looking strange in her hat and veil as though she were dressed up for a play, came urging them to hurry, "because Father was waiting"; then Hamlet tied himself and his "lead" round the leg of the table; then Mary said in her most tiresome manner, apropos of nothing at all, "You do love me, Jeremy, don't you?"—just at the moment when he was trying to unlace Hamlet—and her lip began to tremble when he said, "Oh, don't bother", so that he was compelled to add, "Of course I do"; then Father came running up the stairs with—"Really this is too disgraceful. We shall miss that train!" . . .

Then Uncle Samuel appeared, looking so queer that Jeremy was compelled to stare at him. Jeremy had seen very little of Uncle Samuel during these last months. He had hoped, after that wonderful adventure of the Christmas pantomime, that they were going to be friends, but it had not been so. He had been away somewhere, in some strange place, painting and then, on his return, he had hid himself and his odd affairs away in some corner of the house where no one saw him. He had had *his* life and Jeremy had had *his*.

Nevertheless Jeremy was delighted to see him. It would be fun to have him at Cow Farm with his squashy brown hat, his fat cheeks, his blue painting-smock, and his short legs with huge boots. He was different, in some way, from all the rest of the world; and Jeremy, even at that early stage of his education, already perceived that he could learn more from Uncle Samuel than from any other member of the family.

Now he put his head through the door and said, "Well, you kids, aren't you ready? It's time!" Then, seeing Miss Jones, he said "Good morning" and bolted like a rabbit. Even then Jeremy noticed that he had paint on his fingers, and that two of his waistcoat buttons were unfastened.

Then down in the hall what confusion there was! Boxes—here, there, and everywhere—, Mother, Father, Aunt Amy, Uncle Samuel, and most interesting of all, Barbara and the new nurse. The new nurse was called Mrs. Patcham, and she was stout, red-cheeked, and smiling. The bundle in white called Barbara was, most happily, sleeping, but Hamlet barked at Mrs. Patcham and that woke Barbara who began to cry. Then Collins came in with his coat off and the muscles swelling on his shoulders, and handled the boxes as though they were paper. And the cook and Rose and William, the handy-boy, and old Jordan, the gardener, and Mrs. Preston, a lady from two doors down who sometimes came in to help—all began to bob and smile, and Father said, "Now, my dear", "Now, my dear". Hamlet wound himself and his "lead" round everything that he could see, and Helen fussed and said, "Now, Jeremy"; Miss Jones said, "Now, children"; and last of all Collins said, "Now, mum . . . Now, sir". And

then they all were bundled into the bus, with the cart and the luggage coming along behind.

The drive through the streets was, of course, as lovely as it could be; not in the least because anyone could see anything—that was hindered by the fact that the windows of the bus were so old that they were crusted with a kind of glassy mildew, and no amount of rubbing on the window-panes provided one with a view—but because the inside of the bus was inevitably connected with adventure, partly through its motion, partly through its noise, and partly through its lovely smell. These were, of course, Jeremy's views and it can't definitely be asserted that all grown-up people shared them. But whenever Jeremy had ridden in that bus, he had always been on his way to something delightful. The motion therefore rejoiced his heart, although the violence of it was such that everyone was thrown against everyone else—so that Uncle Samuel was suddenly hurled against the bonnet of Miss Jones, and Helen struck Aunt Amy in the chest, and Jeremy himself dived into his sister Barbara. As to the smell, it was that lovely well-known one that has in it mice and straw, wet umbrellas and whisky, goloshes and candle grease, dust and green paint! Jeremy loved it, and sniffed on this occasion so often that Miss Jones told him to blow his nose.

As to the noise, who is there does not remember that rattle and clatter, that sudden deafening report as of the firing of a hundred firearms, the sudden pause when every bolt and bar and hinge sighs and moans like the wind or a stormy sea—and then that sudden scream of the clattering windows as though a frenzied cook, having received notice to leave, was breaking

every scrap of china in the kitchen? Who does not know that last mad-dened roar as the vehicle stumbles across the last piece of cobbled road—a roar that drowns with a savage and determined triumph all those last directions not to forget this, that, and the other, all those inquiries as to whether this, that, and the other had been remembered? Cobbles are gone now and old busses sleep in deserted courts; and Collins, alas, is not. His youngest son has a motor garage and Polchester has asphalt—*sic transit gloria mundi*. . . .


Jeremy, clutching his green box with one hand and Hamlet's "lead" with the other, was in an ecstasy of happiness. The louder the noise, the greater the rocking motion, the stronger the smell, the better. "Isn't it lovely?" he murmured to Miss Jones during one of the pauses.

It was perhaps at this moment that Uncle Samuel finally made up his mind about Jeremy. In spite of his dislike, even hatred of children, he had been coming slowly, during the last two years, to an affection for, and an interest in, his nephew that was something quite new to his cynical, egoistic nature. It had leaped into activity at Christmas-time, then had died again. Now as—flung first into his sister's bony arms, then onto the terrified spectacles of his niece Mary—he tried to recover himself, he was caught and held by that picture of his small nephew, seated, solid and square in his blue sailor-suit, his bare knees swinging, his hand clutching his precious box with an energy that defied fate itself to take it from him, his mouth set, his eyes staring, radiant with joy, in front of him.

On arrival at the station it was found that the one-o'clock to Liskane was "just about due", so that there

was no time to be lost. They had to rush along under the great iron dome, passing by the main-line, disregarding the tempestuous express from Truxa that drew up, as it were disdainfully, just as they passed, and finding the modest side-line to Liskane and St. Lowe. Here there was every kind of excitement for Jeremy. Anyone who has any kind of passion for observation must have discovered long ago that a side-line has ever so much more charm and appeal about it than a main-line. A main-line is scornful of the station in whose heart it consents for a moment to linger, its eyes are staring forward toward the vast cities who are impatiently awaiting it—but a side-line has its very home here; so much gossip passes from day to day above its rails (and gossip that has for its circumference five green fields, a country road, and a babbling brook) that it knows all its passengers by heart.

To the people who travel on a side-line the train itself is still something of a wonder. How much more was that true thirty years ago. On this especial line there were only two stations, Liskane and St. Lowe, and, of a certainty, these stations would not even now be in existence were it not that St. Lowe was a fishing center of very great importance. The little district that comprehended St. Lowe, Garth in Roselands, Stoep in Roselands, Lucent-Polwint, Rafiel, and all the smaller hamlets around them, was fed by this line but, even so, the little train was never crowded. Tourists did not, and even now do not, go to Polwint and St. Lowe because "they smell so fishy", nor to Rafiel "because it's too far from the railway"; nor to the Roseland valleys "because there's nothing to see there"—may these reasons hold good for many years to come!



Today there were three farmers in brown leggings with pipes and thick, knotted walking-sticks, two or three women with baskets, a child or so, and an amiable absent-minded clergyman in a black cloth so faded that it was now green, reading the "Times" and shaking his head over it as he stumbled up and down the platform. One of the farmers had a large woolly sheep-dog who, of course, excited Hamlet to a frenzy. Jeremy, therefore, had his time fully occupied in checking this: but he had nevertheless the opportunity to observe how one of the farmers puffed the smoke out of his cheeks as though he were an engine; how one of the women, with a back as broad as a wall, had red stockings; and how the clergyman nearly fell onto the railway-line every time that he turned round, and only saved himself from disaster by a miracle. The train arrived at last; they all climbed into it, and then had to wait for a hot, grilling half-hour while the engine made up its mind that it was worth its while to take all the trouble to start off again.

"An hour late, upon my word", said Mr. Cole angrily, when at last with a snore and a heave and a grunt and a scream they started. "It's really too bad. I shall have to complain—" which, as everyone present knew, he had not the slightest intention of doing. In Jeremy's carriage there were his father, his mother, Uncle Samuel, himself, Mary, and of course Hamlet. Hamlet had never been in a train before and his terror at the way that the ground quivered under him was pitiful to see. He first lay under the seat trying to hold himself tightly together; then when that failed he made startled, frenzied leaps onto laps (the "lead" had been removed for the time); finally he cowered up into the

corner behind Uncle Samuel, who seemed to understand his case and sympathized with it. Whenever the train stopped (which, being a Glebe-shire train, it did continually), he recovered at once his *savoir-faire*, asserted his dignity, gazed through the windows at the fields and cows as though he owned them all, and barked with the friendly greeting of comrade to comrade whenever he saw another dog.

The next thing that occupied Jeremy's attention was lunch. Many people despise sandwiches and milk out of beer-bottles, and bananas and seed-cake. Jeremy, of course, did not. He loved anything eaten out of paper from the ice-cream sold by the Barney man in Polchester Square (only once did he secure some), down to the frills that are found round the tail of any self-respecting ham. But the paper on this journey to Rafiel! There was nothing in the world to touch it. In the first place you spread newspaper on your knees; then there was paper under the sandwiches (chicken), and more paper under the sandwiches (beef), and still more under the sandwiches (egg); there was paper round the seed-cake and, most wonderful of all, paper round the jam-puffs. Jam-puffs with strawberry jam eaten in the odor of ginger-beer and egg-shells! Is it possible for life at its very best to hold more? He kept his jam-puff so long as he could until, at last, Mr. Cole said: "Now, my boy! Finish it up—finish it up. Paper out of the window—all neat and tidy, that's right!" speaking in that voice which Jeremy hated because it was used, so especially, when cod-liver oil had to be taken. He swallowed his puff in a gulp and then gazed out of the window, lamenting its disappearance.

"Did you like it?" whispered Mary

hoarsely, as the paper whirled away.

"You've got some jam on the side of your nose", said Jeremy.

He was sitting next to his father who had the corner seat, and he now devoted all his energies to prevent himself from falling asleep against his father's leg. But the ginger-beer, the glazed and shining fields beyond the window, the little blobs of sunlight that danced upon the floor of the carriage, the scents of food and flowers, and the hot breeze, the hum of the train and the dancing of the telegraph wires—all these things were against him. His head began to nod and then to jump back with a sudden terrible spring as though an evil demon pulled it with a rope from behind, the carriage swelled like a balloon, then dwindled into a thin straight line. The strangest things happened to his friends and relatives. His mother who was reading "The Church Family Newspaper" developed two faces and a nose like a post, and Uncle Samuel who had in harsh reality two chins, seemed to be all folds and creases like a balloon when it is shivering down into collapse. Jeremy fought with these fantasies—the lines on the newspaper doubled and redoubled, vanished and sprang to life again. He said, "I will not", and instantly, his head on the soft part of his father's thigh, was asleep. . . .

In his dreams he was riding on a cloud all pink and gold, and behind him came a row of shining white clouds, fluffy like bales of wool wrapped round lighted lanterns.

His cloud rose and fell, rose and fell, and a voice said in his ear: "All is well! All is well! You can go on like this forever. There will be jam-puffs soon and ice-cream and fish-cakes, and you can go to China this way whenever you like."

And he said: "Can't I take Hamlet with me?"

And the voice answered, "Hamlet is with you already", and there, behold, was Hamlet sitting on the pink cloud with a stiff gold collar round his neck, wagging his tail. And then the voice shouted so loudly that Jeremy jumped off the pink cloud in his astonishment—"Liskane! Liskane! Liskane!" and Jeremy jumped and fell and fell—right into his father's lap with someone crying in his ear: "Wake up, Jeremy! We're there! We're there!"

His first thought was for his green box which was, he found, safely and securely in his hand; then for Hamlet who was, he saw with horror, already upon the platform—the "lead" trailing behind him like a neglected conscience, his burning eyes piercing his hair in search of another dog whom he smelt but could not see.

Jeremy, rushing out of the train, seized the "lead", scolded his recovered property who wore an expression of injured and abandoned innocence, and then looked about him. Yes, this was Liskane—wonderful, marvelous, magical Liskane! To the bored and cynical adult, Liskane may easily appear to be one of the ugliest, most deserted stations in the whole of Europe, having nothing on either side of it save barren grey fields that never grow grass but only stones and bottles, with its single decoration a heavy iron bridge that crosses the rails and leads up to the higher road and the town of Liskane. Ugly enough, but to Jeremy on this summer afternoon the gate to a sure and certain paradise.

Although his family were fussing around him, Barbara crying, Mr. Cole saying, "Four, five, six . . . but where's the black box?—your black box, Amy . . . six, seven—but there should be eight . . . seven

. . . "; and Mrs. Cole saying, "And there's my brown bag, the little one with the black handle"; and Helen saying, "Oo, was it adidums then? Nandy-pandy, Nandy-pandy . . ."; and Miss Jones, "Now Mary! Now Jeremy! Now Helen"—although this was going on just as it always had gone on, his eyes were searching for the wagonette. Ah, there it was! He could just see the top of it beyond the iron bridge; and Jim, the man from the farm, would be coming down to help with the boxes—yes, there he was crossing the bridge now, with his red face and broad shoulders and the cap on the side of his head just as he always wore it. Jeremy recognized him with a strange little choking sensation. It was "coming home" to him, all this was—the great event of his life—and as he looked at the others he realized, young as he was, that none of them felt it as he did; and the realization gave him a strange feeling, half of gratification, half of loneliness. He stood there, a little apart from the rest of them, clutching his box and holding onto Hamlet's "lead", feeling so deeply excited that his heart was like a hard cold stone jumping up and down, bump, bump, behind his waistcoat.

"That's Jim! That's Jim!" he whispered in a hoarse gasp to Miss Jones.

"Now mind, dear", she answered in her kindly, groping voice. "You'll be falling onto the rail if you aren't careful."

It strangely annoyed him that his father should greet Jim just as though he were some quite ordinary man in Polchester. He himself waited in a strange agitation until Jim should notice him. The man turned at last, bending down to pick up a box, saw him, touched his cap, smiling a long, crooked smile, and Jeremy blushed

with happiness. It was the first recognition that he had had from the place.

They all moved up to the higher road. Uncle Samuel came on at the last in a dreamy, moody way, stopping on the bridge to look down at the railway-line, and then suddenly saying aloud:

"Their minds are full of the numbers of boxes, and whether they'll get tea, and who's to pay what, and 'How badly I want a wash!', and already tomorrow they'll be wondering whether they oughtn't to be getting home to Polchester. All sham! All sham!"

He wasn't speaking to Jeremy but to himself. However, Jeremy said: "Did you see Jim, Uncle?"

"No, I did not."

"He's fatter and redder than last year."

"I shouldn't wonder."

"Are you going to paint, Uncle?"

"I am."

"What?"

"Oh, just lines and circles."

Jeremy paused, standing for a moment and looking puzzled. Then he said:

"Do you like babies, Uncle Samuel?"

"No, I do not."

"Not even Barbara?"

"No . . . certainly not."

"I don't, too . . . Why don't you paint cows and houses like other people, Uncle Samuel? I heard father say once that he never knew what your pictures meant."

"That's why I paint them."

"Why?"

"So that your father sha'n't know what they mean—"

Although he did not understand this any more than he ever understood his uncle, Jeremy was pleased with this conversation. It had been, somehow, in tone with the place and the hour; it

had conveyed to him in some strange fashion that his uncle cared for all of this rather as he himself cared. Oh! he liked Uncle Samuel!

He had hoped that he might have sat on the box next Jim, but that place was now piled up with luggage, so he was squeezed in between his mother and Mrs. Patcham with Hamlet very uncomfortable between his knees. They drove off down the high road to St. Lowe. The fine smell of dust and dried grass came to his nostrils, the sun blazed down upon them turning the path before them into gleaming steel, and the high Glebe-shire hedges, covered with thin powder, rose on both sides above them, breaking once and again to show the folding valleys and the faint blue hills and the heavy dark trees with their thick black shadows staining the grass.

The cows were clustered sleeping, wherever they could find shadow; faintly sheep-bells tinkled in the distance, and now and then a stream, like broken glass, floated, cried, and was gone. They drove into a dark wood and the sun scattered through the trees in pieces of gold and shadowy streams of arrowed light. The birds were singing, and whenever the hoofs of the horses and the wheels turned onto soft moss or lines of grass, in the sudden silence the air was filled with birds' voices. That proved that it must now be turning to the evening of the day; the sun was not very high above the wood and the sea of blue was invaded by a high galleon of cloud that hovered with spreading sail catching gold into its heart as it moved.

They left the wood, crossed the river Garth, and came out onto moorland. Here for the first time Jeremy smelt the sea; the wind blew across the moor, with the smell of sea-pinks and sea-gulls in it. The grass was

short and rough; the soil was sand. On the horizon was the grey, melancholy tower of a deserted mine. Some bird flew with swiftly driving wings, crying as it went. The smell of the moor was as fresh as though the foot of man had never crossed it—deserted but not alone, bare but not empty, silent but full of voices.

Jeremy's excitement grew: he knew how every line of the road would be. They left the moor and were on the road leading to Rafael. These were the days before they built the road from Liskane wide enough for motor cars and other horrible inventions. Thirty years ago the way was so narrow that the briars and ferns brushed your face as you passed, and you could reach out your hand and pluck snapdragons and dandelions and foxgloves. Many roads twisted in and out upon one another; the corners were so sharp that sometimes the wagonette seemed to hang upon one wheel as it turned. Still no sight of the sea but the smell of it now was everywhere, and sometimes at a sudden bend there would come a faint beat, beat upon the ear with something rhyming and measured in it like the murmur of a sleeping giant.

They came to the bend where the hill suddenly dips at a fearful angle down into Rafael. Here they turned to the right, deep between hedges again, then through a little copse, and then as though with a whisk of the finger, right on to Cow Farm itself.

It was an old square house, deep red brick with crooked chimneys and a stone court in front of it. To either side of the court there were barns. Behind the house thick trees, clouded with green, showed. In the middle of the court was a pump, and all about the flagged stones pigeons were delicately walking. As they drove up the

pigeons rose in a wheeling flight against the sky now stained faintly with amber; dogs rushed barking from the barns, a hay-cart turned the corner, its wheels creaking and four little children perched high on the top of the hay. Then the hall door opened and behold, Mrs. Monk, Mr. Monk and, clustering shyly behind, the little Monks.

In the scene that followed Jeremy was forgotten. He did not know what it was that made him hang behind the others, but he stood beside the wagonette, bent down and released Hamlet, and then waited, hiding under the shadow of the cart. His happiness was almost intolerable; he could not speak, he could not move, and in the heart of his happiness there was a strange unhappiness that he had never known before. The loneliness that he had felt at Liskane station was intensified so that he felt like a stranger who was seeing his father, or his mother, or aunt, or sisters for the first time. Everything about him emphasized the loneliness—the slow evening light that was stealing into the sky, the sound of some machine in the farmhouse turning with a melancholy rhythmic whine, a voice calling in the fields, the rumble of the sea, the twittering of birds in the garden trees, the bark of a dog far, far away; and, through them all, the sense that the world was sinking down into silence and that all the sounds were slipping away, like visitors hurrying from the park before the gates are shut—he stood there listening, caught into a life that was utterly his own and had no share with any other. He looked around and saw that they were all going into the house, that Jim and Mr. Monk were busy with the boxes, and that no one was aware of him. He knew what he wanted.

He slipped across the court and dropped into the black cavernous hole of the farther barn. At first the darkness stopped him, but he knew his way, found the steps that led up to the loft, and was soon perched high behind a little square window that was now blue and gold against the velvety blackness behind him. This was his favorite spot in all the farm. Here all the year they stored the apples and the smell of the fruit was thick in the air, sweet and strong, clinging about every fibre of the place so that you could not disturb a strand nor a stone without sending some new drift of the scent up against your nostrils. All the first year Jeremy had been longing to smell that smell again, and now he knelt up against the window drinking it in. With his eyes he searched the horizon. From here you could see the garden with the sun-dial, the fields beyond, the sudden dip with the trees at the edge of it bent crossways by the wind, and there in such a cup as one's hands might form, the sea . . .

He stared as though his eyes would start from his head. Behind him was the cloudy smoke of the apple-scent; in front of him the sun was sinking toward the dark elms. Soon the trees would catch the sun and hide it; the galleon cloud that had been over them as they drove was now banked in red and gold across the horizon; birds slowly, lazily fled to their homes—

He heard someone call, "Jeremy! Jeremy!"—with a last gaze he saw the blue cap turn to gold, the sun reached the tops of the elms; the fields were lit with the glitter of shining glass; then, even as he watched, they were purple, then grey, then dim like smoke.

Again the voice called "Jeremy!" He slipped from the window, found the little stair, ran across the dusky court and entered the house.

(To be continued)

A BOOK-SHELF FOR THE MONTH

DR. EGAN'S MESSAGE FROM
DEEP EXPERIENCE*By David Jayne Hill*

Long before Dr. Egan lapsed into the discreet silence of diplomacy, he was known as a charming and versatile writer. Now that he reappears as an author with a new message from a deep fountain of experience, his book will be doubly welcome; for we are assured beforehand that, unless the Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Denmark has allowed his right hand to forget its cunning in writing dispatches, we shall have wit, point, and piquancy presented in clear and elegant English.

As to substance as well as style we are not disappointed. The post at Copenhagen is well described as "the whispering gallery of Europe"; and a long residence there, covering the decade of years from 1907 to 1917, not only attuned the mind of the Minister to a distinction between idle gossip and significant indications but made him an excellent interpreter of European politics. Light and entertaining as his story at times seems—for the reader of memoirs likes a delicate touch—there is a very serious side to this book which fully justifies the subtitle, "A Retrospect and a Warning".

Dr. Egan's experience as a diplomatist has not made him a pessimist, but it is very far from having made him an optimist. He perfectly understands the hopeful idealism of the average good citizen in the United States, and he shares it as far as it is safe to do so; but he is deeply impressed with

the difference between the American and the European points of view, and he knows that our simple faith in human goodness would be a damage to our national interests if it were not tempered by a disposition to keep out of other people's affairs as much as possible and lead our own life in an exemplary fashion.

It would have been foolish if, in 1911, a serious man behind the scenes could have trusted any country in the European concert to act in any way that was not for its own national ends. A damaging confession this, but the truth is the truth.

To which may be added that it has not ceased to be the truth.

On the other hand, Europe had, Dr. Egan assures us, as little comprehension of the aims of America. "We all know", he says, "how amazed some statesmen were when President Roosevelt refused the Chinese spoil, when Cuba was restored, and promises to the Filipinos began to be kept by President Taft."

The immediate environment in which Dr. Egan lived was in part the cause of the opening of his mind to conditions which are not so evident at a distance. The first chapter of his handsome volume, "A Scrap of Paper and the Danes", centers about the crime of Prussia in the annexation of the Danish duchies, and the preparation for Germany's security by the construction of the Kiel canal; with much incidental reference to the dynastic connections of the Danish court—once the marriage mart of Europe—and the ineffectiveness of royal matrimonial alliances in preserving the little kingdom from outrage in

its hour of extremity: an instructive commentary on the illusion that monarchy is a real safeguard of national interests.

It is in the close neighborhood of Denmark to Germany that Dr. Egan, as his choice of a title shows, finds the focal point of interest in his book. At the beginning of his mission the American Minister saw in the great empire to the south what every American at that time believed Germany to be, a wonderfully unified industrial country, highly efficient, immensely endowed with powers of future achievement, but sound at heart, capable of strong self-defense, on the whole friendly, especially toward the United States. Gradually the curtain was lifted upon a scene set for an imperial career at first quite unsuspected. The new light was shed in the first instance by what the Germans said of themselves. "My country", said Dr. Egan's German colleague, Count Henckel-Donnersmarck, "feels that it is being isolated. Since Algeria, in 1906, she stands against Europe, with Austria."

"Stands against the United States?"

"No, no; we shall always be at peace. Your country is full of our citizens."

"Your citizens, Count?"

"Ah, yes—in Brazil and Argentina, everywhere, a German citizen is like a Roman citizen, proud and unchanging; that is, the German citizen who understands the aims of modern Germany."

When Dr. Egan at Christmas went to Germany on a visit,—

Christmas was a divine time in the old Germany! I found that Count Henckel was right. . . . There was an artificial rule of life. Even the lives of the boys and girls seemed to be ordered by some unseen law. You could breathe, but it was necessary not to consume too much oxygen at a time. That was *verboten*; and there were cannons on the Christmas trees!

One cannot read without sympathy the account of the perpetual fear ex-

isting in Denmark before the great war of an impending German occupation when the conflict with Russia, confidently looked forward to as a certainty, should be launched. As usual, two parties—one composed of valiant men ready to die in defense of their country's independence, the other made up of Socialists eager for peace and the preservation of whole skins at any price—divided the population. It was suspected, but it was not yet known, as it has since been revealed by the Willy-Nicky correspondence, that Denmark would simply pass into German control when the exigencies of German imperialism required it. What had happened to Slesvig would happen to the whole of Denmark. It would be "assumed".

"Geographically", says Dr. Egan, "Denmark is part of Germany." The peril of this propinquity was very great. Yet the Danes are a proud, virile, and ancient race, holding themselves above the mixed races of the German Empire. A kind of moral occupation of Denmark by Germany had already occurred, or at least had been presumed upon. All Scandinavia is Lutheran in religion; and Martin Luther and all his followers, in the mind of William II, are instruments and subjects of the Kaiser wherever they may be; for the German Emperor, notwithstanding that a third of his subjects were Catholic, esteemed himself the head of the Lutheran church.

The manner of exercising his spiritual primacy is vividly portrayed by Dr. Egan in the chapters of this book on "The Religious Propaganda" and "The Prussian Holy Ghost", which contain much new information and piquant writing. There were, moreover, other influences in the Scandinavian countries on which the Kaiser

relied; and the Minister tells us he so far looked on the courts of Denmark and Stockholm as "dependencies" that he was "hurt" when any of the court circle seemed to forget this.

In his eyes, a German princess, no matter whom she married, was to remain a German. But the present Queen of Denmark (Alexandria of Mecklenburg), the most discreet of princesses, never forgot that she was a Danish princess and would be in time a Danish Queen. . . . Every German princess was looked upon as a propagator of the views of the Kaiser; the Queen of the Belgians was a sore disappointment to him; but then she was not a Prussian princess. When one of the princesses joined the Catholic Church there was an explosion of rage in his heart.

With the progressive revelation of the spirit and purposes of German imperialism, in general, came little by little a perception by the American Minister of the danger to which America would be exposed if Germany should triumph in the war that she would some day have with Russia. The permanent occupation of Denmark would mean the German claim to the Danish Antilles—and the -Virgin Islands were too intimately close to the Panama Canal to make German control of them agreeable to the United States. Here then was the vital interest of Dr. Egan's mission to Denmark.

No doubt this was a subject of conversation when Mr. Roosevelt paid his visit to Copenhagen in 1910, for both men were interested in it; but Dr. Egan is too good a diplomatist to report the confidences even of an ex-President. He is content to give us a brief but interesting account of the visit, and assures us that, "From the European point of view, which took no account of our home politics, ex-President Roosevelt was not only the most important figure in America, but in the world, and the most picturesque"; and this is true. The trunks did not

arrive in time, and he and Mrs. Roosevelt were obliged to wear their traveling clothes at a Court dinner. Their native sense was shown by the charming way in which they accepted the unpleasant accident, which had once occurred upon another gala occasion when the guest was Her Majesty the Queen of England. The impression left by the visitors was, as Dr. Egan tells us, that Mrs. Roosevelt was "adorable", and Mr. Roosevelt "a man". The Socialists were disappointed in his speech before the Municipal Council, for they had supposed Mr. Roosevelt was a Radical; but the Moderates were delighted. "Your Radicalism is our Conservatism", remarked Chamberlain Oxholm. "When Mr. Roosevelt left Denmark", writes Dr. Egan, "he left an impression of force, of vitality, of dignity, of honesty, that became a part of the history of the country."

The story of the purchase of the Virgin Islands at the price of \$25,000,000—the chief diplomatic incident and triumph of Dr. Egan's mission—is told at length, but is too complicated for a summary here. It is a contribution to our diplomatic history which all who are interested in that subject will wish to possess and preserve.

The book of our Minister to Denmark does credit to his skill as a writer and to his qualities as a diplomat. His handling of the visit of Booker Washington, when he was entertained at dinner by Their Majesties, the King and Queen, exemplifies the tact and the prudence with which he met what to others might have proved very annoying situations. His friendliness, his sympathy with everything good, his hospitality, and above all his constant thought of the interests of his own country, stand out in

these pages—not as studied self-revelations, but as unconscious manifestations of the life of a gentleman, in the sense of Sir Philip Sydney's definition of gentility: "High-erected thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy."

Ten Years Near the German Frontier: A Retrospect and a Warning. By Maurice Francis Egan, former United States Minister to Denmark. George H. Doran Company.

MR. MACKAYE'S GEORGE WASHINGTON

By Walter Prichard Eaton

There has never been a successful play about the American revolution, unless we except Shaw's "The Devil's Disciple", which, of course, used the revolution merely as a peg. The writer has often speculated on the reason for this, without reaching any satisfactory conclusion. There was certainly dramatic contrast and struggle, there were picturesque and even heroic figures, and the events were not only of national but of world importance. Yet no real play has emerged, even after one hundred and fifty years. All that have come have seemed either crude or more often, perhaps, curiously thin and pallid. Now Percy Mackaye, writing what he calls a "ballad play" about Washington, once more attempts to make dramatic use of the revolution; and once more we have attenuation and pallidity.

Mackaye, to be sure, can take refuge behind the fact that he hasn't tried to make a play about the revolution, but about Washington; and that, furthermore, he isn't writing a play primarily for the accepted theatre standards, but for a new type of community presentation. However, Washington had a considerable bit to do with the revolution, and even com-

munity drama is the better for some drama, though it seldom gets it. So far as Mackaye set out to make Washington a human, appealing figure—especially in his devotion to farming and Mt. Vernon—and to take away the schoolbook aloofness and halo, he has admirably succeeded, and without taking away any essential dignity. So far, too, as his new scheme goes of having a picturesque ballad singer to sing ballads that serve to carry over one scene into the next, thus enabling him with a minimum of actual scene changes to present no less than sixteen episodes, Mackaye is on the track of something pretty valuable; he is making a real contribution to dramatic technique, and, we think, using his poetic talents to far more practical advantage than by writing a drama in Shakespearian blank verse. The machinery of his play, and the pageantry, while it is not entirely free from touches of mere prettiness, is on the whole delightful and suggestive. The progressive episodes of Washington's career, too, are individually well handled and have true historical atmosphere. But—there is no drama. What results is a kind of glorified modern "pageant" about George Washington. The spiraling story which winds up the spectator's interest and emotions to a point where the release of a solution is felt as a great relief—that is, the peculiar thrill of drama, is quite lacking. Mackaye speaks of his ballad transitions as restoring the free technique of Shakespeare, without the bareness of the Elizabethan stage. It might do so, with another theme. But it doesn't here. This play is a string of episodes. "Othello" is a spiral stairway leading relentlessly upward to an exceeding high place.

The drama about Washington and

the American revolution is still unwritten.

Washington, the Man Who Made Us. By Percy Mackaye. Alfred A. Knopf.

SPRIGHTLY LETTERS OF A GENTLEWOMAN

By Constance Murray Greene

When it would seem churlish to criticize the personal letters of a deceased gentlewoman of character and charm, it is fortunate to be able to praise the four hundred and seventy-two page volume of the "Letters of Susan Hale". Naturally a mass of the pleasantly discursive and crisply penetrative comment will be of as vital interest to Miss Hale's own extensive social circle as it is of keen passing interest to us. We can imagine these pages turning eagerly in the delicate hands of elderly ladies on Beacon Street and Commonwealth Avenue, and hear, now and then, furtive chuckles from Boston to Chicago at the frankness of certain (really harmless) disclosures.

Young persons of this day of spontaneous and frequently unlicensed expression may fail to understand that Miss Hale's chief claim to cleverness was her beguiling naturalness. It was a rare spirit in her day who could make of correspondence anything better than a heavy and righteous series of sermons. Even the unique and dazzling genius, Emily Dickinson, was as lead from the hands of her early moulders at fifteen, the age when Susan began this buoyant series, which is a tribute to the broader Unitarian culture of the Hales. The grave does not yawn in a single instance, nor does Satan lie in wait, felicitous omissions which may account for the

fact that the happy recipients have saved some of the early letters for over seventy years.

We have resisted many quotable passages in order to give this from a letter devoted to "Why I Don't Like Germany", written in 1873:

Early in the morning Elise begins. You'd think it was somebody falling off a house with a sewing-machine and a trunk, five stories into the street—but it's only Elise with my bathtub—a regular washtub, which by great persistence I have attained to, although all Weimar thinks me insane, and Mrs. Baier, wherever we go, tells that I wash myself all over in cold water every morning. "Yes", said an elderly lady last evening, "I used to wash myself once but I have got over it"—much as you'd speak of a person who, having acquired the fatal habit of smoking, is obliged to leave it off gradually and not of a sudden. I don't mean to say but what they are clean and neat enough—as a general thing I think they always wash their faces once a day and their hands, say, twice a week, when they are going to a party, but not so often with soap.

Letters of Susan Hale. Edited by Caroline P. Atkinson. Marshall Jones Co.

THE BRONTË MEMORIAL

By Margaret Ashmun

So much has been written of the Brontës, and of Charlotte in particular, that it is difficult to say anything new, though research has been diligent in these later years. For the most part, the volume in hand suggests the talk of loving relatives about a child deceased: they repeat to one another the story of his tarrying and his taking-off, unmindful of the charge of iteration.

The book carries the analogy a point further, in that it is pervaded by tenderness and regret. The true lover of Charlotte Brontë retains an aching sense of the anguish of her mortal existence—a mental agony which has probably not been exaggerated nor

even comprehended. It is true that a woman who has toiled and suffered and loved, and written three great books, and married and found peace needs little of anybody's pity; her destiny has been fulfilled, and a few years more or less of freedom or luxury would be of small avail. Yet it is not unnatural that in the publications of the Brontë Society regarding their favorite, Charlotte, there should sound an underlying note of compensation, the idea that her long martyrdom ought somehow to be made up to her in whatever ways affection can devise.

And so the members of the Society have established a museum at Haworth, where they cherish her little cheap pink dresses, her rosewood work-box, her eye-glasses, her wedding shawl. They have collected bits of her handwriting, deploring the fact that American millionaires have snatched the choicest autographic prizes. They have rummaged in her haunts — pathetically few — and brought out data from which to compose their papers full of information, analysis, and praise. Now they have published a centenary volume to the greater glory of their Celtic lyricist, the heroine of her own novels, who wove her masterpieces out of the somber web of her soul.

The "Memorial", a symposium, will afford real pleasure to all those who sympathize with the Brontë cult. It is not mere adulation; it puts a determined emphasis on faults as well as virtues. It smooths no harshness, and glosses no defects. There is sufficient variety within it to make it stimulating. It is eminently well written by men and women who are acknowledged masters of modern English. It is scholarly and restrained, and at the same time emotionally replete. Above all it is delicate and dig-

nified. In no spirit of idle curiosity are the secrets of Miss Brontë's inner life overhauled; with no ghoulishness are the poor little bones of her romance picked bare.

Sir Sidney Lee contributes an appreciative study of George Smith, of the Smith and Elder Company who brought out the novels by "Currer Bell". Mr. Smith, the prototype of "Dr. John" of "Villette", was one of the few men-of-the-world whom Charlotte Brontë knew. On several occasions he and his mother entertained her, for weeks together, at their home in London. He understood better than most others the beauty of the timid little lady's genius and the tragedy of her social failures. In the "Memorial" he is made to reveal both. G. K. Chesterton has a short but spirited essay on "Charlotte Brontë as a Romantic". Mrs. Humphry Ward dwells on the Irish element which put the transforming touch of imagination on all that Charlotte Brontë wrote. M. H. Spielmann adds some small newness to already existing data concerning the Pensionnat Heger in Brussels. A. C. Benson, Edmund Gosse, Richard Garnett, Halliwell Sutcliffe are other names which confer a luster upon the pages of the book.

A memorial of this sort is conspicuously fitting as a tribute from the Society whose object it is to preserve the fame of the Brontës. A more extensive and less formal memorial, however, remains to Charlotte Brontë in the hundreds of novels which have been written since her time, in which her influence can be traced,—where the passionate hearts of women misunderstood have been shown for what they are. And such a reminder, we think, is what she herself would have wished—this shy, fierce, seething-souled little spinster who made of love

a thing so holy, a flame spiritualized,
a burning bush in the desert.

Charlotte Brontë. 1816-1916. A Centenary Memorial. Prepared by the Brontë Society. Edited by Butler Wood. E. P. Dutton and Co.

TRANSLATING MORE IBÁÑEZ

By Georgiana Goddard King

If the works of Blasco Ibáñez are all to be translated, or most of them, into English, it is time to have a clear understanding about them and the author. They were done into the principal continental languages long ago: inside the front cover of "Los Muertos Mandan" may be counted six French, five German, two Dutch, four Portuguese, three Bohemian, one Italian, one Swedish, and six Russian translations. To these must be added two versions issued long since, six or eight years at the least, of "La Catedral", one in England and another in America; and one version of "Sangre y Arena" in Chicago, as appears from a note of "Dans les Orangers", which itself makes a seventh in the French count. This implies that the author has something important to say, or he would not get or keep so large an audience. The like has hardly happened since the great years when Turgenev and Tolstoi were discovered by the western world, and translations were passed from hand to hand. The parallel is just: Turgenev was a revolutionary and Tolstoi was a reformer: Blasco Ibáñez is both. The Russian translations were admirable—and I hasten to add indispensable, for Russian is harder to learn than Spanish. Conceivably it would be worth learning Spanish, which is easy, to read "Los Muertos Mandan".

For all these translations that have appeared within the past year are not

altogether admirable. "In the Shadow of the Cathedral" was spotted with false renderings of the text, and with simple idioms misunderstood. Not so many are noticeable in "The Dead Command", though words like *deception*, *luxurious*, *college*, *infectious* occur, which are not correct translations of the Spanish they so resemble. The trouble is not so much ignorance as, rather, indifference to a general experience of the world, which should warn the translator that *Seo* is the name of a cathedral and not a city, *Egina* of a place and not a sculptor; which should supply plain English for *nacre*, and prefer *bedroom* and *going to bed* to *dormitory* and *retiring*; which should recognize that one would say *monastic seclusion* and *Mummy Antonia*, which would call the men in grey uniforms *civic* and not *civil* guards. When too many simple Spanish terms are left unrendered, without even italics to differentiate *señores* and *caballeros* from the articles about them, or dialect and colloquial phrases from the English in which they are embedded, it is a pity that *alpargatas* throughout should be called *sandals*, which they are not, being more like sneakers. The descriptions of what our ancestors called female beauty suffer likewise, not quite so much through the act of the translator. There are times when anyone who essays that craft feels that the English language must have been invented by prudes for the use of boarding-schools: still, there may be something else and something more moving to say at a dramatic meeting than this: "Against his bosom were pressed hidden curves of firm, elastic plumpness".

These, however, are all accidents due very likely to haste; and they do not seriously affect the real value of

a close and careful version, trustworthy rather than picturesque, perhaps, but never stupid or silly. It was a mistake to give titles to the chapters, breaking up thereby the uninterrupted flow of brooding thought which is characteristic of the author; but that is the sort of subtlety that few translators perceive, and fewer publishers.

Yet a good translator can perceive all the subtleties, feel the ebb and flow of the action in Majorca or Iviza; render now the dry and rapid diction of Pablo Valls and again the interminable cogitation of Jaime Febrer, which passes from mere inventory and chronicle at the outset, through the oppressive pondering of indecision under stress of necessity, to the end—heavily charged with emotion—of dream and delirium. The hard thing to learn in speaking a foreign language is not the sound of the words but the cadence of the phrase; and for the actor or the public speaker, the rhythm of the paragraph. Yet the translator who does not master that fails to render the author. More than most, Ibáñez demands this, for his work is composed—this has been pointed out in these pages before—like a lyrical drama or a great speech, with systole and diastole, a movement like that of the tides and the seasons.

Blasco Ibáñez is not the greatest living novelist, for Thomas Hardy is not dead yet, nor Anatole France, nor Sudermann, to cite only the first names that rise in recollection. He is only half a novelist at the utmost. It is not primarily as novels that the pentecostal outpouring of thirty books befell, but as tracts. After "Sangre y Arena" no reader of moderately susceptible nerves could sleep, though clear of conscience and innocent of

bull-fights,—so hideous and intolerable the obsession of blood, the sight and smell and feeling of it, like a complete taurobolium.

In "Los Muertos Mandan" (The Dead Command), which he wrote about ten years ago, the theme is as old as humanity. Whatever we may desire or undertake, our forebears yet determine our lives. There is something, however, older even than the ancestral ghosts, and that is nature; and the laws of nature that bring about a mating are stronger than pride or caste. Here the story ends. It would be easy for the novel-reader to say that Febrer goes off his head about a girl, like all his ancestors; that the only difference lies in his marrying her and that this was a mistake, that the story on the last page is just about to begin; but the novel-reader would find this hard to prove from the text. The objection was foreseen in earlier chapters, and provision made against the future. The pearl-white Margalida stands a better chance of happiness than most; and if the reader, like the present critic, falls somehow under the spell of her silent charm, that is a guaranty of her power no less than her creator's skill. She does not speak ten times in the book, but she dawns slowly upon it like a spring moonrise.

Febrer is a figure completely continental, and it would be valuable to know just what American readers really think about him. What we call his vices are not sentimentalized in the least—his gambling, what Mulvaney calls his "a-moors"; they are personal facts, like his shooting, his *alpargatas*, and his soft hat. We have another convention, another set of things that (in books at least) a nice man finds possible or impossible: but we shall have to take him or leave him.

It will be one result of all these translations, so well advertised, so widely circulated, that the ordinary American—God bless him, and particularly her!—will learn to know some people mighty different from those at home. That is a consummation devoutly to be wished. We may take them or leave them, but we shall have to know them.

The Dead Command. By Vicente Blasco Ibáñez. Duffield and Co.

TYL ULENSPIEGEL

By Walter A. Dyer

All the world loves a jolly and high-hearted vagabond, at least in literature. Those restless spirits of liberty, venturing forth to see the world and to live by their wits, from Ulysses down to our beloved Perigot, have always, I fancy, appealed strongly to the imagination of boyhood.

I can still recall the wonder and delight with which, as a boy, I followed the extraordinary adventures of one Tyll Owlglass. For some reason I associated this merry wight with Baron Munchausen and Robin Hood. I can still see that little, close-printed volume in which those adventures were narrated—much abbreviated and thoroughly expurgated, no doubt, with the owl and the mirror on the title-page. I did not know that the volume was rare and hard to come upon, or I might not have lost sight of it as I did. Nor did I know that I was reading one of the most popular of the ancient folk-lore tales of central Europe. In fact, it was only lately that I became informed.

Of all the ancient folk-lore of German origin, nothing, perhaps, ever obtained a wider circulation among the common people than these tales of Tyl

Ulenspiegel, a strolling vagabond, the Gil Blas of German mediæval story. They were narratives of adventure, seldom of a refined nature, in which the hero invariably outwitted duller folk and not always honestly. It was the sort of thing to make the peasant roar with laughter, and yet there was not a little wisdom in the fooling. The witty Ulenspiegel was forever holding up his flashing mirror for the solemn wiseacres of the world to gaze into to their shame and discomfiture.

There was, very likely, at some time in the fourteenth century, an authentic and historical Ulenspiegel upon whose career these ingenious tales were based. One tradition has it that he was a frocked if not very pious monk, and another that he was a wandering jester in cap and bells. It is known that the Saxon name Eulenspiegel was not uncommon near Brunswick, the country which gave birth to the tales. This joking monk or wise fool traveled all over Westphalia and Saxony, and is supposed to have ventured even into Poland and to Rome, and he left behind him the legends of his pranks. He is said to have died in 1350, and his tomb is still pointed out at Möllen. The present gravestone, though very old, is probably not the original. Another Ulenspiegel gravestone is to be seen at Damme in Belgium, dated 1301, for the French, the Swiss, and the Flemish, as well as the Saxons, all claim Ulenspiegel as their own.

The tales of this practical joker and itinerant philosopher began as oral folk-stories in the Plattdeutsch dialect, and as unwritten legend they are still current in Switzerland, where they have always been most popular. In the original, the humor is nothing if not broad, often approaching obscenity, but, like that of Rabelais, it offers

in its totality a keen satire on the life and customs of the time, not sparing church, state, and men of high degree.

The first printed edition is said to have been published in the lower Saxon dialect in 1483. The oldest extant edition, treasured at Augsburg, is dated 1540. About a century after Ulenspiegel's death, the tales were translated into High German by a Franciscan friar named Murner, who was born near Strasburg in 1475 and who gained fame as a doughty opponent of Martin Luther. Of this we may find mention in Carlyle's "Miscellaneous Essays". These early editions would doubtless seem very raw and vulgar to our modern tastes.

Translations subsequently appeared in various forms and editions in French, Flemish, Danish, Latin, and Holland Dutch. Mr. K. R. H. Mackenzie mentions 105 different editions that he was able to unearth. The first English translation appeared in black letter in 1528 or 1530, and a modified version was published in England in 1720.

I discovered two versions in English in the New York Public Library, both of which have been safely expurgated. The better of the two bears this title: "The Marvelous Adventures and Rare Conceits of Master Tyll Owlglass, newly collected, chronicled, and set forth, in our English tongue, by Kenneth R. H. Mackenzie, Fellow of the Society of Antiquarians, and adorned with many most diverting and cunning devices by Alfred Crowquill." The volume was published in 1860 by Ticknor and Fields of Boston. Mackenzie used as a basis for his translation a Low German edition of 1519, printed at Strasburg.

The other version appears in a collection of "The German Novelists", translated from the originals by

Thomas Roscoe, and published by Frederick Warne and Company, London and New York, some time in the 'seventies. It differs entirely from the other in its wording, but most of the anecdotes are the same. I have yet to find another copy of the little volume that delighted me in my youth; I do not know its date, translator, or publisher.

Now upon this ancient legend of Tyl Ulenspiegel, Charles de Coster, a nineteenth-century Belgian who evidently accepted the tradition that Ulenspiegel was a Fleming of Damme, has based a most extraordinary work of imaginative literature. It is a prose epic, a bit strange in form to the provincial American, in which a poet, a patriot, and a mystic has cast the spell of a rare and fanciful charm over a narrative in which the Ulenspiegel legend and Flemish history of the time of the Spanish Inquisition and the beginnings of the Dutch Republic are wondrously intertwined.

De Coster's "Ulenspiegel" was written forty-odd years ago in the French language, and has now for the first time been presented to American readers in their own tongue. Mr. Geoffrey Whitworth, the able and sympathetic translator, calls it in his foreword "probably the most notable example of modern Belgian literature". It may well be that. It took de Coster ten years to write it and he received little recognition for his work till long afterward. But the day of his fame has dawned.

It is not easy to characterize this work in current terms. In it are combined elements of legend, history, allegory, and rhapsody. There is in it much of the antique quality of sixteenth-century romance—the quality, for example, of "Aucassin and Nicolette". The form of it, as well as the

substance, will, I fancy, appear somewhat unfamiliar to American readers who are not conversant with continental literature of the past century, and who are accustomed to having their stories told for them in a straightforward manner from beginning to end. That the erudite critic will pronounce it a genuine work of genius I have no doubt, and I am inclined to think that even the uninitiated will find himself bound to read it through, though he may but faintly grasp the character of the fascination that lures him from page to page.

It would be even more futile to attempt to give a résumé of the narrative. It is a series of episodes rather than a connected story, and yet the development of the movement is sufficiently obvious. The Tyl of de Coster is a Flemish rebel at heart and in fact; eventually he allied himself with the historic revolutionaries of his oppressed country, the Beggarmen. His remarkable career forms the thread of the tale, upon which are strung also rare bits of poetic interpretation and illuminating episodes centering about fictitious and historic Flemish characters and the cruel King of Spain.

De Coster, in fact, presents his pictures with a certain wide freedom upon a broad sweep of canvas. He casts aside the stereotyped formulæ of his craft, and he gives us something stimulating and provocative that seems to demand an immediate second and more studious reading. And he leaves us, if we are not purblind, with the sense that we have been reading a poet's interpretation of the national life and the unquenchable love of liberty of the Flemish people.

Incidentally, the discriminating reader will not overlook the occasional brief descriptive passages of rare

beauty; he will be impressed with the reality and variety of the characters portrayed; he will react to the recurring elements of mysticism, fantasy, and horror, even if he fails to recognize, in the first reading, just what the author is getting at.

One need hardly expect de Coster's work to achieve popularity with us; its form and substance lie too far outside the radius of the average reader's experience and standards. But that will in no wise condemn it in the eyes of the lover of genuine literature. The translator has called it "a book of vitality and passion". It is that and more; it is a distinctly impressive creation. And the American publishers deserve our thanks for spreading this table before us in the presence of so much that is commonplace and brassy.

At the end of the book there comes a flash of enlightenment. Thus spake Ulenspiegel:

"Think you that they can be buried in the ground", he asked them, "Ulenspiegel and Nele? Nele that is the heart of our Mother Flanders, and Ulenspiegel that is her soul? She can sleep, too, forsooth, but die—never! Come, Nele."

And they twain departed, Ulenspiegel singing his sixth song. But no man knoweth where he sang his last.

One may venture to suggest that the seventh song of the symbolic Ulenspiegel may have been sung not long since, at Liège and Louvain and among the sand dunes beyond Ostend.

The Legend of the Glorious Adventures of Tyl Ulenspiegel in the Land of Flanders and Elsewhere. By Charles de Coster. Translated from the French by Geoffrey Whitworth. With twenty woodcuts by Albert Delstanche. Robert M. McBride and Co.

A CREED FOR CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

By Charles Hanson Towne

Christopher Morley has personality. Anyone who has read his delightful

"Shandygaff" does not need to be told that. No man can write essays like those unless he has in his heart and brain that indefinable something which we call, for lack of a better word, charm. When I finished reading the book I wanted straightway to write a creed beginning, "I believe in Christopher Morley". And here he is again, vindicating, happily, my judgment on his book of prose, with a volume of verse fit to follow his enchanting essays. Morley, in a word, seems to be able to do anything. He can meander, as a poet should, along a dusty highway, and extract a song from whatever he sees. He is the beloved vagabond of modern writers; yet behind his most whimsical fancy lies a profound pity for humanity; and he never seems happier than when he is interpreting the feelings of an inarticulate old woman standing in front of a bulletin board reading the news of peace. And of a commonplace telephone directory he can say this:

A million hearts here wait our call,
All naked to our distant speech—
I wish that I could ring them all
And have some welcome news for each!

A man will go far who can feel like that. Then there are the two (I wish there had been two dozen) "Sonnets in a Lodging House", with their almost uncanny perception of how one's landlady feels about her various lodgers. You think them humorous at first; then you sense the tragedy of the poor soul's life, and get a picture of her as vivid, in fourteen lines, as ten thousand words of Fanny Hurst or Edna Ferber at their best. It is little short of genius to accomplish this. "At a Movie Theatre" grips you strangely; and then you come upon the matchless free-verse stanzas called "Do You Ever Feel Like God?" and you gasp, so compelling is the picture

drawn. Ibsen himself never removed one of the walls of a room more completely, revealing all one need to know of the lives of four people. The lines are so splendid that I cannot refrain from quoting them:

Across the court there rises the back wall
Of the Magna Carta Apartments.
The other evening the people in the apartment
opposite
Had forgotten to draw their curtains.
I could see them dining: the well-blanch-
ed cloth,
The silver and glass, the crystal water-jug,
The meat and vegetables; and their clean
pink hands
Outstretched in busy gesture.

It was pleasant to watch them, they were so
human;
So gay, innocent, unconscious of scrutiny.
They were four: an elderly couple,
A young man, and a girl—with lovely shoul-
ders
Mellow in the glow of the lamp.
They were sitting over coffee, and I could see
their hands talking.

At last the older two left the room.
The boy and girl looked at each other. . . .
Like a flash, they leaned and kissed.

Good old human race that keeps on multiply-
ing!
A little later I went down the street to the
movies,
And there I saw all four, laughing and joking
together.
And as I watched them I felt like God—
Benevolent, all-knowing, and tender.

Morley loves the city, you see; but he also loves gypsying on quiet trails, and home best of all. In the section headed "At Home" one finds a poignant note that is thoroughly masculine, but tender in the extreme. Here are found such favorites as we have seen already in various magazines—"Dedication for a Fireplace", "On Naming a House", and "The Crib", not forgetting "To a Very Young Gentleman", which will find its way into many an anthology. And Morley has that precious gift, humility about his own work, as witness the little prayer before a printing-press, that his songs

may be worthy "of this great machine". There is some clever *vers de société*; but I wish Morley, who is no mean critic of other people's work, had been discriminating enough to omit about half a dozen light songs that were written, surely, under the pressure of his daily newspaper work. I mean such tawdry pieces as "The Night Before Pay Day", "John J. Harrison", with its foolish climax, and "Kith and Kin". And "breakfastless" is one of those awkward words that a poet of Morley's distinction should never, never use!

But what a good book it is! More than ever I say, "I believe in Christopher Morley".

The Rocking Horse. By Christopher Morley. George H. Doran Company.

WHAT IS HUMAN PROGRESS?

By Maurice Francis Egan

Mr. Philip Ainsworth Means offers us a book which can be read with real profit only by the analytical and intellectual person. It is the volume of a young man who has thought much, observed much, and studied hard; the only line of research which he seems to have neglected, is the careful use of English words. It is not often that he shows the result of this disregard of style, but when a Bostonian uses the word "riled" in a serious passage one demands with lifted hands to heaven that the vengeance of the spirits of the Back Bay shall be wreaked upon him.

It is not necessary to repeat the encomiums of distinguished scientists on the careful work Mr. Means has done in Peru: a layman can only listen to these with reverence; but on less strictly scientific matters the lay critic is entitled to his own opinion. Although Mr. Means seems to accept

unreservedly Darwin's hypotheses as dogmas rather than scientific laws, he does not assume that evolution in any case means steady progress. The quotation from Ferrero which he places on a fly-leaf of his book shows that he has not, like most modern scientists, a hatred of the Middle Ages: "The Europe of 1817", he quotes from Ferrero, "was a paradise compared to the Europe of 1917; and this is the result of six centuries of progress—progress which surely gives the Chinese, Indians, and other peoples, to whom we are wont to consider ourselves so superior, every right to smile ironically—progress which fills the soul of many a European with deep distrust. Is this progress? we may well ask."

Ferrero is probably right, though the Europe of 1817 was anything but a paradise; and Mr. Means shows us unconsciously that neither the Chinese, nor the Indians look on our progress as ideal. In fact, so far as an attitude of superiority is concerned, the haughtiness seems—although they rarely show it—to be on the part of the Chinese. The Orientals condescend to use the rude weapons of the West in order to compete with us; but in soul and mind they still remain spiritually proud and condescending. In the limits of a brief review it is impossible to do justice to this very learned, very stimulating, and at times very irritating volume. It is so much worth while that one would like, not only to approve, but to combat some of Mr. Means's theories with violence. In analyzing what Mr. Means calls the culture of American aborigines, he accentuates certain facts which many of us have lost sight of in considering their lack of practical progress. For instance, he says very truly,—

. . . In all the western hemisphere not a wheel turned until Columbus arrived. The nearest approaches to wheels and wheeling movement are seen in the Alaskan region where some of the natives rolled the canoes into the sea on logs, and in Mexico where fire was ignited by means of a stick rapidly revolved between the palms of the hands while its point rested upon another bit of wood. Nevertheless, the ancient peoples of America were by no means lacking in mechanical devices. Litters were certainly used in Mexico and in Peru (and very likely in Yucatan) by great personages. The travois and sledge were used widely in the more northern parts of the continent.

Nearly as important as the matter of rotatory mechanism is that of domestic animals. With the exception of the comparatively useless dog there were none such in ancient America. Only the Andeans with their feeble, wilful, semi-subjected Llamas and the Eskimo with his specially developed sledge-dog had the slightest sign of an animal helpmate and burden beast. (Pages 123-124.)

Mr. Means defines culture as "the complex of conditions created by man and his psychological reaction to those conditions". It "has been shown to vary from place to place and from age to age". Mr. Means ardently desires the construction of a scaffold on which a better culture may rest—a world culture. This, he thinks, must be brought about by what he calls "race appreciation". He does not leave out religion in the process of reconstruction; but he does not tell us whether this religion is to be mystical or not so far as the religious revival among the Allies is concerned, and we are left in doubt as to whether religion among the various races of the world, not Christian, is decaying. It is interesting to trace the procession of

paradoxes by which he unites paternalism with democracy. He compares the wretched condition of Persia to the improved condition of India, the latter owing to the grafting of a newer civilization on the older. It follows from most of his observations and arguments that the world cannot exist as a world worthy of respect and safe to live in, unless paternalism so conducts the people that they are able eventually to govern themselves; we must then accept the task of being *in loco parentis* to those nations which, according to Mr. Means, are not really inferior, but only undeveloped. He is too sane not to see that democracy at present needs to be protected from itself in many countries; but he seems to make the mistake of imagining that democracy can only exist under a republican form of government — a mistake common among even the most intelligent of our fellow countrymen. He believes earnestly that human nature is perfectible, and that, after tremendous scientific thought and effort and struggle, the world will reach that "divine event to which the whole creation tends". It is a hopeful book, and yet not a book which indulges in the illusions of hope more fully than one expects from a young man who looks on life sincerely, if not with entire clarity.

Racial Factors in Democracy. By Philip Ainsworth Means. Marshall Jones Co.

SOME LIBRARY GAINS FROM THE WAR

BY WILLIAM WARNER BISHOP

President of the American Library Association

The libraries of America through the library war service of the American Library Association have done fine work during the war in providing books in camps, in hospitals abroad and at home; on ships, in lookout stations, and all manner of places in which units of the army and navy have been stationed. They have done far more than provide books and magazines—they have given personal service in directing and furthering their use, a service voluntary for the most part, and so wide in extent and in numbers as practically to cover the whole body of librarians in the country. Few are there in our American libraries who have not participated heartily and actively in some part of the library war service. Some have raised money, others have served in the camps or hospitals, still others have gone to France, and a devoted band has labored at Headquarters at the Library of Congress in Washington. What are the resulting gains to libraries and incidentally to librarians?

A tremendous impetus has without doubt been given to the library work of the country by the mere fact that hundreds of thousands of young men have come into active personal contact with books administered in an organized and effective way. Literally thousands of men have read in camp libraries who never in their lives had seen more than a few dozen books on a shelf or two, and to whom the camp library of some twenty or thirty thou-

sand volumes was a revelation. Those young fellows were not all from remote country districts by any means. They came from hard toil in shops and factories, from exacting labor out of doors in New York or Detroit; they had never seen the inside of the public libraries in their home towns. One of the commonest experiences of the camp librarian was this fact that the very existence of libraries was a revelation. The army (and to a less degree the navy) men now know that there are libraries. They will not forget it when they get home. They will not all become at once active readers in their home libraries. But they will know what libraries are and why they are.

Most men not compelled to use books in earning their daily bread have had a vague idea that libraries were mainly composed of the sort of books women and children like to read in their leisure moments. These men, to the number of many thousands, have been suddenly obliged to acquire new information for extremely practical ends. They have been forced to use books to get that information, in most cases from the camp library, under pressure of necessity. The men who have been helped by this service to win promotion, to discover effective means of getting jobs done, will remember that the library was of use to them in a very practical way. They will know that the library can serve men, practical business men, men who do things. And they will demand this

sort of service at home, whether that means town or country.

Despite the hurry of making our army in the shortest possible time, there have been many terribly lonesome hours for recruits and for their officers, hours none the less lonesome because passed in the intimate contacts of barracks and wards and transports. Books and magazines as a means of diversion (whether by mere reading or by hard study) have become familiar, and indeed, to many men, necessary. This is a gain surpassing in value any material benefit. That many thousand men have learned to value the companionship of good reading as a result of this library war service is perhaps the greatest gain resulting from it.

The army and navy and the various welfare organizations have discovered that books alone are not a library. They have had tangible and effective evidence that it takes a librarian to make a collection of books function as a library. Time and again has the testimony come to Headquarters of what the librarian's trained skill has done in making camp and hospital libraries useful and vital. Particularly was this evidence given in cases where with the best of good will persons of no training had been trying to "run" a library for the troops. The officers who have observed (and reported) these instances will never again regard the librarian's post as one anybody can fill. The professional standing of librarians has been greatly improved by their war service.

The people, too, have become more conscious of their own libraries and their work through the service they have rendered in the war. Many a man who never before went to the town library has brought his contribution of books to be sent to the boys,

or has given his money for the library war service. The effective advertising which the libraries have received is a lasting gain, because it rests on a secure foundation of work done, not on a mere promise to do something.

The librarians, too, have gained immensely. They have come to the front in a national emergency surpassing in its exacting demands upon the whole people any preceding crisis, and have done their part in their professional capacity, just as the doctors and nurses have done theirs. They have had cordial recognition and support for their work from the military authorities, from the Red Cross, from the whole people who generously contributed millions to carry it on. No man or woman who has worked in camp or hospital or in France (and how hard they have worked only they know!) can fail to recognize the benefit resulting from these human contacts under pressure of a great need. The work has done them good.

Most of all have the younger library folk gained, for they have had their chance to show capacity. Novel conditions, long hours of service (fourteen—and more, a day oftentime!), delays and red tape, lack of facilities, constant pressure have not dismayed them. With true American grit and good humor they have faced new and trying demands, and have proven equal to them. Sent to cantonments rising overnight from the wilderness, with no books, no rooms, no buildings, and (at first) no status, these younger men and women have produced (under kindly guidance from Headquarters) not libraries alone, but veritable library systems in the great camps. In the smaller places, in outlying camps and stations of the army and navy, they have somehow placed their books, and have kept track of them.

The difficulties in the beginning were unbelievable—but they were overcome. The Dispatch Offices have handled literally millions of books, and that quietly and well. While the older librarians have worked hard, the burden of the field work has naturally fallen on younger shoulders—and many a neophyte has had his chance, and most of them have come up to it. They will drop back into routine—but they have made their mark, and know it.

The American Library Association has won benefit from its war work. It has acquired a momentum and a standing which should enable it to carry out much larger and more ambitious programs than anything it has attempted in the past. The Association has become conscious of its own power to do things. Its corporate life has been invigorated, strengthened. The government works with and through it. Other great organizations, such as the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A., are glad to cooperate with it. If its war service has done nothing else, it has brought to the American Library Association vigor, power, recognition. Peace will release the pressure under which these have been won. But the Association can never fall back into mere discussion, mere routine, mere existence. As a result of its war work it will keep on working.

And we may in all modesty claim one further—and final—gain for American libraries from the war service. The world of librarians outside of the United States, particularly in Great Britain, Canada, and France, has kept the American library war service under keen and friendly observation and criticism. They have worked hard and successfully in their own way, and it is no small satisfaction to us Americans that our way and our work seem to have won their hearty and genuine approval. The professional press of our allies has commented continually on the American methods, and generally with warm praise. We, on our part, have noted the splendid achievements of the Canadian and British librarians, working for the most part through non-professional channels, but none the less getting books and magazines to their troops and sailors. Of the French we have not known quite so much, but there too it is a satisfaction to recall that the "Association des Bibliothécaires Français" met on last Thanksgiving Day at the American Library Association's Central Library in Paris. We have been not rivals, but companions in the same task—and the resulting solidarity means much to the future of international library undertakings.

RECENT FRENCH BOOKS

BY A. G. H. SPIERS

Anatole France has returned to his popular vein. I use the adjective in its most flattering sense. The faith and determination required by the war, coupled with a change in the temper of young France which antedates the war, has turned many men against the glorious Olympian of "La Révolte des Anges", "L'Ile des Pingouins", and "La Vie de Jeanne d'Arc". But the poet and child-lover who wrote "Pierre Nozière" and "Le Livre de Mon Ami" will ever be admired by all. And it is this poet who appears once more in "Le Petit Pierre".

The writer who puts joy in our lives and kindness in our hearts is not always a serious-minded person with a thought to communicate. He is sometimes a genius whose radiant vision does little more than tinge with beauty the lights and shadows of the fundamental within us. This is why France's reminiscences of childhood are a benefaction as well as works of consummate art. We grown-ups are children still. "When his soul is distressed", says Pierre Mille, that other lover of childhood, "a man feels the need of a woman's presence; and that is because man can never forget that once he was a little boy."

While Anatole France, now well over seventy years of age, recalls the dilemmas, the feelings, and the ideas of childhood with a truth that is the marvel of those who have children under their constant supervision, he picks out and paints with gentle emotion those characteristics that persist,

that mark the little boy living on in the man. The discrimination, the simplicity of humanistic art can go no further. If the present volume shows a little more diffuseness, a little less spontaneity than its justly famous predecessors, it is only the existence of "Pierre Nozière" and "Le Livre de Mon Ami" that prevents "Le Petit Pierre" from ranking among the most delightful productions of the greatest writer living today.

When he had created man and woman in the earthly paradise, Allah, having reflected, spoke: "It is my will that man shall have a soul; and woman shall have none. But woman shall be keen-witted and man shall be dull". Thereupon Cheitan, the spirit of evil, having heard these words, exclaimed: "Bissimillah! Excellent! it is most excellent thus!"

Cheitan's satisfaction proves well-founded, at least if we are to trust the testimony of Pierre Mille. In his "Nasr' Eddine et son Epouse", Mrs. Nasr' Eddine, Zéineb by name, and others of her sex furnish much entertainment of the Arabian Nights variety. Yet they alone are not to minister to our amusement; for with them are associated the Turkish police, miracle-working relics, gullible European visitors to old Stamboul, and last and most important of all, Nasr' Eddine himself. This Nasr' Eddine is a genial soul. Philosopher, poet and simpleton in one, living in a frontier land between reality and dreams, a lover of "la belle aventure", he never

loses the sympathy of the reader. The death of a donkey brings him honor and shekels, a bit of Greek sculpture makes of him a famished prisoner; and yet, through good and evil fortune, whether shivering in a tomb to get a foretaste of the after-life or caressing the curiosity of the Baroness Bourcier—and even, be it said in passing, while standing aside to listen as Mille's fertile genius tells some of the best stories in the book, stories in which Nasr' Eddine is not directly involved—he preserves an unfailing confidence in the wisdom of Allah and the truth of his ninety and nine attributes.

Pierre Mille should be better known to the American public. In France he is known to all. The fact that many of his tales appeared first in the "Temps" and the "Journal", while it made his name a household word, tended for a time to make us put him in a class to which he was superior. Journalists have a reputation to live down. When, however, these same tales appeared in book form, it became evident that Mille was possessed of peculiar and enduring qualities. His character of Barnavaux is as well-known as Daudet's Tartarin. Certainly Nasr' Eddine is not Barnavaux. But it is rarely given to any author to create more than one figure so congenial to the heart of the general reader; and this new book, in spite of its inferiority, revives the feeling that Pierre Mille is a remarkable writer. He has an art developed by discipline and owes not a little to Kipling; but he has also an originality all his own. He is not so much an exponent of the "short-story" technically so-called, as he is a story-teller of a less artificial variety. He holds our attention by the sallies of his mirth, the vagaries of his expressions, and the freshness of his imagination. To listen to him

charms us, and we care little about the construction of his plot or the end of his tale. He is by no means an ingenuous observer of men and things—see, for instance, in the present volume, the story of how the Reverend Mr. Feathercock took to himself a "Turkish" wife, which is a delightful take-off, if I am not very much mistaken, of Loti's too credulous "Désenchantées". He is also a remarkable painter of exotic scenes. But over the great variety of persons and places which he describes with a keen appreciation of their differences is spread the unity of individual humor, the magnetism of a sane, joyous, and gentle-hearted personality.

To the scientifically inquisitive I recommend a volume of vulgarization. This is "La Vie en Action" by Edmond Perrier, a member of the Institut and the author of many scientific studies. Here one may glean much curious information, ranging from the views now held by learned men upon the formation of our world, to the instincts of the hermit-crab which is attracted by the colors white and green, and prefers yellow to red. It contains also the not untimely suggestion that since, according to modern theories, sex is determined by a peculiar balance between nutritive activity and the expenditure of energy, the ever-increasing participation of woman in the more exhausting activities of life will lead to a growing preponderance of male births. The disappearance of woman is no doubt to be regretted; but can we say as much for the disappearance of feminism?

The diversity of subject matter in Perrier's book is, as the author himself explains, "a natural consequence of the fundamental unity of science, a unity that is becoming every day

more evident from our studies in the nature of matter and force". As an example of this unity, we may quote the following statement on the interrelation of physics, on the one hand, and psychology or physiology on the other: "And it is also through the action of a mechanism still mysterious

in its essence, but of which electricity seems to be a part, that our thought controls our muscles and, consequently, presides over our acts."

Le Petit Pierre. By Anatole France. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.
Nasr' Eddine et son Epouse. By Pierre Mille. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.
La Vie en Action. By Edmond Perrier. Paris: Ernest Flammarion.

THE BOOKSELLER: THE READER'S BEST FRIEND

BY FREDERIC G. MELCHER

Secretary of the American Booksellers' Association

Such a common phenomenon in American life is the annual trade convention, that no convening group seriously expects that the country at large will note the fact of its gathering or watch for the results of its sessions. Hotels fill and empty, assembly halls echo and then resolve into silence, resolutions are passed and embodied in trade history, and the world of trade wags on its way.

Successful individualists avoid conventions as plague spots; scoffers say that the fluent and not the competent are the ones heard on the floor or platform; the cynical point to lists of high resolves never carried out and to committees that never bring in reports. Yet, be that as it may, no field of trade is without organization, and the annual conventions are a recognized part of cooperative effort—the milestones of trade history. Reports of presidents and secretaries are bird's-eye views of business experiment; committees are stirred to action by the inevitable day of reporting; alert men tell of their successes and methods; and the discouraged and puzzled are stirred to new progress.

The booksellers of the United States

have been organized since 1901 as the American Booksellers' Association, and their convention in Boston on the 13th, 14th and 15th of May will be their nineteenth annual gathering, the second to be held outside of New York City. Some two hundred members will be registered, this number including publishers and their representatives as well as retailers, though the executive officers of the association are all from the retailers.

What emphasizes this year's convention as one of special importance in the minds of those who have the interests of the book-trade most at heart, is the opportunity that it may give through speeches and discussion to estimate the effect of the war on this field of business and the possibilities of its expansion under the new conditions.

There is a wide-spread feeling that the book is coming into its own, and the bookstore into wider recognition. Will the bookseller be able to make good under the new opportunities; are the conditions under which he is operating suitable for meeting the needs? These are problems on which the trade wants answers.

There can be little doubt that the war has increased the reading habit. It has widened the range of people's interests, intensified ambitions, given new visions. In the army study has been the road to promotion, and recreational reading has been recognized as a human necessity; hundreds of thousands of volumes have found their way under a trained organization of librarians into every corner of the service. These men are coming back into our communities and will demand books that will inform and books that will entertain.

But if wartimes stimulated reading, peace and world readjustments promise to do so even more, and reports from the book-trade during the last three months seem to bear out that hope. Many people have turned to books for relaxation after the tense effort of war activities. The story of the war is being reviewed in detail; the history and affairs of other countries are more interesting to us. Trade methods are being studied, foreign languages cultivated, reconstruction problems investigated. Books had a tremendous and well-recognized place in moulding public opinion on the war issues, and they will have the same important work to do in helping clarify the issues of the new era.

But books half distributed are books only half effective, and to the problem of better distribution the booksellers address themselves. They must work together for better basic trade conditions, better trained booksellers, improved selling methods, wider public recognition of the importance of bookstores, higher professional standards. Better trade conditions will increase the number of bookstores, better training will increase the number of satisfied buyers. Improved selling methods will increase the outlet in a

given community; increased recognition of the civic and educational importance of bookstores will bring adequate support to bookstore enterprises in cities now without them; and higher standards among store owners and managers will make such recognition possible.

Four centuries and a half of printing-press history have brought us to a point where everyone expects to find reading matter about him at every turn, and takes its presence for granted. The tremendous amount distributed at the expense of the state, or by societies and endowed institutions, or, to a far greater extent, by the subsidy brought about by the world's need for advertising space, makes it impossible that the general public should look upon the distribution of literature as a perplexing problem. Yet it is a difficult problem and one that is but partly accomplished in any country, certainly not in our own.

There can be no doubt as to the great place that our daily papers and periodicals fill as recorders of events and moulders of opinion; yet the book will always be the permanent place of record for the best in literature, and the vehicle for the best reasoned and most substantial works on human affairs and world progress. How shall these get their full effect and widest distribution? The mere putting into print and covers does not accomplish this any more than the printing of health rules brings about universal cognizance of them. The machinery for distribution must be ready, it must be well organized, and quickly and intelligently responsive to the needs and opportunities.

Does anyone believe the distribution system for books is adequate? Look around and judge from your own experience. Perhaps you may live in

one of the large centers where there have always been good bookstores in at least partially adequate numbers. Or perhaps in some smaller city where the devoted interest of some good bookman has given the place book service much above the average. Yet the greater number of communities are without book service measuring up to the possibilities of the place or the intelligence of the people.

It will immediately be said that the bookstore is by no means the only method of book distribution. Quite true; yet it is certainly greatly needed over and above the amount of distribution accomplished through other channels. The public library, which has reached its greatest usefulness in this country, cannot yet find support on which fully to cover the community's needs. Let us say, for example, that Mr. Wells has just written "Mr. Britling", and a wide reading of it is important to the country. A public library in a city of 100,000 will put perhaps five copies in circulation, a bookstore in that community can put 500 in circulation. Bookstore and library are supplementary agencies, not rivals.

It might be suggested by some that people prefer to buy from canvassers, as in the case of "Stoddard's Lectures", or from magazine descriptions, such as those of Mark Twain and the "Power of Will", or from mail order catalogues. But however much these methods accomplish, there is still to be found no better way to get the right books to the right persons than by displaying them conveniently in every community under the competent comment of a bookseller. Authors, publishers, and public agree on this fact.

With this obvious public need of bookstores, how does it happen that

there are so few of them and so many cities without? Why should there be fewer bookstores now than fifty years ago, though the population has so increased? Take any large city and the older residents will tell you of the greater number of bookstores that used to be found there, in Boston, Baltimore, St. Louis, Troy, or Columbus. It is not, of course, easy to give a satisfactory answer, so many elements have entered into the problem. There have been changes in habits of living, a tremendous increase in other sources of reading matter, a separation from the bookstores of certain classes of bookselling, a lack of adequate profit in the business done.

While increase in wealth permits more margin for indulgence in books, the automobile and movie have cut into the time available; and apartment houses and frequent family migrations have made books seem an extra burden. New sources of reading matter have appeared on every side—the extended scope of the newspaper; the multiplication of periodicals; government, institutional, and society publications, and the rapid extension of public library facilities through public appreciation and generosity aided by Mr. Carnegie's building support. Schoolbooks were once the province of the bookstore but, quite properly, these are now supplied by public funds except in the South and in a few states of the Middle West where statute asks the stores to handle them, but at a loss. Law books, medical books, technical books, and books in the field of higher education are now largely handled by the publisher, as he has found it more profitable to direct the selling from the home office. Encyclopædias are sold by canvass, as well as a large proportion of the unabridged dictionaries. Complete atlases

and popular dictionaries have been sold into the million in the past few years through newspapers with coupon advertising.

On the question of profits, there will be varying views as to the seat of trouble. But there are very few who have been able to guide a bookstore through as much as a quarter of a century of business without financial accident, and such stores as are able to show this longevity are usually found coupled with other departments than those of current and standard books, either old, rare, or second-hand books, stationery or publishing. All statistics of the business point to the fact that while there is no retail field to compare with it in fascination, there are few that can compare with it in difficulty. It requires breadth of study, alertness as a merchant, and a level head for finance, to build up a successful bookstore, or else a combination of such abilities in different heads. And such combinations are hard to find. Usually it is the enthusiasm for the business that helps to overcome weakness in merchandising, though it may not quite offset weakness in financing.

The booksellers' conventions endeavor to provide opportunity for the pooling of selling ideas and methods. A review of past convention proceedings shows how much good work has been done on the problem of getting adequate selling methods, on bookstore technique, stock arrangement, display, the making of sales, charge-, order-, delivery-systems, and the like. What one manager has worked out another is quite welcome to know, and the one who will bring a good idea is likely to be rewarded by carrying away two. Selling method in a bookstore will never be a mechanical process, a recitation by rote of selected phrases. The

nature of the wares forbids that, but booksellers pick up in these contacts with other merchants suggestions as to how the machinery of business may function more smoothly, may care for more people in the day; may succeed in making more books sell themselves by better display and arrangement.

Bookstore frequenters are peculiarly sensitive to the appearance of a shop. Books are to them more than stacked merchandise; they are old friends and prospective acquaintances; and they do not expect to see them handled with apparent carelessness in either window, counter, or shelf. A book counter is a ceaselessly changing picture of new material. The task of guiding this constant change, and of renewing and supplying the old while welcoming the new, is a problem of merchandising that makes the bookseller glad of the opportunities of consultation.

Retailing as business, occupying as it does so many millions of people, has been the last field to be considered as a problem for serious study; and only now is it coming into its own. While the manufacturer has been calling in expert organizers and establishing research laboratories to increase his efficiency, while the farmer has been attending university courses and employing county agents to get up-to-date advice on his work, the retailers in all fields have been content with their own native wisdom and with developing managers by the slow method of "growing up in the business". Only within a few years have educational authorities begun to turn seriously to the task of training for the retail field, and only recently have people been willing to forego the old idea that "anyone can run a shop". In the new impulse toward a literature of business, the last field to be covered

was that of the technique of retail store management. The retail bookseller himself is beginning to absorb that literature as well as to have the pleasant privilege of selling the volumes to others. In such practical problems as store organization, sales direction, stock keeping, and store finance, the bookseller has been handicapped, not so much from being behind the procession of retailers, as from the fact that retail merchandising as a whole has lagged behind other fields of business. The retailer is becoming the student of his own affairs and the annual convention is one fruitful field for such study.

Perhaps no difficulty has been so common in the retail field as the lack of knowledge of retail finance, and the absence of any good guide in this matter. The Harvard Business School a few years ago began studies of the retail field, and gathered important statistics as to costs and profits in the retail shoe business. This investigation, which was carried out in a wide area and in both large and small cities, brought out important facts for the retailers' guidance, and it also showed how few merchants kept accounts that could give them the basic facts for the conduct of their business. The bookseller is even more in need of guidance than the shoe dealer, as his operations are far more complicated in character and the risks of loss are much larger. Many there are who say, "I should just love to run a bookstore"; and who think that because they know and love books, happy days will be spent while the best of books move off into always welcoming hands. But those who have entered the field are not so sure of the ease of this operation. They remember hours spent in wondering how much rent can be afforded for a \$50,000 business; whether \$1,000 is too much to

spend for advertising in a year, or why \$20,000 is too much stock to carry for that size business. Is a last fall's novel still good stock, or is it worth a dollar now or forty-nine cents? Can one afford to carry Rousseau's "The Social Contract" or Dryden's "Poems" even if there be only one call a year, and can one find the way to free an investment of a hundred dollars in a rarity which is worth not five to those not collecting in that field?

The book-trade has been endeavoring, in the Association, to find standards for guidance in these troublesome fields. Three years ago forty retailers supplied operating figures to the "System Magazine" from which interesting averages were obtained, but new figures based on a wider gathering of statistics are needed in order to know the facts with regard to present conditions.

One characteristic of bookstore finance enters into all its problems. The price at which the goods are to be sold is fixed in advance. If the shoe dealer finds that he cannot make a profit by selling slippers that cost a dollar for a dollar fifty, he marks them one sixty-five; but the bookseller must continue to sell dollar and a half books for one fifty and find some new way to economize. Both wholesale and retail prices are fixed by the manufacturer. This gives the public the advantage of low stable prices in all parts of the country, though it manifestly increases the difficulties of bookstores. The public has been called on to take more interest lately in the costs of distribution, but it would be a bold man indeed who would claim that the bookstore is supplied with too wide a margin.

The librarian, whose problem of book selection resembles in so many ways the problem of the bookstore

buyer, and whose necessity of reaching his public has much similarity to the bookseller's desire, has a problem of finance that is decidedly less perilous than that of the bookseller. He should, therefore, be charitable in his judgments when the bookseller does not quite carry through to the ideal. The librarian's position is decidedly not an overpaid one but, at least, he is sure of the money. He is not called on to make any investment of his own and could conduct the affairs of his institution with much inadequacy for a couple of years without personal financial loss, while the bookseller can easily lose his savings of years in slight misjudgments during such a period. If the librarian thinks it difficult to obtain increased appropriations from trustees, he should remember how much more of a problem it is to get increased allowances from bankers. The librarian's margin for expenses is known a year in advance and can be counted on; the bookseller's margin for expenses is not known until the sales are in and their amount and character determined.

Bookstore finance and general management is one of the ever pressing difficulties of the business and one which is ever recurring in discussion when booksellers get together. More thorough investigation must be made and more adequate help offered to aid new stores to start on solid foundations, and to keep the older stores from dying through preventable disease.

But the points at which the public would be first conscious of new strength in the bookstore would be the personnel, the ability to handle intelligently and competently the extremely varied merchandise that makes up the stock. It is here that organized bookselling must put forth its best efforts

in order to measure up to its opportunity. It is true that there is need of scores of more bookshops in this country, and that many large and prosperous communities are entirely without adequate service; but it does not follow that any kind of book service will suffice. The book-trade is quite conscious of this, and the question of higher professional standards and better methods of training salesmen comes constantly to the front in all gatherings.

A prominent librarian was recently asked whether in his judgment there was not a good place for a bookstore in his city. "Yes", he replied, "but we want a good one: one that will be really adequate to the opportunity, one that shall carry a good complete stock and be competently handled."

No one can understand better than the librarian the need of proper training for the handling of books. The growth of the library service throughout the country has been made possible by the establishment of training schools and advanced library courses. When the first school was established, one of the leaders in the library profession laughed at the idea of such special preparation.

It is becoming more and more obvious in the book-trade that some better means of training bookmen must be found than the old apprentice method. In the last few years several plans have tentatively begun which point the way to more perfect ways that may be developed. New York, Philadelphia, and now Boston have made modest beginnings at schools of bookselling. The one at Philadelphia has discovered a teacher in Miss Bessie Graham, who has blazed many paths into this new field. Her lessons on literature and editions under the title of "Home School for Bookselling" are being

studied widely, as they now appear in the book-trade periodical that carries the course in bi-weekly instalments to every bookstore in the country. At the booksellers' convention of a year ago, the part of the programme that won most attention was the reports from four speakers on bookselling education. It is the hope of many that the day is not far off when a school for bookselling may be established that will compare favorably with the best schools for librarianship—of which the curriculum could be partly paralleled. A year's course that should be half of books and half of business and should allow for a month of practical experience in a large city bookstore, would turn out graduates who could find good positions in our established city stores, could manage the book buying in department stores, or establish shops of individuality to supplement the present outlets.

One of the hopeful and interesting developments in bookselling of the last few years has been the entrance of more women into the business by the establishment of small and individualistic bookshops in various cities: Boston, Pittsburgh, Richmond, New York, Washington, Utica, Northampton—to mention some that come to mind. Women also are in increasing numbers taking over the selling of children's books, either by establishing special bookshops or by taking over the conduct of the juvenile de-

partments in larger stores. It would seem as though there could hardly be a business in which a woman could feel more at home and from which she could gain more satisfaction.

The small bookshop is showing increased possibilities under recent experiments. It can in no way take the place of the larger store where customers can find almost all books on all subjects, but it furnishes the opportunity for individuality and initiative. It will reach out into new areas of book usage, and tempt into the business of book distributing alert and active minds who will help to raise the level of American bookselling.

The most welcome fact of any booksellers' convention is the registering of new names, the report of new efforts to broaden and enrich the field. The only regret is that the bookstores too often fail to meet the needs and to cover in a satisfactory way the cities of the country.

Today brings in the greatest opportunity the bookseller has ever had, the opportunity to observe an eager and widened reading public at an epoch in the world's history. The preparation for adequate service is not complete; there are too few outlets, too few trained salesmen; but the booksellers see the way toward better things, and they ask and deserve the support and interest of the book-loving public of this country.

THE MEDITATIVE PSYCHE

BY BABETTE DEUTSCH

The psychopathology of everyday verse might well be the subject of an interesting thesis. But the fact remains that the discoveries and hypotheses of contemporary psychologists offer a wealth of material to the artist. English poets (and Americans living in England) have perhaps been more alert in exploring the new vein than our own men. But Conrad Aiken's preoccupation with this novel and delicate science is not to be ignored. In any case he may be counted among the experimentalists in English poetry; and if all experiment may not, strictly speaking, be art, all art is assuredly experiment. From his first narrative poems in Chaucerian forms to his latest psychological study in a form approaching the symphonic, Aiken has joined a knowledge of familiar roads to an intense and eager curiosity. "The Charnel Rose" is interesting for the same reasons that distinguish the work that preceded it: for the rich psychological import of the subject-matter, for its intriguing rhythms, for the smooth quality of its tone-color, and not least for the odd manner in which the author perhaps unwittingly, and certainly unwillingly, echoes his contemporaries. The title-poem is the most ambitious thing in the book, but "Senlin" is the more finished achievement. The theme of "The Charnel Rose" is nympholepsy, taken broadly "as that impulse which sends us from one dream, or ideal, to another, always disillusioned, always creating for adoration some new and subtler fiction". Beginning with

merely carnal love, the poet leads us on to "a mysticism apparently pure". The method is an attempt to present the stream of consciousness, emotions and perceptions, by means of a recurrent symbolism. The difficulties in the way of such a presentment are obvious. It is not frequently that the poet is as clear as in the reiterated questions:

To shape this world of leaderless ghostly passions—
Or else be mobbed by it—there was the riddle.

And,

Were the hands of lust red with the murder
of love?
And must desire forever defeat its end?

It would seem, in reading the poem, that the flow of consciousness is being continually interrupted by sudden invasions of the unconscious; that emotions are confused with perceptions; that the poet is concerned rather with psychopathology than with psychology in its broader aspect. All this does not render the poem less engaging, though it alters the reader's view of it. About the symbolism one cannot speak with any pretension to impartiality. These are things of the affections. For Aiken, they are obviously so, since he retains his vision of "the young bright sinister earth" so vividly. It is in "Senlin" that he somewhat escapes his own predilections. And it is in "Senlin" that he creates a figure at once fascinatingly mysterious and intimately personal. It is difficult to break this poem into quotable passages, because it is so closely and exquisitely knit. One must have a sense

of the gradual growth of the portrait,
of the "biography" as Aiken chooses
to call it, of this man who

. . . smokes his pipe before us, and we
hear him . . .

Is he small, with reddish hair,
Does he light his pipe with a meditative stare,
And a pointed flame reflected in both eyes?
Is he sad and happy and foolish and
wise? . . .

Has no one, in a great autumnal forest,
When the wind bares the trees with mourn-
ful tone,
Heard the sad horn of Senlin slowly blown?
Has no one, on a mountain in the spring,
Heard Senlin sing?

One must go with Senlin through the
ancient forest, one must watch with
him the distant sea, one must regard,
in the town, white horses drawing a
small white hearse, and recognize with
no sense of surprise that

It is as if his soul had become a city,
With noisily peopled streets, and through
these streets
Senlin himself comes driving a small white
hearse . . .
"Senlin!" we cry. He does not turn his head.
But is that Senlin?—or is this city Senlin,—
Quietly watching the burial of its dead?
Dumbly observing the cortège of its dead?

And so one meets him, in the garden,
or among the pyramids; he is the
tossed tree, he is the pyramid, and he
is still the little man with reddish hair,
meditatively lighting his pipe.

It is evening, Senlin says; and the darkness
crumbles;
And a dream in ruin falls.
Once more we turn in a silent pain, bewil-
dered,
Among our finite walls:
The walls we built ourselves with patient
hands
For a god who sealed a question in our
flesh:
Obeying a god's commands.

Upon this solemn note the music
dwells; until he is seen walking away
in the sunlight, leaving behind the
half-held certainty that

. . . somewhere in the worlds-in-worlds
around us
He wanders still, unfriended and alone.

Is he the star on which we walk at daybreak,
The light that blinds our eyes?

"Senlin!" we cry. "Senlin!" again . . .
no answer . . .

Only the soulless brilliance of blue skies . . .

Yet we would say, this was no man at all,
But a dream we dreamed and vividly recall;
And we are mad to walk in wind and rain
Hoping to find, somewhere, that dream again.

If this is biography, it may have the
anonymity of the ubiquitous. For
who is Senlin, if not that meditative
psyche with humorous eyes, the eva-
nescent, inescapable Ariel, with whom
the human creature plays an endless
hide-and-seek. A restless, lonely
psyche, an ancient tomb, a city, a
plaintive music.

How closely Aiken has been study-
ing the method of T. S. Eliot I do not
know. Certain it is that "The Char-
nel Rose" in one or two phrases, and
"Senlin" throughout are intimately
reminiscent of "The Love Song of J.
Alfred Prufrock", *et al.* The fine sen-
sitiveness, the sympathetic imagery of
Aiken's work, however, make this
close correspondence the more excus-
able. Whatever influences shaped this
poem should be encouraged.

More obvious and far less authen-
tic is another psychological study in
verse, Maurice Hewlett's "The Vil-
lage Wife's Lament". It is an at-
tempt to express the desperate horror
of a simple mind confronted with the
fact of war. It is interesting, both
for its intention and its vocabulary.
But it is also tedious and awkward.
Hewlett's romanticism too easily gets
the better of his understanding.

The most varied poems on the war
are to be found in the "War Poems
from 'The Yale Review'", recently is-
sued in a delightful format by the
Yale University Press. The book is
almost as illuminating for its omis-
sions as for its inclusions. There is no
violence here. The poems are for the

most part sentimental regrets and no less sentimental consecrations. Still, there are more distinguished poems here, proportionately, than are found in larger anthologies. Cammaerts's "Méditation sur la Nuit du Trois Août", grave without pathos, dignified without pomposity, is one of these. Unfortunately it is followed by a very poor translation done by his wife. Robert Frost's "Not to Keep" is as good an example as any of that poet's reticent beauty. Masefield is represented by his sonnet on "The Will to Perfection", which is not, strictly speaking, a war poem, and which falls far short of his unforgettable "August: 1914". But the outstanding poem is Louis Untermeyer's "Jerusalem Delivered". For intellectual content, no less than for the sheer splendor of its Hebraic imagery, and the sounding echoes of its rhythms, it outsings any other.

After such a draught, one puts away with a gesture of distaste the pale liquor offered by Hermann Hagedorn in his "Hymn of Free Peoples Triumphant". And yet this is a pa-

thetic poem, because through all its furious bombast one hears strains of the psalm Hagedorn meant it to be. Not less because of its scriptural phraseology.

There are no rules for writing poetry. Certainly it is neither passion nor scholarship which directs the creation of a great poem. It is rather, perhaps, that sustained desire of which John Butler Yeats writes in his letters to his son: desire implying "constant self-control and a search for what may help it to maintain itself in full force and effectiveness". This holds good equally for a poem like "Senlin" and for one of Masefield's sonnets. It is a law larger than governs the perfecting of any technique, because it includes these. Only by the fusion of emotion and intellectual vision can it be consummated, or endure.

The Charnel Rose. By Conrad Aiken. The Four Seas Company.

The Village Wife's Lament. By Maurice Hewlett. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

War Poems from "The Yale Review". Yale University Press.

Hymn of Free Peoples Triumphant. By Hermann Hagedorn. The Macmillan Co.

EIDOLONS OF ULYSSES

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

"Ye that love us, can ye move us?
 She is dearer than ye;
 And your sleep will be the sweeter",
 Said the Men of the Sea.

THE LIGHT THAT FAILED

The men who go down to the sea in ships are the peculiar province of Joseph Conrad. Not that he deals with them alone; not even that he has developed a special psychology of the mariner, differentiating that creature from all others. He is no W. W. Jacobs turned tragic. But the sea, to him, has been the revealing context, the path of approach to his solution. He has edited the gospel according to Neptune. Some will choose him and some will not; as some will always, for authenticity, elect the mystical account of St. John, while others, to the end of time, will prefer to gather their knowledge from the more circumstantial lips of Luke. The real point is that Conrad is one of the writers who approach the fundamental human problem; as Shakespeare approached it in the heightened and complex world of Elizabeth, as Dante approached it within the Gothic confines of the mediæval church; as Balzac approached it through all the stuffiness of French provincialism.

For some readers Conrad has been only the master of a half brooding, half picaresque exoticism—a kind of Spinoza-ish Loti! He was a diversion from the frowzy realism of the modern novel; he took us to strange places and gave us new thrills. "Heart of Darkness" hinted all the things he might have told us if he had chosen; "Falk" showed us that there was noth-

ing he could not face if he felt like it. To some others, he was merely a fascinating phenomenon: a writer who brought Henry James's psychologic subtlety to bear on Kiplingesque material.

But those were early days. And now, with all the later books before us, not only reinforcing but at times almost belying (so much farther do they lead us) the first tales, we must make up our minds afresh. Many things that were left vague, have been made plain. Others, we now know, will forever, by him, be left unstated. What we now know finally is that he is "on the side of the stars"; and it must never be forgotten that he enlisted under constellations many of us have never beheld. He sees another half of the globe, whether terrestrial or celestial; though he is no denizen of another planet. He has done a special and striking thing: he has brought the supreme tests of civilization to bear on human problems far removed from civilization's sphere of influence. That, I fancy, is in literature his great service. Kipling often gives you Eton and Sandhurst reacting typically in jungle or desert; but Conrad's exoticism serves, not to show up any provincial or national adequacy or superiority, but to put before you an anonymous, vastly human problem. Early *dépaysé*, he speaks for no special country or heritage, and has no political brief. What happens to youth concerns him constantly—but not necessarily English youth. His situations, being exotic,

often seem "special"; but they are no more special, really, than Shakespeare's. You could duplicate the essential drama in any latitude. One says, "This is Life".

Probably most Conrad-lovers were disappointed when they learned from the advertisements that "The Arrow of Gold" would deal with the Carlist revolution. The author had done a perfect thing in "Victory"; and "Victory" seemed to prove that Conrad, to give us his best, must stick to the eastern hemisphere. There, in the waters of the Indian Ocean, he had raised his masterpiece, and "Victory" was "ringed round with the sea"—as it should have been. The hint of Spain in the 'seventies made one fear that he would repeat some of his continental mistakes. Some of us are too deeply devoted to Conrad to go back on anything that he has written; but it must be confessed that in "Nostromo" he failed in certain ways. Could he really afford to get away from great waters? Could he afford to be historic? A sailor on shore . . . the equivalent of a landlubber at sea. And to some of us, even more passionately preoccupied with the author's reputation than with our own pleasure, came the reflection that perhaps — after "Victory" — he would have done better to utter his *nunc dimittis*: not produce in his latest years, let us say, "Cymbeline".

But "The Arrow of Gold" is in no sense an anticlimax. It is not so perfect a thing as "Victory"; but it is absorbing and beautiful, and more authoritative and achieved than some of the earlier books, which were none the less absorbing and beautiful in their way. It is, too, as dramatic as any long thing (except "Victory") he has ever done. Moreover, it sets the seal of finality on some of Con-

rad's own predilections and beliefs. We know, after reading it, that his gospel will always—Pyrenees or no Pyrenees—be a gospel according to Neptune; we know that youth will be, to the end, the state and stage of life the poignancy of which he most feels (yes, in spite of "The End of the Tether"); we know that moral beauty, for him, will always be inextricably interwoven with human love; and that his is indubitably the grand manner if not the grand style. We know, too, that he has none but a stoical and austere consolation to offer us for the mundane adventure. "The Arrow of Gold" is less tragic than "Victory", though more passionate; yet we see that sadness is bound up in his very vision of things. I do not know why we are surer of all this than ever before, but we are. We needed "The Arrow of Gold" in order to speak authentically of Conrad. The book breathes assurance that its message is final, that in so far as it solves or gives up the human problem, Conrad has—no matter what else he may write—solved it or given it up.

Perhaps this sense of finality comes partly from the fact that in this book he has done what he did not do even in "Victory": has made us feel the woman, apart from what she causes the man to do. In "Victory" you felt her only through Axel Heyst—as doubtless you were meant to feel her. But here Conrad throws down the challenge as now and then in literature it has been thrown down: the book stands or falls by Doña Rita; and if he does not "get her across", he has failed. And Conrad has done the trick which some of our very greatest have sometimes failed to do: he has "got her across". Doña Rita, for all men, was "like that"; not so much Circe as Circe's potion, making

all men drunk, but at the same time revealing them as they truly were. Ulysses drinks; but remains the hero because of his own nature—as good a variant as the Homeric one where he is provided with the plant Moly. Like Ulysses, too, the hero sails away. Monsieur George is young; he loves supremely, and loses his love in mid-paradise; and he goes back to the sea which alone, for him, can fit his tragedy into the cosmic peace. He is, or very nearly is, an eidolon of Ulysses.

In "Java Head" we have another eidolon of the Homeric hero. It is the spiritual coincidence that makes it possible to treat of Mr. Hergesheimer in the same breath with Conrad. "Java Head" is interesting, is well done, is seriously good; but that it is in the same class with "The Arrow of Gold", the author would probably be the first to deny. No one now writing English is in the same class with Conrad at his best or Kipling at his best. They are, in their singularly different styles, first-rate; and no other living English author is quite that. Yet Monsieur George would not, be sure, refuse Gerrit Ammidon his company.

The minor characters of "Java Head" in no way compare with the minor characters of "The Arrow of Gold". Taou Yuen interests and intrigues; she may or may not be "true". But the others exist chiefly to make a context for Gerrit Ammidon—and in real life (or in "The Arrow of Gold") human beings are not reduced to that. What makes the book is not so much Gerrit Ammidon, even, as it is what he stands for. And what he stands for is Romance, eternally kicking against the pricks, eternally

protesting against coercive contexts. In the end it is the sea—not his first love, or his second—that resumes him: "his Sea that his being fulfils". Even more resolutely than Monsieur George, he repudiates the land and all its works. Whether or not Mr. Hergesheimer's Salem of the 'forties is accurately reproduced, I do not know; but he has laid his finger on something real—namely, that most romantic phase of New England life, when, for a time, all the perfumed wrack of the East and the tropics was washed up on its "stern and rock-bound coast". A breath of paganism came in, too, with the lacquer and the teak and the brocades, the tea, the spices, and the rum; and I fancy that Mr. Hergesheimer's Salem may be, in many ways, truer than Hawthorne's. In the cathologic paganism of Edward Dunsack we do not believe; but in the Homeric paganism of Gerrit Ammidon we do. For it is "the oars of Ithaca" that drive on the "Nautilus", and Gerrit Ammidon is another eidolon of Ulysses.

Romance, and the gospel according to Neptune, link the two books—nothing else, it must be said. Of the two heroes, Ammidon is more nearly Ulysses, for neither woman ever holds him save as Ulysses was held. The sea is his real mistress, while for Monsieur George she is merely the supreme solace. Yet, though to bracket any other author with Conrad is a shock, it is also a relief—a relief to find any book that has anything in common (though it be only a preoccupation) with Joseph Conrad.

The Arrow of Gold. By Joseph Conrad.
Doubleday Page and Co.
Java Head. By Joseph Hergesheimer.
Alfred A. Knopf.

FICTION IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The following lists of books in demand in March in the public libraries of the United States have been compiled from reports made by two hundred representative libraries, in every section of the country and in cities of all sizes down to ten thousand population. The order of choice is as stated by the librarians.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

- | | | |
|--|------------------------------|-----------|
| 1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse | <i>Vicente Blasco Ibáñez</i> | DUTTON |
| 2. "Shavings" | <i>Joseph C. Lincoln</i> | APPLETON |
| 3. The Tin Soldier | <i>Temple Bailey</i> | PENN |
| 4. The Desert of Wheat | <i>Zane Grey</i> | HARPER |
| 5. A Daughter of the Land | <i>Gene Stratton-Porter</i> | DOUBLEDAY |
| 6. The Magnificent Ambersons | <i>Booth Tarkington</i> | DOUBLEDAY |

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

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|--|------------------------------|-----------|
| 1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse | <i>Vicente Blasco Ibáñez</i> | DUTTON |
| 2. "Shavings" | <i>Joseph C. Lincoln</i> | APPLETON |
| 3. The Desert of Wheat | <i>Zane Grey</i> | HARPER |
| 4. The Tin Soldier | <i>Temple Bailey</i> | PENN |
| 5. The Cabin | <i>Vicente Blasco Ibáñez</i> | KNOPF |
| 6. Joan and Peter | <i>H. G. Wells</i> | MACMILLAN |

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

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|--|------------------------------|-----------|
| 1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse | <i>Vicente Blasco Ibáñez</i> | DUTTON |
| 2. The Desert of Wheat | <i>Zane Grey</i> | HARPER |
| 3. In the Heart of a Fool | <i>William Allen White</i> | MACMILLAN |
| 4. Joan and Peter | <i>H. G. Wells</i> | MACMILLAN |
| 5. "Shavings" | <i>Joseph C. Lincoln</i> | APPLETON |
| 6. The Magnificent Ambersons | <i>Booth Tarkington</i> | DOUBLEDAY |

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

- | | | |
|--|------------------------------|-----------|
| 1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse | <i>Vicente Blasco Ibáñez</i> | DUTTON |
| 2. A Daughter of the Land | <i>Gene Stratton-Porter</i> | DOUBLEDAY |
| 3. The Magnificent Ambersons | <i>Booth Tarkington</i> | DOUBLEDAY |
| 4. That's Me All Over, Mable | <i>E. C. Streeter</i> | STOKES |
| 5. "Shavings" | <i>Joseph C. Lincoln</i> | APPLETON |
| 6. Joan and Peter | <i>H. G. Wells</i> | MACMILLAN |

WESTERN STATES

- | | | |
|--|------------------------------|-----------|
| 1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse | <i>Vicente Blasco Ibáñez</i> | DUTTON |
| 2. "Shavings" | <i>Joseph C. Lincoln</i> | APPLETON |
| 3. The Desert of Wheat | <i>Zane Grey</i> | HARPER |
| 4. Joan and Peter | <i>H. G. Wells</i> | MACMILLAN |
| 5. A Daughter of the Land | <i>Gene Stratton-Porter</i> | DOUBLEDAY |
| 6. The Tin Soldier | <i>Temple Bailey</i> | PENN |

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

- | | | |
|--|------------------------------|-----------|
| 1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse | <i>Vicente Blasco Ibáñez</i> | DUTTON |
| 2. "Shavings" | <i>Joseph C. Lincoln</i> | APPLETON |
| 3. The Desert of Wheat | <i>Zane Grey</i> | HARPER |
| 4. Joan and Peter | <i>H. G. Wells</i> | MACMILLAN |
| 5. A Daughter of the Land | <i>Gene Stratton-Porter</i> | DOUBLEDAY |
| 6. The Tin Soldier | <i>Temple Bailey</i> | PENN |

GENERAL BOOKS IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The titles have been scored by the simple process of giving each a credit of six for each time it appears as first choice, and so down to a score of one for each time it appears in sixth place. The total score for each section and for the whole country determines the order of choice in the tables herewith.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	Henry Adams	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
2. Joyce Kilmer: Poems, Essays and Letters	Robert Cortes Holliday	DORAN
3. Ambassador Morgenthau's Story	Henry Morgenthau	DOUBLEDAY
4. A Minstrel in France	Harry Lauder	HEARST'S
5. Letters of Susan Hale	Caroline P. Atkinson	MARSHALL JONES
6. A Writer's Recollections	Mrs. Humphry Ward	HARPER

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	Henry Adams	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
2. Ambassador Morgenthau's Story	Henry Morgenthau	DOUBLEDAY
3. Joyce Kilmer: Poems, Essays and Letters	Robert Cortes Holliday	DORAN
4. With the Help of God and a Few Marines	A. W. Catlin	DOUBLEDAY
5. The Peak of the Load	Mildred Aldrich	SMALL, MAYNARD
6. A Minstrel in France	Harry Lauder	HEARST'S

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	Henry Adams	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
2. With the Help of God and a Few Marines	A. W. Catlin	DOUBLEDAY
3. Joyce Kilmer: Poems, Essays and Letters	Robert Cortes Holliday	DORAN
4. Ambassador Morgenthau's Story	Henry Morgenthau	DOUBLEDAY
5. The Little Grandmother of the Russian Revolution	Catherine Breshkovka	LITTLE, BROWN
6. With Those Who Wait	Frances Wilson Huard	DORAN

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The New Revelation	A. Conan Doyle	DORAN
2. America in France	Frederick Palmer	DODD, MEAD
3. Joyce Kilmer: Poems, Essays and Letters	Robert Cortes Holliday	DORAN
4. The Education of Henry Adams	Henry Adams	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
5. The Betrothal	Maurice Maeterlinck	DODD, MEAD
6. Power of Will	F. C. Haddock	PELTON

WESTERN STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	Henry Adams	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
2. The New Revelation	A. Conan Doyle	DORAN
3. The Betrothal	Maurice Maeterlinck	DODD, MEAD
4. A Minstrel in France	Harry Lauder	HEARST'S
5. Raymond	Sir Oliver Lodge	DORAN
6. My Four Years in Germany	James W. Gerard	DORAN

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	Henry Adams	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
2. Ambassador Morgenthau's Story	Henry Morgenthau	DOUBLEDAY
3. Joyce Kilmer: Poems, Essays and Letters	Robert Cortes Holliday	DORAN
4. A Minstrel in France	Harry Lauder	HEARST'S
5. With the Help of God and a Few Marines	A. W. Catlin	DOUBLEDAY
6. The Betrothal	Maurice Maeterlinck	DODD, MEAD

THE GOSSIP SHOP

The late Kenyon Cox was by profession an artist. He conceived his calling to be that of a painter. He labored tirelessly throughout his years. All that a sound and rigorous training, all that devotion to the disinterested service of art, industry, erudition, a sensitivity to high ideas, all that these things could avail, he accomplished. He painted much, and creditably. As a continual exhibitor for something well-nigh a generation, he was a forceful figure. He had those nearly obsolete things in art, "standards", nailed them to the mast, and stood by them against the current of fluctuating taste. He was an incurable classicist. As an instructor, throughout a considerable period, at the Art Students' League of New York and elsewhere, he was an incalculable influence for good in his insistence upon the fact that the preliminary business of the artist is to learn how to draw. As an avocation he wrote numerous books of art criticism. And it was in this avocation that his true vocation lay. His real gift was interpretative rather than creative. He was a commentator rather than a distinctive personality. For sanity, for insight, for scholarship, and for the power of elucidating beautiful things and conveying subtle points in a popular style, he must remain among the very few first-rate American critics of the art of painting.

Mr. Cox died in the sixty-third year of his age, March 12, in his home in New York, after an illness of two weeks. He was born in Ohio in 1856, the son of Major-General Jacob D. Cox

—commander of the Twenty-third Army Corps, Governor of Ohio, and Secretary of the Interior. The family originally came from Germany, but were residents of New York for several generations. At the age of twenty Kenyon Cox entered the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. A year later he went to Paris, where he studied under Gérôme and other masters, although he always called himself a student of that French master.

Returning to America in 1883, he took a studio in New York. Five years later he received the second Hallgarten prize at the Academy of Design exhibition of that year, and in the Paris Exposition of 1900 he received two prizes. He attained distinction in landscape, portraits, the nude, mural paintings, and even sculpture, for in 1907 he was chosen to model one of the statues on the building of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences. He was regarded as a colorist of distinction, but he especially excelled as a draughtsman. His mural paintings are to be found in many public buildings in the United States, one being the frieze of the Appellate Court House in New York.

He was at one time art critic of "The Nation", and wrote many reviews of important exhibitions for that periodical and for the New York "Evening Post", "Scribner's Magazine", and other publications. His books on art were many and included "Old Masters and New", "Painters and Sculptors", and "Artist and Public".

Mr. Cox was elected a fellow of the National Academy of Design in 1900, a member in 1903, and served for a time as recording secretary, refusing renomination in 1910. He was a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, and of other societies.

That James Russell Lowell was born a hundred years ago, says an English contributor to the Gossip Shop, has come as a certain shock to many members of the English literary world who by no means regard themselves as old people. He had such a strong, vigorous personality, such a delightful warmth of nature and such a genius for friendship, that to some Londoners it seems as though he had left his p.p.c. cards on them only yesterday instead of a matter of nearly thirty years ago! He loved literature but he loved humanity more, and this perhaps was why he was not so much associated with the actual literary life of England as he might have been. Lowell's greatest friend among English writers was Mrs. W. K. Clifford. A volume of his letters to her was published some time ago. By a curious coincidence Mrs. Clifford was also among the dearest friends of Henry James, and was mentioned in his book.

Frank Dilnot, whose article on Philip Gibbs appears in this number of THE BOOKMAN, is one of the foremost journalists of Britain, largely through his vivid personal sketches of men in the public eye. Mr. Dilnot is the correspondent in America of the London "Daily Chronicle" and is president of the Association of Foreign Correspondents in the United States. It is an evidence of his international standing that he has recently had conferred upon him by the French

government the title of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, in recognition of his leadership here of the Foreign Correspondents whose duty it has been to transmit to other nations an interpretation of America's part in the war. Mr. Dilnot is the author of a number of books.

The suggestion of a public library as a memorial to local American soldiers and sailors who lost their lives in the Great War has been taken up with enthusiasm in some twenty or more cities, particularly in the South, where public libraries are comparatively few. The movement has gone so far in Richmond, Virginia, which has long had the distinction of being the largest city without a public library, that it seems assured of success.

In some way the impression has got abroad that the American Library Association has on hand enough books for which it has no further use to equip a number of public libraries; and some new library projects in the South have been based upon the idea of obtaining the collections of books now installed at near-by camps. So far from having a surplus of books, George B. Utley, executive secretary of the American Library Association, reports that another million volumes are urgently needed for immediate shipment to France; while the present prospect is that all the books now in the camp libraries will be needed there up to the last day of demobilization, if indeed they have not been all thoroughly "read to pieces" before that time arrives.

Padraic Colum, Irish poet, has left the Poetry Society of America. His resignation, at the society's meeting late in March, brought to a climax a

fight waged by Mr. Colum for less secrecy in the conduct of the affairs of the executive committee of the society. The situation is an echo of the expulsion by the society some time ago of George Sylvester Viereck. Mr. Colum conceived that Viereck had been expelled for his political opinions. Edward J. Wheeler, president of the society, has repeatedly announced that Viereck was expelled for an overt act in accepting money from the German government after we had gone to war. In addressing the members before leaving the last meeting of the society, Mr. Colum called the society "provincial" and its president "autocratic". His resignation was accepted.

Christopher Morley writes in to suggest that the Gossip Shop start a department of Books Borrowed and Not Returned. He says, in part:

You might add in the Complaint Department or in the Gossip Shop that some one, I can't remember who, has my copies of *Canzoni* and *Songs of Wedlock*, both by Tom Daly, for a year, and I want them returned. Why not start a Department of Books Borrowed and Not Returned.

He says, in this connection, other things also.

Grant M. Overton, literary editor of the New York "Sun", has a very large box of tricks. Not long ago he pulled this:

Charles Stelzle, author of "Why Prohibition!" has his name next to another Stelzle in the New York telephone book—and the other Stelzle is in the wine business. They are the only Stelzles in the book. . . . Wrong number, Central.

"The New Republic" announces, on a printed post-card made to look as if it were really handwritten:

Walter Lippmann is back—back from France—back once more on the staff of "The New Republic". As a Captain of Military Intelligence, he has until recently been attached to the personal staff of Colonel House.

How far will readers follow the English critics in their enthusiastic interest in, and admiration for, Miss Dorothy Richardson's method of writing fiction? This comparatively new writer made her debut with "Pointed Roofs", an account of an English girl's life at a German school before there was any thought of war. The book was introduced to the public in a preface written by the novelist, J. D. Beresford. Even that first novel was described as "a conscious exercise in literary psychoanalysis". In her new story "The Tunnel", Miss Richardson introduces the reader to a critic who obviously holds her views as to the future of the novel. "There will be books with Him and Her and all that sort of thing cut out." The writer's ideal is to give almost a reflection of a human being's mind and soul. To a certain extent she succeeds in doing this, but the thoughtful reader cannot help asking himself whether the reflection is worth while, that is, whether the heroine, Miriam Henderson's life from girlhood onward is in any sense worth telling. Be that as it may, the book is being hailed as a kind of British "Jean-Christophe".

The death was announced not long ago of Robert Ross, the literary executor of Oscar Wilde, author of "Aubrey Beardsley", etc., and additional trustee of the National Gallery. He died at 40 Half Moon Street, W., London.

How accurately and significantly do book titles reflect popular tendencies? Dr. van Dyke selects "The Valley of Vision". A. E. hits upon "The Candle of Vision", and now appears Frederick Blight Bond's "The Hill of Vision". We are told that "where

there is no vision the people perish". If the publishers are right, the world is anxious for vision today.

There is being announced in London a "great war novel", "Mr. Sterling Sticks It Out", by Harold Begbie. Original title, all right.

"Whispering Wires", by Henry Leverage, is being dramatized and will be presented on Broadway early in the fall season.

Messrs. Spurr and Swift of London have commenced business as dealers in rare books and autographs, and as American export agents. Mr. Spurr has made no less than fourteen journeys between England and New York during the last four years, in spite of the many difficulties and dangers encountered during that period.

The book "Patricia Brent", listed anonymous as to author, was recently ordered by a western bookseller with "Anony Mores" as author.

"The War Garden Victorious", just published, is a record of the inception and development of the home and community garden movement under the National War Garden Commission, which devoted itself to securing the planting of war and victory gardens on vacant lots and slacker land, for the purpose of raising vegetables to overcome the food shortage during and immediately succeeding the war. This book is not for sale, being issued for presentation to those who aided so serviceably in this economic work.

Mrs. Anna Smith Balestier, mother-in-law of Rudyard Kipling, died at

Brattleboro, Vermont, in the latter part of March, while at the dinner table. She was eighty years old. Mrs. Balestier was born in Rochester, New York, a daughter of Erasmus T. Smith, and was married to Henry Wolcott Balestier in 1860.

She had four children: Wolcott Balestier, the author, who in the year of his death, 1891, collaborated with Kipling in "The Naulahka"; Caroline Starr, who in 1892 married Mr. Kipling; Beatty Balestier of Brattleboro; and Josephine, wife of Dr. Theodore Dunham of New York.

Gossip from England says that Dr. James Rendel Harris, perhaps the most distinguished writer in the Society of Friends, has written a pageant play in connection with next year's Mayflower tercentenary. Himself a Plymouth man, his drama is laid in the old Lincolnshire town. The central scene is the return of the Mayflower, bringing, in addition to the original pilgrims—Bradford, Brewster, Winslow, and Miles Standish—, William Penn, Washington, Lincoln, and Woodrow Wilson. The strangers are presented by Winslow to the Mayor of Plymouth in a speech which begins:

Three from Virginia's strand we here present, and the present American president is described as, "Wilson, youngest of our brood of kings". It will be curious to see if "The Return of the Mayflower", as the pageant is to be called, will still be as topical in 1920 as it seems to be today.

It is reported that within two months of publication, Temple Bailey's new book, "The Tin Soldier", was in its fortieth thousand.

The way in which foreign honors are conferred on authors of various American publishing houses, suggests the splendid impartiality of American "literary pages", a proportionate number of the books of each publisher to the page.

Dr. Henry van Dyke was made a Chevalier of the French Legion of Honor at an investiture service in the Hotel Biltmore recently. The service was held under the auspices of the Villages Libérés. Dr. Alexis Carrel of the Rockefeller Institute, who is a major in the French army and a Commander of the Legion of Honor, officiated in conferring the decoration.

Dr. van Dyke, after he had been decorated and kissed upon both cheeks, said that the honor conferred upon him was entirely unexpected.

From the "At a Venture" column in the New York "Evening Post" this:

A certain novel is proudly announced as having "the unique distinction of being the first novel by the wife of a former governor of New Hampshire and a present member of the United States Senate". This should stir rival publishers to bring out a poem having the unique distinction of being the first poem composed in his sleep by the second cousin of the last man who was held up by Jesse James; a song having the unique distinction of being the first one dashed off by a one-armed acquaintance of the employer of a former elevator operator at the White House, and the first dictionary of synonyms compiled by the little daughter of a baldheaded street-car conductor who used to drive a green horse-car in Grand Street, but who is now on strike in Tenafly.

An eager public not confined to those interested in the theatre, will welcome Max Beerbohm's life of his brother, Sir Herbert Tree, not only an actor, but a talented man of affairs. He has appeared in more than one novel, a most striking portrait of him being that contained in Gilbert Cannan's "Mummery".

One of the largest corporations in the world is Thomas A. Edison, Inc. There is no corner of the civilized—and very few corners of the uncivilized—world, in which the results of Edison's genius are not exploited by this company. Its vice-president, William Maxwell, seeks to give in "The Training of a Salesman" the results of his experience in a practical form suited to the use of ambitious young men about to enter business, or of older men who wish to find the road to business success.

Thomas Huxley's son, Leonard Huxley, has written a biography of his father's close friend and contemporary, Sir Joseph Dalton Hooker. It is in two volumes entitled "The Life and Letters of Sir Joseph Hooker".

James M. ("Jimmie") Barnes, author of "Picture Analysis of Golf Strokes", is the professional golf champion of America, the western open champion, the Philadelphia open champion, and holds many other titles based upon his intensive and extensive knowledge of the king of sports. Mr. Barnes is at present with the Broadmoor Country Club, Colorado, but is soon to go to the Sunset Country Club of St. Louis.

"The Fire Flingers", William J. Neidig's new novel, will be produced

as a movie with Rupert Julian, who may be remembered for his performance in "The Kaiser, the Beast of Berlin", as the hero of the story.

Gilbert Cannan's one-act play, "Everybody's Husband", just published as a little volume, is a light, fanciful whimsy in which three generations of women are disclosed on the eve of the granddaughter's wedding. There is only one man in the play, a dominoed figure who appears through the window; he is first a symbol but, on removing his mask, reveals the bridegroom whose words provoke one of the characters to remark that "in every lover lurks the husband".

A literary "find" is claimed by an English publisher in the discovery of a new author, Alexander MacFarlan. Little information is obtainable concerning this young man, except that he is "just a raw youth whose first book shows promise for the future". "Mockery" is the title of his initial venture, and it will be published in this country some time during the spring.

Whatever may have been the popular opinion of that famous geometrical explosion, the "Nude Descending the Staircase", C. R. W. Nevinson in his new book of paintings, "The Great War—Fourth Year", demonstrates that cubism has some points in depicting scenes of battle. "The Bomber", one of Mr. Nevinson's paintings in the official British exhibit now in this country, is a radical product of cubism; but it does convey an impression of the destructive powers in the man who hurls the bomb. In most of his paintings, however, Mr. Nevinson is not an out-and-out cubist. He uses the method with reserve to suggest the stark moods, the vivid emotions, the

fierce interplay of powerful forces in war scenes.

Many years ago Sudermann wrote "The Silent Mill". The manuscript, so the story goes, was tucked away, accumulated dust and cobwebs, and was completely forgotten by the author. On going through his old papers some five years ago, he found this bit of early work. In this novelette, now first to appear as an English book, are, it is said, presaged the awakening talents which were later revealed in "The Song of Songs".

A map extending over seventeen pages is to be a feature of "The Aero Blue Book", recently published. It is not one of those multitudinously unfolding maps which dare any ordinary human being to fold them back into their original shape and size. The map is of the great Wilson Airway extending from New York to San Francisco, and across about a third of each of the seventeen pages is shown a section of the airway. You wish to study the air road from New York City to Mauch Chunk, and you look at one page; you wish to study the air road from Mauch Chunk to Bloomsburg, and you turn to a further page.

In her book of dream lore, "The Fabric of Dreams", Mrs. Katherine Taylor Craig has a chapter on the authors and artists who have found inspiration, themes, characters, and even plots in their own or other people's dreams. Stevenson, she designs to show, evolved much of his work out of his dreams, and among the many others who acknowledged the assistance they received from their dreams she mentions Dante, Voltaire, Goethe, Hood, William Blake, Benjamin

Franklin, Charles Lamb and others. Edward Lucas White, author of "El Supremo" and "The Unwilling Vestal", in the preface to his new book of short stories, "The Song of the Sirens", tells a tale of how he came to write a number of these pieces of fiction. All his life, he says, he has been dreaming dreams "such as visit few dreamers".

A picture of girls' life in Asia Minor as affected by the war is given in Elizabeth Wilson's book "The Road Ahead", a biographical appreciation of Frances C. Gage, whose rescue of Armenian girls deported from the college at Marsovan is one of the heroic episodes included in this report of work in the Near East.

Richardson Wright, writing in the New York "Times" Book Review of Siegfried Sassoon, Robert Nichols, and Robert Graves, calls them "the Three Musketeers of English verse" because of the friendship which exists between them. They are all young men, Sassoon, who is twenty-nine, being the oldest of the "interesting trio", all of whom have fought and been wounded in the war. "They represent", he says, "the new age in English verse; that is, they express in poetry the attitude of the young men in the war. It would be absurd", he continues, "to say that they represent a school, for, although the closest of friends, each expresses a different viewpoint." Masefield has called these three young poets "the morning stars of English poetry" and Richardson Wright goes on to say of them that "all three bear the marks of the new old age which is characterizing so many young Englishmen to-day. It is", he says, "a sudden maturity, a quick perception of things heretofore

hidden and a willingness to laugh at, even to destroy, the traditional age which has been holding the whip-hand in England for generations."

The death recently of Andrew Dickson White, founder and for many years president of Cornell University, recalls the fact that his autobiography, in two volumes, was published some thirteen years ago. But the major achievements of the famous educator and diplomat were all behind him when the autobiography was issued. The years of his life since then were, while extremely helpful for Cornell, quiet and uneventful.

Emmuska Orczy, better known as the Baroness Orczy, is an ardent student of Poe, Gaboriau, and other writers of mystery tales. She considers Poe's story "The Mystery of Marie Roget" the best of all detective stories. Daughter of a distinguished diplomatist, she was educated in Brussels and Paris (she speaks four languages), and her early art training was acquired in the Quartier Latin. When she married Mr. Barstow, he was living in artists' quarters in Kensington. The landlady's daughter spent a good deal of time in writing stories, and casually mentioned one evening to Mrs. Barstow that she had sold one of them for five guineas. "If this young girl", argued the Baroness, "with her ignorance of the world can write a purchasable story, why shouldn't I write stories, too!" She wrote three stories straightway—and her artist husband left them, with his drawings, for consideration. A few days later the editor wired for her and commissioned more.

David Pinski, the famous playwright, who has just completed his

first volume of short stories for publication, is making preparations for a European voyage. He has been elected a delegate to the Zionist Convention, now meeting in Paris. It is but seldom that a writer has the privilege of seeing his dreams materialize, but to Mr. Pinski, who has for years dreamed of "a Jewish home land", the opportunity is now offered of being one of the constitution makers for the new state of Palestine.

The English dramatic critic, William Archer, champion of Ibsen in the days of his unpopularity, has written a booklet, "The Peace President—A Brief Appreciation". His chapters are Youth and Early Manhood, The Man of Letters, Princeton, New Jersey, The White House, Mexico, Into the War, Peace and the League of Nations. He concludes that "had a pedantic or pusillanimous president sat in Woodrow Wilson's seat the great reconciliation (between Great Britain and the United States) might never have been achieved".

A new American edition of Max Beerbohm's "A Christmas Garland" has recently appeared. The book was first published in 1912; it comprises a collection of the author's caricatures and parodies that had been contributed through several years to those Christmas editions of periodicals in vogue in what now seems that far-off time. The "incomparable Max" is still incomparable.

The accidental played a leading rôle in the life of the late Captain Vernon Castle, according to the story of his life by his wife and dancing partner, Irene Castle, published under the title, "My Husband". He had no intention

of going on the stage, but while attending the rehearsals of "The Orchid" in which his sister was playing, he was unexpectedly given a minor part—that of one of the seconds in a duel scene. Then, since there was already one Blythe in the cast, he changed his name to Vernon Castle, taking his name, like a good Briton, from Windsor Castle! He did not meet his wife on the dancing floor, but at a swimming party—in fact, their dancing was another accident. They had gone to Paris after their marriage to act in a second-rate theatre. Here they improvised from memory a dance they had seen Blossom Seeley do in America. A Russian nobleman who had seen their act recognized them one night at the Café de Paris when their finances were in particularly bad shape, asked the management to have them dance for him—and they were made! Then, after their triumphant return to America, came the war and Captain Castle's accidental death, when he deliberately sacrificed himself to save a younger aviator.

"Small Things", by Mrs. Margaret Deland, is a spring publication. In the small things as well as in the big things of life, Germany has offended; she has broken the letter as well as the spirit of humanity's laws. Mrs. Deland's war work in France has furnished her with the material for this volume.

The Kaiser is coming, they are all coming, (Uncle William, Cousin Ferdinand, Willie, Lizzie, and the entire Hohenzollern family) as immigrants to America. At least, so Mr. Leacock tells us in his latest book "The Hohenzollerns in America and Other Impossibilities".

Keith Preston, author of "Types of Pan", a recent publication, is a middle-western man, a professor of Chicago University. All of the poems which make up this volume have appeared in "The Conning Tower" of the New York "Tribune" or "The Line O' Type" of the Chicago "Tribune". Here is Mr. Preston's opinion of his book:

On Cassiterides I dwell,
The Isles of Tin where rimes ring well;
So in this age when prose is chronic
The Types of Pan are panharmonic.

The Scilly Isles some call my shores.
But silly verses Pan abhors;
So beat it, book, and tell the thinkers
There's wear in all the wares Pan tinkers.

Octavus Roy Cohen, author of "The Crimson Alibi", prides himself upon two things: his youth and his provincialism. Mr. Cohen, who is only twenty-seven years of age, forsook a budding law practice in Charleston, S. C., some four years ago, moved to his present residence in Birmingham, Alabama, and since that time has devoted himself exclusively to the production of short stories and novels. His work has appeared in many American magazines. Efforts of friends to induce Mr. Cohen to make his home in New York have thus far met with signal failure. He admits that he is too fond of the distractions which New York offers to dare risk it. He spends his spare time with Octavus Roy Cohen Junior, age three; and, it is said, in vain regrets that prize-fighting is not allowed in Alabama.

All the boys wrote letters home from Over There; and many apparently were illustrated. "Camion Cartoons", just published, is a collection of soldier drawings. This way of recording history is more "human" than the camera, swifter and more vivid than letters.

The American Literary Association, with headquarters at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, announces the appearance of "The American Poetry Magazine", a publication "to be devoted to the purpose of providing suitable material for use in their Reading Circles, to consist of poetry, plays, recitations, and dialogues". The first number will appear in May, 1919. Poets and authors are invited to contribute material, as well as art students their sketches and illustrations. The success of the Reading-Circle idea promoted by the Association has made the issue of their own magazine desirable.

Eleanor Hallowell Abbott, whose latest book is "Old-Dad", is a Boston woman—Mrs. Fordyce Coburn in private life—the descendant, it is said, of generations of forebears of literary traditions and achievements.

General A. W. Catlin's book, "With the Help of God and a Few Marines", ran into its third printing within a month of its publication.

"Bismarck", by C. Grant Robertson, a new volume uniform with Lord Charnwood's "Lincoln" in the Makers of the Nineteenth Century series, has recently been issued.

Maria Botchkareva, author of "Yashka", to whom Theodore Roosevelt gave \$1,000 from his Nobel Peace Prize Fund during her recent visit to America, has devoted this money to the relief of thirty women of her Battalion of Death who were reduced to acute suffering through the loss of health and home in military service for their motherland. Botchkareva's motive for coming to this country was partly to secure help for these brave women, whose condition she describes.

An eighth edition is announced of Theodore Roosevelt's "Stories of the Great West", written by Mr. Roosevelt while he was a young man living on a ranch and while his impressions of the pioneers of the country beyond the Mississippi, gained from enthusiastic study, were still fresh.

The first complete narrative of the University of Pennsylvania's career and associations, is to be issued in a limited edition of "The University of Pennsylvania: Franklin's College". The author, Horace Mather Lippincott, has been associated with the university as alumni secretary and editor of the Alumni Register for some years. The University of Pennsylvania is America's first university, founded by Benjamin Franklin.

Brigadier-General A. W. Catlin, author of "With the Help of God and a Few Marines", is now in command of the United States forces in the island of Haiti.

Auguste Rodin is reported to have said of Kahlil Gibran, the Syrian poet who is now in New York (referring to the fact that he is a painter as well as a poet), that he is "the William Blake of the twentieth century". It is said to be one of the minor yet persistent tribulations of Mr. Gibran's life that he is forced to explain to the eager newspaper reporters who seek him out at his den in Greenwich Village, that he is neither "a poet who also paints" nor "a painter who also writes poetry". He is a "poet-painter". "The Madman", the first collection of his writings to appear in English (which he himself translated) came out last fall. But at the same time his paintings were being exhibited. His work was exhibited at the

Paris Salon in 1909-10, and subsequently in this country—in New York in 1914 and 1916, and Boston in 1917.

Sir Thomas Barclay, author of "Collapse and Reconstruction: European Conditions and American Principles", is an English barrister and the author of several books on international relations. Sir Thomas went to Paris as correspondent of the London "Times" in 1876, but resigned in 1882 to devote himself exclusively to French law practice. Since 1900 he has been identified with the active agitation for a good understanding between England and France. He visited the United States in 1903 and 1904 in behalf of an Anglo-American treaty of arbitration and conciliation. In 1905, at the invitation of the Associated Chambers of Germany, he visited Berlin and delivered addresses in favor of improving Anglo-German relations. In 1905 he was responsible for the founding of the International Brotherhood Alliance for the encouragement of personal relations among the laboring classes of different countries.

In view of the nation-wide ratification of the Prohibition amendment, there is interest in the issuance of Captain Richmond P. Hobson's "Alcohol and the Human Race". Captain Hobson has fought alcohol tooth-and-nail, and in his latest book he seeks to examine and dispose of almost every argument and claim for its retention in the community.

Two new books on Russia are "Russia's Agony", by Robert Wilton, for some years the Petrograd correspondent of the London "Times", and "Russian Revolution Aspects", by Robert Crozier Long.

BRIEF MENTION OF NEW BOOKS

Through an oversight Zona Gale was not included in Grant M. Overton's volume "The Women Who Make Our Novels". Miss Gale's latest novel "Birth" has apparently forcibly reminded Mr. Overton of this fact, and the following autobiographical paragraphs form part of an account of Miss Gale to appear in the second edition of Mr. Overton's book:

The first story which I ever wrote was printed. I printed it myself, in pencil, for it was before I could write. And the story appeared in a book. I made the book, of manilla paper, bound with ribbon. The story began: "The sun was just sinking behind the western hills when three travelers appeared. One was tall, one was short and one was middle-sized". And when the heroine appeared and one of these travelers asked her to marry him, I remember pressing my mother to tell me how to spell "N—yes", which constituted the maid's reply.

At about the same time I wrote a volume of verse in a blank book. One selection was this:

When I am a lady, a lady,
I will be a milliner if I can.
I'll have pretty flowers and bonnets and hats
And in my store there shall be no mice and
rats,
When I am a lady.

When I was thirteen I wrote a novel, which almost simultaneously came back to me from the publisher. It was called "A White Dove", but I do not know what it was about. A few years later I wrote another novel, "Vedita", of tremendous length—this is easy to remember because of the cost of the typewriting. It was submitted to a Chicago newspaper which was offering a prize for a serial. From that manuscript, which was readily returned, I saved alive the character of Nichola, an old Italian servant, whom I later used in "The Loves of Pelleas and Etarre".

A short story I first submitted at sixteen—it was called "Both"—was three thousand words long, and I was paid three dollars for it. I had just entered the university at Madison, forty miles

Fiction

The Strange Case of Cavendish, by RANDALL PARRISH [Doran, \$1.50].

The adventures of a woman reporter who solves a mystery.

The Diamond Pin, by CAROLYN WELLS [Lippincott, \$1.35].

A mystery tale hinging upon a practical joke.

Penny of Top Hill Trail, by BELLE KANARIS MANIATES [Reilly and Lee, \$1.35].

An adventure yarn of western ranch life.

The Riddle of the Purple Emperor, by THOMAS W. and MARY E. HANSHEW, illus. [Doubleday, \$1.50].

A detective story concerning a stolen jewel.

The Amethyst Ring, by ANATOLE FRANCE [Lane].

A novel involving ecclesiastical and political affairs in France.

The See-Saw, by SOPHIE KERR [Doubleday, \$1.50].

A picture of married life in America's younger set.

The Fire Flingers, by WILLIAM J. NEIDIG [Dodd, Mead, \$1.50].

The tale of a man who impersonates a dead man.

Carolyn of the Sunny Heart, by RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT, illus. [Dodd, Mead, \$1.50].

The story of a little girl who made others happy.

The Twenty-Six Clues, by ISABEL OSTRANDER [Watt, \$1.50].

A detective story which deals with a mysterious murder.

Diverging Roads, by ROSE WILDER LANE [Century, \$1.50].

A western story "without cowboys or motion-picture bad men".

Why Joan? by ELEANOR MERCEIN KELLY [Century, \$1.50].

A tale of city life in Kentucky.

Sniper Jackson, by FREDERICK SLEATH, illus. [Houghton, \$1.60].

The romance of a young British officer.

In Orchard Glen, by MARIAN KEITH [Doran, \$1.50].

The love-story of two village "ugly ducklings".

From Sunup to Sundown, by CORRA HARRIS and FAITH HARRIS LEECH [Doubleday, \$1.50].

Letters exchanged between a mother and her newly married daughter.

The Fields of the Fatherless, by JEAN ROY [Doran, \$1.75].

The autobiography of a London servant girl.

The American, by MARY DILLON, illus. [Century, \$1.50].

The adventures of a wealthy girl in the slums.

The Fire of Green Boughs, by MRS. VICTOR RICKARD [Dodd, Mead, \$1.60].

The story of a girl accused of being a traitor.

The Highfliers, by CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND [Harpers, \$1.50].

A romance reflecting life in Detroit.

The Beloved Sinner, by RACHEL SWETE MACNAMARA [Putnam, \$1.50].

The tale of a man and a woman to whom a sin brings misunderstanding.

Madam Constantia, edited by JEFFERSON CARTER [Longmans, \$1.50].

The experiences of an English baronet in the American Revolution.

The Playground of Satan, by BEATRICE BASKERVILLE [Watt, \$1.50].

A narrative showing Poland's part in the Great War.

Mockery, by ALEXANDER MACFARLAN [Dodd, Mead, \$1.60].

The study of a man who deceives himself.

Green Valley, by KATHARINE REYNOLDS [Little, Brown, \$1.50].

A chronicle of events in a small town of commuters.

The Untamed, by MAX BRAND [Putnam, \$1.50].

A tale of a "wild westerner".

Lady Larkspur, by MEREDITH NICHOLSON [Scribner's, \$1.00].

A mystery story involving a secret service plot.

Kings-at-Arms, by MARJORIE BOWEN [Dutton, \$1.75].

A novel delineating the struggle between Peter the Great and Karl XII of Sweden.

Civilization, by DR. GEORGES DUHAMEL [Century, \$1.50].

Sketches of wounded French soldiers.

Claws, by LESLIE BURTON BLADES [Doran, \$1.50].

The romance of a girl and two men stranded on a desert coast.

The Valley of Vision, by SARAH COMSTOCK, illus. [Scribner's, \$1.50].

A collection of fantasies and sketches.

Maid and Wife, by CAROLYN BEECHER, illus. [Britton, \$1.50].

The experiences of a girl who comes to New York to earn a living.

Good Sports, by OLIVE HIGGINS PROUTY [Stokes, \$1.40].

Stories of people who face life's problems courageously.

The Evolution of Peter Moore, by DALE DRUMMOND, illus. [Britton, \$1.50].

The tale of a soldier and his war bride.

Fighting Byng, by A. STONE, illus. [Britton, \$1.50].

A yarn embracing contraband of war, spies, and enemy aliens.

Caesar or Nothing, by Pío BAROJA, trans. by LOUIS HOW [Knopf, \$1.75].

The career of a young Spaniard who sets out to reform his country.

The Pelicans, by E. M. DELAFIELD [Knopf, \$1.75].

A novel of modern English family life.

The Old Gray Homestead, by FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES, illus. [Houghton, \$1.50].

A tale of country life and "plain folks".

The Edge of the World, by EDITH BLINN, illus. [Britton, \$1.50].

The story of a woman who shelters strangers in her home in the far West.

The Fighting Shepherdess, by CAROLINE LOCKHART, illus. [Small, Maynard, \$1.50].

A picture of small-town rivalry in the West.

Martin Schuler, by ROMER WILSON [Holt, \$1.50].

The life-story of a German composer.

The Vinegar Saint, by HUGHES MEARNES, illus. [Penn, \$1.50].

A story tracing the development of an American girl in her 'teens.

The Man Who Couldn't Sleep, by ARTHUR STRINGER [Bobbs-Merrill, \$1.75].

A tale of adventure and crime in New York.

Tumblefold, by JOSEPH WHITTAKER [Dutton, \$1.90].

An autobiographical narrative of a boy in the English slums.

from my home, but I traveled the forty miles and came home to show the check, and returned in two hours. Excepting in the Milwaukee and Madison and Wisconsin university papers, and one or two evanescent magazines, I never had a story accepted until 1903, though for ten years previous to that acceptance I had constantly submitted stories. In 1911 "The Delineator" gave me a first prize of two thousand dollars for a short story, "The Ancient Dawn". In 1904 I began writing stories about Pelleas and Etarre, two old lovers, and forty of these were published in a dozen magazines, and half were collected in a volume published by the Macmillan Company. These were followed by "Friendship Village" stories. The first editor to whom one of these stories was submitted, declined it with the word that his acquaintance with small towns was wide, but that he had never seen any such people as these. About sixty of these stories have been published serially; the majority of them are now collected in four volumes—but I am still not sure that the first editor was not right.

After graduating from Wisconsin University there were about six years spent in newspaper work, in Milwaukee and New York, and in magazine work in New York—and in that time a master's degree was given me by Wisconsin University for work done in *absentia*; but neither degree in itself has ever meant anything to me—only, that part of the work which I liked and wanted was invaluable. . . . I began work on the Milwaukee "Evening Wisconsin", which had accepted that first story of mine, and I secured a position by attrition. I presented myself every morning at the desk of the city editor to ask for an assignment, but the chief thing that I recall about those mornings was the intense wish that the elevator which was taking me up to the city room would turn out to be the elevator taking me down again. At the end of two weeks the city editor let me write about a flower show. I have never put such emotion into anything else that I have written. I was another month in getting on the staff. Later I was with the Milwaukee "Journal". In New York the process was different. After being refused by nearly every paper there, I went back to the New York "World". By the office boy, every morning, I sent in a list of suggestions, made from that day's news, on which I thought that I could write, and the city editor checked those things I might try. After a good many weeks I went on the staff of the "World".

All of this was largely sheer adventure.

It was so much pure pioneering that none of it now seems to me to have been either will or purpose, but pure delight. But at the time I was under the delusion that I was very determined.

For the last few years I have lived with my father and mother in the little town where I was born and where they have spent most of their lives. Here I have written ten books of fiction.

W. P. M. Kennedy, whose article, "Political Biography in Canada", is in this issue of *THE BOOKMAN*, is an Irishman who has been for some years on the Modern History staff of the University of Toronto, and a Fellow of the Royal Historical Society. His studies at Trinity College (Dublin), and Oxford, and at Heidelberg, led him to specialize for some years in sixteenth-century history. As author of "The Elizabethan Interpretations", "Parish Life under Queen Elizabeth", and "Studies in Tudor History", as well as by editing the "Visitation Documents of the Reformation Period", and by frequent contributions to "The English Historical Review" and foreign history journals, he is well known in academic circles as an authority upon the Tudor period of English constitutional history. Since accepting the Professorship of English at St. Michael's College, Toronto, and becoming intimately concerned with the teaching of history in Canada, he has turned his attention more particularly to Canadian history, and his first publication in this field, the important "Documents of the Canadian Constitution", appeared in the fall of last year.

J. K. Huysmans's "En Route", long familiar to European readers in several languages, was recently published for the first time in this country in English. It deals with the evolution of a soul from a state of debased materialism to one of intense spirituality.

Dawn, by ELEANOR H. PORTER, illus. [Houghton, \$1.50].

A sketch of a blind boy who lives to serve others.

Ma Pettengill, by HARRY LEON WILSON [Doubleday, \$1.50].

A narrative introducing many of the characters in "Ruggles of Red Gap".

Nomads of the North, by JAMES OLIVER CUNWOOD, illus. [Doubleday, \$1.50].

The adventures of a bear cub and a pup who become comrades.

The Valley of Vision, by HENRY VAN DYKE [Doubleday, \$1.50].

The romance of two young people who rebel against a narrow environment.

The City of Comrades, by BASIL KING, illus. [Harpers, \$1.75].

The experiences of a man who wins back his self-respect.

Humoresque, by FANNIE HURST [Harpers, \$1.50].

Humorous sketches of Jewish life.

The Eyes of the Blind, by ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE [Doran, \$1.50].

A romance charged with mystery.

The Son of Pio, by C. L. CARLSEN [Dutton, \$1.75].

The story of a native Filipino who would be an American.

En Route, by J. K. HUYSMANS [Dutton, \$2.50].

The study of a French unbeliever who returns to his faith.

War and Reconstruction

A Little Gray Home in France, by HELEN DAVENPORT GIBBONS [Century, \$1.50].

Impressions of a woman who opened her home in France to the American doughboys.

The War Diary of a Diplomat, by LEE MERIWETHER [Dodd, Mead, \$2.00].

The record of the Special Assistant to the American Ambassador to France.

Full Speed Ahead, by HENRY B. BESTON, illus. [Doubleday, \$1.50].

Sketches of the American navy at work.

Volley from a Non-Combatant, by WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER [Doubleday, \$2.00].

A collection of papers on various aspects of the war.

The British Revolution and the American Democracy, by NORMAN ANGELL [Heubsch, \$1.50].

A discussion of British Labor programs.

The Firebrand of Bolshevism, by PRINCESS CATHERINE RADZIWIŁŁ, illus. [Small, Maynard, \$2.00].

The story of German secret service plotting in Russia.

An American Poilu, ANONYMOUS [Little, Brown, \$1.35].

The letters of an American who joined the French army.

Alsace-Lorraine Since 1870, by BARRY CERF [Macmillan, \$1.50].

A study of the relations of Germany to Alsace and Lorraine.

Fighters for Peace, by MARY R. PARKMAN, illus. [Century, \$1.50].

The biographies of ten prominent soldiers and statesmen of the Allies.

Forty Days in 1914, by MAJ.-GEN. SIR F. MAURICE, illus. with maps [Doran, \$2.00].

An exposition of the first great offensive drive of the war.

The Covenant of Peace, by H. N. BRAILSFORD [Heubsch, \$.25].

A prize essay on the league of nations.

The Society of Nations, by T. J. LAWRENCE, LL.D., J.P. [Oxford, \$1.50].

A survey of the origin and development of international society.

Ivan Speaks, ANONYMOUS [Houghton, \$.75].

Sayings of Russian soldiers overheard by a nurse at the front.

America's Mission to Serve Humanity, by FRANK MOSS [Stratford, \$1.00].

Selections from American leaders, beginning with Washington, which voice America's mission.

When the Boys Come Home, by LIEUT. HAROLD HERSEY, illus. [Britton, \$1.25].

A soldier's views on the effects of the war on the men in service.

The Resurrected Nations, by ISAAC DON LEVINE, illus. with maps [Stokes, \$1.60].

Histories of the small nations in Europe and Asia set free by the war.

The Grand Fleet, 1914-1916, by ADMIRAL VISCOUNT JELlicoe, illus. [Doran, \$6.00].

A record of the creation, development and work of the British fleet.

Roger Allier, by HIS PARENTS, translated by HENRY H. KING [Association, \$1.25].

The story of a young Frenchman who was killed in action.

League of Nations: Shall It Be an Alliance, or a Nation of Nations? by ALFRED OWEN CROZIER [New York: Lecouver, \$.50].

Suggestions for the amendment of the proposed constitution of the league.

Canada's Part in the Great War [issued by the Department of Public Information, Ottawa].

A report of Canada's war activities and their cost to the country.

War Aims and Peace Ideals, edited by TUCKER BROOKE, B.Litt., and HENRY SEIDEL CANBY, Ph.D. [Yale, \$1.80].

Selections in prose and verse illustrating the ideals of the countries at war.

A Society of States, by W. T. S. STALLYBRASS, M.A. [Dutton, \$2.00].

A discussion of how equality may exist between members of a league of nations.

My German Prisons, by HORACE GRAY GILLILAND [Houghton, \$1.50].

An account of two and a half years of captivity by an officer in the British army.

Ten Days That Shook the World, by JOHN REED, illus. [Boni and Liveright, \$2.00].

A record of the Bolshevik Revolution in Petrograd.

The Idea of a League of Nations, by H. G. WELLS AND OTHERS [Atlantic Monthly Press].

A treatise by a group of British publicists composing the League of Free Nations Association.

Poetry

Golden Stars and Other Verses, by HENRY VAN DYKE [Scribners, \$.50].

Poems inspired by the war.

Marmion, by SIR WALTER SCOTT, edited with an introduction and notes by ZELMA E. CLARK [New York: Merrill, \$.30].

A volume of Merrill's English Texts.

In Flanders Fields and Other Poems, by LIEUT.-COL. JOHN MCCRAE, M.D., illus. [Putnam, \$1.50].

Poems supplemented by a sketch of the author by Sir Andrew Macphail.

Fisherman's Verse, by WILLIAM HAYNES AND JOSEPH LEROY HARRISON [Duffield, \$1.50].

An anthology of verse on fishing.

Afterglow, by JAMES FENIMORE COOPER, JR., CAPT., F.A., N.A. [Yale, \$1.00].

Lyrical poems by the great-grandson of the novelist.

The Flag and Other Poems, 1918, by AMY REDPATH RODDICK [Montreal: Dougall].

Verses on the war and other themes.

The Song of Three Friends, by JOHN G. NEIHARDT [Macmillan, \$1.25].

A tale of trappers in the upper Missouri River country in the early 'twenties.

The Rocking Horse, by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY [Doran, \$1.25].

Songs of every day reprinted from magazines and newspapers.

Mary Heaton Vorse writes to her publishers: "I wish you wanted a book about Italy and industrial conditions here for next fall instead of a sequel to 'The Prestons'. You do not know how happy it makes me to learn that over 10,000 copies of 'The Prestons' have been sold since you published it in December."

The story of the growth of the idea and the methods by which the German Socialists became the strongest single political party, the personalities that dominated it, the divergencies responsible for the perpetual intra-party turmoil, and the explanation of the party's course in 1914 and since, is what the author, Ludwig Lore, has undertaken in "German Social Democracy". Long ago, it is said, Mr. Lore was inveighing against German militarism and imperialism in his "Volkszeitung", a German-language daily in New York.

Australian newspapers of the end of last November have lately come to hand, and the Melbourne "Age" made the interesting calculation then that Mr. Hughes had delivered more public speeches than all the other delegates of the Imperial War Cabinet put together, and that his public speeches, up to a certain period, were more numerous than those delivered by all the members of the British government in the same time. It may be recalled that a short while ago there was issued anonymously a volume entitled "Mr. Hughes", a critical study of the views of the Australian Prime Minister as revealed by his speeches. It is now currently believed that the author was the Right Hon. J. M. Robertson.

Theodore Brockbank De Vinne, son of Theodore Low De Vinne, founder of the De Vinne Press, New York, has retired from the presidency and active participation in the business. His son, Charles DeWitt De Vinne, retires as vice-president, but remains a director in the company.

James W. Bothwell, with the De Vinnés for more than forty years, and general manager since 1908, will be chief executive. His son, Irving D. Bothwell, is treasurer, and William J. Eakins vice-president and sales manager.

The De Vinne Press was founded in 1836 and has many printing achievements to its credit. Among them was the composition of the entire Century Dictionary.

Dr. Ernest Freund, professor of jurisprudence and public law in the University of Chicago, has been awarded the Ames prize by the faculty of the Harvard University Law School for his book, "Standards of American Legislation". The Ames prize, named after a former dean of the law school, was established in 1898 by Judge Julian W. Mack of the United States Circuit Court. It consists of a bronze medal and four hundred dollars, and is given every four years to the writer of the most meritorious law book or legal essay written in English. Among former winners of the prize have been Dean John H. Wigmore of Northwestern University, and Professor Frederick W. Maitland of Cambridge University, England.

A recently published volume is "Training for the Electric Railway Business", by C. B. Fairchild, Jr., of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company.

Mere Melodies, by EDWIN MEADE ROBINSON [McKay, \$1.25].

Imaginative verses, some gathered from the newspapers.

Songs and Poems, by JOHN JAY CHAPMAN [Scribners, \$1.00].

Poems on various themes, reprinted.

Songs of the Services, by WILL STOKES [Stokes, \$1.50].

Songs of the army, navy and marine corps.

The Heart of Peace, by LAURENCE HOUSMAN [Small, Maynard, \$1.25].

A collection of verse on war and peace.

The Wild Swans at Coole, by W. B. YEATS [Macmillan, \$1.25].

Selections embodying the latest poems of the Irish writer.

Escape and Fantasy, by GEORGE ROSTREVOR [Macmillan, \$1.00].

Lyrical poems by a new author.

Representative American Poetry, edited by E. B. RICHARDS [New York: Merrill, \$.30].

Selections supplemented by biographical and critical notes.

The New Day, by SCUDDER MIDDLETON [Macmillan, \$1.00].

Poems reflecting the spirit of today.

Kiltartan Poetry Book, by LADY GREGORY [Putnam, \$1.25].

Translations of poems from the Irish.

Poems About God, by LIEUT. JOHN CROWE RANSOM [Holt, \$1.25].

Reflections on the meaning of God in our daily life.

The New Era in American Poetry, by LOUIS UNTERMEYER [Holt, \$2.25].

A summary of American poetry since Whitman, with illustrative quotations.

War Verses, by LAURA BELL EVERETT AND ELIZABETH ABBEY EVERETT [published by the authors at Berkeley, Cal.].

A collection of ten poems on the war.

Dreams and Gibes, by EDWARD SAPIR [Gorham Press].

Poems on a variety of subjects.

Convention and Revolt in Poetry, by JOHN LIVINGSTON LOWES [Houghton, \$1.75].

A consideration of old and new tendencies in poetry.

Drama

Washington, the Man Who Made Us, by PERCY MACKAYE [Knopf, \$1.75].

A play depicting the life of Washington.

The Dream Queen, a translation of the "Svapnavasavadatta" of Bhasa, by A. G. SHIRREFF AND PANNA LALL [Allahabad: Indian Press].

A play translated from the Sanskrit.

The Man of Kerioth, by ROBERT NORWOOD [Doran, \$1.25].

A lyric drama of the life of Christ.

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Three plays which have been produced by their actor-author.

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Four one-act plays of modern life.

History and Political Science

A History of Latin America, by WILLIAM WARREN SWEET, illus. [Abingdon, \$3.00].

A study of the past history and present condition of Latin America.

Mexico, To-Day and To-Morrow, by E. D. TROWBRIDGE [Macmillan, \$2.00].

A survey of the political, social and economic situation in Mexico.

How France is Governed, by RAYMOND POINCARÉ [McBride, \$2.00].

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M. Gaston Roupnel, the author of "Nono: Love and the Soil", translated by B. J. Beyer, is a native of that same wine-growing district of Burgundy, near Dijon, in which the scenes of his novel are placed. The book was published in France in 1910. The novel is one of the first issues in the Library of French Fiction, whose purpose is to acquaint American readers with life in the provinces of France as portrayed by French authors of distinction.

Dr. Henry van Dyke, author and former Minister to The Hague, has founded a permanent prize fund, to be awarded at the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis. During the war he served in the navy as chaplain with the rank of lieutenant-commander, and made the determination to accept no compensation for his services. After his appointment it was found that the regulations required him to accept pay. This being the case, Dr. van Dyke set aside the money and used it as the nucleus for the prize fund.

Owing to a typographical error in Miss Amy Lowell's paper, "Casual Reflections on a Few of the Younger English Novelists", which appeared in the April number of THE BOOKMAN, J. D. Beresford's book, "The Wonder", was attributed to Gilbert Cannell.

Margaret Widdemer's novel, "You're Only Young Once", several weeks ago had not only gone through five editions in the United States, but had been published in Canada. The book is being published in England, and Miss Widdemer's American publishers recently arranged for a Danish translation.

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THE BOOKMAN



THE RETURN

BY WILLIAM McFEE

It is inevitable that the writer whose work has stood still for four years, when he comes up out of the blue and gold of the Levant and pushes his way shyly through the dank, wet fog enfolding his native isle, should experience a sort of mild astonishment that art and literature, in their fundamental principles and practice, so far from sharing in the grand, triumphal progress toward the millennium, remain very much as he left them. He is inclined to say, "Can this thing be?" As he passed a meditative eye over the stacks of expensive "cheap" editions in the shops of Cairo, of Suez, of Salonika, and of Alexandria, he had noted the remarkable unanimity with which publishers had declared (on the colored jacket) that the volume inside was the product of genius, a masterpiece, a classic, a thrill unique in life! Ever and anon this same meditative eye was caught by the "poems" of a cavalier or a collegier, the "rhymes" of a private or of a Red Cross orderly, or of some other participant in the Great Affair. Literary journals assailed him with solemn articles assuring him that the great common people were becoming articu-

late at last: the art of literary expression was almost universal; "mute inglorious Miltons" were being dragged out of every trench and mine-sweeper; and the war had provided the one thing necessary for their evocation—a subject. Poetry bubbled from the troops in irrepressible streams. Miracles of descriptive imagery were discovered coming from all ranks of the service and of society.

It really appeared that, had it not been for the censor, the whole British navy and army would have burst into song and story. The age of minstrelsy was not dead. Each regiment had its bard as well as its mascot. Volume after volume of letters from the trenches was obtruded upon the customer, and he was instructed to believe that each was a vivid portrayal of the very soul of the fighting man; eloquent; not only life but literature; "marking an epoch", and placing its unhappily defunct author in the front rank of the immortals. Very often he sighed as he reflected upon the hardy nature of the gentlemen who, so the publishers boomed, had written their amazing poems or letters "under fire"

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or "in action"; and he wondered whether war in days to come would not lose much of its horror—when the people, fully articulate, would not only go into battle singing, but writing their songs and typing them for publication. And more than once he concluded that if the war was making the world safe for democracy, it was also making it somewhat precarious for the author, and he resigned himself to a future of ignoble penury and futile achievement.

So it appeared to him of whom I speak: a man interested, more than anything else in the world, in letters, in books and the technical problems involved in the making of them—in his art, in short; but whom the war had carried away into Asia, and Africa, and the secret places of southern Europe, so that he was obliged to submit, however reluctantly, to the part of a rather preoccupied spectator of the *Universal Review*—wondering whether, when the war did finally get itself finished, there would be anything left to write about.

But it seems there is! Almost incredible after four years of delirious war fiction, war history, war emotion, and war poetry; but the fact remains that the great body of literature regards the whole business of Armageddon as a merely ephemeral inconvenience. It may be that the great body of literature is for once at fault in its conclusions. It may be that literature, like other despotic monarchs, will have to abdicate, and that the new world will enthrone the cinema or the gramophone in the ancient temples. There may have been a sinister motive behind the proposal to install a Government Department in the British Museum. But the fact remains and must be recognized. The returned wanderer, seeking the solution of this

paradox, will find it, I think, in the fact that war, while it may be the furnace which popular phraseology makes it, does not necessarily melt down everything in its vicinity. Fire not only melts; it hardens, it calcines, it vitrifies, it crystallizes, it evaporates. Our hasty assumption that the great furnace of war was going to melt down our habits, our institutions, our vices, and our prejudices, and that we should all emerge purified and more or less perfect beings, seems to have been an error on the side of optimism, at least. Just as the war, so far from destroying the peculiar social structure of English life, has confirmed and solidified it, making the various "classes" more clearly defined than ever, so we may say that the smoke and debris of war have only obscured for a moment the indestructible features of art.

And when one thinks it out quietly, that is what might have been foreseen. The creative artist was as prompt to answer his country's call as any other man; but his soul remained his own. He accepted service as an officer, but he did not accept the extraordinary codes and customs of the officer class. He joined up in the ranks, but he declared no allegiance to the preposterous ideals of artisans and unskilled laborers. On the other hand, the callow youths who succeeded at patriotism and asserted that art knew no nationality, proved conclusively that they were not only bad patriots but bad artists. Art is never anything else but national. The fanatical fools who clamored to have the memorial tablet removed from the house in London where Heine lived, showed how easily men may forget the very principles for which they are professedly willing to die. And those men of letters who deemed it an in-

tegral part of loyalty to traffic in petty and spiteful slanders, to pander to the public desire for cheap and hasty melodrama, have laid up for themselves much treasure, no doubt; but they have also in store a heavy burden of regret for the future.

It would be a mistake to assume, from the foregoing paragraph, that the creative artist is debarred from using the fresh material which the war has presented to him during the past four years; but he must make sure that it is fresh, and not simply "old stuff" with a top-dressing of militarism. Many men urge that since the war has been fundamentally a death-grapple between the forces of right and wrong, between the powers of darkness and light, the artist was obliged to offer himself up—body, soul, and spirit, a living sacrifice for one or the other. This is very fine, but it only obscures the issue. It assumes the very fact which these enthusiasts deny—that the artist has a choice between good and evil, between truth and error, honesty and obliquity. He has no such choice. He had so little choice that he of all men saw, years before the honest citizen, that the Teutonic mania for material efficiency and regimentation of human life was a mania destined to rot the very heart out of the nations whom it had made mad.

But the business of an artist is to create works of art, and the fact that he is willing to suffer and die—either gloriously or obscurely as his fate decrees—for the liberty which is indispensable to his existence, does not relieve him from the austere obligations which his vocation has in all ages imposed upon him. He is concerned only indirectly with the march of events. The honor of his country, the well-being of his family are matters

that touch his manhood but not his art. In politics he may be a socialist or a monarchist, a democrat or an aristocrat; but in his attitude toward his material he is profoundly and inevitably alone. No one can help him. Amid the dust of conflict and the multitudinous murmurs of the millions around him, he remains in secret possession of his own soul, watching alike for the incalculable moment and the elusive phrase, and adding in almost imperceptible gradations to the work which is the real preoccupation of his life.

A point which it is fitting to make here refers to the doubtful value of hurried production to meet a new and unanticipated market, so that the artist's individuality is spread thin, like a veneer upon the surface, and does not penetrate into the heart of his work. Very often there is at the back of such production a tendency to economize, to conserve one's imaginative output for some future design, and to job off upon an indulgent public second-rate work. Perhaps the war has been too much for many of us. The emotional stress and the editorial insistence have been too sustained. But in precise proportion as an artist ignores the dictates of his conscience in this matter, so is he destined to a wholesome regret. The fact is, he has very little choice. His happiness is contingent upon giving himself to the very uttermost to the work in hand. No silly fear of "writing himself out" or "running dry" or "wasting ideas" must prevent his putting every ounce into the job. The artist must necessarily write himself out every time he attempts to interpret his soul in terms of the phenomena amid which he lives. There is something to be said for the theory that imagination "grows by what it feeds on". It is much more

illuminating, in the case of the artist, to say that the imaginative faculty, like the bodily muscles, develops with strenuous exercise.

And so it appears, upon reflection, that the artist, so far from having been transmogrified into a kind of recording angel by the war, retains all his weaknesses, all his opportunities, and all his obligations. So far from admitting that every soldier's knapsack contains an academical crown instead of the traditional field-marshal's baton, he leaves the countless scribblers of the war to the demobilizing department, and retires to his own study. He will have much to say, as time goes on. Not necessarily about the war, it should be remembered. Already the theory has been advanced that the millennium, so far from following Armageddon, came before; and we may expect works of romantic realism dealing with a golden age in which we ourselves were dwelling without realizing our good fortune. The inevitable readjustments of society's components—the new-rich bourgeoisie and agriculturists, the rejuvenated noble landlords and jaunty *pensionnaires*—will receive the attention of some Balzac now at school.

Such forecastings are fascinating to develop; but they are available to anyone who avoids the mistake of assuming that literature is about to become Bolshevized, that every man will be his own author, and that the arts in some mysterious fashion are to take a prodigious bound forward into a region of chaotic license and fantastic fecundity. We shall continue to climb Parnassus on foot, for there are neither royal roads nor *wagons lit* on that route. The Great War is ended, and the world, we are assured, has been made safe for democracy. But the artist is never safe; not even when he is dead. He is forever at war with the enemies within his gate—his own circumstances, his own laziness, his own abominable waywardness of impulse. He is in love with his work, which is to say he is fascinated by it and hates it; he forsakes it and flies back to it; he lives in it and by it, yet sacrifices everything else to it. He may conceal his passion with an assumption of worldly sagacity or bohemian dissipation, but if he be a true artist it is the one permanent consolation of his existence. In literature as in life, without love there can be no understanding.

JOHN BURROUGHS

BY HENRY LITCHFIELD WEST

The river flowed lazily at the foot of the grassy slope, and the bluebirds were like transplanted azure in the near-by vineyard. In the sky were fleecy clouds, and on the earth were patches of vivid green in a setting of rusty brown. All these things I noted as I stood upon the threshold of a small, bark-covered building on the hillside. Then I rapped gently upon the unpainted, weather-beaten door.

"Come in!"

The voice was soft, melodious, familiar. I pressed down the rustic latch, entered a book-lined room, and John Burroughs rose to greet me. He had changed but little since the days when I had tramped with him, for age has rested lightly upon his shoulders. His hair is white, and sparse enough upon his brow to show the contour of a splendid forehead. His long and flowing beard—which he strokes as he talks—is grey. His features index his placid life, and his clear eyes are literally the windows of his soul. He wore a farmer's suit—a thick sack coat, soft collar, and undressed buckskin shoes—and looked like a man of the fields. In fact, he had been out all morning with a hoe.

We sat in front of the old fireplace and talked long of men and things. The pyramid of stone, built from the broad hearth to the ceiling, was decorated with many bird's-nests and other trophies of the woods. A picture of Walt Whitman was conspicuous. The study-table was burdened with books and manuscripts. On the walls were portraits of Roosevelt, Emerson, Car-

lyle, Huxley, Darwin, Spencer, and of other friends. Well-filled book-shelves lined the walls. It did not require the genius of Sherlock Holmes to discover that the room was the workshop of a man who loved nature and wrote books.

Then we went over to Slabsides, the place built with his own hands, nestled in the hills a mile and a half away, a retreat for quiet thinking. He took the wheel of his automobile and laughed softly as we started. "It took me a long time to learn to run this car", he said, "because I could not realize at first that I had to be its brains. A horse, you know, has intelligence, but this thing has none. It is always difficult to manage a brainless thing." Under his guidance, however, the machine was safely piloted over the narrow highway until we alighted and began our tramp up the mountainside, over the same woodland road which President Roosevelt and Mr. Burroughs once walked together. It was almost the first of April and spring was in the air. The bluejay looked down upon us with friendly eye, and the finches were like tiny shadows amid the hemlock boughs. A turtle, slowly moving from one pond to another, crossed our path. Mr. Burroughs took it up, caressed its rounded shell, and addressed it as if it were human. As we talked, he suddenly halted.

"Wait a minute", he said. "Listen! I hear a mourning dove."

From far away, in the depths of the hills, came the plaintive call, thrice repeated. It was as sad as it was sweet.

"Spring is here", said Mr. Burroughs, raising his hands; "spring is here."

It was almost like a benediction.

I

John Burroughs has ascended the pathway of life, as he climbs a mountain, with leisurely steps. "In every life", he says, "there is time to be wise and opportunity to tend the growth of the spirit." Thus has he acquired both wisdom and spirituality, to the great gain of himself and of the world. He has not hastened, as though there were naught between the valley and the height; but he has strolled and sauntered, with eyes open for the blossoming flower, and ears alert for the singing of birds. He has had time to listen and observe, to drink the waters of perennial springs, to hold converse with his soul. He knew that in his own good time the summit would be reached; and that when he looked out upon eternity with unshaded eyes, he could also glance backward with the consciousness that the path which he had traveled had not been trod in vain. Surely this is the reason why, at eighty-two years of age, his mentality is unimpaired and his step has lost little of its youthful vigor. His eye is keen—the woodchuck is still the victim of his unerring rifle—his enthusiasm is unabated, and the lure of the woods still holds him in its thrall.

Born on April 3, 1837, near Roxbury, New York, Mr. Burroughs came into the world with the springtime, and vernal freshness seems ever to have rested upon him. The fact that he was born upon a farm does not wholly account for a love of nature which is inherent, and not inherited. His childhood days were closely associated with all the homely facts of the

barn—the cattle, the gathering of apples, the sowing and harvesting of crops. He loved the woods and the fields; he belonged, he says, to them; and his substance and taste assimilated them as healthily as his body did its food. He possessed instinct and genius for discovery. The largest berries were for his finding; and the wariest trout was destined for his hook. The tiniest nest in the leafy branches was for him something open and unconcealed.

His life on the farm ended when he was about seventeen years old and then, like many another country boy, he began to teach school. Today we who love John Burroughs envy the children whom he taught, for there must have been more than reading, writing, and arithmetic in his lessons; but when he visited the old schoolhouse not long ago he learned, with a touch of regret, that his name had been forgotten. "Still", as he said to me, "perhaps this was natural, for I found not only a new generation but a new race—Italians, Poles, and Slovaks." Later, after a term at the village academy, he went west and taught at Polo, Illinois. Two years ago he returned to the little town to revive old memories; "but", he said, with a half-despairing gesture of his hands, "nothing was the same but the sky".

Shortly after the outbreak of the Civil War Mr. Burroughs went to Washington, intending to enter the army but accepting, instead, a position in the Treasury Department. When General Early threatened the capital, Mr. Burroughs shouldered a musket and made his way out to the rifle pits; "but", he said when questioned as to how he ever developed such pugnacity, "I really believe at heart I was a coward. My knees trembled when I looked out into the mysterious dark-

ness and heard the bullets sing." He did not have to fire his musket, and went back to his desk all unscathed. For eleven years, from 1862 to 1873, he remained in office, so thoroughly detesting the confinement of a clerical position that he bought a little home, literally under the dome of the capitol, where, to quote his own words, he "took an earth bath twice a day". These were the Arcadian days of the capital, "before the easy-going southern ways had gone and the prim, new, northern ways had come in"; when he could drive Chloe, his newly-purchased Devonshire cow, along Pennsylvania Avenue, while she cut capers in front of the White House and kicked up her heels most disrespectfully as she passed the Treasury. "But that night", says Mr. Burroughs, "the long-vacant stall in the old stable was filled, and the next morning the coffee had experienced a change of heart."

Life in Washington was not altogether without its advantages. There was opportunity to indulge in rural and unclerical tastes. It was but a step from the city into the country. From his door he could see the great, green arms of the trees beckon and invite. He loved the soft, mellow atmosphere, the picturesque beauty of Rock Creek, the cool recesses of the woods along Piney branch. The old Marlboro road stirred his instinct to travel, and there was a pleasant warmth in the redness of the Tennallytown highway. But the great episode of his Washington existence was his association with Walt Whitman. He had read Whitman as a boy and had grown to admire him intensely. He still thinks Whitman is the only mountain in our literary landscape. The intimacy between the two men became very close. They were congenial spirits.

"Whitman's large body and noble

head, crowned with white hair which fell upon his shoulders, and his luxuriant beard", said Mr. Burroughs, as he talked with me of these olden days, "made him conspicuous everywhere. He used to come to our house on Sunday morning for breakfast. He was due at eight o'clock, but I would watch one street car after another for maybe a couple of hours before he opened the gate and strolled in, with never a shadow of an excuse; but taking it for granted, with real poetic license, that whenever he came he was welcome."

"What writers have most influenced your life?"

"Emerson and Whitman. Probably I should put Whitman first, because in his case the personal equation was a large factor. I met Emerson only two or three times, so that I did not know him intimately, although I have read and reread his essays over and over again. When I first read Emerson I could make nothing of him, but later, when I was out West, I found three volumes of his 'Miscellanies' and then I fell under his spell. With Whitman it was different. I knew the man as well as his books. Whitman gave me a view of the largeness of life. He was cosmic and elemental, almost patriarchal, like the men of the early heroic ages. Much to my regret, I never met Thoreau. I am indebted to Matthew Arnold for clear thinking and clean expression, and I enjoy Ruskin's prose. I cannot read Browning; he makes my mental bones ache. Wordsworth is my favorite among the English poets, because he sees, interprets, and expresses nature with absolute fidelity. Essays always have been, and still are my chief delight.

"A good deal of present-day literature reaches me", continued Mr. Burroughs, "but very little of it grips me. I do not care for fiction. In times like

these the realities are too absorbing. Most of the nature books tire me. They are sensational or written to meet a supposed want. Our popular periodical publications and Sunday papers seem trying to compete with the moving-picture shows, or to give their readers something that will make as little demand upon their thinking powers as do the movies. The movies are the pest of our times. They are a part of our hurry and shallowness. Look back on our periodicals ten years ago and see how much more solid matter there was in them at that time than at present. The monthly magazine vies with the weekly for the ephemera of the hour, and the weekly vies with the daily paper—so little is there in any of them that a reflective man can sit by his own fireside and read. Taking it all in all, I think that, amid a multitude of books, I go back with most satisfaction to Emerson and Whitman. They give me real mental sustenance and stimulation."

As a matter of fact, Mr. Burroughs is more of a nature lover than he is a book lover. His library is all outdoors, inexhaustible and everlasting, with inviting volumes always spread before him. Why should he seek the printed page when the book of nature is open wide?

II

The genius of John Burroughs could not thrive in repellent soil. With a man of his temperament much, if not everything, depends upon environment. He realized this fact early in his life and, cutting the Gordian knot which bound him to the position of bank examiner, sought a place where he could live close to Mother Earth.

He found his resting-place upon the west shore of the Hudson river, about half-way between Newburgh and Kingston, at a spot now known as West

Park. Of the building of his home he has written a prose poem. When he set out to look for a place in the country, he says, he was chiefly intent upon finding a few acres of good fruit land near a large stone heap. The latter he found first and hastened to conclude the bargain. He wanted stone because it is more picturesque than wood, and because all things make friends with the stone house—the mosses and lichens, the vines and birds. The house became a part of himself. His hands helped to build it and almost every panel and piece of wainscoting was cut from a tree that had its individual history.

"From the hearth to the field is a great distance", says Thoreau, but in Mr. Burroughs's house the hearth is the field. Into the walls were built the superb autumn days during which the stone was quarried. "Every load that was sent home carried my heart and happiness with it." The boulders with ragged quartz faces, which were chosen because of their quaintness and "to make the wall a true compendium of the locality", still stand out among their greyer neighbors like exclamation points. These were the treasures that Mr. Burroughs himself secured. "Certain it is", he says, "that no such stone was found as when I headed the search. The men saw indifferently with their eyes; but I looked on the ground with such desire that I saw what was beneath the moss and the leaves. With them it was hard labor at so much *per diem*; with me it was a passionate purpose."

There came a time, however, when the house was too cribbed, cabined, and confined, and so Mr. Burroughs built the bark-covered study out on the hillside, where we sat and talked together. Even this did not suffice. There was

not sufficient seclusion and privacy. The view was too far-reaching, and on the river there was a constant procession of yachts and steamers. Visiting an inland farmhouse, Mr. Burroughs discovered why he was restless and dissatisfied. He was longing for the inner sanctuary. "Scenery", he says, "may be too fine, too grand, too inspiring for one's daily or hourly view. It tires after a while. It demands a mood that comes to you only at intervals. Hence, it is never wise to build your house on the most ambitious spot in the landscape. Rather seek out a more humble or secluded nook or corner which you can fill with your domestic and home instincts and affections. In some things the half is more satisfying than the whole."

Hidden away in the hills is Slabsides, the place of withdrawal and retreat. The tract which Mr. Burroughs originally purchased comprised one hundred acres, but Ernest C. Ingersoll and one or two others who wanted to be Mr. Burroughs's neighbors, bought small parcels of the land, so that now there are only some ten or twelve acres remaining in his ownership. The cabin is two stories in height, with a comfortable porch, and its exterior consists of bark-covered slabs, the first cuttings of the lumberman—"like the crust on a loaf of bread", says Mr. Burroughs. Worshippers of the author-naturalist, visiting Slabsides, have peeled away bits of bark and carried them away as souvenirs, so that one is reminded of badly veneered furniture. The latch-string is always out, indicative of welcome and hospitality, and a touch of romance is supplied by Mr. Burroughs as he tells of the wedding of a young couple, with the porch as an altar and the wind making cathedral music in the trees.

The interior of Slabsides is thor-

oughly rustic. The work-table, upon which all of Mr. Burroughs's later books were written, is of plain pine, supported by unbarked saplings. The bedsteads, covered by quilts which are family heirlooms, are built of the trunks of young trees. The partitions are rough boards. There is nothing so artificial as a stove, and cooking and heating depend upon an open fireplace. The decorations are books, bird's-nests and curios from the woods. One of the latter is the bole of a tree, twisted like a screw, and hung over the hearth. Once, when some inquisitive Vassar girls asked Mr. Burroughs how such a twist could happen, he gravely explained that he and the hired man had turned the stick when it was green, holding it in this position until it had dried and set. "And they believed me", said Mr. Burroughs with a little chuckle, "because they knew that I am not a nature-faker. However, when I found out that they were of too great faith, I undeceived them and so my conscience is clear."

As we sat on the steps of the porch, basking in the warm sunshine, Mr. Burroughs told me of the stick, made priceless by the gnawing marks of beavers' teeth, which he had unearthed far below the surface of the ground, but which some iconoclastic preserver of order and neatness had thrown into the fire. Then he pointed out Julian's Rock, the point from which his son had discovered the site of the future Slabsides; indicated the location of the spring, and told how a swamp, at first impassable with a thicket ten feet high, had been drained and made to produce celery, onions, and corn. Opposite us was the almost perpendicular ledge which young Teddy Roosevelt essayed to climb, while Mr. Burroughs stood beneath him with arms extended, should the lad slip and fall. Then we

went inside again to see Theodore Roosevelt's name in the guest book, and the table where he and Mrs. Roosevelt ate the dinner which Mr. Burroughs cooked. "It was a very warm day", said Mr. Burroughs, "and the President punctuated his sentences by jumping up from the table every few minutes and drinking a dipperful of spring water. He sat there", indicated Mr. Burroughs, "and we had huckleberry pie. The President spilled some of the juice on the oil-cloth table-cover and", added Mr. Burroughs, with a half-shy confession, "I let it stay there just as long as I could."

But the days when no presidential visitor spills huckleberry juice upon the table are, after all, the halcyon, red-letter days at Slabsides. They are the days when, far away from the busy world, Mr. Burroughs communes with nature and interprets her varying moods. They are the mornings when the soft feet of little grey rabbits rustle under the floor, the afternoons when the busy woodpecker taps resonantly against the bark-covered slabs, the evenings when the whippoorwill's fill the air with song. These are the days at Slabsides which appeal most to Mr. Burroughs and which give him the joy of life. It is then that the heart of the man beats in unison with the heart of nature.

III

Mr. Burroughs does not know whence came his literary instinct. "My people have all been unliterary", he said, "and I have to go back many generations to find even a minister—to a remote ancestor who was hanged at Salem as a witch." He remembers, he said to me, that when he was at school he used to write the best compositions, and that the editor of a country newspaper thought his boyish

effusions were good enough to print. He thinks that the desire to write was the natural sequence of observation. "First", he said, "I saw, and then it followed that I wanted to tell of the thing which I had seen." Two of his essays, "Sharp Eyes" with which every child who goes to school is familiar, and "The Art of Seeing Things", demonstrate his keenness of vision. Moreover, he has the penetrating eye which Thoreau lacked. He sees accurately, which is a gift in itself, and takes nothing on circumstantial evidence. He must see for himself or the fact must be proven to his satisfaction. "See ye first the kingdom of truth", he says, "and all things shall be added." -

Mr. Burroughs's first published literary work was not of nature. It was an essay which appeared in "The Atlantic Monthly" in 1860, entitled "Expression"; and to use Mr. Burroughs's own words, it was double-distilled Emersonianism. In fact the editor of "The Atlantic" fancied that he had been imposed upon, and searched through Emerson's writings to find if the manuscript had been copied. In those days "The Atlantic" printed its articles without signature; and after Mr. Burroughs's essay had appeared, some Yale or Harvard professor attributed certain of its sentences to Emerson. "Thus", said Mr. Burroughs as he talked of his early literary experiences, "I deceived the very elect. I realized", he continued, "that I had to get the Emersonian musk out of my garments, even if I had to bury them, and so I wrote crude essays upon the things I knew about—chickens, stone fences, roads—some of which were printed and the most of which were returned with thanks."

Although Mr. Burroughs's first book, "Notes on Walt Whitman", was

published in 1867, he did not begin his outdoor series until 1871, when "Wake Robin" appeared. This book was written while Mr. Burroughs was a vault keeper in the Treasury Department in Washington. With nothing but a steel door in front of him, his mind went wandering over the hills and fields. "I had very little to do, except to go in and out of the vault", he said when I asked him how he came to write his first book, "and so I began to write down my experiences; I wrote because I had an itching to write. I do not know any other way to express it. I remember I was pleased when the book began to sell, rather slowly at first, but soon with a steady increase." He did not say, what I can say for him, that men and women everywhere heralded the coming of a prophet of nature whose message they could understand. As the years have gone by, the number of his disciples has increased, until now his nineteen volumes, and the innumerable articles not preserved in book form, have given comfort and wisdom to thousands of unwarped and natural souls. The principle laid down by Lord Lytton that a man's first book is apt to be his best because it embodies the knowledge and reflection of his life, while the second embraces the experiences of a short period, seems especially untrue when applied to Mr. Burroughs. He is as exhaustless as the springs of his native hills. The orchard of his mind is always bearing fruit.

The period between "Wake Robin" (1871) and "Field and Study" (1919) covers nearly half a century. It would be strange, therefore, if there was not a noticeable contrast between the earlier and the later work. A volume might be written on the evolution of Mr. Burroughs, but the facts can be condensed into a single sentence. In

his initial book, Mr. Burroughs was objective; today he is reflective and introspective. He is still the keen and patient observer of nature, but he sees further into the meaning of things. His mind has expanded. The faculty of criticism and analysis has developed. His thoughts do not lie so much upon the surface, but reach down into the subsoil of his mind. His horizon is wider; the note which he sounds is still clear and distinct, but richer and deeper; and his discernment has been so developed by experience that he possesses almost the sense of divination. He has become more than a mere historian of nature. He has constructed a philosophy of life—a philosophy so sane, so optimistic, so serene, that it fastens itself to humanity like a lichen to a rock. The form of his message wins us with its charming style. He is not mystical like Emerson, nor rugged like Carlyle, nor given to exaggeration like Thoreau. His utterance is a model of simplicity and directness, absolutely steeped in his own individuality. It goes from his heart into ours.

The dominating note of Mr. Burroughs's books is sincerity. The man himself is real and genuine. You can always take him at more than face value. "One may write", he says, "from the outside of his mind, as it were, glibly and learnedly, and make no impression; but when one speaks from real insight and conviction of his own, men are always glad to hear him, whether they agree with him or not." This is the solid foundation underlying all of Mr. Burroughs's work. "I must write from sympathy and love, or not at all." If he felt otherwise, he would have no disciples. We admit that he does not give us what has been described as the wholesome and alluring tang of wildness, and we know

that others are more tonic and pungent. Nevertheless, we are satisfied to go to Mr. Burroughs for that which is balsamic and soothing, for sympathy and restfulness, for delicacy of perception, and for assurance that the world is not entirely given over to arrogance and greed. "When you bait your hook with your heart", he says, "the fish always bite." He does not hesitate to use his heart for his bait, and the lure is all-sufficient. We acknowledge ourselves captured and yield unresistingly to his persuasive appeal.

Perhaps one reason why Mr. Burroughs writes with such apparent ease is the fact that his thoughts lie fallow in his mind for long periods. "I ruminate and saturate", he said to me, adding that frequently he will think over an essay for three or six months before he attempts to put his ideas into written form. Even then he will re-write an essay many times before he regards it as a finished product. Nor can he write to order. When about to sail for England some years ago, he told me, the editors of a well-known magazine said to him that there were many matters they wanted him to write about. His reply was both truthful and epigrammatic. "I told them", said Mr. Burroughs, "that if I wrote what they wanted, very soon they would not want what I wrote." He could not say otherwise and maintain the freshness and spontaneity that is his charm. He finds his subject as he finds the flowers and the birds—by wandering whither his footsteps may lead; but he is certain always to discover where the hidden treasure lies.

Passion and extravagance, impetuosity and turbulence are foreign to all that Mr. Burroughs thinks and does. "Sensational, intemperate books", he says, "set the world on fire for a day and then end in ashes and forgetful-

ness." He is content to be simple and wholesome, like bread or meat or milk. One does not go to his books for condiments or confectionery. Instead, there is the fragrance of the pine and the flavor of the wild strawberry. His sentences stir the heart rather than the blood, but their stimulus is none the less healthy. "Only absolute sincerity can stand the test of time." This motto is graven upon every page that he has written. No wonder that he ran full tilt against the nature-fakers! There are times when even his gentle soul must rebel against the men who deliberately commercialize nature through misrepresentation.

Even the most general characterization of Mr. Burroughs's literary work would be incomplete without reference to his poems, collected and published in "Bird and Bough". It is but natural that a man so gifted with poetic instinct should find in the forms of poetry a vehicle for the expression of his fancies, but as he laughingly remarked, "I have always thought that there was more truth than poetry in my poems". With this frank and semihumorous confession we may agree without the least disparagement of the author, because his verse, thoroughly natural and unstrained, would undoubtedly receive more attention if he had not written so much better prose. The latter is often thoroughly poetical. Paragraph his apostrophe to the apple, for instance, and observe its Whitmanesque style:

You are company, you red-cheeked spitz,
or you salmon-fleshed greenling.

I toy with you, press your face to mine,
toss you in the air, roll you on the ground,
see you shine out where you lie amid the
moss and dry leaves.

You are so alive.

You glow like a ruddy flower.

You look so animated, I almost expect you
to move.

I postpone the eating of you, you are so
beautiful.

How compact! How exquisitely tinted! Stained by the sun and varnished against the rains.

One poem, "Waiting", will survive. It was written when Mr. Burroughs was twenty-five and is well known, especially the first verse:

Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time nor fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

The blessings of life have come to Mr. Burroughs mostly unsought, never unearned. He has waited with folded hands, not in idleness, indifference, or despair, but in order that he might see clearly the coming event or the path to the mountaintop. Then he has calmly welcomed the occasion or gone forth confidently upon his way. He knows that the tide of his destiny is controlled by irrevocable law.

IV

"I am bound to praise the simple life", says John Burroughs, "because I have lived it and found it good."

As we sat in the little summer-house on the bluff overlooking the Hudson, Mr. Burroughs talked of the long, long years that have passed and of what the future held in store. He has lived simply and sanely and has no regrets. "As I look back", he said, "I feel that I have lived a happy life." Satisfaction and fulfilment have been his portion because he has not struggled to attain them. He has been content to be the brook in the meadow rather than the torrent on the mountainside. "My years have come to me", he said, "because I have lived sanely and moderately and regularly, and because I have fortunately possessed the vitality which is the gift of the gods. Do you remember that long ago I wrote to you and said that, if you would continue in your love of outdoor life, it

would keep the iron in your blood? Well, I felt it then and I know it now. Because I have lived with nature and have loved nature, I have continually renewed my youth. I have never felt the need for stimulants. My nerves, I think, are too near the surface. I have never used tobacco and I can get tipsy on a glass of water after a good night's sleep."

But the simple life does not mean an idle life, as the volume of work accomplished by Mr. Burroughs abundantly testifies; nor does it mean a hermit's existence, for Mr. Burroughs loves companionship and has gone on many journeys. "I am a reluctant traveler", he said; "I dislike the mechanics of travel, the noise and the discomfort. I remember that in one of my books I asked what I had sowed in California and Florida that I should go there to reap. I remember, too, that I had to force myself to go to Alaska and Honolulu, but I am glad now that I went. I enjoyed the new impressions and it delighted me to see nature in a new dress. I have been twice to England, but now I think I will go there again and live for a year out in the country among the people. I think I would really thrive in England."

So this man, with more than four-score years behind him, still has a wide outlook upon life. He has been philosophic in the past and will be until the end. Naturally a lover of peace, he does not fret when wars occur. "They are like earthquakes and tornadoes", he said; "we cannot reason with them; we must accept them. Every cataclysm is the progress of nature toward perfection." He has the same equanimity of view regarding the future. There may, or may not, be immortality of the soul. "I am not sure", he says, "that I want

endless existence. If death does end all, we shall not lie in our graves lamenting our fate. If it does not, so much the better."

John Burroughs has been the forerunner of a new dispensation—a dispensation of love and humanity in nature. Unlike Thoreau who spurned goodness, asked no favors, and sought no friends, Burroughs has taught a pleasanter and saner, a warmer and more genial creed. He has been neither stoic nor recluse. He has not shunned his fellow men, but has journeyed with them toward the consecrated places

where he has found solace for his own soul. He has done this with all sincerity and simplicity, with a woman-like tenderness, and with a faith that, in the broadest and best sense, is deeply religious. He has been a teacher without dogma, a priest who needed no masquerading gown, a prophet who uttered wisdom with gentle voice. Above all, he has been eyes for the blind and ears for the deaf, so that he has enabled us to see and hear the things which, before his coming, were hidden behind the inner veil.

THE OWL AND THE SWAN

BY ENRIQUE GONZÁLES MARTÍNEZ

[Mexico]

Translated by Muna Lee

Wring the neck of the lying-feathered swan
That gives a white note to the fountain's blue.
Its prettiness is well enough, but on
The soul of things it can't say much to you.
Flee from every speech and every fashion
In which deep life's latent rhythm does not live;
Only life itself adore with passion,
And make life feel the homage that you give.

Observe the sober owl that takes his flight
From Olympus and the refuge Pallas made,
And gets himself in silence to that tree:
Although he has no swan's grace, you can see
His restless profile sharp against the shade,
Interpreting the mystery of night.

NOVELIST-BAITING

BY FRANK SWINNERTON

Periodically, in a dull season, when fewer books of literary interest than usual have been written or published, some kind and well-disposed person comes to the rescue of young authors with a game—quite an old game—that saves them from even temporary oblivion. The game is called “Baiting the Younger Novelists”, and I gather that it is as good a game in America as it certainly is in England, where overcanvassed reputations are indigenous. In the last few weeks there have been two articles of the kind I have in mind—one of them in “The Times Literary Supplement” and the other, Amy Lowell’s “Casual Reflections on a Few of the Younger English Novelists” in the April number of *THE BOOKMAN*. Both articles happened to reach me upon the same day, and this present series of remarks has been suggested by a perusal of two such pleasant and typical examples of the game to which reference has been made. For the formula is the same in most criticisms such as these. The obvious weaknesses of our young writers are indicated, and some qualities summoned from the vastnesses of their work; but in almost every case the critic finds solace in contemplating the novels of one, and one alone, of the group. All alike as they are candidly admitted to be, there is one of their number who towers above the others. In the case of the “Times” the chosen novelist is James Joyce; in Miss Lowell’s article it is Dorothy Richardson who bears the palm. Neither

critic mentions the other’s choice. While the “Times” contents itself with animadversions upon writers of an older generation—Mr. Bennett, Mr. Wells, Mr. Galsworthy—Miss Lowell goes straight to the young ones at whom the “Times” critic glances only obliquely, naming no names at all, which is the safer and less courageous course. Miss Lowell takes these young ones and very candidly mentions the diseases from which they chiefly suffer. She has them all analyzed, and her article is cheerful even in its most devastating moments. Nobody, I think, could possibly take exception to its cruelties, although they are there, carried in its candors. I disagree with practically everything Miss Lowell says, but not with hostility. If such articles are to be written at all, Miss Lowell is clearly the author called upon by natural gift to perform the horrid task.

But I wonder whether such articles, beyond standardizing or confusing popular taste, have any real force for good. We all have our favorite writers, and we are all apt to find in their work qualities which are not apparent to everybody else. That is inevitable. If we are ourselves writers we shall, according to our temperaments, like best those writers who are either doing work similar to our own, or work as unlike as work in the same form can be. I personally have few favorites among modern writers, although I greatly admire some of those who are treated rather harshly by Miss Lowell (either with faint praise

or with total exclusion from her lists); and I know from experience that although they are supposed to be so much alike, the theories of these young writers are as far apart as theories can well be. So, indeed, are the writers themselves. Besides which, I have the misfortune to disagree with Miss Lowell about her favorites. I cannot get away from the fear that Miss Richardson bores me. She may be a poet, as Miss Lowell suggests, but I somehow do not see her as a novelist. Of course I am wrong, and the shortcoming is mine; but I like to feel that I am going somewhere in a book. Perhaps that is why, to use Miss Lowell's phrase, which has given my friends a new term of ridicule, I "set my face and plod ahead with bulldog heroism and pathos"! Miss Richardson's books, as far as I know them, do not take me to the land of enchantment. I am sure that if they were lyrics they would be much more entertaining. But this is a purely personal view, and nothing is to be gained from its expansion. The writer in the "Times" singles out James Joyce with as much confidence. He, too, has his preferences. They are very healthy things. We need as many as we can get expressed.

It is, therefore, neither with the preferences nor the imperfect sympathies of the two critics that I am disposed to quarrel. It is with this terrible and endless examination and re-examination of our young writers. They are always the same young writers. Whenever I read an article about the trend of modern fiction, or the shortcomings of authors, or the future of the novel, I tremble. It is not that I fear to find my own name there or not there. If it is there I pity the poor critic, who is so hard-driven for

names that he has to bring mine in. If I am not there I do not sulk. What appals me is that the list is always of the same names. Our critics are not discovering any new talents. If they see a Miss Richardson or a Mr. Joyce, it is as far away as they get from the inevitable half-dozen. How tired I am of those names! For years they have been the staple of all notes on the modern novel. For years their names have been the pegs upon which critics have hung their preferences. Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. Walpole, Mr. Cannan, Mr. Beresford, Mr. Lawrence. . . .

Can it not be seen what a devastating effect all this assessing and re-assessing has upon the minds of those who are assessed and reassessed? Is it not evident that the most modest of men will in the end be driven morbidly to subscribe to a cutting agency? It must to some minds be unendurable to have a day pass without some comment from the outside world upon the present grandeur of their fame. Imagine the young writer whose post does not bring him invitations to tea-parties, cuttings from newspapers, letters from grateful readers, letters from eager publishers, letters from editors, etc., in addition to communications from his agent concerning sales and cheap editions and cinema rights and dramatizations. Small wonder that the work of some of the moderns seems sterile. It is written in exhaustion, with self-consciousness, and not as the happy, spontaneous outpouring of nature. It is written with an eye to reputation. The statistical craze that has ruined English cricket by making men play for their averages, that has ruined English football and made it a question of points in a league table, is at work even in English literature. Many young writers

are as jealous of the precedence of other young writers as any woman snob calculating the order in which she should go in to dinner.

In England, too, we have coteries of young poets who suffer in the same way. These young men are so beset by hostesses who wish to decorate their tables with the latest talent, and they are so occupied in watching their reputations growing, and in criticizing other young poets, that the days pass in thought unconnected with poetry, and the evenings in debates and comparisons that would try the patience and even destroy the appetite of any normal person. The poets have no time to write poetry. The novelists have no time to write novels: both sections are too busy in studying things with which they ought never to be worried. It is this fact that is responsible for so much of the materialism and lack of idealism that is observed in our creative literature. In modern England, and perhaps in modern America as well, one is either ignored or one is "talked about". When one is talked about one is no longer a free agent. The spectacle of "career" dazzles the young mind. It is intoxicating to feel that prosperity lies ahead. In that prospect lies death to the artistic impulse. Creation then becomes a habit or a hobby. Then one's name begins to appear in regretful articles in "The Times Literary Supplement" as that of a writer who has not set the Thames on fire, or, still more terrible, as that of the one writer in a particular genre whose work has genuine value. This last is the worst that can happen. It implies that one has been singled out for one of those horrible admirations that from time to time spoil the generally even pages of English criticism. Men have always been subjected to this

penalty. Stevenson is still suffering from his personal charm; Leonard Merrick is at the present time being forced into a prominence which will inevitably carry its severe reaction. It is bad for criticism, and it is also bad for literature. We do not want admirations: we want scrutiny that takes work in bulk and appraises it, not in the light solely of its period or as a reflection of literary fashion, but as work sincerely done by human beings who must while they are writing also be suffering the trials of life itself.

That is a great point which is ignored by too many critics—that the young writer is also a human being. He is living rather fast, rather superficially, learning from day to day, being the hero of his own romancings, loving and giving to those who love him as an individual, and at the same time obsessed by this painful self-consciousness that his work is being taken too seriously. He is never allowed to write without thought of his readers. Older writers began later in life, or their early work was frankly regarded as prentice work. They had nothing like the encroaching publicity that the modern writer has to endure. If you will take the novels of all these young men who are in the early thirties, you will find that most of them have been writing since they were in the early twenties. Most of them have been the heroes of coteries since they were merely embryonic authors. They have been examined as the successors to the then-reigning favorites since before they could walk. They are now reaching years of maturity without ever having had the beautiful joys of conflict with adversity. The searchlight of scrutiny has been upon them for years, and they have been grouped and regrouped by their ad-

mirers until nothing remains unknown except their sources of inspiration. We have watched their progress from immature promise to less promising performance. We have sterilized their qualities. It is less that, as Miss Lowell humorously says, one is always aware of "thou shalt not" in anything they write; it is much more that one feels in the tortured pages the thought "I must!" They must keep up their production, and they must try always to remain consistent with their earlier work, lest, if they were too daring, readers should say, "This is not the Johnny Perkins that I know and admire". Readers do not like any variation in the style of book written by their favorites.

It is the same with intellectual readers as with their commoner brethren: only the kind of novel is different. And we who criticize novels as they come wet from the press are very largely responsible for this reason for the decline of our favorites. We drive them to sterility by the mere fact of our presence. They know we are there, watching, timing their literary pulses, ready with our micronomes, our thermometers, our tape measures, and our insatiable appetites. We want more, we have nobody to put in place of any deposed favorite; all we do is to grumble, and to say one week that Mr. Mackenzie is the best of them, and another that Mr. Mackenzie is a spent force, not to be compared as a creator with Mr. Somebody-else, and another that, bad as Mr. Mackenzie is he is still better than Mr. Cannan, and another that bad as Mr. Cannan is he has still more brain and artistic sincerity than Mr. Walpole, and another that bad as Mr. Walpole is he does, at least, grasp the business of the novelist, which is to tell a story, which in turn is more than Mr. Cannan has

ever learned, and so on. It is endless. Mr. Mackenzie retires to Capri and cultivates his "prose", Mr. Cannan stays in London and looks with scorn upon the tropes of the conventional life, Mr. Walpole goes to Russia or to Cornwall and cultivates the healthier arts of the novel. But we, in London or elsewhere, go on with our blasting analysis. It is we who are unchanging in our corrosive scrutiny. We are the vicious ones. We will not let the novel take its course. We must keep the novelists up to the scratch, like nagging wives watching the failures of our well-loved husbands, who must eventually fly from us if they are to have any life at all.

It is true, as the "Times" says, that the modern novel is material and without poetry. Miss Lowell says much the same of it. I have never noticed much poetry in the ancient novel—at least, until we discovered the Russians. I do not think the novel is or should be a poetic form. Roughly it has always been a prose reflection of its age. The present age is a self-conscious age, an age of material striving, of jazz and excitement artificially generated. It does not seem to me to be a beautiful age, but it is assuredly a most absorbingly interesting age. It is full to the brim with marvelous manifestations of human nature. It is crammed with events and conflicts and arguings and inextricable wonders to the brain and the eye and the heart. Every minute of the day seems to have its mood and its new perception. But—whether I am dulled or not I cannot say—I hear no music and I see little beauty in the ordinary life that is lived around me. We all seem to be pursuing our own ends, hopefully, or despairingly; but we do not seem to be ascending to view the glories of Pisgah. Suffering, endur-

ance, sacrifice, yes; but unpicturesque, requiring a sombre brush and an almost cruelly merciless graver for their delineation. I can imagine, no less than Miss Lowell, a great artist transfiguring all this suffering, but to paint suffering one must have endured it. Which of us in these days will willingly go back to the memory of suffering when the days are so crowded with matter of interest, when we are living our own romances, busy and happy and occupied with the goods of the world? Is it not a fact that the rewards of life are to those who pursue the immediate good? Where among us is there one who will sacrifice all for the sake of art? The utmost we can do is to gather around us a little crowd of admirers, fascinated by our new gesture, but entirely unperceptive of the torment from which our inspiration is drawn.

The shortcoming of our artists is that they are children of their age, that they are not above or before their age. When Miss Lowell or any other critic comes along and debates the qualities of her young contemporaries, she should remember always that a material age produces the art it rewards. So long as we have success counted by material prosperity, so long shall we have a materialist art, for art that runs counter to the spirit of its period is art rewarded by posterity alone. If there be artists at this time who are writing masterpieces from the depths, their work is probably unpublished owing to its bizarre characteristics and its unlikely chance of success. But I do not see such art, even among young people who are working as yet in secret. All I see is work in imitation of the writers at present in vogue, pathetically immature, but still materialistic in tone. I do not think you will have a

really revolutionary art until you have a changed universe. And if there is one thing more clear than another, it is that the largest war known to mankind has left the world with unchanged views as to the nature of reward for merit. Reward is still calculated on a cash basis.

So long as this is so, you will have unsatisfying spiritual food from your creative artists. They draw sustenance from the same sources as yourselves. They are flesh and blood like yourselves. They are not mysterious creatures above the influences of their days and their environment. You may be dissatisfied, but at best the critic can only point to one artist at a time and find in the work of that artist a quality perceived by that critic alone. The best hope I can see for the novel is to let the novelists work out their own salvation as well as they can. If they are allowed for a space to forget that they are constantly being compared to other artists, they may be induced by this subtle pressure of silent sympathy to follow their bent and produce work less competent but more profound. But they must be let alone for that. It is no good for us to tell them that the new vein is a mistake. It is no good to say that the tendency to experiment is amateurish. We must let them go free, and do as their natures dictate. There must be no saying that this sort of thing is sterile or vulgar or silly. We must have faith. I do not think Miss Lowell has much faith, except in Miss Richardson; and even there her faith seems to be based on the belief that Miss Richardson is an imagist, which for some reason is a kind of artist greatly admired just now; but imagism is perhaps a kind of art that may not endure for longer than a day's fashion. We must have greater faith

than that. We must be patient, and fold our hands, and await the sending of the gods. We must not look gift horses in the mouth, as though they were something that we had bought from the stores.

After all, it is a hard thing to write a novel of any quality at all, or a poem. It is harder yet when the work has to be snatched from days spent in a round of fêtes and press cuttings and celebrations, from moment to moment, of the progress of talent and reward. If we want good work, we must be patient with the workers, and not watch them the whole time. Watched children become prigs or cunning and vicious tricksters. Watched pots

never boil. Watched novelists become sterile and self-conscious. They begin to suffer from what Miss Lowell effectively calls dry-rot. They write novels with their brains, and not from their hearts. To a novelist who has brains, his brains are perhaps the most dangerous possession in the world. His brains and his vanity. Miss Lowell must leave his colossal vanity alone, and his brains must rest, and his childish enjoyment of his own imaginings must return, supported by experience and the knowledge of pain and sorrow. While he is so happily busy he cannot move us. He can only provide material for the barbarous sport of novelist-baiting.

POEMS

BY DAVID MORTON

There is no lyric can surpass
Morning wind in orchard grass,
That dips and swells and dives along,
And winnows out a silver song
Of sun and air and orchard grass:
This no lyric can surpass.

There is no epic that can be
Half so epic as the sea
That chants in caverns green and old
A story that is never told,
Of cities dead and ships at rest,
And moons that rode upon her breast.

INTO THE LITERARY BIG TIME

BY DON MARQUIS

Kurleigh Caper—to give him the name that belongs to his soul—is so known and noted, so admired and so established, so eminent an explicator and practitioner of the neo-song that has neither rhyme nor rhythm, that he can no longer hope to escape exposure. It is a duty that I undertake not without joy, for Kurleigh Caper is now selling disjointed fragments of the dictionary, resembling the product of an overworked ad writer suffering from aphasia, for one dollar a line, as poetry; and he does not need the money because he has a rich wife.

Kurleigh Caper (to hurl my bomb at once) is an accident. Bad as are his so-called poems, he never even thought of writing them himself. He was compelled to do it. Kurleigh Caper is a joke. He is a bad joke. He is my bad joke. I—this is a confession, as well as a revelation of his beginnings—I made him. He was a jest of mine that was taken so seriously that I have finally had to take him seriously myself.

He arrived in New York about eight years ago with a straw suitcase, a pair of wide grey egotist's eyes, a dislike for work, fifty clippings from his home paper, a shiny black vest with little red figures in it, a round haircut, and a self-appreciation that stuck up above the surrounding egos as the Woolworth Building rises over the City Hall. His cousin Mable had a husband who edited a trade paper of some sort; they inhabited a house in cisterior Flatbush; and Kurleigh, explaining that he was a genius and had

come to New York to win fame and fortune, descended upon them and began to eat. Kurleigh is one of those tall persons who jazz through a bill of fare like a circus band through a little village, and then look hungry. His look of hunger is to this day mistaken by enthusiastic women with art-jewelry minds for the expression of a yearning spirit. And when Kurleigh is thinking about a steak, his eyes dim with desire, he is supposed by his disciples to be joy-riding, in the astral body, upon Pegasus, leaping through and over the triple rings of Saturn. At such wonderful moments a hush falls upon the elect who gather about him in his Greenwich Village studio.

After Kurleigh had been eating for six months and doing little else in a material way, his cousin's husband, Tom Parks, came to me one day and begged me to get Kurleigh a job.

"Get him one yourself", I said.

"I have", said Tom. "Eight or ten of them."

"Well?"

"Well", said Tom, "I'll say this for Kurleigh: he's a good loser. A cheerful loser. He loses a job with as much good humor as most people show when they get a promotion."

"What can he do?" said I.

"Nothing", said Tom. "Nothing at all."

"What does he want to do?"

"Nothing", said Tom. "Nothing but write poetry. You see, Kurleigh is a genius. He knows it. The pastor back home, and the women's club and

the editor of the home paper have all been telling Kurleigh he was a genius since he was fifteen years old, and Kurleigh believes it. He has the kind of mind that is receptive to theories of that sort about himself. And he is outraged at the idea that a genius should need a job. He came to New York to get his genius recognized and become rich and live happy forever after; and he is hurt and surprised that people want him to work at anything else besides being a genius. He wants to write poetry all the time when he isn't eating."

"Can he write poetry?"

"He cannot", said Tom, positively. "He is the worst poet on earth. J. Gordon Coogler is as far above him as Milton is above Gordon Coogler. He can't write prose, even. I tried him on the trade paper. He can't write anything. He never would learn how. He hasn't sense enough. And he doesn't want to write anything but poetry."

"I thought", added Tom, "you might get him a job doing something on a newspaper."

It seems to be a general belief among their relatives that persons too defective mentally to make a living otherwise might show extraordinary brilliance in journalism, if they were given the chance; and my connection with a certain newspaper leads me to the acquaintance of many such. But let that pass.

Suddenly the Great Idea struck me. Free verse was just then coming into its own. There were on my desk a dozen anæmic volumes of it. "He cannot write", I mused, "and he thinks himself a genius. He believes in himself, and he doesn't want a job. It looks to me, Tom, as if we might do better for him than merely a living wage—a boob like that is either a

great success or a beggar. I'm going to try to put him across into the Big Time. It will be my joke on New York, my own little joke, if I can do it—no one will know it but you and me. I'll make him famous!"

"Do you", I continued, handing a couple of the thin volumes to Tom, "know anything about vers libre?"

"I do not", said Tom. He read through the books with the growing bewilderment of a man who is beginning to wonder if his eyes and liver are going, or whether it is his brain. When he had finished he said again: "I do not know anything about free verse; but whoever wrote these has been listening to Kurleigh's mind."

"Kurleigh", he went on, meditatively, "has a mind, if you want to call it a mind, that gets right out in front of everybody and scrambles like an egg. I wouldn't bother with him, but his father was kind to Mable's father and she is always for giving the boy another chance. If he could write anything at all, it would be this free verse stuff. And I've got to get him off my hands. With the price of food what it is now, I've got to! This free verse stuff, now—it isn't a joke, is it?"

"Joke!" I cried. "It's the literary sensation of the day—of the century—of the ages! It's the rebirth of art and letters. It's the only real thing that has happened since Moses came down from Sinai! Get him off your hands, Tom? Why, if he is as big an ass as you say he is, we'll make him one of the wonders of the world!"

And we did. But there were difficulties, to begin with. We went out to Tom's house at once, taking all the free verse books with us; and on the way I chuckled over my plans and detailed them to Tom.

But Kurleigh was inclined to balk.

"I don't want to write free verse",

said Kurleigh. "I've seen some of it and I don't like it. I don't understand it. There's nothing to it. There's no sense in it."

"You will write free verse", said Tom, rising in wrath, "or you will quit eating! I like you, Kurleigh Caper, but I've pampered you too much. You will take these twelve books over into Prospect Park, and you will read them through, and you will write some stuff just like them, or you will get no dinner!"

"But if he can't write it, Tom?" begged Mable.

"He'll write it anyhow, whether he can or not!" said Tom.

"It's too cold to go over into Prospect Park", said Kurleigh, "and write without an overcoat. And I haven't got any overcoat."

"You'll take my overcoat!" roared Tom.

"The sleeves of your overcoat are too short for me", pleaded Kurleigh, "and my wrists would get numb and cold. And nobody could write with his wrists all numb and cold."

"Go to your room!" thundered Tom. And he packed Kurleigh off and locked him in with the free verse. "Dinner will be ready in an hour", he said, "and there will be steak and onions. But you'll get not a bite of it unless you have shoved out from under the door at least one free verse poem in that time."

Then we waited. Within forty minutes Kurleigh kicked on the door and Mable let him out. He descended to the living-room with not merely one but six vers libre poems in his hands and the light of a great triumph in his wide grey eyes. Kurleigh Caper had found himself.

"Listen!" he cried. And he read his great poem entitled "Doors",

which, as all men know, begins with these lines:

Doors—doors—doors—
Some of them are open,
Some of them are closed—
Some of them have knobs—
Some of them are locked and there is no
key—
When I come to a locked door my Genius
bursts it down—
Doors—doors—doors—
How wonderful that there is always some-
thing on the other side of a door.

Tom looked at me. I nodded. "It doesn't mean anything much", said I, "but it sounds as if it might, and plenty of people will think it must, and that's the main thing. It will do."

"Doesn't mean anything!" cried Kurleigh Caper, rising in anger. And I saw that a strange thing had happened. Kurleigh had gone into that room a skeptic, filled with the notion that there is "no sense in" free verse. He had written a little of it, to get his dinner; and no sooner had he written than his egotism had seized upon the thing produced and begun to worship it.

"Doesn't mean anything!" cried Kurleigh. He paused, and his eyes took on that brooding look that is now familiar to so many devotees and disciples—that look of the creator, ranging chaos for raw material out of which to build new bits of cosmic order and beauty. "Why", said Kurleigh, "my genius has found the medium for its expression!" There is always something about Kurleigh's own genius somewhere in each of his poems.

He was made. The details would take much space. I know a number of editors; I write for several publications; Tom is widely acquainted among advertising men; we got a little group together and let them into the secret, and in season and out of season we boosted Kurleigh Caper. In

less than eighteen months the thing was done—he went across into the Literary Big Time. And he never had, never has had, never will have any idea that it was not all due to his own genius. Kurleigh is like that; he believes in himself.

And I chortled at the joke; the jest that I had perpetrated on the literati of a continent. His very asininites increased his fame. His emptiness confirmed it. For the human mind, like nature, will not assent to the idea of a vacuum; public and critics alike insist on seeing in the Kurleigh Capers what they would like to be themselves.

I chortled at his fame for a year or two. When he married the daughter of a millionaire I began to take him a little more seriously. At the end of three years I found that all the members of the coterie that had helped make him were also taking him seri-

ously, in spite of knowing how he had started. "We know", they would say, "but Caper has developed!" Which is, of course, rot; there was never anything in Kurleigh to develop. Tom Parks held out for five years, but now Tom believes in him, too.

The other evening, when I met Kurleigh and his wife coming out of the opera house, where they have a box every second Thursday, I began to take him more seriously myself. I wondered if a self-belief such as his may not actually be genius after all. Kurleigh was kind to me on that occasion.

"Still writing little things for the daily papers, aren't you?" he said. "Mrs. Caper and I read your squibs with a good deal of interest."

And I made him! Is it any wonder that now I ardently desire to unmake him?

SOME LITERARY REMINISCENCES

BY WILLIAM WEBSTER ELLSWORTH

When "Scribner's Monthly" began in 1870, American literature, except for that furnished by the group of men writing in or near Boston, was at a low ebb, and even in Boston very little fiction was being produced. Professor Pattee in his "History of American Literature Since 1870" says:

No wonder that the book reviewer of "Harper's Magazine" for May, 1870, with nothing better before him than "Miss Van Kortland", Anonymous; "Hedged In" by Miss Phelps; and "Askaros Kassiss" by De Leon, should have begun his review: "We are so weary of depending on England, France and Germany for fiction and so hungry for some genuine American romance, that we are not inclined to read very critically the three characteristic American novels which lie on our table".

Poe, Irving, Cooper, and Hawthorne had passed; Mark Twain had just begun; the nearest that Howells had come to fiction was in the poem "No Love Lost; a Romance of Travel", published in 1868. Bret Harte's first book of fiction, "The Luck of Roaring Camp and Other Sketches", came in 1870. It is easy to see why Professor Pattee began his study of modern American literature with that year, for it marked a dividing line between the old and the new, and "Scribner's Monthly", born in 1870, did a goodly share toward helping on the renaissance.

The plain people in America were only just beginning to find out that they could write. Great fiction writers had been living and writing in England—Dickens, Thackeray, Wilkie

Collins, George Eliot, Charles Kingsley, Charles Reade, Trollope. (Dickens died the year that "Scribner's Monthly" began.) The output of these writers was so remarkable that they may be said to have kept back the rest of the world. And yet I heard an author say not long ago that it was his belief that if anyone sent to a publisher today the kind of novel that Thackeray and Dickens produced, it would be declined, nor would the public care for it if it appeared. I could not agree with him. When I was reading book manuscripts, if a new "Vanity Fair" or "David Copperfield" had turned up among them, I could not imagine hesitating very long over it, nor could I imagine a public that would not extend a welcoming hand.

When "Scribner's Monthly" came into being, "Harper's Magazine" had been for years printing the novels of these writers in serial form, paying good prices for advance sheets with right of use. There was no international copyright in those days; any publisher could bring out the book as soon as the last instalment appeared in a magazine. The Harpers paid £1,250 for serial rights in "Great Expectations", and Charles Reade was considered nearly as much of a card as Charles Dickens, for he received £1,000 for "The Woman Hater". Thackeray evidently was not very highly regarded, for he had only one hundred dollars a month for "The Virginians". These relative prices are interesting today, after the place

of each author has been fixed in the world's esteem.

It is said that just after the Civil War, "Harper's Weekly" fell off in circulation to such an extent that its owners considered the advisability of discontinuing it; but the publication of Dickens's "Our Mutual Friend" kept the "Weekly's" head above water for six months, and then Wilkie Collins's "Armada" was begun. With the very first instalment that great mystery story began to send up the circulation until it soon reached its wartime figure. Dickens and Wilkie Collins are not in the same class today, but in life Collins was the better circulation builder of the two.

"Harper's Magazine" had run Macaulay's "History of England" as a serial, and had balanced that great piece of historical writing with John S. C. Abbott's "Napoleon", criticized even on publication for its "fairy tales of history". But what could be done with an author who sent word to his publishers that "he made every line he wrote the subject of prayer, and what he wrote he believed to be the truth, and he could make no changes"?

Those of us who were brought up on the bound volumes of "Harper's" will remember also the papers by "Porte Crayon" (David Hunter Strother), who had come out of the Civil War as a brevetted brigadier-general in the Union army—delightful descriptions they were of life in the Virginia mountains, with the author's own quaint illustrations.

The new "Scribner's Monthly" was to be a force in building up American literature; but for its first year's serials, to so low a point had native fiction fallen, its conductors had to look to Great Britain. George MacDonald and Mrs. Oliphant, both Scotch by birth, were engaged. The first

number opened with an anonymous poem (it was written by Dr. Holland) "Jeremy Train—His Drive". It covered, with its thirteen illustrations, seventeen and a half pages. Bunner's "The Way to Arcady", which, years after, was turned down because of its length, would not have occupied one-third the number of pages.

The first prose article was instructive, "The Bottom of the Sea", and there were others of a similar character. Rebecca Harding Davis began a three-part serial, "Natasqua"; there was a very heavy gun fired by W. C. Wilkinson, "The Bondage of the Pulpit". An announcement of the new magazine was the first item in Dr. Holland's department "Topics of the Time". The editor's chief interest was in this department, where he could print his lay sermons which had been so well liked by great numbers of people in Timothy Titcomb's "Lessons to Young People", "Lessons in Life", etc. His long poems had been astonishingly successful.

Dr. Holland was a natural teacher, and "Topics of the Time" gave him an opportunity for all the rest of his life to speak his messages of uplift to thousands of people.

Of that first edition of the magazine forty thousand copies were printed and there were never fewer. The circulation increased rapidly. Gilder had a department, "The Old Cabinet", lighter than Dr. Holland's, where he said whatever came into his mind whether prose or verse. Other departments were added from time to time, "Culture and Progress", "Home and Society", "The World's Work". The latter was edited (and written) for many years by Charles Barnard, and I can recall his article suggesting photography as an occupation for amateurs. That certainly seems a long

time ago. On the strength of Barnard's suggestions my wife bought me a photographic outfit, and I took pictures of everything in sight.

Some years later I made a trip to the Mediterranean with my family, and I took with me the first kodak I had ever seen—a long, oblong box which made only round pictures, and you pulled a string to do it. In Tangier the natives dislike photographs—a reproduction of one's Mohammedan self in a picture may make trouble for the original in another world—and I carried my kodak done up like a brown paper parcel, a small hole in the end for the lens, another for the string. It worked fairly well except that the click sometimes betrayed me.

Dr. Holland's early "Topics" would not be liked today—nor would he write them—but he broadened as the years went on. Life in New York, where he rubbed against all kinds of people, and above all the unconscious, sweetening influence of his young associate, Gilder, did much to change his point of view, opening up the Puritan prison-house which he had built for his soul—at any rate putting a piazza on it. He always appreciated Gilder. Here is a letter from Dr. Holland to Roswell Smith, written the year after the magazine started:

Gilder ought to have \$2,500 a year. All of this sum over and above \$1,500 he ought to leave in our hands until the close of the year, when it should be presented to him in a good bond that will become a source of income. He is twenty-eight years old and it is time for him to begin in earnest about a fortune.

Neither Gilder nor any of the "younger men" in the place ever made a fortune or thought about it. They worked in a happy atmosphere of mutual respect and devotion—they were interested in great things and in important movements. If Dr. Holland's

idea had been carried out and two-fifths of their salaries had been held back for the purchase of "a good bond" at the end of the year, perhaps they would have saved more money; but families increased, home life broadened, entertaining was a part of the job, using the money seemed more important than putting it into bonds, and the "younger man" who saved much out of his income was a rarity. It did not seem that there could ever be a rainier day. The young men had a chance to buy stock from time to time, always at a fair market price.

The chief contemporaries of "Scribner's Monthly" at its beginning are its contemporaries today, "The Atlantic" and "Harper's". It may be interesting to look over a list of the writers who furnished the material for these three magazines at the time "Scribner's Monthly" began its career—not all of the writers, for most of them are forgotten; but here is a list of the contributors to the volumes for the year 1871, whose names may still be recalled by most of the older magazine readers of today:

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY

Elizabeth Akers Allen	J. G. Holland
Hans Christian Andersen	Helen Hunt Jackson
S. G. W. Benjamin	Edward King
John Bigelow	G. P. Lathrop
Horace Bushnell	Benson J. Lossing
Alice Cary	George MacDonald
Titus M. Coan	Mrs. Oliphant
Susan Coolidge	Mrs. S. M. B. Platt
Rebecca Harding Davis	Abby Sage Richardson
Mary Mapes Dodge	L. Clark Seelye
Edward Eggleston	E. C. Stedman
Thomas Dunn English	R. H. Stoddard
Washington Gladden	W. O. Stoddard
Gail Hamilton	Adeline Traften
J. R. G. Hassard	H. T. Tuckerman
I. I. Hayes	Charles Dudley Warner
J. T. Headley	W. C. Wilkinson
	N. P. Willis

There were more than one hundred and fifty of them in all.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

Lyman Abbott	Benson J. Lossing
J. S. C. Abbott	Justin McCarthy
Junius Henri Browne	"Petroleum V. Nasby"
S. S. Conant	William C. Prime
Moncure D. Conway	John G. Saxe
Dinah Mulock Craik	Harriet Prescott Spof-
James De Mille	ford
Thomas Dunn English	R. H. Stoddard
Julian Hawthorne	Bayard Taylor
	Thurlow Weed

The leading serial novel in this volume of "Harper's" was "The American Baron" by James De Mille. Lyman Abbott's contributions were practical, "Glass-Blowing as a Fine Art" and "The Recovery of Jerusalem". The "Editor's Drawer" then as now was wide open, but its cheerful items began usually with those somnolent phrases, "We are indebted to one of the leading ——— for the following", or "We have from a Georgia correspondent", or "Another from the same source". In our day jokes are born we know not where, but in the 'sixties and 'seventies somebody was responsible for each of them.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

Thomas Bailey Aldrich	Helen Hunt Jackson
Edward Atkinson	Henry James, Jr.
Bret Harte	Clarence King
Alice Cary	Lucy Larcom
R. H. Dana, Jr.	Henry W. Longfellow
J. W. De Forest	Louise Chandler Moul-
George Elliot	ton
James T. Fields	Mrs. S. M. B. Platt
John Fliske	John G. Saxe
John Hay	E. C. Stedman
T. W. Higginson	Bayard Taylor
Oliver Wendell Holmes	Celia Thaxter
W. D. Howells	Col. George E. Waring
	John G. Whittier

John Hay's "Castilian Days" was printed serially and there were serial novels, "A Passionate Pilgrim" by Henry James, Jr., and a forgotten novel by J. W. De Forest. Bret Harte wrote three short stories, including "A Romance of Madroño Hollow". Howells's "Their Wedding Journey" was an unforgotten feature, and Holmes's "Dorothy Q" another. There

was much in that volume of "The Atlantic" that is alive today; indeed of the three magazines, "Harper's", "The Atlantic", and the new "Scribner's Monthly", certainly "The Atlantic" ranked first in literature.* Mr. Alden, editor of "Harper's", wrote of the friendly competition which soon developed between his magazine and "Scribner's": "If you are driving a spirited horse and another mettlesome steed comes alongside, your horse naturally leaps forward, rejoicing in a good race."

"Scribner's" from the first number printed the author's name in the monthly table of contents (not with the contribution), and at its beginning some of the magazines were doing the same; but they had not always done so—the individuality of authors had not been regarded in the past as a very important matter. The earlier magazines printed no authors' names at all; later a *nom de plume* was in fashion, "Waverley", "Boz", "Elia", the easiest to recall. Sometimes the names appeared in an index at the end of the volume; not always, for editors wanted you to like their

*In a review of the booklet, "The Atlantic Monthly and Its Makers", recently issued, The New York "Evening Post" of January 7, 1919, printed the following:

"When we think of the founding of 'The Atlantic Monthly' we think of that marvelous first issue which contained contributions from Longfellow, Motley, Emerson, Lowell, Charles Elliot Norton, Holmes, Whittier, Mrs. Stowe, Trowbridge, and Parke Godwin. We do not start magazines nowadays with such poetic contributions as Longfellow's poem on 'The Lady with the Lamp', Whittier's 'Tritemius', Emerson's 'Days' and 'Brahma', Lowell's 'The Maple', and such prose as 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table' and Emerson's essay on 'Illusions', all in the first number. Holmes began with the words, as every reader of 'The Autocrat' knows, 'I was just going to say, when I was interrupted —'. It has often been recalled that a score of years before, he had been interrupted in somewhat similar essay-chat by the failure of the magazine which accepted his writings. But what a familiar, pleasant way of beginning a serial in a brand-new magazine! And what a pleasantly clubby atmosphere was imparted by having several authors represented by a number of contributions—Emerson by no less than five!"

magazine—never mind who wrote it, sometimes they wrote it all themselves. James Russell Lowell, when an editor, in 1859, said: "I have always been opposed to the publication of authors' names at all." Looking back one can see that the publication of authors' names must be an incentive to better writing, a fair stimulus to an honorable ambition. And yet there was plenty of good writing in the days when individuality was no more considered in magazines than it is today in the newspapers.

In the second year of "Scribner's Monthly" came Charles Dudley Warner's "Back-log Studies", which, if "Ik Marvel" had not written "Reveries of a Bachelor", might be read now. I was a boy in Hartford when Warner's "My Summer in a Garden" appeared as occasional articles in the Hartford "Courant", of which he was one of the editors (perhaps they were printed regularly—was it not Monday morning, when news was apt to be scarce, that they were run in?). Hartford was amused over these gardening episodes, where the author fought "pusley" as if it were original sin, but Hartford had no idea that it was reading literature. Perhaps, after all, Hartford was right, for although the papers, when brought together in a little book, made quite a literary sensation, yet they have not lived; in fact at the present writing none of Warner's work is much read. His name has been dropped from late printings of Brander Matthews's "Chronology of American Literature", and the public of today knows him best from "Warner's Library", a collection of prose and verse of which he was editor-in-chief. And yet Warner wrote much that was good and should be enduring: "Saunterings", "My Winter on the Nile", "The Golden House", and

his studies of America—"journalistic", the critics call them. His part in "The Gilded Age" did not equal Mark Twain's—the play, "Colonel Sellers", was made up from Mark Twain's chapters. Charles Dudley Warner may come back, as others have done before him, and some day take enduring rank among American writers.

Saxe Holm's first story "Esther Wynn's Love-Letters", and Frank R. Stockton's first "Scribner" story "Stephen Skarridge's Christmas", were in this second year of the new "Scribner's", and there was a Lancashire story, "Surly Tim's Trouble" by Fannie E. Hodgson, who was later to become Frances Hodgson Burnett, and under that name to do much good writing—and seldom a bad villain in her books, for Mrs. Burnett's personal belief in happiness has tempered all her literary work.

It was in November, 1873, that "Scribner's" began its first important series of papers, "The Great South", by Edward King, who made a trip through the southern states in the interests of the magazine, accompanied by J. Wells Champney, artist. The end of the Civil War was not ten years away, and in these papers the North was made acquainted with the vast resources of the South, and the South was pleased and flattered by the attention. The result was most helpful in creating good feeling between the sections, and this feeling was further increased by the War series fifteen years later.

A by-product of King's trip, of more importance to the world than "The Great South", was his discovery of George W. Cable, the first American to use his own surroundings for a background in what was real litera-

ture. Bret Harte was a pioneer and should have the credit of a pioneer, but George W. Cable was a great literary artist. He had been a clerk in the New Orleans custom-house, and at seventeen a private in the Confederate army; later an unsuccessful newspaper man. When King reached New Orleans, Cable was working by day in a cotton-factor's office; and at night, in his own time, beginning to write his marvelous tales of the Creoles of Louisiana. King sent some of Cable's work to Dr. Holland. "'Sieur George" appeared in October, 1873, and others came within the next few years—"Tite Poulette", "Jean-ah Poquelin", "Café des Exiles", and more; revelations of a new world peopled with Spanish aristocrats; French of the *ancien régime*, men of stately grace, women as delicious as Dresden china figures touched by a god with life. The book containing them came out in 1879. It must have been just after this that Cable journeyed to New York by steamer from New Orleans, and I met him as he landed, a foreign-looking, slight man, delighted with the wonders of the northern metropolis. We rode in the "elevated"—it was quite new then—and Cable sat in the last seat of the last car, looking out on track and buildings with all the delight of a boy. In November, 1879, "Scribner's Monthly" began the publication of Cable's first novel, "The Grandissimes". He was one of the greatest "finds" of the new magazine.

I am not writing a history of American literature—simply endeavoring to record my personal impressions. It is a temptation to go through the old volumes of the magazines of that day, but I refrain, for I did not know personally many of the writers. One I knew, William Dean Howells, who still

lives and writes as these pages are written. Some of his most popular novels, including "A Modern Instance", "A Woman's Reason", and "The Rise of Silas Lapham"—the latter his best-selling book today—were published serially in "Scribner's Monthly" and "The Century"; but in 1886 he made a contract to write for another magazine. He sent me recently a letter which he had found in his files—it was from Roswell Smith, written to Howells when he left us; a fine letter, full of appreciation for what he had done for our magazine and bidding him Godspeed in his new relation. It was a great satisfaction to the conductors of "The Century" to have this splendid writer, dean today of American letters, come back into their fold with "The Leatherstocking" in 1916.

One of my first jobs in the office was to dispose of a Christmas story which Bret Harte had sent us too late for use in our Christmas number; but as he had already arranged for its publication in the Christmas issue of an English magazine, it had to be printed in this country at once. I took it to Mr. Charles Anderson Dana, of the New York "Sun"—the only time I ever saw Mr. Dana—and I got a most delightful impression of him from the interview. Yes, he would take the story at \$150 if the money could go to Mrs. Harte, whom Bret Harte had left in America. It was so arranged, by cable with the author, and the Sunday "Sun" printed the story, paying Mrs. Harte. In those days the contents of the Sunday "Sun" often ranked as literature.

It was ten years before this, in 1868, that Bret Harte's "The Luck of Roaring Camp" had appeared in "The Overland Monthly", and the publishers of "The Atlantic" had at once asked

Harte for a contribution, later making him an offer of \$10,000 a year to write exclusively for them. For "The Luck of Roaring Camp"—that remarkable Dickens-like story of a baby born in one of the roughest and most masculine of mining quarters—marked a new era in the history of American literature. Poe had written short stories, great ones, too, but he might have been French or Russian. The new California Dickens was a man who knew the world about which he was writing, knew his characters, had lived with them. And Andrew Lang said of him:

Of all the pupils of Dickens he is perhaps the only one who has continued to be himself, who has not fallen into the trick of aping his master's mannerisms. . . . He is almost the only American humorist with sentiment.

Harte and Noah Brooks, when "The Overland" was starting, had agreed to write a story for "The Overland's" first number. Brooks was the only one to have his story ready in time, although there had been four months in which to prepare. Harte had written a poem, and while Brooks's story has been forgotten we still remember,—

Serene, indifferent of Fate,
Thou sittest at the Western Gate,

Bret Harte's tribute to San Francisco.

It was in the second number of "The Overland", August, 1868, that "The Luck of Roaring Camp" appeared. Shall we ever forget the embarrassed Kentuck looking at his finger—"he wrestled with my finger, the damned little cuss"? Sentimental, yes, but there was poetry in it. Professor Beers has written: "There was a time when Irving seemed sentimental and Cooper dramatic, yet they survive".

When Harte accepted "The Atlantic's" offer and went to live in the East, he gave that magazine for its

\$10,000 four short stories and five poems—none of the latter containing the faintest suggestion of the taking quality of "The Heathen Chinee" which had swept the country from coast to coast:

Which I wish to remark—
And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar:
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Many of the phrases of "The Heathen Chinee" passed into the slang of the day—and even of later days, for I have just read a novel published in June, 1918, containing the sentence, "and yet his musical soul was child-like and bland". "Child-like and bland", Harte's characterization of the "Chinee"! It is easy to know afterward that a poem is "taking", yet Stedman wrote to Howells about this one soon after publication: "I don't believe that either you or I would have printed 'The Heathen Chinee', coming from an unknown author; it is so very different from the polished level of Miss [Helen] Hunt, Mrs. Thaxter, etc. Yet it would have been a good thing to print."

In spite of the fact that Dr. Holland did not quite approve of "Truthful James" and some other of Bret Harte's creations, the conductors of "Scribner's" persuaded Harte to write a novel for them; and with a great flourish of the publishers' trumpets, "Gabriel Conroy", its author's first novel, began its serial course in November, 1875. Dr. Holland balanced it with his own novel, "The Story of Sevenoaks"; and indeed the latter was the better of the two, for in spite of the wealth of material in "Gabriel Conroy", Bret Harte failed to make a convincing story of it. "Gabriel Conroy" has been called "at the same time the best and the worst American

novel of the century". Professor Pattee in his "History of American Literature Since 1870" truly says that the kind of story that Bret Harte could write must be brief.

He who depicts the one good deed in a wicked life must of necessity use a small canvas. At one moment in his career Jack Hamlin or Mother Shipton or Sandy does a truly heroic deed, but the author must not extend his inquiries too far. To make a novel with Mother Shipton as heroine would be intolerable.

Here is a letter to Roswell Smith from Harte evidently referring to a story the price of which had already been agreed on and at less than \$250. It is undated except for "Sunday Night, 7.30":

MY DEAR MR. SMITH:

I've been working at the Christmas story since I sent you that line Saturday, and have written and rewritten over 80 pp., of which all I have to show now is what I leave for you. It closes the second episode. There will be about ten pages of MS. more to complete, which I shall send you from Chicago, Tuesday night. I shall try to write at it in the cars, but at any event I have a clear day in Chicago to give it.

It has given me a vast deal of trouble, and I have written enough MS. to make four stories of the size. It is something that could not be hastily done, as the effect depended more on the treatment than the dramatic incident.

Now, if you are a man as well as a publisher, you will send your cheque for \$250 to my sister, payable to her order, to receive it on the following morning, early.

I have told my sister that you would send her the cheque. . . . I know you will send it and have faith in

Yours,

BRET HARTE.

The letter bears no indorsement, but I imagine the cheque was sent.

Bret Harte's literary partner in the early numbers of "The Overland", Noah Brooks, was one of the group which included Charles Warren Stoddard and Mark Twain. He spent the last twenty years of his life in New York and was much in our office. He had been sponsor for Will Carey and

got him his place there—I found recently a letter from Noah Brooks to Roswell Smith, telling of an "upright, honest, steady lad" for whom he wanted to find something to do, preferably in the printer's trade. It was Will Carey. Brooks wrote "The Boy Emigrants" and other good stories for young people, which came out first in "St. Nicholas", and he wrote for "The Century" interesting articles on Lincoln, whom he had known from 1856, and whose secretary he was to have been if Lincoln's death had not defeated a plan which Lincoln had formed for keeping Brooks near him. Probably the faithful Nicolay and Hay were to be moved up higher.

Not only did Dr. Holland disapprove of "Truthful James", but when John Hay produced his "Pike County Ballads", in their strong dialect of the Southwest, Dr. Holland could not bring himself to excuse their "Universalism", as expressed probably in the famous last verse of "Jim Bludso":

He weren't no saint, but at Jedgment
I'd run my chance with Jim
'Longside of some plous gentlemen
That wouldn't shook hands with him.
He seen his duty—a dead sure thing—
And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't a-goin' to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

In Thayer's fine life of John Hay he says that the idea of a thought drawn from the heroism of Jim, and not merely a recital of the act, was the suggestion of Whitelaw Reid, who also in the same way was responsible for the last line of "Little Breeches":

And I think that saving a little child,
And fotching him to his own,
Is a derned sight better business
Than loafing around the Throne.

While not refusing to Jim Bludso his admiration and even his "hope", Dr. Holland wrote:

. . . for the doctrine that one virtue can compensate for the absence of another—that

bigamy can be condoned by bravery, or infidelity to one's wife be atoned for by fidelity to one's business—we have only horror and disgust.

Dr. Holland took Jim Bludso very seriously.

As for dialect "Scribner's Monthly" had plenty of it, and at that time negro dialect was perhaps more welcome than that of the Pike; but later it was felt that the public was tiring of negro dialect, and Thomas Nelson Page suffered thereby. His "Marse Chan" was allowed to stand unprinted for four years. It was in such pronounced negro dialect that many words had been changed almost beyond recognition, and the editors were rather afraid of it. It finally appeared in 1884, and was one of the magazine's most talked of short stories. Undoubtedly the delay kept Page back in his writing, but he never laid it up against the editors.

I remember when Page came to New York on his wedding tour, a young Richmond lawyer. It must have been soon after the appearance of "Marse Chan".

I saw a great deal of Dr. Edward Eggleston in my early years in the magazine office. His "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" had come out in 1871, and from that time until the appearance of his last novel, "The Faith Doctor", just twenty years later, he was one of the busiest of writers and editors. The trial scene in his novel "The Graysons" with Abraham Lincoln one of the lawyers—the famous Jack Armstrong case—is a fine example of good imaginative writing based on history.

A number of letters from Dr. Eggleston are in my files:

Please always compliment me by calling me by my name, pure and simple. When "Rev." is at one end of a man's name and

"D.D." at the other, it seems as though the name needed a bladder to float it. . . .

I leave the matter of pay to you. I wanted to get back into the magazine again and to show my appreciation of the manner in which you have all treated me. And I wanted most of all to preach the sermon which I trust this story will preach to many if you like it well enough to publish it. .

Once he was offended by a poor portrait of himself which appeared in the advertising pages and he told me very plainly what he thought about it. He was sorry later and wrote:

If my earnestness about that picture annoyed you, I sincerely beg your pardon. I had been stirred up by criticism of it. It is really of no consequence, and I am ashamed to have shown so much worry over it. I think too much of you to want to make you uncomfortable in a matter in which you did as well as you could with your material. . . . To humbly beg your pardon, my good friend, is all that I can do.

Sincerely yours,

EDWARD EGGLESTON.

It was a happy life we lived. If anyone hurt another's feelings, he was always so sorry that we were better friends than ever when the trouble was over.

It was in the late 'seventies that the young genius, Irwin Russell, was being appreciated and encouraged by the magazine editors. His "Christmas Night in the Quarters" is unsurpassed. Russell died in 1879 at twenty-six years of age of yellow fever, which is the epidemic referred to in the following letter. Thank God, that great cause of suffering and death in the South has been removed by the healing touch of modern science. It is a discouraged letter, written the year before his death:

Office of
Irwin Russell
Attorney

PORT GIBSON, Miss., Sept. 28th, 1878.
Editor Scribner's Monthly,
New York.

DEAR SIR:

You are very kind to consult me about

using what is altogether your own. I shall feel complimented by your including anything of mine in your purposed volume.

My own projected book is abandoned. The epidemic, besides taking away my best friends, has utterly ruined my business, and I am forced to seek employment—hoping to find a "sit" somewhere as a printer.

Very respectfully,

IRWIN RUSSELL.

It was in August, 1883, that John Hay's "The Bread-Winners" began its brilliant serial course, and for more than twenty-five years the secret of its authorship was well kept. I think only Gilder of the office staff knew at the time who wrote it. It is the story of a struggle between labor and capital, with plenty of love and with char-

acters who seem very real people. But the author is on the side of capital, although perfectly fair to labor, and he doubtless felt that to have it known that he was the author would be a business injury. In fact Hay stated at the time that his standing would be seriously compromised if it were known that he had written a novel at all.

The secret of another anonymous serial has been even better kept. I may have my suspicions, but I do not know certainly to this day who wrote "The Confessions of a Wife". All dealings with the author were through a lawyer.

CURRENT TASTE IN FICTION:

A QUARTERLY SURVEY

BY JOHN WALCOTT

Any guess at the temporary condition of our national taste in fiction, or in anything else, has to rest a good deal on majority reports. What most of the people like at any particular moment we can find out, with a fair degree of certainty, from the booksellers and the librarians. It is they who are in practical first-hand contact with the public demand. They can tell us what the people who are willing to spend time and money on books at all are asking for—or, it may be, accepting. For the booksellers and the librarians are or should be, *ex officio*, not arbiters but guides of the public taste. That they have this function seriously in mind is clear from the reports of the booksellers all over the country with whom the writer has been in touch for some time.

The striking thing about the book-

sellers' reports, from Hell Gate to Golden, is their unanimity as to the special tendencies of the post-bellum book-buyer. The book-trade has increased largely in volume since a year ago. People are reading more. For one thing, a by no means inconsiderable increment is due to the reading our soldiers have done abroad. Men have learned to use books who never before got beyond the newspaper and the cheap magazine. They are coming home to patronize the bookshops and the libraries. Many of them have learned the practical use of books to them in their special lines of work or interest. Others have learned to find in them a true recreation in contrast with mere restless amusement. As for the stay-at-homes, who are after all in so tremendous a majority, they also by all accounts are turning to

books—and especially to fiction—for diversion, or for heartening, or for interpretation of the perplexing thing we call (and are seen by) life. Their tendency, very recently, is to turn a shoulder on books of haphazard personal experience at the front during the war. If their impulse is not to escape from the business altogether, they want to get at its meaning as a whole, rather than to be harrowed further by pictures of its detail. They have had plenty of photographs of the trees: now for a plan of the wood.

From various quarters comes the report that there is more buying of novels, and more inquiry for novels of solid merit. A voice from Minneapolis puts vigorously what is more politely breathed from New York and Chicago and San Francisco: "The public are very tired of mediocre fiction; and when you realize that the publishers are asking from \$1.75 to \$2 for the 'junk' that has been coming out the last few months, with a few possible exceptions, the dear public are not going to 'fall for it' much longer." Readers of *THE BOOKMAN* will have seen in the May number an article called "The Bookseller: The Reader's Best Friend". I should say the reader has at least five best friends, according to circumstances: the author, the publisher, the bookseller, the librarian, and the critic. But there is no doubt of the bookseller's important place among them; or that, in most instances, he realizes his responsibility. His is a risky game, as risky as the publisher's: the more honor to him that he should be increasingly concerned with the quality of his wares, and not merely with their salability. The bookseller's problem, as the above-cited article suggested, is largely a problem of distribution. He must contrive to keep an ample supply of

the best stuff available on his shelves, and must make it attractive to his customers. There are many booksellers who succeed in doing this, and who by personal recommendation are able to turn the buyer's attention from books that merely happen to be selling and therefore to be more or less talked about, to books that are really worth buying.

The librarian's case is easier. He doesn't have to be always casting a balance between his profits and his conscience. He is totally disinterested unless as he may happen to be influenced by personal taste or prejudice. Nobody can be more disinterested than this: not the professors whose dry-as-dust methods excite the scorn of free intelligences like H. L. Mencken; not a "Mencken" himself, since no man capable of making a cuss-word of the innocent adjective *academic* can be said to have freed himself from mortal limitation. The librarian's pocket, at least, is quite disinterested in the contents of his shelves; and there are signs, even in New England, that he is beginning to get his personal conscience under control and to curb its activities as arbiter of what the public shall be allowed to read. Like the good publisher and the good bookseller and the good reviewer, he is chiefly interested in helping the people get at all the different kinds of reading they want, and to get at the best things available in each kind. His function is not to give them bread for taffy, but to offer them both, in the hope that they may take what is best for them in the long run.

Now it is well and even essential that this should be his policy, since, for one thing, we have no cause to believe that by instinct or at a glance the librarian can always tell bread from taffy. He can tell a hawk from

a hand-saw, like the rest of us: hence the convenient classification of fiction and non-fiction in the library catalogues, and the booksellers' lists, and THE BOOKMAN'S "Monthly Score". But the old idea of fiction as something trivial, and of almost any other kind of writing as something "solid", is a battered relic in these days. We all know that many a book of fiction is bread, and many a book of non-fiction a very thin sort of taffy. And it is dawning on us that the story-tellers of the day, a surprising number of them, are providing us with a record and a commentary on contemporary life hard to match elsewhere, either in range or in vividness or in genuine insight. Here, in short, is a place where the categories don't work, when we go a little under the surfaces of appearance and tradition. The literature that is bread isn't, thank Heaven, a "solid", and "improving", and "educational" affair. It is the kind of writing that, however moulded, of whatever texture, really helps to satisfy or assuage some permanent hunger in us for wisdom or beauty or happiness. And, of course, the kind of literature that is taffy is the kind of literature which has a pleasant but passing flavor and effect; which perhaps "dopes" us, perhaps merely blunts the acrid savor of experience and observation for a moment; but which doesn't in either case help us to get anywhere or to be anything, or to know or dream anything of value—as any kind of honest and creative art is bound to do. It might be worth while to look at the current "Monthly Score" with this distinction in view, and to speculate as to which among these books, whether novels or not, are of the sort merely to tickle or inform us, and which are of the kind to nourish and "stay by".

Nine novels have been in special demand, quantitatively speaking, during the month of March. The foremost is of course "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse", now for the fifth month on the list and more strongly in the lead than ever, the country over. Mentioned once is "The Cabin" by the same writer. This book had the handiest chance to follow up the success of "The Four Horsemen"; it appeared in English about a year ago and proved to be the sort of book which, under normal conditions, there would be an ardent few to praise and a respectable few to buy. It bears the relation to the later story of a small careful drawing to a big canvas. It is the big canvas that caught the American eye; we shall be interested to follow the fortunes of those versions of Ibáñez's other work which the publishers are now tumbling over each others' heels to bring out while the iron of the author's vogue is hot. No doubt there are traces of the accidental and the meretricious about any sudden vogue of the kind. A book is like any other commodity: its popularity grows by what it feeds on; and when it gets to the point where you and I are ashamed to admit we haven't read it, there is no farther to go from the publisher's point of view. But "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" is a really big book, and we American buyers and borrowers have genuinely distinguished ourselves by our acceptance of it. There we have something more than a straw to show in what unexpected directions the wind of public taste may be induced to blow. No manner of doubt, at all events, that "The Four Horsemen" has served for bread to us in a hungry hour.

The eight other books on this larger list are all American. "That's Me All

Over, Mable", is plainly marked taffy; it appeals frankly and successfully to the citizen in all of us who responds more or less furtively to the lure of the comic supplement. "Dere Mable's" young man has had many imitators, but by all signs is likely to have few more. Too many of our fighting Romeos are back home—and there is the general reaction against war books to be reckoned with. "Shavings", "The Tin Soldier", and "A Daughter of the Land" supply taffy on a more generous scale; they resemble what in the bright lexicon of youth are (or used to be) called "all day suckers". They are what the reader's palate and digestion make of them, and far be it from me to assert that they do not contain nutriment of a sort. You never can tell where a protein or a carbohydrate may not be lying in wait to do you a good turn in these days. Even King Alcohol—but that is a closed subject. . . . Here is "Shavings", whose popularity in the East has crept westward till it reaches second place, by the testimony of the libraries at least, for the whole country. Primarily, it is "a new Lincoln" as "A Daughter of the Land" is a new Stratton-Porter, or (be it whispered) "The Magnificent Ambersons" is a new Tarkington. Secondarily it is a tale deliberately wrought out of the familiar Cape Cod materials. It runs true to form and is therefore delightful to the huge constituency that asks only to recognize an old friend spinning a new yarn—or running a new vaudeville. The element of recognition must play its part in a somewhat different way in the wide acceptance of "The Tin Soldier"—this time not so much of the performer as of the "act". The action is based upon that stand-by of the romancers and play-makers—the duty of the hero to sacri-

fice all in order to keep a senseless promise which has been wrung from him by his dying mother, and which honor forbids his explaining (according to the shabby suggestion of common sense) as an excuse for his unpopular conduct—in this case his failure to enlist in the late war. This, like "A Daughter of the Land", is taffy of the feminine sort, made by women for women, with great earnestness and to great applause—a literature liberally "doped" with that sentimentality which both authors and readers honestly mistake for high emotion.

"The Desert of Wheat", "In the Heart of a Fool", and "The Magnificent Ambersons" make up a group that is of interest to our inquiry because all three represent (well, I suppose "A Daughter of the Land" does, too) serious attempts to interpret some aspect of our national life and character. In "The Desert of Wheat" Zane Grey is as usual torn between his desire to do a solid piece of creative fiction and his instinct for melodrama. In consequence he appeals, as always, to a very large number of readers who don't mind an author's fiddling for his own satisfaction with an idea, so long as he continues to "put over" the usual story. There is some fine description in "The Desert of Wheat", but the persons are as usual rather over-colored types more than characters, and the action is an affair of cogwheels and levers. The taste of the majority, when it is out for amusement, still runs to the comfortable, familiar mechanisms of the story-telling trade and is largely unable to distinguish them from the fresh and living organisms of the story-telling art. Taffy is bread, as far as they know, and if what they like is good enough for them, why shouldn't it be good enough

for anybody—is the general inference.

There is good bread in "The Magnificent Ambersons" and "In the Heart of a Fool"; but whether it is the bread itself, or the taffy that is baked into or spread over it, that has attracted so many customers, is an open question. Both of these writers, whether consciously or unconsciously, have mastered the truth that you may succeed in feeding a very large public something of what you think it needs if you will at the same time feed it a good deal of what it knows it wants. They have told stories here of a highly romantic and even conventional character, in the very act of conveying vividly and faithfully the color and texture of the middle-western scene during the past half-century. For the latter fact, at least, both books are thoroughly well worth the attention of American readers. They help us see ourselves in perspective. Our enjoyment of Ibáñez is partly in the recognition of ourselves under the skin and behind the accent and gesture of another race. Mr. White and Mr. Tarkington hit us where we live.

Of the non-fiction books in special demand, according to our current list, two-thirds are "war books" of personal experience and comment; ranging from Harry Lauder's "A Minstrel in France" to the records of ex-Ambassadors Gerard and Morgenthau. Of the rest, Sir Oliver Lodge's "Raymond" evidently meets a special human need intensified by the war. The appearance on the list of the "Letters of Susan Hale" and Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Recollections" shows that the late "Victorians" still retain their charm for a good many of us. Joyce Kilmer's *Literary Remains*, as the Victorians would have called Mr. Holliday's book, has a twofold appeal, the intrinsic interest of Kilmer's work

being reinforced by the fact of his sacrifice in the war. Notably, at the head of the list of all non-fiction books asked for all over the country stands, as it has for months, that extraordinary autobiography of a distinguished American, "The Education of Henry Adams". Plainly, the "highbrows" cannot be in so humorous a minority as the "lowbrows" fondly allege.

And this brings us to the particular thing I want to say at this time, which is that however useful majority reports may be in summing up the situation of the book-trade or the preferences of the many-headed and many-pocketed, a real survey of current taste has to take other matters into consideration. There is the current taste of the writing public, for instance, of the people who make the novels. That ought to be of some account, since these people, the best of them, have a way of pleasing their public by pleasing themselves first. Unluckily, our estimate here cannot fall pat in point of time, even in these days of rapid production, since the books we are getting now were conceived a year, perhaps years, ago. But we can fairly take into account the indications of the relative support given by a considerable number of buyers or borrowers to certain kinds of work, in comparison with the support they were giving the same kind or analogous kinds of work, say a year ago. And here our evidence supports the testimony of the booksellers that the recent tendency among book-buyers has been not so much to get upon the book of the moment in order to be in fashion as to find something fresh and sustaining, from any quarter, with which to build up the tissues, mental and spiritual, which have been exhausted by the strain of the war: or by means of which a clue may be had

to the solution of the political and social puzzle in which the world seems to have been left by the war. For this impression we cannot quote figures; it must be mentioned and left as a tendency unmistakably felt by all sorts of book-people.

For the rest I do not gather that the general feeling bears out our animated deponent from Minneapolis. It agrees that the public—the best public—shows signs of boredom with mediocre fiction, but it doesn't agree that the output of the past few months has included an uncommon or overwhelming proportion of "junk". It cannot deny that there has been some sort of public for most of the junk, despite its costliness. The people who like lowbrow junk are, as a class, the people who despise anything better as highbrow bunk, and there are lots of them in any land. England can match

us, Dell for Porter, whenever you challenge her. But advances in national taste have always proceeded from the minority, if we mean anything by taste but what the public, meaning the majority, wants. From any other point of view it is more significant that a thousand readers should now be reading, say Hugh Walpole, where half as many were reading him a year ago (I don't know that this is so, but it may well be) than that "A Daughter of the Land" is leading "The Tin Soldier" by fifty thousand copies (if it is). In short, the important thing is the extent to which the leaven of taste is spreading from the minority, which has learned to enjoy the best, to the majority which, left to itself, seems condemned (and condemnedly happy) to make the best of what it, or its neighbor, happens to "like".

THE LONDONER

LONDON.

I do not know whether anybody has yet thought it worth while to write a study of precociousness, but I am quite sure that such a study, if well done, would have considerable interest for psychologists, both amateur and professional. We are all psychologists nowadays, and the amount of attention that is given to the examination of the child mind increases with every realization of the importance of the newer methods of education. Of old it used to be the notion that the young idea must be taught to shoot. At present we watch its manifestations with an awe that our ancestors would have thought quite morbid. I have recently come across a novel written by a girl of nine years which is altogether remarkable. The author is no longer nine, and she has given up the practice of authorship. Her letters give no indication of anything more than typical skill in self-expression. But the novel, as to the authenticity of which there can be no doubt whatever (I have seen the original MS.), is a truly astounding product. It is shortly to be published in England, and I have no doubt will be issued also in the United States; and it describes, under the title of "The Young Visitors", the adventures of a certain Mr. Salteena and some friends who come from the country and mix with the highest in the land.

When I say it is a remarkable performance, the words must be taken in their gravest sense. The book, preposterous as the fact is, is notable for the seriousness and the skill with which its theme is followed to its

romantic conclusion. When it appears in England "The Young Visitors" will enjoy the advantage of a preface by J. M. Barrie, which is bound to draw attention to its extraordinary excellence. It is a work which no American who loves children and nonsense can afford to neglect, and the student of child psychology will find in its pages whole hosts of new questions to be solved. The author is a Miss Daisy Ashford. She is the daughter of a onetime War Office official, who at the time the story was written was resident at Lewes, the county town of Sussex; and she ascribes the early pursuit of letters to the fact that she and her sisters (who also wrote stories sufficiently surprising in their precociousness) lived very much with older people, and had an unusually free and unharassed life, in which their mother, a most original woman, took a whimsical and impulsive lead. Whatever the cause, "The Young Visitors" is a masterpiece, a unique work.

* * *

So there are two Robert Lynds! I do not mean in the sense of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde; but something more in the sense of the two Winston Churchills. The American Robert Lynd edits, or used to edit, "The Publishers' Weekly"—which is a much more stimulating trade organ than its English equivalent "The Publishers' Circular"—and writes, or until recently wrote, in that paper criticisms notable for their clarity and restraint. The English Robert Lynd is the literary editor of the most literary London daily newspaper, "The Daily

News". The Lynd I know is a most charming Irishman. He is a critic of altogether exceptional sympathy and ability, whose work ought to be known to Americans. In his own paper, in "Land and Water", "The New Statesman", and "The Nation", he carries on a truly admirable work in pointing the way to the best things in English literature, ancient and modern. In his work, and almost alone in his, I see what is meant by "constructive criticism", which is a term generally in use in England nowadays. Most writers mean by the term praise of their personal friends and heavy blows, or neglect, for those not in their own clique. Lynd is different. He praises his friends when they do good work, but he is never fulsome. And nobody that I ever met complains less of that common thing, misunderstanding of the writer's aim. In a man who does as much criticism as Lynd, the fact is sufficiently noteworthy. His wife, Sylvia Lynd, is also a writer, an essayist and novelist of great promise. An author of great reputation once complained to me that the wives of English literary men were too often inferior adventurers in the same field as their husbands. This, however true in general, does not apply in the case of the Lynds, for Sylvia Lynd has a talent in its way as genuine as that of her husband. They have two little girls who are the envy of every young mother of their acquaintance. These little girls are so remarkably well-behaved, without any suggestion of budding priggishness, that it is a privilege to enjoy their esteem. I do not pretend to this distinction myself: I merely record the fact.

* * *

Speaking of children reminds me that John Masefield's little daughter, living remote from the whirl of the

town in a small Buckinghamshire village, is being educated in a manner which should commend itself to all lovers of the poet's humane charm. While the children of other distinguished writers often receive education fitting only for their continuance among the idle rich to whose level they have been borne by a parent's genius, Masefield's daughter attends a school kept by Miss Fry, a member of the great cocoa-manufacturing family, where the pupils (all of them, or nearly all, belonging to the "gentle" classes) are taught, without any nonsense, to clean and cook and manage the house in a thoroughly practical manner. I wish this plan might be followed freely in England, for the general level of knowledge in these departments is in my country much lower than it is in America. The ignorance of domestic affairs which I find among girls who anticipate marrying for a living is extraordinary. It has impressed me so much that whenever I hear of a young man's becoming engaged to "a most charming girl", I always callously ask: "Can she cook?" Will it be believed that the reply most frequently made is an indignant "I don't know. She's a magnificent pianist!" As though that cut any ice!

* * *

I have not yet read Gilbert Cannan's new novel, announced under the title "Pink Roses", but I am told it carries a step further that portrayal of modern London which has been a feature of Cannan's recent work. Some of its scenes, at any rate, take place in the Café Monico, of which Cannan may almost be called an habitué. I hardly ever go to the Monico, which is not a favorite haunt of mine, without seeing Cannan lunching or dining. He is in the habit of meet-

ing there Martin Secker, the young publisher who has done more than anybody else to establish the reputations of the younger English intellectuals. It was Secker who "discovered" Compton Mackenzie. He also has had his share in distinguishing such writers as Hugh Walpole, Gilbert Cannan, Brett Young, to whom I referred last month, Viola Meynell, Lascelles Abercrombie, Frank Swinnerton, Norman Douglas, William McFee, Oliver Onions, etc. He is the English publisher of Artsibashev and Sologub. A few years ago it was the ambition of every young English writer to figure in Secker's list, and naturally so. I speak perhaps feelingly, because it was Secker who gave me my first commission. He wrote that he wanted a book upon a certain subject, and that he thought I was the man to write that book. At that time we had no acquaintance. At first he had no acquaintance with any of the writers whom he gathered to his standard. It was simply that Secker brought to the trade of publishing a sense of literature, and a lively intelligence. He was fresh, and he knew exactly what he wanted. That is a gift possessed by few English publishers. When the literary history of the years 1910-1914 comes to be written, it may surprise many who are not expert in finding their way among publishers to discover what a peculiar impetus Secker's presence gave to writing of a particular stamp. I am not pretending that Secker created this writing; but by gathering these young novelists and critics into one list, he gave their work an air of solidarity which has been of inestimable value to the individual writers as they have progressed from performance to reward.

Cannan had written two other novels

when Secker published his "Round the Corner", but of course it was this book which established his reputation. And a month later Secker published Walpole's "Fortitude", which, coming as it did after that noteworthy little drama "Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill", was bound to attract the attention it deserved. For a time, literary London could think of hardly anything else but this wonderful young publisher who had made a corner in all the young talent of the day. That was an amusing time, before the war. As far as Cannan's work goes, I have not always liked it as well as I liked "Round the Corner". It is variable in quality. He is rather given over to the idea that the novel is the modern form of pamphleteering, which is rough on the novel. But while his work arouses in some bosoms the most unholy antagonism, it is never negligible. As a very good critic wrote to me a little while ago, apropos of "Mummery": "I found it unsatisfactory, but with much of genuine revolt from ugly circumstance and aspiration after something better!" This, it seems to me, is the correct view to take of Cannan's work—that it is the quite honest product of an idealist at war with shams; and that even at its most intolerant it is full of a love of beauty which one would wish to find in the writing of others who sin less hardly against the conventions and "conveniences" of current standards as they govern the fiction market.

* * *

Among the books to come this spring I notice "The Gervaise Comedy", by J. D. Beresford. I shall look forward to this, for Beresford, who figures among the "younger" novelists by a curious fatality, is a writer with quite distinctly personal aims in novel

writing. He has "caught" the prevailing taste for experiment in the cult known as "psychoanalysis", but he does it in a truly scientific spirit, which cannot be said of some practitioners in the craft. This cult began with Freud, whose ascription of everything abnormal to the activities of the suppressed wish attracted enormous and deserved attention years ago. It spread to Jung, who threw over the purely sexual character of Freud's interpretations, and established new principles which, as far as I can see, leave the value of all psycho-analytical interpretations and researches entirely to the imaginative or intellectual power of the individual analyst. It is upon the work done in the study of abnormal psychology by Jung that Beresford draws, and hardly at all upon the narrow system of Freud; so that his novels bear the impress of his own personality. They are not ridden by a system, but are genuinely psychological.

The only defect that I can see in the method is that upon such a foundation the novelist would be compelled to restrict his subject-matter almost entirely to the abnormal. This means a breaking away from the modern preoccupation with the normal. That is, whenever a novelist really lets himself go, he will have to make his principal characters less typical than convincing in their own purely individual aspect. If it is done, the result will be curious and revolutionary. It will be a reversion to the old method of defiance to one's readers' experience; but it will substitute for romantic canons a new system which may catch a lot of unwary and easily impressed people—the sort that are attracted to all sorts of fake religions—and which may land us in a morass of problem novels. In the hands of

Beresford this will not be the fate of the novel. He has far too good a judgment. I should say he was about as sane a man as it was possible to find in the British Isles.

Beresford is a "reader" for the big English publishing house of Collins. He has for years lived out of London, although at one time he had a flat in that eminently literary suburb, Hampstead. First at St. Merryn, a tiny Cornish village, and latterly in a charming old house in a distant corner of Buckinghamshire, he has deliberately lived the life of a reflective and detached observer of human affairs. It is possibly this remoteness from the common stress that has led to the increasingly philosophical note in his novels. At one time an architect, and later engaged in advertising work, Beresford has had a varied experience. His earlier work, at least one book, was strongly influenced by H. G. Wells, and a still greater influence has been that of Arnold Bennett. The later books are different, as one would expect.

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Speaking just now about Wells reminds me that he has a new story appearing serially in an English review. It is called "The Undying Fire" at present, but I am rather hoping that this title may be changed when the story appears in book form. It does far from justice to the theme, which is nothing less than a recasting of the Book of Job in modern dress. Seeing the immense dramatic possibilities of the theme of the Book of Job, Wells also felt that such a theme gave him peculiar opportunities for gathering much that needs to be said upon the general suffering undergone throughout life, by human beings of this as of all other days. More than that, he perceived that here was a

noble basis upon which to build an illustration of the unfailing endurance of man. The book, which is powerfully and reverently conceived, ought to be called frankly, "The Second Book of Job" or "The New Book of Job". Besides writing this novel, Wells has been engaged upon an amazing work about which it is perhaps too early to give any information. It is not a work of fiction, but an immense contribution to the educational system of the future. I have not seen any of this book, but if it corresponds at all to the brilliant, generalizing talk of its author, it may well be his masterpiece. I shall return to the subject in a later causerie, when I shall have fuller details and the knowledge that these may be given freely. Wells has written an introduction to the first novel of his friend, Sir Harry Johnston, which is to be called "The Gay-Dombey's". As the title may suggest, the book reintroduces the family—or rather, later generations of it—immortalized by Dickens. It is an extraordinary piece of writing, bristling with personalities and "indiscretions" which certainly have little relation to the Dickensian plan; but these provide an additional interest, because some of them will make the hair of the ultradiscreet stand erect upon their heads. I should not be surprised to learn that this feature is one of the things that make Wells like the book so much. That he does genuinely like it I am positive.

Another preface which Wells has written (his New Year's resolution was "to write no more prefaces") is to a remarkable human document, entitled "The Journal of a Disappointed Man". I can vouch for the authenticity of this book, although I have no personal acquaintance with the author. "W. N. P. Barbellion" is, of

course, a pseudonym; but while deletions and slight verbal variations have been made in the text, either for the sake of disguise or for the sake of the author's literary vanity, the book is in almost textual integrity the genuine confession of a soul which has passed through the agony of finding bitter circumstance too hard to be borne without the employment of a diary. The story, however, is sufficiently tragic, for the writer of the diary is in reality a dying man. He records with painful accuracy the stages of his illness, which one can almost foretell from the increasingly misanthropical character of his judgments. More than anything else, the book is notable for the extraordinary picture which it presents of his courtship—a courtship full of pain and mistrust, proved, in the sequel, so unjustified. Strangely enough, I was with Wells at the time when he was reading the book, and heard from his lips many of the comments upon it which are made with more literary finish in his remarkable preface. There is much in the book that is repulsive to any sentimental lover of things as they are not; but to those with strong stomachs it has its considerable fascinations. And I can assure American readers that it is substantially true, that the author did in fact pass through the states of mind which he has so mercilessly recorded. That is what gives the book its value. "W. N. P. Barbellion" is preeminently what Beresford, following Jung, would call an "introvert"—one whose eye is turned ever inward to the study of his own nature—and to minds impatient of self-analysis he will seem a very unheroic figure. He is morbid, certainly; but even morbidity is a part of the modern self-conscious and self-studying temperament. I

have little patience with those who pretend to be so healthy in mind that they must decry as "unnecessary" anything of which they do not approve. A great deal of their hostility to such writing is due less to health than to a feeling of discomfort which is purely selfish in origin. The "healthy" critics say that a thing is "unnecessary" in the same spirit that people rail against any attempt of the idealist to present the living conditions of the proletariat in any form not definitely that of a sociological

treatise which they can ignore. They do not want to be made uncomfortable. So I am prepared for a great outburst of indignation at the morbidity of "Barbellion". It is a pity that the man's egotism gives such openings to critics of that stamp. Nevertheless the book should find its own public, not among the prurient-minded, but among those who are strong enough to bear a revelation of human nature, undiluted by sentimentality.

SIMON PURE

THE MONEY RETURNS OF AMERICAN AUTHORSHIP

BY EARL L. BRADSHER

The honor of being our first professional author is usually accorded to Charles Brockden Brown; but in reality it lies elsewhere. Brown appears before the public in 1797. Fourteen years before, Noah Webster had begun his long career of successful authorship. One hesitates, though, to assign Webster primacy among our professional men of letters. His course appears at first to have been marked by vacillation. Such was not the case with Jedidiah Morse, the "father of American geography", whose "Geography Made Easy", New Haven, 1784, proved such a treasure-trove that the author quickly followed up his first success with several other works in the same field. The domestic nature of much at least of their contents and, as a consequence, the superiority of their information over that of British writers, aided his books powerfully. Then, too, as a rule, the people who had lately won their physical freedom on the battle-

field were eager that their children should imbibe lessons of political independence through their schoolbooks.

But when Brown attempted to write novels for them, that was a different matter. He was forced to declare in 1800: "Book-making is the dullest of all trades, and the utmost that any American can look for in his native country is to be reimbursed his unavoidable expenses". The patriotism of the American people did not, to any marked degree at least, as yet extend to books intended merely to give pleasure. The prestige of an older civilization, with all its richness of association, legendary, historical, and social, and its long roll of illustrious authors, worked against him. True, the proportion of men who could buy books to their hearts' content was much smaller in the days of Brown than at present. But there were book-buyers enough to have made authorship a means of wealth if not of riches to an author of his genius, had

he not been handicapped by the spirit of colonial subserviency, a spirit which was to be a powerful factor in the reward of the American author for a third of a century.

The very utmost which one could hope to attain financially in the humanities during Brown's time is shown in the case of Robert Treat Paine, who for more than a decade was considered our greatest poet. In 1798 he wrote "Adams and Liberty", a song of seventy-four lines that had a tremendous vogue. Apparently so lightly did he hold the value of literary property that he made no effort to obtain a copyright. One was secured for him, however, by a "friendly and provident printer", so that he realized from the poem more than ten dollars a line. This, wrote a literary historian as late as 1829, "is a rare instance of remuneration for literary labours in this country". Freneau might well speak for all his tuneful tribe of Paine's day when he says that the poet is financially worse off than the tinker,—

For the tinker has something that people will buy.

Fitz-Greene Halleck, in spite of his comparative vogue, no doubt agreed with Freneau; for his entire returns for the labors of a literary lifetime of some forty-six years were but \$17,500. And this was the man who was told about 1820 by a prominent New York publisher that save Irving he was the only American whose works he would risk publishing! Just a few years later, Bryant made perhaps the only undignified remark of his career: "Politics and a belly-full are better than poetry and starvation". What poetry meant financially to Bryant may be guessed by the facts that in 1823 he was accepting two dollars each for his poems and that

he contracted in that year to furnish an average of one hundred lines a month for two hundred dollars a year. It is asserted that when he came to New York in 1825 he found no literary man not an editor who was living entirely by his pen.

But if the poet in the early days of the republic was having a hard time of it, even when patriotic verse was open to him, the prose writer, save he be an historian or a grinder out of text-books, was much harder hit. Essays and special articles were practically unknown to him as a source of income. At least such was the case until the establishment of "The North American Review" in 1815. That the "Review" was no gold-mine may be gathered from the fact that even as late as 1844 it paid its contributors but one dollar a page, save in the case of the more popular ones, who received two dollars.

Nowadays we look upon the novelist as the lucky heir of all the scribbling brotherhood. But a century ago, he was precisely the most unlucky. He could not publish a serial in a magazine. He had to dilute his pages with rhapsodies on the seven deadly sins and the plain man's pathway to heaven, for the puritanical instinct of a large part of his audience was ever on the watch. If he pleased the religiosity of the pillars of society, the rising generation or the more frivolous might see where the sugar coating was worn through, and shy from the bait. So a Mitchell of talent and a Hentz of genius after one or two unrewarded efforts sink from sight.

But the chief reason for their going was the unending flood of fiction that was pouring in, duty free, from Great Britain. Mackenzie, Mrs. Roche, Mrs. Radcliffe, Mrs. More, Miss Porter,

and, later, Scott, were so popular that there was little chance that American novelists, save those of transcendent genius and with some means of paying their monthly bills, would ever receive encouragement enough to cause them to mature in their art.

So skeptical in fact was the American public about the possibility of the development of a literature in this country that Cooper, yielding to the spirit of the time, tried to pass off his first novel as a British production. Goodrich, the publisher, Hawthorne, and Barker, the playwright, record in vivid passages the same pervasive atmosphere of skepticism and indifference under which our humanities were struggling to develop while the American public read the latest European success, pirated or imported.

Perhaps one reason why the public of the first quarter of the last century did not recognize the American author more fully was that he often carefully obscured his own personality. This diffidence was an echo in part of the attitude of the ruling poetic favorite, Lord Byron. Primarily it was the reflection of the moral disapproval with which a large part of the American public regarded all imaginative prose narrative, especially the novel. In many cases the author neglected the most elementary aspects of advertising his productions. Halleck, for instance, had been before the public for more than ten years before he allowed his name to appear upon the printed page. In 1822 Percival wrote: "I know of no more contemptible being than an author who writes for money. He converts the only shrine where mind can find a sure asylum into a huckster's shop." One has but to examine any bibliography of early

American literature, especially of the novel, to see how frequently our authors failed to attempt to make a previous work help sell a succeeding one.

Thus they played into the hands of the publisher, and the publisher in some cases was not averse to taking advantage of the opportunity. For example, Horatio Bridge estimates that for every dollar Hawthorne got for "Twice-Told Tales", the publisher received in excess of four and one-half dollars. But even at that, Hawthorne doubtless considered himself lucky; for being an American attempting to appeal through a copyrighted book to an American audience, he had more than once failed altogether of a publisher. Moreover, Hawthorne was fortunate in that he came late enough to be able to write juvenile books, a source of income to which Brown could not have turned without impairing his chances of ever being taken seriously by the reading public.

During the first quarter of the last century, American publishers had been issuing, largely without question or scruple, the books of European, especially British, writers. American authors as a class were not strong enough to make themselves heard, even though, powerfully aided by the War of 1812, there was throughout the period a growing sense of intellectual independence, a weakening of the chains of colonial subserviency. Gradually an influential portion of the public was beginning to realize that if America was to be a free land in truth, its ideals must be moulded by no alien pens, but through the words of its own men of letters. In 1837, the first step on record in the United States was taken toward international

copyright. And then on the same day in 1838 the "Great Western" and the "Sirius", the first steamers to cross the Atlantic entirely by steam, dropped anchor in New York harbor. Incidentally it might be remarked that their coming went far toward sealing the doom of Philadelphia as our literary capital. New York was henceforth, after a brief reign by Boston, to be our intellectual bridge-head and center.

But to the financial hopes of the American author, the arrival of the steamers was for a period nothing less than disastrous. In the quick connection which they established with Europe, a certain class of our publishers saw an opportunity to publish the books of European authors in newspaper form. These they hawked about the streets in that eager age of reading as one would now circulate the news of some great battle.

In May, 1838, Willis, then easily one of the three or four most popular of our living authors, wrote in the prospectus for "The Pirate" that he was going to,—

. . . convey to our columns the cream and spirit of everything that ventures to light in France, England, and Germany. As to original American productions, we shall, as the publishers do, take what we can get for nothing (that is good), holding, as the publishers do, that while we can get Boz and Bulwer for a thank-ye or less, it is not pocket-wise to pay much for Halleck and Irving.

Halleck and Irving were, alas, not the only American authors who suffered through being hopelessly undersold by the works of European writers to whom no copyright need be paid. If a complete novel of James, Marryat, Bulwer-Lytton, or Dickens cost in periodical form only a dime, in some cases, why pay two dollars for a copyrighted book by Irving, Hawthorne, Neal, Cooper, or even Willis himself? In a short while the situation became

so desperate that the better class of publishers, who had been making some sort of payments to the European authors they republished and who had invested too much in American ones to be lightly lost, were forced to begin a war of underselling with the pirates. Their sounder financial basis brought them victory in the end. But in the meanwhile our authors were crushed between the warring interests. Irving was forced temporarily from the market. Cooper indulged in more than one lugubrious wail.

The two authors who fared passably well financially in the third and fourth decades, Prescott and Willis, by their exceptions but illustrate the rule that the American man of letters could hope for no adequate returns. Prescott, in the first place, seemed gifted with business ability of a high order. History in a new country that had made so much history itself in the last century was extremely popular, and in two cases at least Prescott chose highly opportune new-world subjects. In November, 1855, he was able to write that in the last six months he had received seventeen thousand dollars from "The Reign of Philip II" and his other works.

Against this must be matched the facts that the entire income of Emerson for a literary lifetime was only about thirty thousand dollars and that Hawthorne, having lost his position in 1849, returned to his wife to say, "I have lost my place. What shall we do now for bread?" Two years later he felicitates himself upon the fact that if all goes well with him in his literary undertakings, he will soon be able to buy a home at perhaps as high as two thousand dollars. And it was in this year of 1849 that the man acclaimed by many as the greatest literary genius we have ever

produced, Poe, died in abject poverty. Literary gossip records that in these palmy days of publishing peace when literary property is protected by international copyright in nigh all the lands between the seven seas, one periodical has been known to pay as high as five thousand dollars for a single short story. It is safe to say that Poe did not receive that much for all his short stories combined.

That Poe had a career at all in American literature was made possible largely, if not entirely, by the magazines. In the long and desperate warfare which the American authors waged for decent financial returns, in the face of stolen wares, until the victorious international copyright bill of 1891, it was the magazines that in large measure determined the possibility of a continued American authorship. In 1886, Dana Estes, member of a prominent Boston publishing firm, said before a Senate Committee on Patents:

It is impossible to make the books of most American authors pay, unless they are first published and acquire recognition through the columns of the magazines. Were it not for that one saving opportunity of the great American magazines, American authorship would be at a still lower ebb than at present.

Yet in spite of the comparative high prices of "Godey's Lady's Book" and of "Graham's Magazine", it was but a pittance the magazines paid. Willis, who for a while made almost five thousand dollars a year, mostly through them, was a conspicuous exception. Longfellow for many years accepted two dollars each for his poems. Whittier, the abolitionist, found their columns largely closed to him. In no adequate measure could they be made the medium for the genius of Lowell, Prescott, Bancroft, and Whitman; and these men were driven to superintending the publica-

tion of their own works. How many men and women of promise, gifted with less tenacity of purpose and less business ability than these, were driven despairingly from the field after their first unrewarded efforts, no one can say. But when we realize that Irving was forced in the middle of his career once entirely to abandon literature, we are justified in believing that they must have been many.

One publisher of standing has asserted that a fairly recent novel brought its author not less than sixty thousand dollars. Literary gossip has it that another one realized \$245,000 from an effort now fortunately forgotten. Did Cooper in those dark years of the 'forties when his works were selling for twenty-five cents a volume, look forward to what he would have considered the millennial days of the present? Did Bayard Taylor dream of them in 1873 when he wrote, after more than a quarter of a century of authorship, that his literary income for the last two years was naught?

The spread of tolerance and the march of science have put to flight puritan repression. And now that we have a true spirit of Americanism in our literature and in our reading public, so that our own men of letters may receive the reward of praise and pelf that is due them, let us go back and thank Noah Webster, Neal, and Emerson, such powerful factors in bringing it about. And let us especially thank those men, C. Matthews, G. P. Putnam, Bryant, Lowell, Gay Stedman, W. H. Appleton, Simms B. Matthews and others who from 1837 to 1891 waged war against piracy and finally had it recorded as the spirit of our law that, as Lowell said, "There is one thing better than a cheap book, and that is a book honestly come by".

THE WORLD'S FIRST THEATRE

BY OLIVER M. SAYLER

Constantin Sergeievitch Alexeieff reached out a large, warm hand and his furrowed face broke into a cordial smile as my Moscow host, himself a man of fine tastes and keen pride in the Russian theatre, started to introduce me in the little dressing-room to the rear of the stage of the Art Theatre. My letters had preceded me—letters telling how I had come all the way from America into the shadow of the Terror just to sit in the playhouses of Moscow and Petrograd and carry back to my own country a brand of inspiration from their defiant ruins. As the name in the letters and the name from the lips of my host flashed their identity across the mind of the artist, I felt the thrill of suddenly increased pressure on my hand, the smile vanished from his face, and tears came into his eyes. For seventeen thousand miles I had persisted on my errand, relying on my own faith, a blind faith which I could hardly analyze. Now I was face to face with an answering faith. I knew why I had come, and the knowledge of my responsibility almost overwhelmed me.

It was thus that I met Stanislavsky, president of the Council and first artist of the world's first theatre. Alexeieff he is in life, but all Russia and the world knows him by his stage name, Stanislavsky. All Russia knows him, and his name and his influence are written all over the record of the Russian theatre the last two decades.

Under the iron-grey soldierly guise of Vershinin, the reserved but sensitive lieutenant-colonel in Tchekhov's

"Three Sisters", I first saw him that evening of the day the theatres reopened after the Bolshevik Revolution. In the afternoon "The Blue Bird" had cast its spell over me and I had yielded to Stanislavsky, producer—the master artist of the active modern theatre. Maeterlinck's *féerie* had stood forth for the first time as its creator had intended, simply but richly, without the sentimental trappings of the western productions. Now it was Stanislavsky, actor, to whom I had surrendered, an actor distinguished for poise, for subtlety of shadings and for keenness of intellect, but above all for the beauty of his spirit.

Five days later I saw him again in his dressing-room to discuss my plans and this time I sat in the presence of the genial, easy-going, middle-aged Gaieff of Tchekhov's "The Cherry Orchard". The call-bell rang before we had finished and so I returned after the final curtain. At the mirror sat a man with silver hair. I was in the wrong room. My host had caught up with me by this time and turned me back at the door—to face Stanislavsky after all, Stanislavsky the man. At the age of fifty-five his hair is white. But that is the only sign of years. His huge square frame is vigorous and alert, his eye keen and kindly, his grasp of detail and his capacity for work thoroughly un-Russian. I believe he is the busiest man in Moscow, not excepting even the tireless People's Kommissars. At least, he is the hardest man in the city to find. Not so hard, though, if you

are as persistent in your task as he is in his! But in spite of this refusal to "let down" like the majority of his countrymen and most foreigners who live long in Russia, Stanislavsky is splendidly Russian. I don't know why I had expected to find in him more of the man of the world, speaking English, perhaps, and surely French fluently, and possessed of the confidence and authority to which his position entitled him. I don't know, unless it is because for so long he and he alone has personified outside of Russia the world's first theatre. On the contrary, he speaks with difficulty when he leaves his native tongue. His heart and soul are in Russia and in his work. Transplant him, as you could a man of the world, and he would perish. Most of all is he Russian in the gentleness and simplicity of his ways, in the beauty of spirit which inheres alike in the artist and the man.

Once more I saw him in his dressing-room, this time as Satine, the strange, groping soul in Maxim Gorky's masterpiece, "The Lower Depths", who, stung by the tragedies of that dim underworld, rises from his planks and flings out a flaming declaration of his belief in life. In this face is none of the quiet dignity of Vershinin, none of the placid sensitiveness of Gaieff. Instead, is the smoldering terror of the lost soul who refuses to admit that he is lost, the defiant glint of the eye, the nervous twitching of the mouth standing out from the frame of tattered beard and hair. I couldn't avoid the feeling that here was Satine himself, the Satine I had seen from my seat in the auditorium, although this Satine was telling me what I should see in the Studio playhouses of the Art Theatre and was calling in the young men in charge of them to introduce them to me. Such

is the persuasive mastery of the craft of makeup which the Russian has achieved. At the Art Theatre, this natural gift is applied with even more startling exactness than in the other playhouses of Moscow, for the practical absence of footlights permits the actors to dispense with all exaggeration and assume the semblance of life.

Several other times I met Constantin Sergeievitch, in the theatre or at the Studios, those lusty children of the parent institution which will keep it always young and which their founder loves, I am sure, even more fondly than the Art Theatre itself. Toward the end of the winter he was seriously ill and I continued my research through Vladimir Ivanovitch Nyemirovitch-Dantchenko, the business brains of the Art Theatre; Rumiantseff, the house-manager; Berthenson, the new stage-manager from the Alexandrinsky in Petrograd, and Lazariëff, a gracious member of the company entrusted to me as a kind of diplomatic plenipotentiary.

Still, it is Stanislavsky who personifies the Moscow Art Theatre to me. I like most to remember him as I saw him the afternoon of the dress rehearsal of "Twelfth Night" at the First Studio. Here were his pupils, his children, ready to reveal the product of their patient labors to their master and to the assembled pillars of the Moscow stage. All of the pillars were there—hale and hearty Prince Sumbatoff, regent of the Small State Theatre, the home of classic drama; Pravdin, his most distinguished actor; Anderson, the bewitching blonde inheritor of Pavlova's laurels in the ballet; Gzovskaya, once of the Art Theatre and at that time in Sumbatoff's ranks, and many others. On the front row of the tiny improvised auditorium a seat or two to my right sat

Stanislavsky with pencil and paper in hand to note the transgressions of his flock. These implements, though, were soon forgotten and a broad smile of pride mingled with unaffected and unashamed pleasure spread over his face as these eager candidates for the Art Theatre ranks romped their way through the heartiest, the most truly Elizabethan performance of "Twelfth Night" I have ever seen.

Stanislavsky, Nyemirovitch - Dantchenko; the eighteen-hour session between the actor and the business man in a Moscow café away back in 1898 when the foundations of the theatre were agreed upon; the endlessly patient preparation of its productions; Tchekhov and his plays, "The Sea Gull" and "Three Sisters" and "The Cherry Orchard"—these are the facts and the personalities by which the Moscow Art Theatre is known in America. They are salient facts but they are not the only facts, and it may be well both for us and for Russia to know a few more of the facts about this first of the world's theatres.

You would never suspect the intentions or the interior of the Art Theatre from its business-like façade in Kamergersky Pereulok, a little over two squares from the great open Theatre Place of Moscow. Once it was a business block, and shops still occupy the street-floor front. Inside, however, its architectural ancestry is soon forgotten, for the transformation has been thorough. The Art Theatre has one of the most satisfactory auditoriums of the world's playhouses—a severe but comfortable and quiet enclosure in browns, with wood paneling in place of the traditional stucco and with three floors, each opening by way of spacious corridors into tempting foyers and restaurant and smoking and trophy rooms.

Beyond the public gaze, however, there is a pitiful lack of elbow space. The costume accumulations of twenty years are stowed in two small rooms up under the roof. The scenery has overflowed into all the vacant buildings and lofts opening on the great courtyard at the rear of the theatre. The dilapidated stage-coach used in the first act of the Dostoyevsky play, "The Village Stepanchikovo", is pitched out anywhere in this courtyard between performances, and it is becoming more realistic every week! The Art Theatre is looking forward to a new building some day—the world's first playhouse for the world's first theatre. But there will have to be a new Russia before the Art Theatre has a new home!

How a sober, serious institution such as this has been able to survive the strain of three years of war and nearly two years of profound social upheaval, is a mystery explicable only by an understanding of Russian character. In a previous article I explained the dogged persistence of art, and the theatre in particular, by the fact that the Russian has built his deepest feelings into his art, and to these purging experiences he returns when life becomes too heavy to endure. The ability of the Moscow Art Theatre to preserve the astonishing perfection of its former days under almost insuperable handicaps, is due also to its marvelously efficient and compact organization.

The Art Theatre is an institution. It has its own home, its own company, its own clientele, its own faithfully built past, its own carefully analyzed future. Each year it has a budget which faces facts as relentlessly as the budget of a bank or an insurance corporation. It knows by experience that as long as the citizens of Moscow walk

that city's cobble streets they will buy all of the tickets offered for sale at its box-office. The only error in its calculations last winter lay in the deficit due to the closing of the theatre during the Bolshevik Revolution. Its players and its staff, many of whom have been with it since it was founded, share proportionately in the income, and they are thus bound not only by loyalty and affection for Stanislavsky and for the structure into which they have poured their lives, but also by a financial assurance which is rare in these days of maddening uncertainty.

Whenever I came back to its brown curtains with the sea-gull device worked on them after I had made a round of the other playhouses of Moscow, I felt ashamed for doubting its preeminence. There was no authority or order at the Great State Theatre, the home of the opera and the ballet. There was utter disorder and confusion at the Theatre of the Soviet of Workmen's Deputies. But at the Art Theatre everyone ticked out his tasks like the wheels of a great clock. Often there was more than one at hand to meet emergencies as they arose.

Although Stanislavsky is the Art Theatre, the master imagination who has made it what it is, the organization is so devised as to permit him to devote that imagination to its most constructive ends. The operation of the theatre is divided between the Council and the Direction. The Council decides what plays shall be produced, who shall design the scenery, who shall write the necessary music, who shall supervise the production, and who shall play the various rôles. Its tasks lie behind the curtain. Stanislavsky, of course, is at its head, and its other members include many of the ablest actors in the company: Gribunin, Katchaloff, Massalitinoff,

Moskvin, Stahovitch, Sushkyevitch, and Gaidaroff. The Direction, on the other hand, engages itself to carry out the behests of the Council. It undertakes and meets the financial and the business obligations of the theatre, and at its head is Nyemirovitch-Dantchenko, who is assisted by Alexandroff and the manager of the house, Rumiantseff.

It is no wonder, then, that the Art Theatre has been able to attract to its ranks and hold many of the foremost actors of the Russian stage. The more important members of the company number at least fifty, while the pupils of the Studio Theatres, who are often called to the parent stage to play minor rôles, will double that total. The company is especially strong in its men. Six of them in addition to Stanislavsky are artists of the first rank. Any one of the seven would be acknowledged leader of our stage if his gifts could be transferred and made intelligible in our theatres. There is Katchaloff, an actor equaled only by Mansfield in his prime or Coquelin. There is Moskvin, the greatest living high comedian. I thought at first that the Russians did not appreciate Moskvin and his subtle, pointed humor. They did not pay audible tribute as we would. But after a while I discovered that they cherished Moskvin as a supreme artist instead of as a mere entertainer. Our stage has probably never known a character-actor of the breadth and range of Luzhsky. And Gribunin, Vishnevsky, and Massalitinoff have only slightly less surprising gifts.

The Art Theatre is weaker, comparatively, in its women. Olga Leonardovna Knipper, the widow of the playwright, Tchekhov, for whom he wrote the leading rôles in all his plays, is the only one whose range and

powers can compare with those of Julia Marlowe or Mrs. Fiske, and I doubt if she possesses the incisive comic sense of the creator of Becky Sharp. Still, she is a very great actress, not to be surpassed in the Tchekhov plays; and when in them she appears opposite Stanislavsky, the modern theatre reaches the height of its eloquence and its beauty in the realm of realistic drama. There are others, many others, gifted and intelligent far beyond our own lesser players: Lilina, the wife of Stanislavsky, crisp and penetrating and ingratiating; Butova, powerful in her reserve; Germanova, stunning and commanding in her dark fascination; and Zhdanova, very young and very promising, charming and wistful and light as a feather in her touch.

To these in time will be added the graduates from the Studio Theatres, young players who under the quick sympathy and the rigorous discipline of Stanislavsky are mooring themselves firmly in their art. Occasionally you will hear someone in Moscow ask who will take the place of this player or that in future years, who will play a certain cherished rôle. Possibly no one. Surely no one has been found to follow the mourned Artyom, the inimitable creator of strange old men who died in the first year of the war. But there will be other plays and other rôles for the younger generation. Already the Studios have cast up the flaming genius of Kolin. His Tylette, the cat, in "The Blue Bird" is said to rival the original of Katchaloff, and his Malvolio is already the most whimsical and bitterly tragic I have ever seen. Up from the Studios, too, has come the antic, Smuishlyaieff; the tender and morose Tchekhov, nephew of the playwright; and the impassioned Bak-

lanova, a wholly new kind of genius for the Art Theatre. Somehow it is difficult to see how her trenchant feeling and her colorful methods will find full outlet in the restrained realism of this institution. But it may be that such as she will instil into it new life when it has run its course in its present mood.

The world's first theatre? By what right? By right of its extraordinary personnel? Partly. By right of its imposing and notable repertory? Partly that, too. In twenty years, four of them years of war and desolation, the Moscow Art Theatre has made sixty-two productions—seventy-one plays in all. Of the sixty-two, Russia has provided the plays for thirty-six of the productions. The entire course of Russian dramatic literature has yielded up its treasures, from Pushkin and Gogol and Griboyedov and Ostrovsky down through the Tolstoys and Turgenev and Dostoyevsky to Tchekhov and Andreyev and Gorky. With a fine catholicity of taste as well as a loyalty to her native writers, foreign dramatists were sought for twenty-six of the productions: Sophocles and Shakespeare, Molière and Goldoni, Maeterlinck and Hauptmann, Ibsen and Hamsun. The Russian respect for Ibsen is revealed in the fact that nine of these twenty-six productions were of his plays. Almost the entire acting canon of the great Norwegian, with the exception of "A Doll's House", "The Lady from the Sea", and "John Gabriel Borkman", has been played on the stage of the Art Theatre.

The supremacy of the Moscow Art Theatre, however, lies more securely in its perfection and thorough application of a dramatic principle, the principle of realism. The fact that it has reached the end of its tether, that

it is simply applying that principle all over again with each new play it produces, has served latterly to rouse the charge that it has fulfilled its purpose, that it has had its day. From its earliest years, the adherence of Stanislavsky to the belief in realism as an art method has borne the brunt of bitter attack. Meyerhold quarreled first within the company and then, leaving it, he has spent the last ten years in attacking the theories of the Art Theatre and in making productions as utterly different as the theatre will permit. Alice Koonen, trained under Stanislavsky and the first of the Mytlys in "The Blue Bird", has seceded and with Alexander Tairoff has founded the experimental Kamerny Theatre. Kommissarshevsky has fought the good grey leader with dialectic and with experiment.

But the Art Theatre goes on its way regardless of the epithets dragged from the dictionary to be hurled at it. Once in a while Stanislavsky leaves his chosen path for an experiment of his own, such as the highly imaginative and symbolic production of "The Blue Bird". Or he invites Gordon Craig to come to Moscow to set "Hamlet" on his stage. Even Craig, uncompromising as he is against realism, admits that if you are determined to have realism in your theatre you must go to school to Stanislavsky. And those who have lost interest in the Art Theatre and who have turned their attention to the newer experimental stages, confess that no study of the modern theatre is complete without Stanislavsky. By the mere lapse of time, the Moscow Art Theatre, a revolutionist in 1900, has become conservative. It has settled into a tradition.

The key to the Art Theatre's attainment of realistic appearance, it seems to me, is its stark sincerity and

its use of a certain minimization. Some of the minor customs of the theatre have played their part. No applause is permitted, even at the act ends or after the final curtain. The more democratic audiences of the theatre under the Revolution often sought last winter to show their approval in this customary manner, but they were promptly hushed, and the tradition prevailed. Conjointly, there are no curtain calls, no chimes to announce the rise of the curtain, no music between the acts. The impression of a series of cross sections of life is carried out without the slightest artificial restriction.

The final achievement of the Art Theatre, however, is not mere realism, not realism alone brought to a startling mechanical perfection in its representation of life. Rather, it is a spiritualized realism, a use of the realistic form as a means and not an end, a means to the more vivid interpretation of life. Obviously, realism cannot be spiritualized except by artists, supreme artists. And therein, I think, lies the claim of the Art Theatre to the leadership of the world.

Out of Russia today there comes no word but sorrow. Are the theatres still fulfilling their task of purging the Russian soul in its days of deepest anguish? Has Stanislavsky satisfied himself with all the details of "The Rose and the Cross", the new poetic drama by Alexander Block which was in rehearsal long before I left Russia? And has it been brought to birth in the blood of the Terror? Have they revived "The Sea Gull" as they hoped to do for its twentieth anniversary? Have they been able to carry out their plan to produce Tolstoi's "The Light That Shines in Darkness", a light in a darkness greater than even Tolstoi ever dreamed? I do not know. All I

know is that if there yet remains any gleam of the elder life, that shrine in Kamergersky Pereulok nurtures it.

All I know is that the world's first theatre will not, must not perish from the earth!

FRENCH LITERATURE OF TODAY

BY MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES

I

To the lover of French memoirs, perhaps the most important literary announcement of the moment is the completion of a new edition of Saint-Simon. This really important historical work—and one which, unlike most historical works, makes its appeal both to the serious historian and to the man or woman who delights in the purely human side of history—was interrupted by the war, but now comes the publication of the twenty-ninth and final volume of this edition. The three editors claim that they have discovered many hitherto unpublished passages of this famous memoir, which will remain for all time a speaking, moving picture of the greatest epoch of the French monarchy—the reign of Louis XIV. The spiteful, brilliantly clever old duke of Saint-Simon came and went among his contemporaries, taking secret, copious notes. He put down all that was small and least worthy, as well as all that was greatest and most noble that he heard and that he saw. He had his hatreds and his loves—more hatreds than loves, and was persistently and triumphantly unfair to Madame de Maintenon—to give but one example.

To turn to a very different type of *souvenirs*, the famous Roumanian statesman, M. Take Jonesco, has just published a book which will take its place in every future collection of

books dealing with the war. It is practically a war diary, and to my mind it is one of the most interesting yet published. One reads with a smile and a sigh M. Jonesco's vivid account of more than one of his talks with the German Ambassador, Prince Lichnowsky. The Prince, having spent much of his youth in Roumania, was well known. Thus it was natural that happening to be in London in the spring of 1914, the Roumanian statesman sought out his old friend to know how everything was going. Lichnowsky declared to him most solemnly that Germany and England were on the very best terms: "I have told my Emperor that England is absolutely set on peace, but that if we wish the sentiment to continue, we must neither worry nor attack France, as, should we do so, England would go to her last man and her last shilling in France's defense."

On July 12, 1914, Jonesco was again in London (his late wife was English). He found that a great change had come over Prince Lichnowsky. The former Ambassador had become uneasy. He had been to Berlin, and had not liked what was going on there. A week later Jonesco again met the German Ambassador, at a private dinner-party in a house noted for its kindly Anglo-German relations. By that time Lichnowsky was terribly anxious, and he was going to see King

George that same evening. Yet as late as Friday, July 24, the Prince did not believe in European war, and he was so convinced that the danger would be averted that he even spoke of meeting his Roumanian friend at Aix-les-Bains in a few weeks from then!

It is a curious fact, and one of great interest, that as the days went by Lichnowsky began to think that England would after all keep out of the war—if war there was. "Like so many others he was led astray by the Irish question. I saw him for the last time on the afternoon of Tuesday, July 28; he was pained and upset, and told me that the peace of the world was hanging by a thread. I have never seen a man so overwhelmed."

There are equally vivid sketches of the King and Queen of Roumania; of Bethmann-Hollweg, and of his unfortunate brother statesman, Kiderlen-Waechter; of Count Arenthal; Count Mensdorff; Tallaat Pasha; Prince von Bülow, and many other noted figures of the war.

I cannot suppose that another new war book, "Intrigues et Diplomaties à Washington", by G. Lechartier, will interest Americans as much as it has me, for I imagine that it goes over well-worn ground. Be that as it may, the volume gives a curious and vivid account of the Washington diplomatic world during the first years of the European war. The place of honor is given to Count von Bernstorff, and the first chapter in the book deals with his prewar American career; his popularity in the musical, the sporting, and the social worlds; his personal charm, and graces of mind and body. Thence onward we follow every step of the way which transformed America from the greatest of neutrals into a belligerent. The book is written with ex-

treme care, has several illustrations and facsimiles, and an appendix.

II

How will the European upheaval affect the lighter side of French literature?

The only light-hearted war novel published in Paris since July, 1914, was the moving, humorous (and by no means for the schoolroom) story called by its author, "Les Heures de Guerre de la Famille Valadier". Every other work of imagination told of the piteous side of war as affecting human life and human feeling. Not so this brilliant little study of how *la grande guerre* affected a theatrical family.

I note that the first of a series of so-called essays on love—each essay I take it will form a volume to itself—is already in its sixth edition. It is called "La Magie de l'Amour", and the writer, Camille Mauclair, dedicates this work "To my dear wife, my companion on the wide roads of thought and of life".

Before the war M. Mauclair obtained a considerable success with a book called "De l'Amour Physique". He claims it to have been a serious work, and indeed regrets that he gave it a title which, he says, misled the reader. In this new work he sets out to analyze every type of love and lover, and he very wisely takes certain typical examples of men who lived for love—Don Juan; the poet Baudelaire, who always sought love and never found it; Stendhal—and shows how they attacked this most permanent of human problems. A curious chapter is entitled "The Dogmas of Love"; yet another chapter deals with the part that music has always played in what our ancestors called the tender passion. M. Mauclair gives his views on both Christian and civil marriage, as also

on *l'union libre*, which he curiously calls *l'amour consenti*. He evidently admires and respects those who think the world well lost for love, for he says with some truth as regards France, that any woman can *marry* without love, but no woman is likely to enter on a *union libre* association unless she is driven thereto by a real and exalted passion.

One of the surprising effects of the war in all countries seems to have been a revival of interest not only in spiritualism, but in all forms of magic. Several books dealing with what has been called black magic will shortly appear, including a work by the veteran student of Satanism, Jules Bois. The first French writer who treated this subject from a serious, and not from a wholly romantic, point of view was Huysmans. The author of "*Là-bas*" not only believed in diabolical possession, but he was convinced that the invisible world was peopled with evil spirits; and had he survived to see the Great War, he would undoubtedly have regarded it as the outcome of certain diabolical forces acting on, and in, the German Empire.

Few people are aware that Renan was very much interested in the black arts. I remember one of his friends telling me that in answer to a question as to whether he believed in hell, he exclaimed: "I do not know if there is a Hell, but I am quite sure there is a Devil."

To go back to Huysmans—he was quite convinced that Satan worship was a reality in the Paris of his day, and it will be remembered that in "*Là-bas*" he described several types of Satan worshippers. Russia in pre-revolution days was certainly permeated with this kind of cult. More men than women are now interested in this

subject, but in mediæval days there were more witches than sorcerers. Sorcerers were supposed to have what is called "the gift of fascination". A sorcerer would look on a child, a plant, a house—and the child died, the plant lost its leaves, the house fell into ruins. There are now in Paris numerous fortune-tellers who claim that same Mephistic power.

At one time the Empress Eugénie was intensely interested in spiritualism; and one of the reasons given for her being in favor of, instead of against, the declaration of war in the summer of 1870, was said to have been that at a spiritualistic séance she had been told that the fall of the Empire would take place in September, and that the only conjuration of this danger would be France's participation in a war!

It seems fitting that an Exhibition of war books should just have been opened in the Musée du Livre, Brussels. All through the war the gallant little group of writers and thinkers connected with that delightful literary institution continued their work; they held exhibitions, they gave lectures, and, last not least, they continued publishing their bulletin, and managed, without offending the Germans, to yet play their part in the moral defense and defiance of their gallant country during the four years which elapsed between August 2, 1914, and November 11, 1918. Not a single book published in France reached Brussels during that long period of time; but the director of the Musée du Livre lately issued an appeal for books, maps, engravings, and newspapers connected with the war, and the result exceeded all his expectations. In fact, the Exhibition is said to be even better and more complete than that organized

early this winter by the Paris Cercle de la Librairie.

.III

Literary taste is a very curious thing, and, like the wind, bloweth where it listeth. A distinguished young American soldier lately astonished me by the extraordinary knowledge he displayed of the *macabre* and the horrible in American, British, and French literature. We had a most interesting conversation, comparing notes as to what writers best conveyed a sense of fear and of horror, of pity and of terror to their readers. It was agreed that Edgar Allan Poe stands alone, though to my mind he has a rival in a French writer, as yet unknown to my American friend, Barbey d'Aurevilly, whose collection of short stories called "Les Diaboliques" quite lives up to its name, and remains so integral a part of French literature that even since the Armistice a big French publishing firm has begun a new edition. Balzac twice tried his hand at providing his readers with a sensation of creepy horror: in "La fille aux yeux d'or", and "Une passion dans le désert". But not even Balzac achieved so great a masterpiece as Walter Scott's "Wandering Willie's Tale", or Stevenson's "Thrawn Janet". Prosper Mérimée, whose curious, exquisitely written "Contes" form an integral part of French literature, certainly had the power of giving his readers what we should now call "thrills"—and that though he disdained all violent or unusual artifice, and wrote what, for want of a better term, one must call the most elegantly classical French of his generation. Flaubert certainly tried to convey an almost unbearable sense of horror in "Salâmmbo"; but one would give the whole of that book for certain piteous

pages of "Madame Bovary". His pupil, Maupassant, delighted in the frankly *macabre*, and again and again succeeded in producing an impression of intense horror—especially, strangely enough, in some of the short stories which during his lifetime he refused to sign, but which since his death have been published in his collected works. For many years before the war, and even during the war, the curious little Paris theatre known as the Grand Guignol played every variety of fearful, frightful, and exciting one-act plays, but on the whole the French masters of romance have avoided dealing with either physical or mental terror. They have left that kind of thing to the secondary writers—for among such writers surely must be classed Octave Mirbeau with his terrible "Jardin des Supplices".

Apropos of Octave Mirbeau, the recent sale of his library recalls a curious personality, and a writer who only just missed being in the first rank of his contemporaries. He was once described by an American critic as "the greatest master of irony and vitriolic vindictiveness since Swift", and it is certainly true that he delighted in the monstrous, the atrocious, and the horrible. Financial success came to him quite late in life. The foreign reader probably first became acquainted with his work through that unpleasant book "Le Journal d'une Femme de Chambre"—perhaps the most powerful arraignment of modern society published, in the form of fiction, in our time. But it was as much to his own surprise as to that of his friends that he suddenly appeared as a successful dramatist. Of his plays the most famous—which was successful in an English form as well as in French—was "Les Affaires sont les Affaires". He died prematurely, as do so many

French writers—especially those who are also Parisians. All his life he collected both pictures and books, and he was said to have had the best collection in existence of first editions of famous modern novels.

IV

I hear that Pierre Loti is going to publish a book which, while dealing with certain phases of the war, will be quite unlike any other war book. A great many years have gone by since the French Naval Lieutenant who was to strike a new and exquisite note in the literature of his country, wrote to a friend: "Life is hurrying by too quickly for me, but still I hope that much bliss will come my way before I meet with the final catastrophe of death. I have, alas, neither faith nor hope." In those days the shadow of 1870 still hung over the lives of most young Frenchmen, and especially over those among them who had made the army and the navy their profession. But the thought of death has never been very far from Loti's mind, as those familiar with his work will admit.

I first met Loti in the house of Madame Adam, his delightful literary godmother—editor of the "Nouvelle Revue"—who, at once divining the new writer's extraordinary genius, gave him his first chance. Loti was then a slender, melancholy-looking young man with a pleasant, reserved manner—that manner which seems to belong to the naval officer all over the world. He looked and seemed a stranger in the brilliant and amusing literary world into which he had suddenly found himself thrust. I remember, even at this long distance of time, his telling me that unlike almost all writers he found he worked best in the middle of the afternoon—from two to

six. At that time he was stationed at Hendaye, his home being on the Bidassoa river, a stream which serves as frontier to part of Spain and France. He also told me, with a queer little smile, that his study could only be reached by a rope ladder, and thus was too accessible to many visitors. For many years past, as all lovers of that wonderful collection "The Book of Pity and of Death" are well aware, Loti has been devoted to cats. French sailors have a prejudice against cats, but he was so popular with his men on board the "Formidable" that they tolerated his pets. After he left Hendaye, Loti settled in his native town of Rochefort in a house filled with treasures of the Far East—indeed, I once heard some of the rooms described as being "almost too beautiful". Rochefort is very proud of her famous son, and the townspeople often linger as they pass by the garden wall, behind which can always be heard day and night (for its tiny hammer swings with the lightest breeze) the music of an annamite bell which is hidden in a bower of hanging plants.

Oscar Wilde had many warm friends in the French literary world of his day. It was in France that he took refuge after coming out of prison, and it was in Paris that he died. At one time, when still a young man and still regarded in his own country as an amusing *poseur* and affected *flâneur*, rather than as a serious man of letters, he announced that he was seriously thinking of taking out letters of French naturalization. This is apropos of the fact that his "Florentine Tragedy" has been translated into French, with some personal recollections by Bernard Shaw. The latter should be full of interest to the admirers of both of these brilliant Irishmen—Irishmen who could have had

nothing in common with each other except their brilliance, and the fact that they were both destined to enrich English dramatic literature. It is a curious fact that Oscar Wilde's plays have never had any success in France. This is perhaps because in a sense they were *too French*. The same may be said of Bernard Shaw's witty stage pictures of life as he sees it. They do not impress Paris as they do London, paradox being the Frenchman's breath of life, while it remains something at once rare and strange to the average Englishman.

V

Perhaps owing to the closeness of the Franco-Russian alliance, there were at the outbreak of the war many more Frenchmen in Russia than in England. A curious book just published by one of these, a M. Vaucher, is called "L'Enfer Bolchevik". According to the writer the Russian Revolution has already gone through three phases, the first when Moscow rather than Petrograd was the capital of Bolshevism, and when the men who started the Revolution were disciples of Tolstoi. The second he calls "the Commune" phase. To Parisians over sixty years of age, the Terrible Year remains rather the year of the Commune than that of the Franco-Prussian War. But awful as is this Frenchman's picture of the second phase of the Russian Revolution, it pales before the infinitely more terrible description of Petrograd under the Terror. If M. Vaucher is to be believed, Bolshevism means the end and the negation of what we have

before been taught to call civilization.

Yet another book which will interest those interested in the subject is called "De Nicolas II à Lenin", by a Russian. Yet a third work, which, however, only covers this last year, is called "Au Pays de la Démence Rouge", by a writer who conceals a well-known name under the pseudonym of Chessin. Of the three this is the best written and in some ways the most authoritative book; and of the many accounts describing Petrograd as it now is, none gives a more impressive picture of the universal desolation and of the progressive effects of growing famine on a great town.

To writers, and I think to most sympathetic readers, a melancholy interest attaches to the prices originally paid to genius in distress. Chance has lately made me acquainted with some of the sums received by Balzac in connection with his "Comédie Humaine". "La Physiologie du Mariage"—which, perhaps owing to its title, has been more read than any other of Balzac's works except the "Contes Drolatiques"—was sold by him outright for three hundred dollars. The same publishers bought the "Peau de Chagrin", perhaps the most famous of his shorter stories, for two hundred dollars. But it must be admitted that Balzac's publishers were often called upon to send him trifling sums, even as little as twenty francs, and he also, when in exceptional difficulty, would call upon them to supply him with wine! There is an entry of three dozen bottles of champagne at three francs a bottle in one of their accounts.

COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT

*For the Protection
of Authors*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN.

SIR:

A few days ago I received a letter that I think is of interest to all novelists. It is evidently from a lady, and as it is written anonymously I feel at liberty to quote it in full, and to submit it to you for your judgment as the one editor in this country whose journal is entirely devoted to books and book men. The epistle—it is rather more than a letter—runs as follows:

I am not as a rule given to the reading of novels; but I was intrigued by the title of what I presume is your latest work, and, having to kill many hours of a tiresome railway journey, I took it with me. I will confess that the opening chapters interested me enough to compel me to read on, although your style seemed to me to be faulty, and your use of adjectives somewhat pyrotechnic. But when I arrived at what I presume you call your plot or thesis, and discovered that you had taken the chapter from my life which I regard as completely sacred, and that you had had the impertinence to surround me with several of my most intimate friends without having seen fit to caricature these character portraits in the very least, I sat for the remainder of the journey, I can assure you, on thorns. My own adjectives in attempting to describe my feelings became, if anything, more pyrotechnic than yours; and when I finally arrived at my destination, my one desire was to go straight to the nearest lawyer and bring action against you—not for defamation of character, but for what I call the unethical exploitation of the

private lives, personalities, and characteristics of better-class people—and to make the whole world ring with the shame of it. In what manner you were able to discover a series of incidents in my past history which led up to a happy and devoted marriage, I am quite unable to say. How you came to meet these friends of mine, who are all very conservative and fastidious, is indeed a mystery. My father and mother moved in the best society from which were naturally excluded novelists, dramatists, painters and the like, and I am sure that none of my friends ever opened their doors to the tribe of scribblers to which you seem proud to belong. It is very obvious, therefore, that you must have become possessed of the romance of my early years in some nefarious manner—either by bribing the girl who was a maid of mine at the time, or by stealing a bundle of letters which to my horror disappeared from my desk two years ago.

Be that as it may, the fact remains that you have made use of a story of a young girl's early indiscretions, for mercenary purposes and entirely without permission; and thus rendered the lives of several people most uncomfortable and unhappy. I see this book of yours wherever I go, and the very sight of it puts me into a condition of nervousness which I am quite unable to describe. Until it is dead and done with, I shall go about on tenter-hooks, always self-consciously suspicious of having to answer questions in regard to certain episodes that I had hoped belonged only to myself and to a few of my most intimate friends. Apart from the pain which you have caused me, I regard this seizure of myself as illegitimate in the field of letters; and I wish to put on record the fact that I condemn the practice of making books out of the

secret history of living people as utterly abominable and in the worst possible taste. Why cannot you people draw upon your imagination? Why must you come to life for your plots and your characters? Is there to be no privacy in our homes?

It is with these numerous questions that this emotional letter ends. I have not, of course, the remotest idea who this lady is; and therefore I cannot answer her outburst to assure her on the word of honor of one who, naturally, may not be permitted to meet her socially, that I did not take my plot from the secret history of her past; nor did I surround the character whom she recognizes as herself with those of her friends who would lose caste were they to associate with novelists and dramatists. My plot, such as it is, is a fairy story. The girl and the boy are figments of my imagination, and I hoped and supposed that the adventures through which I made them pass were so new and original as never to have happened in life. I am bound to confess that some of the minor characters of the book were drawn from actual people, and that the place from which I derived my atmosphere is an actual village.

The ethical questions which this lady gives rise to have, of course, been raised before. Dickens and Thackeray, George Eliot, the Brontës, and the other great masters of fiction frequently got into hot water for the exquisite accuracy of their portraiture of living people; and I suppose that there is hardly a dead or living novelist who has not, at one time or another, done precisely what my angry correspondent so strongly objects to. To them there was obviously nothing unethical not only in putting into a novel the actual stories of living people (in such a way, of course, as not to

bring them under the long arm of the law), but in seizing upon any living persons whose characteristics were sufficiently interesting, and with a few strokes of the pen in drawing portraits which would be recognizable to everyone but themselves.

According to Webster a novel is "a fictitious tale or narrative in prose intended to exhibit the operation of the passions, and particularly of love"; and he defines a novelist as "an innovator, an assertor of novelty, a waiter of news". The question is, however, what is novelty? And is there anything new under the sun? Some years ago I perpetrated a story, the title of which I will not drag in, which, in the innocence of my heart, I conceived to be founded on a fictitious idea. I spent several months before writing it in the endeavor to make up a plot which should be so new, and so different from anything that I had heard of or met with in actual life, as to cause a sensation and jump into a best seller. Surely a very laudable ambition. In the ordinary course of events the book duly made its appearance.

A few weeks afterward one of my brothers was traveling from Devonshire to London. A man got into the same railway-carriage and presently, in the most un-English manner, opened up a cheery conversation. It was a long journey and, as the train eventually passed through the suburbs of the city, cards were exchanged. When the gentleman who had helped my brother most pleasantly to pass many weary hours read his name on the small square of pasteboard, he immediately changed from an amiable and charming person into a monster of rage and vituperation. "You are the brother", he shouted, "of that scoundrel who has just written such and such a book." The fact was ad-

mitted. "Are you aware, sir, that the whole plot of that villainous concoction is founded on the secret story of my family?" My brother denied the soft impeachment and stated that, to the best of his knowledge and belief, the book was founded on no one's story, was purely imaginative, and had been written after six months of mental anxiety which made its author a very difficult person to live with. The incident ended—as also did an acquaintance which had seemed quite likely to ripen into a delightful friendship.

A few weeks later I was sitting for the first time in a certain London club to which I had just been elected when a stern-faced individual, only just able to maintain his self-control, marched up to me and demanded that I should follow him to a private room, there to discuss something of enormous importance. With the door closed and the man's voice shaking with emotion, I was accused of having exploited the history of the family of this man, a complete stranger to me; and, during the curious hour which followed, it transpired that my fictitious plot was again true to life in every detail, even to the atmosphere in which it was laid; and that it threw open to public gaze an illegal incident which might easily upset the legitimacy of the irate gentleman who stood trembling before me. This was very disconcerting. It later turned out that this unfortunate story of mine, to which I had given birth in the solitude of my den, applied with equal faithfulness to seven other British families, representatives of whom all called upon me at various times to demand my blood. That was almost enough to put an end to my career. My natural resilience asserted itself, however, and I proceeded to the next book with a certainty that what-

ever plot I dug out of the interstices of my brain would be quite certain to have its counterpart in actual life.

The question is, it seems to me, not whether people and families are safe from novelists, but whether novelists are safe from people and families. Novels must be written. Women must read and writers must live, and the harbor bar must continue to moan. There ought to be, I think, a society to protect authors against anonymous letters, and irate gentlemen who linger in the mistaken belief that there is anything new under the sun. And if, as Webster asserts, a novelist is "a waiter of news"—a man who goes about with a metaphorical napkin over his arm carrying appetizing dishes from table to table and from group to group,—no one has a right to grumble if, in the dishes that he provides, his meat and vegetables have been dug out of actual soil. According to the doctrines of morality, which come under the heading of ethics, the man in the street should so rule his life that his past, present, and future may contain nothing which shall provide a plot for a novelist. Fiction is nothing but fact, and the imagination nothing but truth. I do not know the lady who writes to me. As a mere novelist it would be impossible for me to approach her. But she is only one of probably hundreds of ladies who claim to be the heroine of the novel which has given her so much discomfort. Every cap has a head to fit it, and in every corner of life there is a "chiel tackin'" notes.

The object of this letter is to ask you, sir, to establish a society for the protection of imaginists in their worthy endeavors to provide the reading public with relaxation; and to re-establish the fact, argued so many times since books have been printed,

that there is nothing unethical in going to life for incidents and for characters, and that there is no Canute, not even in the guise of the law, who may stand up and say "Back!" to the waves of imagination.

I am, sir,

Yours faithfully,

COSMO HAMILTON.

Blazing the Trail Up Parnassus

Writing for the magazines is becoming one of the most popular and delightful of indoor sports. It offers rare enjoyment to the devotee himself, and affords employment to many deserving editors who might otherwise have to work for a living. Unlike other sports, practice is not required to attain proficiency. Any aspirant with a neglected education, a limited vocabulary, and an impoverished imagination can master the simple rudiments of the game. Where it takes years of preparation and training to make a Ouimet or a Matty or even a fair plumber, one can with a minimum of effort become a Kipling or a London overnight. Why more people have not taken up this thoroughly fascinating pastime has long been a mystery in publishing circles.

It is a particularly fertile field to those who have failed to attain recognition in other more arduous and less attractive pursuits. Aside from the pleasure it affords, the game develops the muscles of the fingers, wrists, and arms, and enables one to remain at home where one's wife can be sure he is out of mischief. There is no whistle to chase, no clock to punch, and no union to join.

In the past many professionals in the game have heaped calumny upon

the sport in an attempt to discourage others from an easy livelihood. An ingrate by the name of Chaucer, whose spelling was abominable, began the insidious propaganda by coining this wheeze: "The lyf so short, the craft so long to lerne". The truth of that adage is applicable to golf alone. Lamb was another calamity howler who dreaded the thought of competition. His warning was: "Literature is a poor crutch and at best a fair walking-stick". That admonition would fail to deter the present-day literator whose garage is occupied by at least one motor-car. Another professional who basked in the favor of kings and cheated on his income tax, and strove to maintain the market price of his own wares, concocted this grim effusion:

Mark what ill the author's life assail:

Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the gaol!

The outfit for the beginner is easily procured. A bottle of ink, a pen, and a supply of white paper are the simple requirements. While an assured income is desirable, it is by no means essential, provided one lives at home and some member of the family has a steady job. Neither is pen and ink essential. Some of the best professionals use pencil exclusively. Editors are partial to handwritten copy—written on both sides of the paper and rolled. A rolled manuscript is always attractive, and when tied with a ribbon is sure to invite comment. Always select a topic which you know nothing about, for in doing so you excite the interest of the reader who may be familiar with the subject, and give him many surprising turns. Above all do not try to be original. Eve tried it and the Lord gave her a rejection slip. It has been said that everyone has a story to tell. There are some who doubt it, but as the

scoffers are to be found mostly among the personnel of editorial staffs, their opinions are naturally biased.

Formerly the story recipe was something on this order: one secured a plot, which, fired by imagination, was allowed to simmer for a long time, thereby bringing out the vital substances. These might be called color, atmosphere, and philosophy. Dialogue was sprinkled judiciously into the mixture and allowed to cool. Then, served with an attractive title, the dish was placed before the ultimate consumer. Happily that slow and tedious process is now obsolete and one can dispense with plot altogether, although the other ingredients may be used sparingly. In fact, the more advanced in the art claim that plot is superfluous, and a distinct hindrance rather than an aid to a story. That this teaching is growing in popularity is admitted by the majority of editors.

After you have written your first story, it is advisable to read it aloud to a group of admiring friends. If this is done in your own home, after you have set up a good meal and all that goes before and after it, your guests will doubtless praise your handiwork and begin to feel sorry for bush-leaguers like Wells and Bennett and Tarkington.

It is an excellent idea to write to an editor of a magazine and ask him if he buys stories and, if so, what price he will pay. Show him at the start that you are strictly business. The mere fact that a magazine publishes stories should not lead one to believe they are paid for. There is little use in reading over a copy of the magazine in question to get an idea of what it uses, for editors are perverse creatures and change their policies with each issue.

There are many pitfalls dug to trap

the unwary beginner, and the purpose of this article is to reveal a few of the nefarious practices indulged in by scheming editors and their hirelings.

To begin with, it is the acme of lost hope to mail a manuscript to a magazine. You will never get a fair reading and probably never have the manuscript returned. The magazines collect a large revenue by purloining the stamps you sometimes enclose, and in selling the paper at a good profit to the pulp-mills. If, by accident, your story happens to be read, and it contains an exceptionally good idea, the chances are someone on the staff will use it himself. This is one of the secrets of why so many of the popular writers have served apprenticeships on editorial staffs.

By all means take your manuscript in person, insist firmly upon seeing the editor himself, and when he appears demand his credentials. Often they send a third-assistant of the associate editor to talk with novices. Once you are certain it is the editor himself with whom you are talking—and you may be sure of it if he wears a hunted look and starts guiltily from time to time when the subject of money is mentioned,—insist upon reading your story aloud to him. An editor, even of the most rabid type, appreciates those little courtesies. It saves his eyes and gives him a chance to meditate upon the follies of a mispent career. To begin with, tell the editor your story is a true one. It grips his interest at the start, and once that is done you are reasonably sure of acceptance. If he timidly suggests that you make one or two minor changes in the script, become indignant. Impress upon him the fact that you did not come to seek advice. Always resent criticism. That is one of the cardinal rules to be observed by all

aspiring writers. It denotes independence, shows a strict adherence to lofty ideals, and places you on a firm footing with the editor. You know as well as he does that, if he were as brilliant as he pretends to be, he would be writing stories himself instead of paying others to do them.

After the editor has accepted your story, has intimated that he will feature it on the cover, and perhaps has invited you out to lunch, prepare to go to the mat with him in regard to price. Tell him you understand "The Monday Morning Pillar" pays ten cents a word, and watch his hair curl. An editor never pays what a story is worth; if he did the publisher would be riding in street-cars instead of a limousine. When you have won, and left the office with a check in your pocket along with a contract to do other stories at a higher rate, spend the rest of the day looking over the new styles of motor-cars and investigating the bond market.

When you see how easy it is to win honors in the new sport, neglect practising. There is little or no advantage to be gained in the study of plot fundamentals, style, or construction. It is a sheer waste of mental energy to analyze the work of the really few other successful writers; you can learn nothing from them as to simplicity, sequence, variety, and climax. Reading would probably lure you to imitancy. Work only when inspired and do not bother to revise or polish, for that is the assassin of style. In writing the mystery story always drop hints along that will lead the reader to an easy solution, for that will save him brain-fag and often spare him wading through to the last chapter.

Avoid human interest touches as you would the happy ending; both are pap for the unsophisticated. The tragic and the unpleasant are always desirable in fiction as in life. The episode is preferable to plot, and the eternal triangle offers limitless possibilities. Stories in dialect and those abounding in italics and foreign phrases are eagerly sought. Beginners will do well to remember these few suggestions.

Stories based upon a sport are easiest to write, consisting merely of describing a game in detail and permitting the heroine to clutch with the winner. They should be submitted to technical journals that do not use fiction. Religious publications offer exceptional markets for tales of domestic infidelity, along with stories of the barroom and others of a red-blooded nature. Problem stories will likely find acceptance with juvenile publications. Verse should be offered to periodicals that use none of it. There is always the chance that the editor never had anything worth while submitted to him. Christmas stories are to be submitted early in December, and those dealing with summer fancies along in August.

If your first few stories do not win immediate acceptance, it is probably because the editors are prejudiced against you, or because you have no influence with the advertising manager. If all your stories are rejected, you are eligible to set yourself up as an established critic and to teach others how to write and sell. In a word, writing for the magazines is ridiculously easy, although the cynic may have the temerity to announce that there is a distinction between writing for them and selling to them.

—ROLAND PHILLIPS

SOME BRITISH NOVELS

BY H. W. BOYNTON

The real magic of a romantic artist is not producing a rabbit out of his hat; it is producing a handful of cotton-wool and making us accept it for a rabbit. Or no—it is the more practical art of the fellow who can take your small change out of your pocket and hand it back to you as a valued gift. Here, for instance, is the classic situation of love on a desert island. What is more exciting than a man and a girl on a desert island? For the answer we may consult the conundrum about the pig under a gate. Everybody knows that answer, but the storytellers keep tendering it to us with an air of pleased courtesy, and churls are we if we accept it not with an air of pleased surprise. A Quiller-Couch rediscovered it the other day in "Foe-Farrell", and a Watson in "Where Bonds Are Loosed" and its sequel; and now that thoroughly experienced practitioner, E. Temple Thurston, has the well-founded cheek to use it as a novel situation in "David and Jonathan". More: Mr. Thurston couples the situation, as it was coupled in "Where Bonds Are Loosed", with another sempiternal idea, the return to savagery. What happens to white and civilized persons when they are cast away in the wild, preferably the elemental tropics? Mr. Thurston affects to be greatly impressed with this phenomenon. As he somewhat lumberingly pronounces in introducing his tale:

Civilization, with the brushes of speech in its hand, the colours of varied manners and customs on its palette, has succeeded in concealing our real purposes, our true impulsive

instincts, so that we are now scarcely conscious of the primary motives which, at the root of all, actuate us in everything we do.

It would seem as if, granting that we needed enlightenment on this point, the war, and the after war thus far, might have done something for us. But no, we must have two men and a girl on a tropical island. Reverently, and with an air of mystery, our expositor approaches his theme:

One of those isolated cases in which two men, and a woman as well, were brought face to face with the absolute and eternal impulses of life, and framed their conduct, worked out their destiny as inevitably and unconsciously upon the fundamental laws of existence as though civilization had but lightly touched them with its brush of speech, as though the pigment of habit and custom had concealed nothing of what they were.

Accepting this as a recondite fact, we may succeed in getting, with the author, quite breathless in pursuit of it. . . . The only valid excuse, I must feel, for this sort of rehandling of ancient matter (and the altogether sufficient excuse when, as in "Where Bonds Are Loosed", it exists at all) is that the author should have a veritable sense of rediscovery, and sweep us away with his own emotion about it. Mr. Thurston has merely taken the old materials and in cold blood contrived them. His elaborate manner does nothing toward reassuring us of his "call" to tell this particular story.

"Mockery" is a tale of more original quality. It culminates in a similar situation—shipwreck, remote island, and all: two girls and a man happens to be the formula. But the island is hardly more than a convenient staging for the final scene of the drama. The

main action is ironic, its mood a world removed from the romantic conventions that really underlie Mr. Thurston's tale. It has, to be sure, an eccentric hero, and that would in itself be in accord with the best recent fashion. But the queer fellow of Mr. Locke and Mr. Tarkington and the rest is queer because he is so normal, because he tells the truth and does the sensible thing while other people are squirming among the conventions: that, at least, is the "ideal". He is the angel-freak, the golden buffoon of immortal story. To use the word *hero* of the central figure in "Mockery" would be a far vaguer proceeding. That word, of course, is a famous relic of the time when romance had everything pretty much its own way. Thackeray's idea of a "novel without a hero" was regarded as a daring challenge in those days, but there are several males in the story who would rank very well among the thereabouts-heroes of the later novel. Current romance would ask nothing better than a Dobbin. About the youth in "Mockery" hangs no glamour of sentiment. He is a shabby fellow, inside and out. The only excuse we find for him, even at the very end, is based on the sufficiently British consideration of his lowly origin. That is the only excuse he finds for himself, and he is not happy over it. It does not alter the figure of mockery he at last sees himself to be. A cad and a rascal and—a brother: this is what the author has to interpret, and there is no getting away from the relationship. The story-teller goes pretty far with his method. All the other characters, like "Deadly-Earnest", with perhaps one exception, are disagreeable and unlikely from start to finish. As contrasted with a book of conventional sentiment like "David and Jonathan",

it is in truth a book of ironic realism.

Civilization and the wild are contrasted also in "The Buccaneer Farmer". Mr. Bindloss has built most of his work upon that contrast, mainly as a contrast between the formal Britisher and the life of the Canadian "Bush". But the present story is, as it were, in compartments; an odd conjunction rather than a mingling of English country life and South American filibustering adventure. This immensely prolific writer is a real storyteller, very much interested in his own rapid improvisations. His people and his action are always human, if extremely British. Class and property, those corner-stones of English fiction, play their customary part in the present story. But they are no longer unchallenged. The squire and the lord of the manor no longer have everything their own way; and we get an impression of Mr. Bindloss as, like Archibald Marshall, squaring up to the unhandy facts and trying to make the best of them. He goes so far this time as to marry the radical young farmer to the daughter of the squire. But first the squire has to be taught a thing or two, and the youth of low degree has to go off adventuring in America and to bring back something of a fortune. Altogether, it is an agreeable compound, with good British countryside romance in Parts I and III and some by no means perfunctory discussion of the problems of the English farmer and landlord; and in Part II is a spirited episode in the Caribbean, with Kit playing lieutenant to his filibustering uncle, "the old buccaneer", much to his ultimate profit.

"Glenmornan", by Patrick MacGill, represents an advance in art upon its predecessors, "The Rat Pit" and "The Red Horizon". It is equally vivid in

its interpretation of Irish peasant life, and has greater simplicity and firmness of structure. Indeed, its quality as a story is so high that the questions of its exact relation to the author's experience and opinions are questions of curiosity rather than importance. Doalty Gallagher is not Patrick MacGill, however close their kinship, nor is Glenmornan a slice of Irish landscape served plain. It is a true thing because it is *not* bare fact. Its very illusion of simplicity and almost of casualness belongs to it as a clear distillation of things and scenes and persons known and held in the alembic of memory. Glenmornan is itself a tiny place and humble, like Barrie's Thrums, and yet a place of magic—a glistening drop in which a race and a world are mirrored. In the foreground and clearest to the eye at a glance, is the little picture—the hamlet midway of the Glen, with its narrow farms running uphill from the river. The meadow-land along the river is too wet and too much exposed to flooding for cultivation; the clay of the hillsides washes down with the rains and has to be carried up again. Life is hard, and food of the simplest—chiefly bread, potatoes, and stir-about. There are local customs not held to, farther up or down the Glen. One fact is noticeable at once. These people do not get the value of their labor, are oppressed by landlord, and priest, and gombeen man. But they feel no moral indignation at this; it is merely not their luck to be at the top. They have no instinct for a free democratic existence. Their own pitiful community life is rigidly snobbish. Mr. MacGill presents the fact, as usual, without comment:

The people live frugally and are for the most part very poor. Most families have sufficient land to keep two cows and some

can keep more. A household is judged by its stock, and a family with four cows' grass to its name will not marry into a family which can only boast of three cattle . . . There are three Protestant families in the Glen, but religious rancor is not known. The class differences are more pronounced than the religious differences. The Quigleys, with one of their family a priest and the other a nun, hold themselves as much aloof from the poor Catholics as from the poor Protestants.

From this place has gone out into the world Doalty Gallagher, one of the ten children of Maura The Rosses, a widow of substance. He is a London journalist with a career before him, when a sudden revulsion against city ways and city work takes him back to Glenmornan, as he thinks, for good. He is happy at the farming, falls in love with a Glenmornan girl. But he is neither wise man nor fool enough to find acceptance there. He has outgrown the Glenmornan superstition and servility, and a word from the venal priest he has defied strips him of home, and love, and native land. They are not for him, not worthy of him, and yet he belongs to them: what hope is there for either, with the water between them? And with that wistful query of the self-exiled Irish suggested rather than uttered, the tale closes. It has bestowed upon us some memorable portraits: Maura The Rosses, to whom—hard woman that she is—the will of her unscrupulous parish priest is the will of God; Dennys The Drover, Sheila; above all, old Oiney Leahy—the kindly, the indomitable, the enslaved.

Certain reviewers of the English press are quoted as saying extravagant things of "Martin Schuler", with as much justification as is usual when such superlatives are used. The London "Daily News" declares it to be astonishing, imaginative, calm, simple, straightforward, and overwhelming; the London "Times" prefers to think

it surprising, disconcerting, intriguing, "but certainly convincing". "The Westminster Gazette" is content with nothing short of finding it "the most remarkable analytical work ever written by an Englishwoman". Alas, poor Jane! . . . We need not doubt that American reviewers may be found to supply the adjectives not represented above, namely, compelling, vital, virile, gripping, and—that seems to complete the list. Waiving the legal right of the reviewer to tender this sort of verbal wampum, let us fumble for an honest copper coin of criticism. This is an old story, the story of the erratic genius, the monster of "temperament", who becomes a god of art by playing the devil with the decencies of human relationship: the super-cad through whom the beauty of the universe chooses to speak to the hearts of men. I have little patience with this fable, for I believe it rests on a vulgar fallacy and not an established truth: on the fascinating but idle notion (long ago assailed by Carlyle) that the creative impulse springs from weakness and queerness and incontinence and egotism, and not from health and strength. Great men are fallible, but they are not great on that account. If you can believe that there was a youth named Martin Schuler, and that he was a genius and born to produce at least one musical masterpiece, you have still to believe that his temperament—that is, his egotism and eccentricity—did the trick. If the story was to be retold, this writer has done well in telling it as if it were totally new; and she has a naturalistic touch and a turn of style sufficiently un-English, a product of the literary internationalism of our period. What would our "younger English school" be without the Russians?

Being the picture of a very gallant gen-

tleman; the adventures of his spirit in war and peace; the tale of his daughters, his son, their friends; of their loves and miseries; of the way of the world through the great war into the unexplored regions of peace—

such is the full subtitle of "Blind Alley", which W. L. George, that cosmopolitan tilter against British conventions, believes to be his best work. "Most cosmic" is the phrase he uses, not altogether intelligibly. If one work of art could be "more cosmic" than another, it would not be the complex, sophisticated, balancing, many-sided commentary on life, but the simple, boiled-down interpretation of it. I find more of the universe in a "Glenmornan" than in a "Blind Alley", perhaps because I do not look upon the universe itself as a blind alley. Mr. George, like so many of his brilliant contemporaries, is at his best as a debater on the negative side. Sir Hugh, the "very gallant" middle-aged gentleman of this narrative, is a person with whom we grow as familiar as we did with his contemporary Mr. Britling. We are called upon to be almost indecorously intimate with the minutiae of his mental and moral toilet. We follow every spiritual gesture, assist at every intellectual and emotional reaction. We agree that he is a fine fellow in his way. His gallantry as a gentleman does what it can for him, and he has more mind and heart than most of his class. But his progress is from one disillusion to another. His family, his England, his cosmos, his own soul, are all stumbling in the blind alley of life as war exposes it. The only stable thing in his consciousness is the cat Kallikrates, supreme in his indifference to God and man. And joined to this study of man, the ineffectual, is Mr. George's favorite picture of woman the unmoral, the parasitic and predacious, worshipping the physical brute in man, and con-

tributing to the muddle of his experience. The episode of Monica and her insufferable Cottenham, to whose crude approaches she responds with the facility of a housemaid, is typical of this writer's notion of the relation of the sexes.

On the whole, Mr. George might be described as a Wells without the pharmacopœia. He is equally ready with the diagnosis, but not with the new and magical powder or bolus which Dr. Wells has always just discovered for our benefit. In the hands of Dr. George, we are to avoid Victorian plum pudding, and to keep our windows open to the continental airs, and he will call again. By a not too strained analogy, Mr. Snaith may figure to our fancy as a Bennett without the ironic smile. "The Undeclared" has very much the Five Towns atmosphere, but is frankly a story of sentiment. Blackhampton at war is to this writer a moving as well as an absorbing spectacle. He sees in England's devotion itself, in her awakening to generous action and ungrudged suffering, a clue to the path out of the apparently blind alley in which civilization now gropes. His Josiah Munt, the publican who has crowded his way to vulgar success, finds himself arrived at the coveted pinnacle as mayor of Blackhampton at the moment when England turns to face the full brunt of the war. Blackhampton thinks it no accident that it is the exact geographical center of England, for is not its market-place a "nodal point of the local life and the life of the empire"? In doing its part in the war, Blackhampton and its mayor are to be roused from their provincial self-sufficiency to something like a realization of the world they live in. Munt's selfish efficiency is turned into a useful servant of the great cause, and he him-

self is mellowed and humanized in the process. So also his unowned son-in-law, the slack dreamer, William Hollis, is given a path to follow along which he finds manhood and companionship before him; it leads him willingly to "die a soldier and a gentleman that his faith and his friends may live". Yes, this is sentiment—the sentiment upon which, deeper than our sentimentality or our uneasy skepticism, our hope of the world's destiny still firmly rests.

"The Playground of Satan" is a war story of uncommon scene and high quality. Here is another chronicler who, without blinking her facts, is sturdily hopeful in her interpretation of them. The setting is Poland in the early days of the war. The action centers in a family of the old Polish nobility. Its head, Count Ian, lives upon the ancient estate in what has now long been Russian Poland, with his mother—a *grande dame* without blemish—an orphan cousin Vanda, and an English girl who is Vanda's friend. Ian is a country gentleman, absorbed in the duties of his estate. Vanda he vaguely expects to marry, but they have grown up together, and there is no hurry. Suddenly he is confronted with the fact that two cousins, brothers and brilliant fellows in their different ways, are formal suitors for Vanda's hand. She betroths herself to one of them; but her heart has always belonged to Ian. Out of this situation develops a delicately handled love story. But the book is much more than that. It gives a picture in little of helpless Poland torn between her owners, Germany and Russia, and of her momentary conquest by the worse of these masters. Nevertheless, the final note of the book is sounded from the lips of the rough Cossack Ossap, at the moment when, harried by the

Hun, the case of Russia as well as Poland begins to be desperate: "Yes; we spit upon life. So we shall win, in the end. And our children shall be freed."

Unluckily for the author of "The Fire of Green Boughs", though essentially a romancer she has set out with an "idea" which embitters her pages without being really embodied in her main action. It is suggested in the title; and is, in effect, that in this war the young have been sacrificed by, and for the advantage of, the old—the old meaning all men above military age; and that the sacrifice has been to the infinite detriment of the world for generations to come. We are to picture all those of all warring countries, who could not, if they would, get into the actual fighting, as sitting home inert; or complacently and selfishly busying themselves with the resumption of that authority, that stupid and bungling tyranny, which the young in this century had almost snatched from them. Here is a young Englishman sent home disfigured but not crippled, who in one breath cries, "God! I wish I'd been old enough to have been killed in one of the first seven divisions"; and in the next mutters: "I'd put up gibbets all over Europe and hang every man who was over military age and then there would be a clean slate". The chief trouble with this youth seems to be not his memories of carnage, or his disfigurement, but a certain clipping he carries about and broods over till it drives him to suicide:

To many of us the greatest trial that this war has brought is that it has released the old men from all restraining influences and has left (*sic*) them loose upon the world. . . . Just when the younger generation was beginning to take its share in the affairs of the world and was hoping to counteract the Victorian influences of the older generation, this war has come to silence us. . . .

Us! This, we are to take it, is the voice of youth, cursing those who are too old to fight and who have found it so luxurious to do their own work and the younger generation's as well, at home. Let us have a war of the generations, by all means, since wars of race, and class, and sex begin to pall upon us! . . . The story of Dominic and Sylvia and Willie Kent, and of the England and Ireland they know in wartime, is well worth telling without burdening it with so brutal and foolish and, on the whole, trumped up a "line" of propaganda.

Not that we need deny or bewail the clear tendency of our time to break down the barriers of pompous authority that have stood between the "Victorian" parents of all ages and their offspring. If the notorious British paterfamilias and his American counterpart still lift their heads in pride, let us hit them again, by all means. But why be nasty about it? The satire of "The Pelicans" touches the foibles of the old (that is, of the grown-up) sharply enough, without altogether denying them the charity due to fellow beings. In making herself a bore and a nuisance to her chil-

David and Jonathan. By E. Temple Thurston. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Mockery. By Alexander MacFarlan. Dodd, Mead and Co.

The Buccaneer Farmer. By Harold Bindloss. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Glenmornan. By Patrick MacGill. George H. Doran Company.

Martin Schuler. By Romer Wilson. Henry Holt and Co.

Blind Alley. By W. L. George. Little, Brown and Co.

The Undefeated. By J. C. Snaith. D. Appleton and Co.

The Playground of Satan. By Beatrice Baskerville. W. J. Watt and Co.

The Fire of Green Boughs. By Mrs. Victor Rickard. Dodd, Mead and Co.

The Pelicans. By E. M. Delafield. Alfred A. Knopf.

dren, poor Bertie Tregaskis in the end becomes a bore and a nuisance to herself, without ever quite understanding what has happened—a piteous figure, to whom the author does not deny a certain head-shaking sympathy. The chronicler rather overworks her peculiar vein of humorous dialogue, so that we weary of the petty egotism and the petty malice underlying the extremely

wordy intercourse of her chief adult characters. As a satire upon age, the book lacks the sure and restrained touch which marked this writer's earlier satire upon youth, "Zella Sees Herself". The episode of little Frances and her "vocation" stands out as an extraordinarily realistic study of a phenomenon most difficult for the Protestant world to understand.

ON FIRST READING THE "NEW" POETRY

BY CAROLYN WELLS

I put it off long as I might,—and then
 I put it off again—and yet again.
 "For",—said I, musing,—"'tis not easy lore,—
 I must jack up my slipshod soul before
 I strive to reach the heights they stoop to brush
 With their great wings of genius. I must lush
 My soul in laving fountains. I must use
 All aids to listen to the modern muse."
 'Twas thus I pondered. Eke I did despair,
 Even after days of fasting,—days of prayer,
 Of ever getting in a proper frame
 To tackle that new poetry, whose fame
 Was wafted me-ward by each calling friend,
 Each offering me the cherished books to lend.
 Well,—I made ready,—I prepared to thrill,—
 To feel the shiver of that spinal chill,—
 That high soul-pressure. Leveling my head,
 Expectantly I sat me down and read.
 Read? Nay, devoured! drew in, gulped down, absorbed,—
 As gasping, panting, open-mouthed, sound-orbed,
 I galloped on! Just pausing here and there
 To note a new bad word or novel swear,—
 Then,—something seemed upsetting in the talk—
 I hurriedly went out and took a walk.

* * *

That first mad reading I shall ne'er forget;
 The second? Well,—that hasn't happened yet!

WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE

NEW YORK, *May*, 1919.

I knew a man who used to do some writing, more or less of it—articles and essays and little sketches and things like that—and he went to another man who was a publisher. (I know all of this because it was told to me not long ago at a club.) And he said (this first man) that he would like to have published a book of some of his pieces. He hadn't done much, if any, writing for a number of years. Matters had been going rather bad with him, and he had lost more than a little of his buoyancy. The spark had waned; in fact, it was not there. (This he did not say, but so the matter was.)

Anyhow, he did say that this collection of material had about it the rich glow of his prime, that it was living with the fullness of his life, that as a contributor of these papers to magazines he had (or had had) a personal following decent enough in size, that the book, by all reasoning, ought to go far, and so on. The volume was published. It was called—no, I have forgotten what it was called. However, I heard that it got a very fair press, and sold somewhat.

Then, in about a year or so, round came the man again to the publisher with another batch of little papers. He had aged perceptibly within this time, and matters had been going with him rather worse than before. No, he hadn't been able to write anything lately. (For a moment a haunted look crossed his face, a look as though in some sad hidden secret he had been discovered.) But (brightening up again) here he

had a better book than before; it was a much better book than before, as it was an earlier one. These things breathed the gusto of his young manhood. They were perhaps a bit miscellaneous in character, he had got them out of the files of various journals, but they had a verve, a fire, a *flair* for life, which he couldn't better now. A great deal more he said to this effect.

Times, however, change (as has frequently been observed). What is sauce for the goose is *not* always sauce for the gander. That is to say, other days other ways. I do not know that I gathered (that evening at the club) what was the upshot of the matter in this instance between the man of whom I am speaking and the publisher. But it is to be feared that time had blown upon those things of his of other days as it had upon the temple of his soul and its inhabitant.

Well (so the story goes) the world went forward at a dizzy rate. There was flame and sword. Ministries rose and fell. Dynasties passed away. Customs handed down from antiquity, and honored among the ancients, were obliterated by mandate and statute. And man wrought things of many sorts in new ways.

On a Friday at about half past two (a pleasant day it was, in the spring, with new buds coming out in the parks and a new generation of children all about) again in came our old friend to see his friend the publisher. Well, well, and how was he now, and what was new with him? Why, a rotten bad run of cards had been his ever since he had been round before: rheu-

matism and influenza, dentist and oculist, wife down and brother dead, nothing much accomplished. He sat for a moment and there was no light in him. No, (you saw it now, quite) he was a lamp without oil.

He undid the package containing his manuscript. Here was a book (those yellow clippings), well, here was a book! This was a *younger* book than either of his others. On it was the gleaming dew of his youth. Perhaps a little scrappy, very brief, and, many of them, rather unequal in length—these things; and very light. Ah, that was the point, that was the point! The lightness, the freshness, the spontaneity, the gaiety of the springtime of life! One could not recapture that. It would be impossible, quite impossible, for him now to write such things as these. He did

not now think the same way, feel, see the same way, work—the same way. No, no; there comes a hardening of the spiritual and intellectual arteries. This was a *younger* book, a *younger* book (and as he leaned forward with finger raised, a light, for an instant, flickered again in his eye) than any of his others.

* * *

There was a man at that club when this story was told who remarked: "It is said (is it not?) that Swift rereading 'Gulliver' many years after it was written exclaimed: 'My God, what a genius I had at that time!'"

And another man there at the time reminded us of the place somewhere in the books of George Moore where it is observed that "anybody can have talent at twenty, the thing is to have talent at fifty".

MURRAY HILL

JEREMY

BY HUGH WALPOLE

(Continued)

CHAPTER X

The Awakening of Charlotte

§1

Toward the end of the first fortnight's stay at Cow Farm, it was announced that very shortly there would be a picnic at Rafiel Cove. Jeremy had been waiting for this proclamation; once or twice he had asked whether they were going to the Cove and had been told "not to bother", "all in good time", and other ridiculous elderly finalities; but he knew that the day must come as it had always come every year. The picnic at Rafiel was always the central event of the summer.

And he had this year another reason for excited anticipation—the wonderful Charlotte Le Page was to be present. Until now Jeremy had never taken the slightest interest in girls. Mary and Helen, being his sisters, were necessities and inevitabilities, but that did not mean that he could not get along very easily without them; and indeed Mary with her jealousies, her strange, sulky temper and sudden sentimental repentances, was certainly a burden and restraint. As to the little girls in Polchester he had frankly found them tiresome and stupid, thinking of themselves, terrified of the most natural phenomena, and untruthful in their statements.

Girls were stupid, uninteresting, conceited, and slow. He never, in all his life, wanted to have anything to do with girls. But Charlotte Le Page

was another matter. She had, in the first place, become quite a tradition in the Cole family. She was the daughter of a wealthy landowner who always spent his holidays in Rafiel. She and her very beautiful, very superior mother had been seen on many occasions by the Coles driving about the Glebeshire roads in a fine and languid manner, a manner to which the Coles knew, very well, they themselves could never attain. Then Mrs. Cole had called, and Mrs. Le Page and Charlotte had come to tea at Cow Farm. This had been a year ago when Jeremy had been only seven; nevertheless he had been present during the first part of the ceremony and Charlotte had struck him as entirely amazing.

He had simply gazed at her with his mouth open, forgetting all his good manners. She was at this time nine or ten years of age, but very small and, as they say of the most modern kind of doll, "perfect in every particular". She had wonderful hair of a bright rippling gold; her cheeks were pink and her eyes were blue; and she was so beautifully dressed that you could not take in details, but must simply surrender yourself to a cloudy film of white or blue with everything so perfectly in its place that it seemed to the rough and ready Jeremy quite unearthly. Of course she had to be very careful how she walked, when she sat down, in what way she moved her hands and feet, and how she blew her nose. It was wonderful to see her do

these things—she did them so naturally and yet always with a sense of an effort overcome for the good of humanity. Her mother never ceased to empty praises at her feet, appealing to visitors with: "Isn't Charlotte too lovely today?" or "Really, Mrs. Cole, did you ever see anything like Charlotte's hair?" or "Just a moment, Mrs. Cole, I'm sure you've never seen such hands and feet on any human being before"—and it was impossible to tell whether or no Charlotte was moved by these praises because she never said anything at all. She was almost completely silent and once, at the tea-gathering in Cow Farm, when she suddenly said: "I'm tired, Mamma", Jeremy nearly jumped from his chair, so astonished he was.

Jeremy had, during the year that intervened between that visit and this, sometimes thought of Charlotte and he had looked back upon her, not as a little girl but as something strange, fantastic, wonderfully colored, whom it would be interesting to see again. He wondered why Mary and Helen could not be like that instead of running about and screaming and becoming red in the face. He said once to Mary that she should imitate Charlotte, and the scene that followed was terrible. Mary, from that moment, hated Charlotte with an overpowering hatred.

Here this year they were again, Mrs. Le Page with her long neck, her beautiful pearl earrings, her pale watery eyes, and her tapering fingers; Charlotte just as before, silent, beautiful, and precious. There was again a tea-party at Cow Farm and on this occasion Jeremy was asked to show Hamlet. But Hamlet behaved badly, trying to jump upon Charlotte's white frock and soil her blue ribbons. Charlotte screamed exactly as a doll

screams when you press it in the stomach; and Hamlet was so deeply astonished at the unexpected noise that he stopped his bad behavior, sat on his hind legs, and gazed up at her with an anxious, wondering expression. In spite of this unfortunate incident the visit went off well, and Mrs. Cole said that she had never seen anything so lovely as Charlotte; and Mrs. Le Page said: "No, had anyone ever?" and Charlotte never turned a hair. The final arrangement was that there should be a picnic and soon, because "Mr. Le Page has to return to Warwickshire to look after the estate—so tiresome but I've no doubt it's all going to wrack and ruin without him".

After the picnic had been arranged the Coles were, frankly, a little uneasy. The family of Le Page was not the easiest in the world to entertain and the thought of a whole day with Mr. Le Page, who was a very black, very silent gentleman and looked as though he were always counting sums over in his head, was truly alarming. Moreover, in the ordinary way, a picnic, which depended so entirely for its success on the weather, was no great risk because the Coles were indifferent to rain as all true Glebeshire people must be. But that the Le Pages should be wet was quite another affair; the thought of a dripping Mrs. Le Page was intolerable, but of a dripping Charlotte quite impossible; moreover the plain but excellent food—pastries, saffron cake, apples, and ginger-beer—enjoyed by the Coles seemed quite too terrestrial for the Le Pages. Mrs. Le Page and ginger-beer! Charlotte and pastries! . . . nevertheless the invitation had been given and accepted. The Coles could but anxiously inspect the sky. . . .

§2

There was another reason why

Jeremy looked forward to the picnic with impatience. A funny old lady, named Miss Henhouse, who lived near Cow Farm in a little cottage all by herself, called sometimes upon the Coles and told them stories about the people and the place which made them "sit up in their chairs". She was an old lady with sharp eyes, a black mustache, and a double chin; wore an old shabby bonnet, grey mittens, and large shoes which banged after her as she walked. It was from her that Jeremy heard, in detail, the famous story of the Scarlet Admiral. How one night outside Rafiel Cove there was a terrible storm and on the morning afterward a wonderful, smiling calm; and how the village idiot, out for his early morning stroll, saw a splendid ship riding beyond the Cove. As he watched, a boat pushed out from the ship and then landed on the sand of the Cove a wonderful company in cocked hats of gold lace, plush breeches of red, and shoes with diamond buckles. The fool, peering over the hedge, saw the leader give orders to his men and then walk, alone, up the little winding path, to the cliff-top, standing at last upon the turnip field of Farmer Ede, one of the greatest of the farmers of those parts. And here he waited staring out to sea, his arms crossed, his eyes very fierce and very, very sad. Then, a second time from the golden ship a boat pushed out, and there landed on the beach a young man, very beautiful, in a suit of blue and gold; and he, without a glance at the waiting sailors, also slowly climbed the sea-path, and, at last, he too reached Farmer Ede's turnip field. Then he and the Scarlet Admiral bowed to one another, very beautifully, very sadly, and very, very fiercely. So as the sun rose high in the sky, as the cows passed clumsily down

the lane behind the field, the fool, with eyes staring and heart thumping, saw these two fight a duel to the death. There could be no question, from the first, how it would end. The beautiful young man in his fine blue suit and his white cambric shirt had despair upon his face. He knew that his hour had come. And the eyes of the little Scarlet Admiral were ever sadder and ever fiercer. Then, with a sudden move, a little turn of his agile body, the Scarlet Admiral had the young man through the breast. The young man threw up his arms and cried and as the Scarlet Admiral withdrew his sword, dripping with blood, the young man fell backward over the cliff into the sea. Then the Scarlet Admiral joined his men. They found their boat, pushed out to their ship—and even as they landed upon her she disappeared. A moment later the fool saw the parson of Rafiel Church coming round the corner for his morning bath, and two minutes afterward nothing human was to be seen save the naked limbs of the parson and his little bundle of black clothes lying neatly upon a stone. Then the fool ran all the way home to his mother, who was a widow; and sat and cried and cried for the beautiful young man who had been slain; nor would he eat, nor taste the excellent Rafiel beer. And he pined away, and he pined away, and at last he died, first telling this history to his mother who, like all widows, was a garrulous woman and loved a good story. . . .

Impossible to imagine with what life and fire old Miss Henhouse gave this history. You could see with your own eyes the golden ship, the diamond buckles of the Scarlet Admiral, the young man's sad eyes, the parson's black clothes. When she had finished, it seemed to Jeremy that it must have

been just so. She told him that now on a summer morning or evening the Scarlet Admiral might still be seen, climbing the cliff-path, wiping his sword upon the grass, gazing out with sad eyes to sea. Jeremy swore to himself that on the next occasion of visiting the Cove he would watch . . . he would watch—but to no single human being would he speak of this.

This was the second reason why he had looked forward so eagerly to the sea-picnic.

§3

The day arrived and it was marvelously fine—one of those days in August when heat possesses the world and holds it tranced and still, but has in the very strength of its possession some scent of the decay and chill of autumn that is to follow so close upon its heels. There was no breeze, no wind from the sea, only a sky utterly without cloud and a world without sound.

Punctually at eleven of the morning the splendid Le Page equipage arrived at Cow Farm. Splendid it was! A large wagonette, with a stout, supercilious fellow on the box who sniffed at the healthy odors of the farm and stared haughtily at Mrs. Monk as though she should be ashamed to be alive. The Coles had provided a small plump "jingle" with a small plump pony, their regular conveyance; the pony was Bob and he would not go up hills unless persuaded with sugar, but Jeremy loved him and would not have ridden behind any other steed in the whole world. How contemptuously the big black horses of the wagonette gazed down their nostrils at Bob and how superbly Mrs. Le Page, sitting very upright under her white sunshade, greeted Mrs. Cole!

"Dear Mrs. Cole. . . . Such a hot

morning isn't it? Lovely, of course, but so hot!"

"I'm afraid", Jeremy heard his mother say, "that your carriage will never get down the Rafael lane, Mrs. Le Page. We hoped you'd come in the dog-cart. Plenty of room. . . ."

Superb to witness the fashion in which Mrs. Le Page gazed at the dog-cart.

"For all of us? . . . Dear Mrs. Cole, I scarcely think—And Charlotte's frock. . . ."

Then Jeremy turned his eyes to Charlotte. She sat under a miniature sunshade of white silk and lace, a vision of loveliness. She was a shimmer of white, a little white cloud that had settled for a moment upon the seat of the carriage to allow the sun to dance upon it, to caress it with fingers of fire, so to separate it from the rest of the world forever as something too precious to be touched. Jeremy had never seen anything so lovely.

He blushed and scraped his boots the one against the other.

"And this is Jeremy?" said Mrs. Le Page, as though she said: "And this is where you keep your little pigs, Mr. Monk?"

"Yes", said Jeremy blushing.

"Charlotte, this is Jeremy. You must be friends."

"Yes", said Charlotte without moving. Then Jeremy tumbled into the stern gaze of Mr. Le Page who, arrayed as he was in a very smart suit of the whitest flannels, looked with his black beard and fierce black eyebrows like a pirate king disguised.

"How are you?" said Mr. Le Page in a deep bass voice.

"Very well, thank you", said Jeremy.

To tell the truth, Mrs. Cole's heart sadly misgave her when she saw the Le Page family all sitting up so new

and so bright in their new and bright carriage. She thought of the simple preparations that had been made—the pastries, the saffron buns, and the ginger-beer; she looked around her at the very plain but useful garments worn by her family; her husband in faded grey flannel trousers and a cricketing shirt, Helen and Mary in the simplest blue cotton, and Jeremy in his two-year-old sailor suit. She had intended to bring their bathing things in a bundle, but now she put them aside. It was obvious that the Le Pages had no intention of bathing. She sighed and foresaw a difficult day ahead of her. . . .

It was evident that the Le Pages did not intend to come one step farther into Cow Farm than was necessary.

"Dear Mrs. Cole, on a hot day—how you can endure the smells of a farm! . . . such a charming farm, too, with all its cows and pigs but in this weather . . . Charlotte darling, you don't feel the heat? No? Hold your sunshade a little more to the right, love. That's right. She was not quite the thing last night, Mrs. Cole. I had some doubts about bringing her, but I knew you'd all be so disappointed. She's looking rather lovely today, don't you think? You must forgive a mother's partiality. . . . Oh, you're not bringing that little dog, are you? Surely . . ."

Jeremy, who had from the first hated Mrs. Le Page, forgot his shyness and brought out fiercely:

"Of course he's coming. Hamlet always goes everywhere with us."

"Hamlet!" said Mr. Le Page in his deep bass voice.

"What a strange name for a dog!" said Mrs. Le Page in tones of vague distrust.

At last it was settled that one member of the Cole party should ride with

the Le Pages, and Mary was selected. Poor Mary! inevitably chosen when something unpleasant must be done. Today it was especially hard for her because she entertained so implacable a hatred for the lovely Charlotte and looked, it must be confessed, so plain and shabby by the side of her. Indeed, to any observer with a heart it must have been touching to see Mary driven away in that magnificent black carriage, staring with agonized hostility in front of her through her large spectacles, compelled to balance herself exactly between the magnificent sunshade of Mrs. Le Page and the smaller but also magnificent sunshade of the lovely Charlotte. Mrs. Cole, glancing in that direction, may have felt with a pang that she would never be able to make her children handsome and gay as she would like to do—but it was certainly a pang of only a moment's duration.

She would not have exchanged her Mary for a wagon-load of Charlottes.

And Jeremy, bumping along in the "jingle", also felt the contrast. Why could not Mary wear her straw hat straight and why must she have elastic under her chin? Why did she look so cross and so stupid? Why did she bother him so with her worries? Charlotte would never worry him. She would just sit there, looking beautiful, with her golden hair, blue eyes, and pink cheeks. Next week was to be Miss Jones's birthday and in preparation for this he had bought for her in Polchester a silver thimble. He wondered whether he would not give Charlotte this thimble instead of Miss Jones. He could give Miss Jones some old thing he would find somewhere, or he would go and pick for her some flowers. She would be pleased with anything. He wondered what Charlotte would say when he gave her the

thimble. She would like it, of course. She would smile. . . . She would open her eyes and look at him. Fortunately he had the thimble even now in his pocket. He had bought it when he was wearing this same suit. Yes, he would give it to her. As he decided this he looked at Miss Jones guiltily, but she was making such odd faces as she squinted to escape from the sun that he did not feel ashamed.

They came to that steep hill just beyond Garth Woods and Bob of course refused to move. The superb Le Page affair dashed past them, shouted something at them, and disappeared over the brow of the hill. The last thing to be seen of them was the fierce despairing glance of the imprisoned Mary. A strange sensation of relief instantly settled upon the Coles. For a moment they were alone; they began slowly to walk up the hill, dragging with them the reluctant Bob. About them was peace, absolute and unstained. The hard glitter of the day shone upon the white road but behind them the wood was dark and cool, a green cloud against the sky. Behind the steep hedges the harvesters were moving. In the air a lark was singing and along the ditch at the roadside a tiny stream tumbled. And beyond these sounds there was a vast, tranquil silence.

The Coles moved up the hill very slowly, only Hamlet racing ahead to find spots of shadow where he might lie down and pant. They would not confess to themselves that this promised to be the happiest moment of their day. They went bravely forward.

On the bend of the hill the Le Pages were waiting for them. What Mrs. Cole had foreseen had in truth occurred. The Le Page carriage would not go down the Rafiel lane. No, it

would not. . . . Nothing would induce it to.

"James", said Mrs. Le Page to her stout and disdainful attendant.

"Nothing, ma'am", said James.

"Dear me, dear me", said Mrs. Le Page. "Well then, we must walk", said the deep, despairing voice of the pirate king.

And walk they did.

§4

That walk was, as Mrs. Cole afterward said, "a pity" because it destroyed the Le Page tempers when the day was scarcely begun. Mr. Le Page was, it was quickly descried, not intended for walking. Strong and fierce though he seemed, heat instantly crumpled him up. The perfect crease of his white trousers vanished, his collar was no longer spotless, little beads of perspiration appeared almost at once on his forehead, and his black beard dripped moisture. Mrs. Le Page, with her skirts raised, walked as though she were passing through the valley of Destruction; every step was a risk and a danger; and the difficulty of holding her skirts and her sunshade at the same time, and of seeing that her shoes were not soiled and her hat not caught by an offending bough, gave her face an expression of desperate despair.

There was unfortunately one spot very deep down in the lane where the ground was never dry even in the height of the hottest summer. A little stream ran here across the path and the ground on either side was soft and sodden. Mrs. Le Page, struggling to avoid an overhanging branch, stepped into the mud; one foot stuck there, and it needed Mr. Cole's strong arm to pull her out of it.

"Charlotte! Charlotte!" she cried. "Don't let Charlotte step into that!

Mr. Cole! Mr. Cole! I charge you—my child!” Charlotte was conveyed across but the damage was done. One of Mrs. Le Page’s beautiful shoes was thick with mud.

When therefore the party, climbing out of the lane, came suddenly upon the path leading down to the Cove, with the sea like a blue cloud in front of them, no one exclaimed at the view. It was a very beautiful view—one of the finest of its kind in the United Kingdom, the high rocks closing in the Cove and the green hills closing in the rocks. Unfortunately, at the moment when the Coles and their friends beheld it, it was blazing in the sun. Soon the sun would pass and, during the whole afternoon, half of it at least would lie in shadow; but the Le Pages could not be expected to think of that.

The basket was unloaded from the “jingle” and carried down to the beach by Mr. Cole and Jim. Jeremy, finding himself at the side of the lovely Charlotte, was convulsed with shyness, the more since he knew that the unhappy Mary was listening with jealous ears. Charlotte walking, like Agog, “delicately”, had a piteous expression in her eyes as though she were being led to the torture.

Jeremy coughed and began: “We always come here every year. Don’t you like it?”

“Yes”, she said miserably.

“And we paddle and bathe. Do you like bathing?”

“Going into the sea?”

“Yes.”

“Oh no! Mother says I mustn’t because it’ll hurt my hair. Do you like my hair?”

“Yes”, said Jeremy, blushing at so direct an invitation to compliment.

“Mother says I’ve got to be very careful of my hair because it’s my chief beauty.”

“Yes”, said Jeremy.

“I have a maid, Alice, and she brushes it a whole hour every morning and a whole hour every evening.”

“Don’t you get tired?” asked Jeremy. “I know I should.”

“Mother says if you have such beautiful hair you must take trouble with it”, Charlotte gravely replied.

Her voice was so like the voice of a parrot that Jeremy’s grandmother had once possessed that it didn’t seem as though a human being was speaking at all. They were near the beach now and could see the blue slipping in, turning into white bubbles, then slipping out again—

“Do you like my frock?” said Charlotte.

“Yes”, said Jeremy.

“It was bought in London. All my clothes are bought in London.”

“Mary’s and Helen’s aren’t”, said Jeremy, with some faint idea of protecting his sisters. “They’re bought in Polchester.”

“Mother says”, said Charlotte, “that if you’re not pretty, it doesn’t matter where you buy your clothes.”

They arrived on the beach and stared about them. It became at once a great question as to where Mrs. Le Page would sit. She could not sit on the sand which looked damp, nor equally of course on a rock that was spiky and hard. What to do with her? She stood in the middle of the beach still holding up her skirts, gazing desperately about her, looking first at one spot and then at another. “Oh dear! the heat!” she exclaimed. “Is there no shade anywhere? Perhaps in that farmhouse over there . . .” It was probable enough that no member of the Cole family would have minded banishing Mrs. Le Page into the farmhouse, but it would have meant that the whole party must accompany her.

That was impossible. They had come for a picnic and a picnic they would have.

"What does everyone say to our having lunch now?" cried Mrs. Cole cheerfully. "It's after one and I'm sure everyone's hungry."

No one said anything, so preparations were begun. A minute piece of shade was found for Mrs. Le Page and here she sat on a flat piece of rock, with her skirts drawn close about her as though she were afraid of rats or crabs. A table-cloth was laid on the sand and the provisions spread out—pastries for everybody, egg sandwiches, seed-cake, and jam-puffs—and ginger-beer. It looked a fine feast when it was all there and Mrs. Cole, as she gave the final touch to it by placing a drinking glass containing two red rosebuds in the middle, felt proud of her efforts and hoped that after all the affair might pass off bravely. But alas, how easily the proudest plans fall to the ground.

"I hope, Alice, you haven't forgotten the salt!"

Instantly Mrs. Cole knew that she had forgotten it. She could see herself standing there in Mrs. Monk's kitchen forgetting it. How could she? And Mrs. Monk, how could *she*? It had never been forgotten before.

"I'm so sorry, Mrs. Le Page, I'm afraid . . ."

"My dear Mrs. Cole! What does it matter? Not in the least, I assure you. In this heat it's impossible to feel hungry, isn't it? I assure you I don't feel as though I could touch a thing. A little fruit perhaps—an apple or a peach—"

Fruit? Why hadn't Mrs. Cole brought fruit? She might so easily have done so, and she had never thought about it. They themselves were rather tired of fruit and so—

"I'm afraid we've no fruit, but an egg sandwich—"

"Eggs need salt, don't you think? Not that it matters in the very least, but so that you shouldn't think me fussy. Really, dear Mrs. Cole, I never felt less hungry in my life. Just a drop of milk and I'm perfectly satisfied."

"Jeremy shall run up to the farm for the milk. You don't mind, Jeremy dear, do you? It's only a step. Just take this sixpence, dear, and say we'll send the jug back this afternoon if they'll spare one."

Jeremy did mind. He was enjoying his luncheon and he was gazing at Charlotte and he was teasing Hamlet with scraps—he was very happy. Nevertheless he started off.

As soon as he left the sands, the noise of the sea was shut off from him and he was climbing the little green path up which the Scarlet Admiral had once stalked.

Suddenly he remembered—in his excitement about Charlotte he had forgotten the Admiral. . . He stood for a moment, listening. The green hedge shut off the noise of the sea—only above his head some birds were twittering. He fancied that he heard footsteps, then that beyond the hedge something was moving. It seemed to him that the birds were also listening for something. . . . "Well it's the middle of the afternoon anyway", he thought to himself, "he never comes then—only in the morning or evening"; but he hurried forward after that, wishing that he had called to Hamlet to accompany him. It was a pleasant climb to the farm through the green orchard, and he found at the farm door an agreeable woman who smiled at him when she gave him the milk. He had to come down the hill carefully lest the milk should be spilt;

he walked along very happily, humming to himself and thinking in a confused summer-afternoon kind of manner of Charlotte, Hamlet, Mrs. Le Page, and himself. "Shall I give her the thimble or sha'n't I? I could take her to the pools where the little crabs are. She'd like them. I wonder whether we're going to bathe. Mrs. Le Page will look funny bathing. . ."

Then he was in the green lane again and at once his discomfort returned to him and he looked around his shoulder and into the hedges, and stopped once and again to listen. There was no sound. The birds, it seemed, had all fallen to sleep. The hedges, he thought, were closer about him. It was very hot here with no breeze and no comforting sound of the sea. "I wonder whether he really does come", he thought. "It must be horrid to see him—coming quite close . . ."; and the thought of the fool also frightened him: the fool with his tongue out and his shaking legs like the idiot who lived near the cathedral at home. At the thought of this Jeremy suddenly took to his legs and ran, covering the top of his jug with his hand. Then when he came out onto the strip of grass that crossed the top of the beach he stopped, suddenly ashamed of himself. Scarlet Admirals! Scarlet Admirals! How could there be Scarlet Admirals in a world that also contained so blazing a sun, so blue a sea, and the gorgeous realities of the Le Page family.

He arrived at the luncheon party hot and proud and smiling, so cheerful and stolid and agreeable that even Mrs. Le Page was compelled to say, "Really, Mrs. Cole, that's a very nice little boy of yours. Come here, little Jeremy, and talk to me!" How deeply he hated being called "little Jere-

my" only Mary and Helen knew. Their eyes flew to his face to see how he would take it. He took it very well. He sat down beside Mrs. Le Page, who very gracefully and languidly sipped at her glass of milk.

"How old are you, Jeremy dear?" she asked him.

"Eight", he answered, wriggling.

"What a nice age! and one day you'll go to school?"

"In September."

"And what will you be when you're a man?"

"Oh, I don't know. I'll be a soldier, perhaps."

"Oh I'm sure you wouldn't like to be a soldier and kill people."

"Yes, I would. There's lots of people I'd like to kill."

Mrs. Le Page drew her skirts back a little. . . . Then she gave a shrill cry:

"Charlotte—darling. Do hold your sunshade up. All the left side of your face is exposed. That's better, dear—I beg your pardon, Mr. Cole?" . . .

The luncheon in fact had been a most dismal failure. The Coles could fling their minds back to luncheons on this same beach that had been simply riotous successes. What fun they had had! What games! What baths! . . . Now, the very sight of Mr. Le Page's black beard was enough. Even Jeremy felt that things were wrong. Then he looked at Charlotte and was satisfied. There she sat, straight and stiff, her hands on her lap, her hair falling in lovely golden ripples down her back, her gaze fixed on distance. Oh! she was beautiful! He would do whatever she told him, he would give her Miss Noah and the apple-tree, he would. . . A sound disturbed his devotions. He turned; both Mr. and Mrs. Le Page were fast asleep.

§5

"Children", whispered Mrs. Cole. "Very quietly now—so that you don't disturb anyone—run off to the farther beach and play. Helen, you'll see that everything is all right, won't you?"

It was only just in time that Jeremy succeeded in strangling Hamlet's bark into a snort, and even then they all looked round for a moment at the sleepers in the greatest anxiety. But no, they had not been disturbed. If only Mr. Le Page could have known what he resembled lying there with his mouth open. But he did not know. He was doubtless dreaming of his property.

The children crept away, Charlotte and Jeremy together. Jeremy's heart beat thickly. At last he had the lovely creature in his charge. It was true that he did not quite know what he was going to do with her and that even now, in the height of his admiration, he did wish that she would not walk as though she were treading on red hot ploughshares, and that she would talk a little instead of giving little shivers of apprehension at every step.

"I must say", he thought to himself, "she's rather silly in some ways. Perhaps it wouldn't be fun to see her always."

They turned the corner round a projecting finger of rock, and a new little beach, white and gleaming, lay in front of them.

"Well", said Jeremy, "here we are—what shall we play?"

There was dead silence.

"We might play pirates", he continued. "I'll be the pirate and Mary can sit on that rock until the water comes round her and Charlotte shall hide in that cave—"

There was still silence; looking about him he discovered from his sis-

ters' countenances that they were resolved to lend no kind of assistance, and he then deduced the simple fact that his sisters hated Charlotte, and were not going to make it pleasant for her in any way if they could help it. Oh! It was a miserable picnic! The worst that he'd ever had.

"It's too hot to play", said Helen loftily. "I'm going to sit down over there."

"So am I", said Mary.

They moved away, their heads in the air and their legs ridiculously stiff.

Jeremy gazed at Charlotte in distress. It was very wicked of his sisters to go off like that, but it was also very silly of Charlotte to stand there so helplessly. He was beginning to think that, perhaps, he would give the thimble to Miss Jones after all.

"Would you like to go and see the pool where the little crabs are?" he asked.

"I don't know", she answered, her upper lip trembling as though she were going to cry. "I want to go home with mother."

"You can't go home", he said firmly, "and you can't see your mother because she's asleep."

"I've made my shoes dirty", she said, looking down at her feet, "and I'm so tired of holding my sunshade."

"I should shut it up", Jeremy said without any hesitation. "I think it's a silly thing. I'm glad I'm not a girl. Do you have to take it with you everywhere?"

"Not if it's raining. Then I have an umbrella."

"I think you'd better come and see the crabs", he settled. "They're only just over there."

She moved along with him reluctantly, looking back continually.

"Are you enjoying yourself?" Jeremy asked politely.

"No", she said without any hesitation. "I want to go home."

"She's as selfish as anything", he thought to himself. "We're giving the party and she ought to have said 'Yes', even if she wasn't."

"Do you like my dog?" he asked, with another effort at light conversation.

"No", she answered with a little shiver. "He's ugly."

"He isn't ugly", Jeremy returned indignantly. "He isn't perhaps the very best breed, but Uncle Samuel says that doesn't matter if he's clever. He's better than any other dog. I love him more than anybody. He isn't ugly!"

"He is!" cried Charlotte with a kind of wail. "Oh! I want to go home."

"Well, you can't go home", he answered her fiercely. "So you needn't think about it."

They came to the little pools, three of them, now clear as crystal blue on their surface, with green depths and red shelving rock.

"Now you sit there", he said cheerfully. "No one will touch you. The crabs won't get at you."

He looked about him and noticed with surprise where he was. He was sitting on the farther corner of the very beach where the Scarlet Admiral had landed with his men. It was out there beyond that bend of rock that the wonderful ship had ridden. Directly opposite to him was the little green path that led up the hill and above it the very field—Farmer Ede's field!

For a moment he forgot Charlotte in his interest over this discovery, staring about him and watching how quickly the August afternoon was losing its heat and color so that already a little cold autumnal wind was playing about the sand, the colors

were being drawn from the sky, and a grey web was slowly pulled across the sea.

"Now", he said cheerfully to Charlotte, "I'll look for the crabs."

"I hate crabs", she said, "I want to go home."

"You can't go home", he answered furiously. "What's the good of saying that over and over again? You aren't going yet, so it's no use saying you are."

"You're a horrid little boy", she brought out with a kind of inanimate sob.

He did not reply to that; he was still trying to behave like a gentleman. How could he ever have liked her? Why, her hair was not so much after all. What was hair when you came to think of it? Mary got on quite well with hers, ugly though it was. She was stupid, stupid, stupid! She was like someone dead. As he searched for the crabs that weren't there, he felt his temper growing. Soon he would lead her back to her mother and leave her there and never see her again.

But the climax of the afternoon was not to be this. . . .

When he looked up from gazing into the pool, the whole world seemed to have changed. He was still dazzled perhaps by the reflection of the water in his eyes, and yet it was not altogether that. . . . It was not altogether because the day was slipping from afternoon into evening. . . .

The lazy ripple of the water as it washed up the sand and then broke, the shadows that were creeping farther and farther from rock to rock, the green light that pushed up from the horizon into the faint blue, the grey web of the sea, the thick gathering of the hills as they crept more closely about the little darkening

beach . . . it was none of these things.

He began hurriedly to tell Charlotte about the Scarlet Admiral. Even as he told her, he was himself caught into the excitement of the narration. He forgot her; he did not see her white cheeks, her mouth open with terror, an expression new to her that her face had never known before stealing into her eyes. He told her how the fool had seen the ship, how the Admiral had landed, then left his men on the beach, how he had climbed the little green path, how the young man had followed him, how they had fought, how the young man had fallen—what was that? Jeremy jumped from his rock: "I say, did you hear anything?"

And that was enough for Charlotte. With one scream, a scream such as she had never uttered in her life before, she turned and then running as indeed she had never run before, she stumbled, half fell, stumbled, finally ran as though the whole world of her ghosts was behind her. Her screams were so piercing that they may well have startled the villagers of Rafiel.

Jeremy followed her, but his mind was not with her. Was he going to see something? What was it? Who was it?

Then the awful catastrophe that finished the afternoon occurred. Turning the corner of the rock, Charlotte missed her footing and fell straight into a pool. Jeremy, Mary, and Helen were upon her almost as she fell. They dragged her out but alas! what a sight was there! Instead of the beautiful and magnificent Charlotte, there was a bedraggled and dirty little girl.

But also instead of an inanimate and lifeless doll there was at last a human being, a terrified soul—

The scene that followed passes all power of description. Mrs. Le Page wailed like a lost spirit, Mr. Le Page was so rude to Mr. Cole that it might confidently be said that those two gentlemen would never speak to one another again. Mrs. Cole, dismayed though she was, had some fatalistic consolation that she had known from the first that the picnic would be a most dreadful failure and that the worst had occurred; there was no more to come.

Everyone was too deeply occupied to scold Jeremy, who was, of course, responsible for the whole affair. They all moved up to the farm, Charlotte behaving most strangely, even striking her mother and crying: "Let me go! Let me go! I don't want to be clean! I'm frightened! I'm frightened!"

Jeremy hung behind the others. At the bottom of the little lane he stood and waited. Was there a figure coming up through the dusk? Did someone pass him? Why did he suddenly feel no longer afraid, but only reassured and with the strangest certainty that the lane, the beach, the field belonged to him now? He would come there and live when he grew up. . . . He would come often. . . . Had the Scarlet Admiral passed him? If not the Scarlet Admiral, then the other.

The sea-picnic had, after all, been not quite a misfortune.

Jeremy had been made free of the land—

And Charlotte?—Charlotte had been waked up, and never would go to sleep again.

(To be continued)

A BOOK-SHELF FOR THE MONTH

THE GREATER PATRIOTISM

By Maurice Francis Egan

If anybody should ask what representative of our consular service was a model to other commercial representatives of our country desiring to fulfil their duties to perfection, the reply from those who really knew John Lewis Griffiths slightly and who had read this book, would be obvious. Mr. Griffiths never posed as a man who was to be as a lamp to his fellow beings, and in a certain sense he hid his light under a bushel. He was not "an uplifter"; he did not put himself in the forefront with those who talk constantly of diplomatic and consular reform; but his example taught that he was the one man who ought to be imitated. There are generally two sides to all questions of reforming anything. There is always some good reason for retaining the old order; there is the one good custom, for instance, which might still purify; but in the consular system as practised until recently by the United States government, there was not even one good custom to plead for its retention. Until recently it was one of the bywords of Europe, and traveling Americans endured it without toleration. Mr. Griffiths had had the honor to have as predecessors in the consular service three of our greatest men of letters—Nathaniel Hawthorne, Bret Harte, and W. D. Howells. Mrs. Griffiths in her delightful memoir of her husband says:

Hawthorne's conception of the ideal consul would satisfy the most ardent devotee of the service—Bret Harte's post at Glasgow was filled vicariously while he delighted the Lon-

don coterie by his perpetual presence among them. Mr. Howells returned from his Venetian post voluntarily, bringing with him impressions that have through his books enriched the world. He left Venice, "not glad to be going", but thinking it "well to be gone". He writes: "For my part personally I felt keenly the fictitious and transitory character of official life. I knew that if I had become fit to serve the government by four years' residence in Venice, that was a good reason why the government, according to our admirable system, should dismiss me, and send some perfectly unqualified person to take my place; and in my heart also I knew that there was almost nothing for me to do where I was, and I dreaded the easily formed habit of receiving a salary for no service performed."

Many of our consuls who occupied sinecures in the good old times were men very unlike these three distinguished gentlemen, who were dissatisfied with sinecures without reflecting probably that their very presence in a foreign country was a distinct advantage to the nation they represented. One can recall conditions—political conditions—which made it possible for a man to accept a consulate abroad simply because he drank too much at home. Consulships all over the world were the refuge of folk whom politicians were glad to get out of the way. De Tocqueville rather cruelly says in his famous book, "Democracy in America", that our diplomatic service seemed especially to be made for men who had qualified themselves for their work by their inability to manage their private affairs. This was probably a hit at the type of minister represented by, I think, a Mr. Randolph of Virginia, who paid his debts out of his salary, but made only a fleeting visit to his post. Mr. Griffiths's appointment to the consulate at Liver-

pool in May, 1905, by President Roosevelt, was one of the best appointments to the consular service ever made. Afterward he received deserved promotion and was given that much-coveted post, the Consul-Generalship at London. Up to this time a consul, like an ambassador or a minister, was like the soldiers of the centurion in the Scripture—subject to a command to disappear at any moment. Sinecures, however, had become fewer and fewer. The American traveler had grown more frequent, and the American business man at home began to realize that a branch of the service on which so many great issues were dependent could no longer be treated as a method of rewarding political merit or demerit.

There was always in the European capitals where a court existed, that question of rank (so unpleasant to Americans who do not rank and so agreeable to Americans who do)—the social difference between the position of the ambassador or minister and the consul-general or consul. The diplomatic representative is received at court, with his wife and his daughters; the consul-general or consul is expected to remain outside of the sacred precinct. All this was not unreasonable, as courts in former days, at least, refused to acknowledge the existence of business as a factor in society with a big S. There was a careful distinction made among the aristocracy, the gentry, and the bourgeoisie. The consul belonged technically to the bourgeoisie, and, although the consul-general in any given country might have a higher social position at home than even the ambassador, once in a royal city his wife and himself were separated by an almost impassable gulf from the higher official. If the private memoirs of our

consular and diplomatic service could be published, heartburnings would be revealed to which in comparison the squabbles among the courtiers at Versailles in Saint-Simon's time would seem happy murmurs.

In this elevating and charming book, "The Greater Patriotism", where one can read through the lines the beauty of aspiration and high character, there is no hint of such jealousies. While Mr. Griffiths was such an efficient consul as to command praise from his own government, he also fulfilled the unusual function which Hilaire Belloc suggests. Neither English nor American life, neither French nor Italian life can be understood from novels or descriptions in print by people who do not know it through their own observations. Something vital is always left out. An understanding can be brought about only "by those rare men who establish a personal contact in which is mingled understanding, affection, and humor. They are, in truth, the ambassadors between the two peoples". This is a very good reason why both ambassadors and consuls should be chosen, not only for their technical ability, but for that elevation of thought and character and that power of expression which men like Mr. Griffiths possess.

Mrs. Griffiths's memoir of her husband is a most satisfactory and restrained piece of writing. She lets Mr. Griffiths tell the story of his mental processes by means of the remarkably spirituelle and spiritual addresses "of occasion" in this volume. Her memoir is like a fine musical accompaniment to them. These addresses are not only marvels of sympathetic eloquence, but are works of consummate art. Mr. Griffiths explains to the English, Hawthorne and Abraham Lincoln and the American

point of view of things of the mind. He does this with so much surety of touch and broad comprehension, and with a tact so spontaneous, that the addresses are amazingly valuable as interpretations of our spirit to ourselves. Mrs. Griffiths, with pardonable pride, names the foremost men in politics, art, literature, and the drama as intimate friends of her husband. A man who could attract the love and admiration of Lord Rosebery, Mr. Birrell, the Bishop of London, John Redmond, Mrs. Kendal, Sir Anthony Hope, and Sir Arthur Pinero could have been no ordinary man. "The English", Mrs. Griffiths says, "surrender completely to an honest conviction, and then dismiss it from their minds. If a man wins a place, he keeps it, perhaps after he is not entitled to do so, but this comes from a sense of tradition." This, however, is quite true of nearly all Europeans, though perhaps we Americans find it harder to find entrance to the heart of society on the continent than in Great Britain. Mr. Griffiths, in his speeches at public dinners, made a powerful instrument in cementing the affections of the two countries. These speeches, as one may see from these pages, were not examples of mere oratorical rhetoric. They were deeply thought out, and as sincere as they were artistic. Mrs. Griffiths says:

From the purely personal standpoint, my husband cherished the public dinner for the friendships formed there. "Friends are not made, they are found", and he often discovered at the banquet table. As we left a public dinner one evening an English guest remarked, "Do you find public dinners a great bore?" Mr. Griffiths replied, "No, indeed, I find them a most delightful place for private conversation".

Mr. Griffiths's opinion as to improvements in the diplomatic and consular service—they ought to be interchangeable — are opportune and

valuable. There will always exist a prejudice against books written or compiled by wives about their husbands; they are as a rule fulsome—as one-sided as Lady Burton's estimate of her weird husband—but this is a brilliant exception; several of these addresses are so illuminating and so enlightening that they ought to form part of the reading matter prescribed by our educators for young Americans.

The Greater Patriotism. Public Addresses by John Lewis Griffiths, American Consul-General at London. With a Memoir by Caroline Henderson Griffiths and an Introduction by Hilaire Belloc. John Lane Co.

THE SALMAGUNDIANS

By Charles Hanson Towne

I am not a member of that club in New York which contains so delightful a group of artists. But who could read the record before me, by William Henry Shelton, and not wish that he were eligible? "Born at 596 Broadway, at eight o'clock on a Saturday night in the month of November (it may have been December) in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and seventy-one . . ." Thus begins the volume—casually, as the story of any real artists' organization should begin; and the same light style is pursued to the end—a refreshing change from the laborious and humorless accounts of other solemn clubs.

We are told that the infant cried aloud first in the studio of the late Jonathan Scott Hartley, in the old building then standing at 596 Broadway, just below Houston Street, where a sketch class for mutual improvement had been formed. Will H. Low and F. S. Church were members during the first winter; also Alfred E. Emslie, an English artist who was then illustrating Robert Bonner's

"New York Ledger". And we learn that soap and Brooklyn had a lot to do with the early and prosperous days of the club, through the instrumentality of one Alec Kirkman; and we are told that Salmagundians (heavenly word!) "should take off their hats to the great Kirkman vans when they pass in the street". Thus shall art pay its tribute to soap—and Brooklyn soap at that!

How different the old days were! Now Salmagundians dine on refectory tables on lower Fifth Avenue, with quiet servants brushing by serving delicious food. The first meeting-place contained a cook-stove in one corner, and bunks behind screens; and statuary and barrels and plaster casts (oh, happy disorder!) were strewn about as only an artist can strew them. The dining-table was a dry-goods box, and the Hartley brothers (original members), "who kept a unique store for the outfitting of pack-peddlers, were able to live more comfortably, but the bohemian life in the studio just suited them. It was bachelor housekeeping; the plaster used in casting changed the windows to ground glass, and frosted the furniture and silvered the cobwebs that clung to the angles of the walls and to the frame of the skylight."

A delectable picture! Now one dines, in summer, on a roof-garden of this same club, that has lost little of its charm and character by moving to a fashionable neighborhood, just opposite a beautiful old church. Like all aristocrats, the Salmagundi, where many fine entertainments are still given, retains its poise and prestige even amid the clamor of days and nights in rushing, whirling New York; and within its walls are the romantic trappings and trimmings of the old times when life was far more

leisurely. It is something to have kept this spirit; and the architect who succeeded in remodeling two ancient houses to meet modern conditions and still held intact the flavor of the past deserves a pæan of praise. Except for the Players, I suppose as many celebrities gather around the Salmagundi board as ever meet in one room in America.

Mr. Shelton has a gracious humor. His description of the early members of the club, when boxing matches were always a part of the evening, as was the eating of succulent sausages "in a top coat of pie-crust", is charming. He tells anecdote after anecdote, and one gets a vivid picture of the men he knew so well. What, for instance, could be more sharply drawn than this?—only a paragraph, yet containing the material for a short story:

My room-mate, J. P. Andrews, who painted conch-shells and English walnuts, and certain other inanimate objects not likely to shrink or decay or otherwise perish during the long period of reproduction, usually effected a sale of his masterpiece by promoting a lottery among his friends and neighbors, and this success was sometimes followed by a celebration that made it necessary to rearrange the poor shells and walnuts for another effort.

And there is a real picture of that New York of the 'seventies, concise though it be; a mention of Niblo's Garden and its fire one summer evening, "a rare spectacle from the south window of the studio I occupied with J. P. Andrews, until the heat of the conflagration obliged us to close the iron shutter". And of a certain "Dew-Drop Inn", where "girl graduates of the famous ballet served the drinks in pink and blue and red tights".

Indeed, the whole book has a value far beyond that of a mere history of the club. It is the record of old New York—authentic, highly illuminating, as easy to read as a tale by O. Henry.

And it is beautifully printed. Not the least of its charm is due to the fascinating cuts that run through it. They are by Pyle, Low, Church, Bishop, Green, Chapman, Giles, Reeves, and Shelton himself.

The Salmagundi Club. By William Henry Shelton. Houghton Mifflin Co.

WHAT IS SYMBOLISM?

By Henry James Forman

It is notable that symbolism, for which Arthur Symons hopes so much in the near and remote future of literature, is almost incapable of definition. We know Mallarmé and Baudelaire, Verlaine and Gérard de Nerval, but we hardly know what is a symbolist. Balzac and Huysmans are grouped among the symbolists, yet what staggering gulfs between them! "In the Symbol proper", said Carlyle, ". . . there is ever, more or less distinctly and directly, some embodiment and revelation of the Infinite." And as we read this book with its penetrating insight and the keen sense of the poet for divining another's struggle in the endless battle for expression, we become gradually aware that the mystical side of symbolism is the one that really signifies to Mr. Symons. It is not Arthur Rimbaud's chromatic vowels that he cares much about—not the black A, the white E, or the green U that cause him to write this book—but rather the important fact that symbolism in literature is bound up with mysticism.

For Mr. Symons is not only a lover of literature, but also a mystic, "the proudest and humblest of men"—to use his own words. Gérard de Nerval, in one of his spells of madness, may have led a lobster by a blue ribbon, but he also wrote: "All things live,

all things are in motion, all things correspond; the magnetic rays emanating from myself or others traverse without obstacle the infinite chain of created things." And in verse the same man declared:

Un mystère d'amour dans le métal repose;
"Tout est sensible!" Et tout sur ton être
est puissant.

In the midst of the materialistic France of his time, Gérard de Nerval was putting into beautiful language the cosmic consciousness which is the portion of the true mystic only, and that is what appeals to Mr. Symons. He cares little for Zola or for the Huysmans of "A Rebours" with its decadence, its devil-worship and its Black Mass. But the Huysmans of "En Route" and of "La Cathédrale"—the Huysmans who found peace in the mysticism of the Catholic church, "showing, as he does, how inert matter, the art of stones, the growth of plants, the unconscious life of beasts . . . may obtain, through symbol, a spiritual existence"—that Huysmans matters much. Maeterlinck is to him the new voice of an old gospel (the gospel of mysticism) that has been quietly waiting until certain bankruptcies—the bankruptcies of science and of the positive philosophies.

No more delightful and quotable book on the general subject of symbolism has appeared in English than this volume, now after several years issued in a new edition. With the traditional beauty of a poet's prose, Mr. Symons goes on unfolding the lives and the works of his exponents, many of whom he knew personally. A finer study of Verlaine does not exist; for Verlaine was a friend and a guest of Mr. Symons and no trait of his character seems to have remained hidden from his host. Also, he knew Mallarmé and he knew Huysmans. And

contemplating all these with the double advantage of the poet's eye and the mystic's sense, he watches and records their efforts, their sins and their struggles with the understanding that only he can give who sees their vagaries as though they were children, or better still artists, going about under the sun and bent, in Pater's phrase, "on some secret errand".

The Symbolist Movement in Literature.
By Arthur Symons. Revised and enlarged
edition. E. P. Dutton and Co.

A NOVELIST OF ECSTASY AND SIN

By Henry A. Lappin

Vincent Starrett, an enthusiastic admirer of the work of Arthur Machen, has written a short essay upon that distinguished writer, which is published in a limited edition and a most comely dress. Mr. Starrett calls his little study, "Arthur Machen, A Novelist of Ecstasy and Sin". It would be a pity if any prospective reader should be warned off by this flamboyancy of title, for there are some excellent things here.

To many if not most readers Machen was practically an unknown name until late in 1914, when he wrote for a London evening newspaper ". . . a purely fictional account of a supposed incident of the British retreat from Mons. It described the miraculous intervention of the English archers of Agincourt at a time when the British were sore pressed by the German hordes". As far back as 1885, Machen had written and published "The Chronicle of Clemendy", which received from its sole reviewer, Octave Uzanne in "Le Livre" of Paris, the praise usually reserved by the judicious critic for masterpieces.

"What"—pertinently inquires Mr.

Starrett—"had Machen been doing all these long years between 1885 and 1914?" Well, among other things, he had published ten books including "The House of Souls" and "The Hill of Dreams", and contributed many articles to the periodical press. In the two books just mentioned, however, is contained his most significant work. With no little insight and acuteness Mr. Starrett discusses the quality of that work, declaring that the "ecstasy" to be discovered therein "is due in no small degree to his beautiful English 'style'—an abominable word". Although Mr. Starrett writes a trifle breathlessly at times, and occasionally tends to pursue his Reason to an *O altitudo!*, his brochure has distinct value. One hopes that it may attract new readers to these fine books.

Arthur Machen. By Vincent Starrett.
Walter M. Hill.

PROFESSOR BAKER'S METHOD OF MAKING PLAYWRIGHTS

By Walter Prichard Eaton

Professor Baker, more than any other one man in America, has been responsible for the changed academic attitude toward the theatre. Time was, and not so long ago, when it was entirely dignified to study the plays of Shakespeare from a book, but quite beneath dignity to study the plays of Cohan in a theatre; that is, the drama as a vital, contemporary thing was ignored, and the study of past drama led to philology, not play writing. Professor Baker, however, out of a passion for the theatre even Brattle Street could not quench, determined to establish a course at Harvard, in practical play writing, for picked students who showed sufficient interest

and aptitude. He did so against considerable academic opposition and amid considerable popular scoffing. Both opposition and scoffing have long since disappeared. The academic world has seen both the educational and the possible social and civic value of such instruction in the practical theatre arts; and the public has seen interesting plays emerge as a result, and young men and women graduated to leadership in brave theatrical experiments.

Yet, until now, Professor Baker has never published any text-book of method. "Dramatic Technique" is, at last, a revelation to the curious of the principles underlying his instruction in play writing (so far as that instruction can be divorced from the accompanying practice in the Workshop Theatre at Harvard). To those already somewhat familiar with the difficult art of play making or play analysis, the first impression of this book will probably be one of cool sanity and hard common sense. The book is largely free from theory and entirely free from any assumption whatever that you can make a playwright out of a man without a talent for the theatre, any more than you can make a poet out of a man without poetic sensitiveness.

Defining "dramatic" as something capable of rousing emotion in an audience (the only satisfactorily inclusive definition), Professor Baker goes on to state that dramatic technique is the peculiar method the dramatist has to employ to realize the possibilities of his material. Certain things in dramatic technique are universal and permanent—that is, they had to be employed by Sophocles and they have to be employed by Belasco. Certain things are temporal—that is, they belong to the conventions of a peculiar

society or age. Certain things are individual—that is, they belong to the peculiar style of a Shaw or a Barrie. It is only with what is universal and permanent in technique that Professor Baker deals in this book. His aim is to show the would-be dramatist the basic demands and restrictions of play technique, so that he may reach, with the minimum of wasted effort, the point where he can make his own individual contribution (if he has one) effective.

What these basic demands and restrictions are, as Professor Baker picks them, space does not permit us to enumerate here. After almost twenty years of professional theatre-going, however, we can confidently state that it is not only the would-be dramatist who needs sometimes to learn them. Professor Baker did not discover them, of course, but his book is likely to become the standard work in this field because he sets them forth so clearly; and especially because he illustrates them so well with passages from actual plays, often in parallel columns, showing the right way and the wrong way to make a dramatic point, or showing how a second draft of "The Doll's House" or "Hamlet" improved the first.

We cannot refrain, however, from specific mention of the author's emphasis on the supreme, enduring value in technique of characterization; and of his advice, backed by example, to extract the utmost out of a situation by the imaginative realization of the characters involved, by a full acquaintance with one's people, instead of pressing on for more plot complications. Underlying all else in the drama is, after all, the human being in his actions and reactions; and unless the dramatist knows his human beings and lets them, once under way, deter-

mine the course of events, he will never achieve any distinction. And if anyone thinks this is advice for beginners only, let him attend the theatres on Broadway for a season!

The scope of the book involves one or two obvious omissions, which doubtless classroom and laboratory instruction supplies at Harvard, but which the mere reader feels. One is the failure to grapple with the always vexing problem of style in dramatic dialogue. Style being so much the man, Professor Baker no doubt regards this as a feature of individual technique, yet the problem of writing dialogue which is "in character", and at the same time of writing dialogue which is musical or eloquent or otherwise elevated above mere colloquial speech, faces every playwright who aspires to be something more than a hack. Another omission, doubtless made because it is at least on the border-line of temporal technique, varying with the varying periods, is the problem of atmosphere, of suggestion by scenery, of the use of silence, color, costume, music, and so on, to induce a mood and reinforce or even create an emotion.

Indeed these omissions might be extended to some length, and indicate, perhaps, not so much that this book is deficient, but that it might well be supplemented by a second book, by the same author, on the technique of specific dramatists, perhaps; as a continuation and higher development of the instruction in the first volume, and on the technique of play production in its relation to the dramatist. When any man brings to the theatre so keen and analytical a mind as Professor Baker's, combined with so much practical experience and so much enthusiasm and love of the land behind the proscenium, we can ill afford to have

our theatrical text-books written (as most of them now are) by men of inferior abilities.

Dramatic Technique. By George Pierce Baker. Houghton Mifflin Co.

THE OMAR KHAYYAM OF THE BIBLE

By Edward N. Teall

There are people in this enlightened land—good, useful citizens thereof—who firmly believe that the age of this earth is exactly 5,923 years. The creation of the heaven and the earth recorded in the first "verse" of "The First Book of Moses, Called Genesis", occurred in the year 4,004 B. C. "It's in the Bible!" Yes: on the very first page—in the margin.

Where ignorance is bliss, it's easy to be happy; but as our lovely stupid old friend Humanity wasn't born to be happy, the friends of knowledge have no need to despair. A spiral remark, which will convey to Professor Jastrow assurance of a present favorable intention toward his "popular" exegesis of "The Book of Ecclesiastes".

This Book, ascribed to Solomon, like "Proverbs" and "The Song of Songs", was, again like them, non-existent until the great king had been centuries dead. The critic hews to the line, let the chips fall where they may; and this is chip number one. Chip number two carries away a goodly chunk of the substance of the Book: the late additions to an original composition which Dr. Jastrow's painlessly incisive scholarship claims to have restored to pristine purity.

The Book is by Koheleth; and Koheleth is a pseudonym. The author says: "I, Koheleth, was king over Israel in Jerusalem". He was willing to have the folks think he must have

been Solomon. He wrote a book of gentle cynicism; but individual authorship had not yet been established among the Hebrews; they had no law of copyright, and the priestly expounders and expanders took the essay and built on and around it a structure more fit for popular presentation. They did this, says the critic, "to tone down the main two features of the Book, namely, the reflection that life is vanity, and the advice to enjoy the material pleasures of life". They bowdlerized good honest stuff into a Sunday-school tract. Dr. Jastrow's *Koheleth* says:

There is nothing better for a man than to eat and to drink and to enjoy himself for his toil; and indeed it seems to me that such is the will of God. For who should eat and who should drink, apart from him, though this, also, is vanity and chasing after wind.

This becomes, in our Bible:

For who can eat, or who else can hasten thereto (revised version, *have enjoyment*) more than I? For God giveth to a man that is good in His sight wisdom, and knowledge, and joy; but to the sinner He giveth travail, to gather and to heap up, that he may give to him that is good before God. This also is vanity and vexation of spirit.

With very gentle cynicism, the Professor bids us contemplate "the mental antics of some exegetes in their endeavor to reconcile the two points of view—the one absolutely exclusive of the other".

Now close the book, lest interest sag under too great weight of quotation;

it is temptatious matter. What has Professor Jastrow done? He is a gentle iconoclast, and could tear down even a dearer idol than our "Ecclesiastes" without wrecking many persons' peace of mind. Twenty or thirty years ago, perhaps——. Times have changed, and we with them, so much that the Professor's idea that critical scholarship "affects beliefs *about* the Bible, but not belief *in* the Bible" seems to partake somewhat of the nature of an act of supererogation. Professor Jastrow is so mild and reasonable in his assertions that, if the truth be not in them, they are doubly dangerous. His manner disarms opposition. Other scholars may possibly find him guilty of too great a sacrifice of scholarship in his endeavor to "put it over" with the intelligent mob; but the ordinary citizen of fair intelligence will thank him for presenting a strong case in a perfectly clear and unclouded manner.

Dr. Jastrow calls *Koheleth* "the Omar Khayyam of the Bible"—and Heinrich Heine the modern *Koheleth*. May the chain long continue of those dilettantes in philosophy who can behold the vanities of life with clear vision and smile.

A Gentle Cynic: Being a Translation of the Book of *Koheleth*, Commonly Known as *Ecclesiastes*, Stripped of Later Additions; Also Its Origin, Growth and Interpretation. By Morris Jastrow, Jr. J. B. Lippincott Co.

THE HAUNTED BOOKSHOP

Titania Learns the Business

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Although he kept late hours, Roger Mifflin of the Haunted Bookshop was a prompt riser. It is only the very young who find satisfaction in lying abed in the morning. Those who approach the term of the fifth decade are sensitively aware of the fluency of life, and have no taste to squander it among the blankets.

The bookseller's morning routine was brisk and habitual. He was generally awakened about half-past seven by the jangling bell that balanced on a coiled spring at the foot of the stairs. This ringing announced the arrival of Becky, the old scrubwoman who came each morning to sweep out the shop and clean the floors for the day's traffic. Roger, in his old dressing-gown of vermilion flannel, would scuffle down to let her in, picking up the milk bottles and the paper bag of baker's rolls at the same time. As Becky propped the front door wide, opened window transoms, and set about buffeting dust and tobacco smoke, Roger would take the milk and rolls back to the kitchen and give Bock, the terrier, a morning greeting. Bock would emerge from his literary kennel and thrust out his forelegs in a genial obeisance. This was partly politeness and partly to straighten out his spine after its all-night curvature. Then Roger would let him out into the back yard for a run, himself standing on the kitchen steps to inhale the bright freshness of the morning air.

This Saturday morning was clear and crisp. The plain backs of the

homes along Whittier Street, irregular in profile as the margins of a free-verse poem, offered Roger an agreeable human panorama. Thin strands of smoke were rising from chimneys; a belated baker's wagon was joggling down the alley; in bedroom bay windows sheets and pillows were already set to sun and air. Brooklyn, admirable borough of homes and hearty breakfasts, attacks the morning hours in cheery, smiling spirit. Bock sniffed and rooted about the small back yard as though the earth (every cubic inch of which he already knew by rote) held some new, entrancing flavor. Roger watched him with the amused and tender condescension one always feels toward a happy dog—perhaps the same mood of tolerant paternalism that Gott is said to have felt in watching his boisterous Hohenzollerns.

The nipping air began to infiltrate his dressing-gown, and Roger returned to the kitchen, his small, lively face alight with zest. He opened the draughts in the range, set a kettle on to boil, and went down to resuscitate the furnace. As he came upstairs for his bath, Mrs. Mifflin was descending, fresh and hearty in a starched morning apron. Roger hummed a tune as he picked up the hairpins on the bedroom floor, and wondered to himself why women are always supposed to be more tidy than men.

Titania was awake early. She smiled at the enigmatic portrait of Samuel Butler, glanced at the row of books over her bed, and dressed rapidly.

She ran downstairs, eager to begin her experience as a bookseller. The first impression the Haunted Bookshop had made on her was one of superfluous dinginess, and as Mrs. Mifflin refused to let her help get breakfast—except set out the saltcellars—she ran down Gissing to a little florist's shop she had noticed the previous afternoon. Here she spent at least a week's salary in buying chrysanthemums and a large pot of white heather. She was distributing these about the shop when Roger found her.

"Bless my soul!" he said. "How are you going to live on your wages if you do that sort of thing? Pay-day doesn't come until next Friday!"

"Just one blowout", she said cheerfully. "I thought it would be fun to brighten the place up a bit. Think how pleased your floorwalker will be when he comes in!"

"Dear me", said Roger. "I hope you don't really think we have floorwalkers in the second-hand book business."

After breakfast he set about initiating his new employee into the routine of the shop. As he moved about, explaining the arrangement of his shelves, he kept up a running commentary.

"Of course all the miscellaneous information that a bookseller has to have will only come to you gradually", he said. "Such tags of bookshop lore as the difference between Philo Gubb and Philip Gibbs, Mrs. Wilson Woodrow and Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, and all that sort of thing. Don't be frightened by all the ads you see for a book called 'Bell and Wing', because no one was ever heard to ask for a copy. That's one of the reasons why I tell Mr. Gilbert I don't believe in advertising. Someone may ask you who wrote 'The Winning of the Best', and you'll have to know it wasn't Colonel

Roosevelt but Mr. Ralph Waldo Trine. The beauty of being a bookseller is that you don't have to be a literary critic: all you have to do to books is enjoy them. A literary critic is the kind of fellow who will tell you that Wordsworth's 'The Happy Warrior' is a poem of eighty-five lines composed entirely of two sentences, one of twenty-six lines and one of fifty-nine. What does it matter if Wordsworth wrote sentences almost as long as those of Will H. Hayes, if only he wrote a great poem? Literary critics are queer birds. There's Professor Phelps of Yale, for instance. He publishes a book in 1918 and calls it 'The Advance of English Poetry in the Twentieth Century'. To my way of thinking a book of that title oughtn't to be published until 2018. Then somebody will come along and ask you for a book of poems about a typewriter, and by and by you'll learn that what they want is Stevenson's 'Underwoods'. Yes, it's a complicated life. Never argue with customers. Just give them the book they ought to have, even if they don't know they want it."

They went outside the front door and Roger lit his pipe. In the little area in front of the shop windows stood large empty boxes supported on trestles. "The first thing I always do", he said—

"The first thing you'll both do is catch your death of cold", said Helen over his shoulder. "Titania, you run and get your fur. Roger, go and find your cap. With your bald head, you ought to know better!"

When they returned to the front door, Titania's blue eyes were sparkling above her soft tippet. "I applaud your taste in furs", said Roger. "That is just the color of tobacco smoke". He blew a whiff against it to prove the likeness. He felt very talkative,

as most older men do when a young girl looks as delightfully listenable as Titania did.

"What an adorable little place", said Titania, looking around at the bookshop's space of private pavement, which was sunk below the street level. "You could put tables out here and serve tea in summer-time."

"The first thing every morning", continued Roger, "I set out the ten-cent stuff in these boxes. I take it in at night and stow it in these bins. When it rains, I shove out an awning, which is mighty good business. Someone is sure to take shelter and spend the time in looking over the books. A really heavy shower is often worth fifty or sixty cents. Once a week I change my pavement stock. This week I've got mostly fiction out here. That's the sort of thing that comes in in unlimited numbers. A good deal of it's tripe, but it serves its purpose."

"Aren't they rather dirty?" said Titania doubtfully, looking at some little blue Rollo books, on which the siftings of generations had accumulated. "Would you mind if I dusted them off a bit?"

"It's almost unheard of in the second-hand trade", said Roger; "but it might make them look better."

Titania ran inside, borrowed a duster from Helen, and began house-cleaning the grimy boxes, while Roger chatted away in high spirits. Bock, already noticing the new order of things, squatted on the doorstep with an air of being a party to the conversation. Morning pedestrians on Gissing Street passed by, wondering who the bookseller's engaging assistant might be. "I wish I could find a maid like that", thought a prosperous Brooklyn housewife on her way to market. "I must ring her up some day and find out how much she gets."

Roger brought out armfuls of books while Titania dusted.

"One of the reasons I'm awfully glad you've come here to help me", he said, "is that I'll be able to get out more. I've been so tied down by the shop I haven't had a chance to scout round, buy up libraries, make bids on collections that are being sold, and all that sort of thing. My stock is running a bit low. If you just wait for what comes in, you don't get much of the really good stuff."

Titania was polishing a copy of "The Late Mrs. Null". "It must be wonderful to have read so many books", she said. "I'm afraid I'm not a very deep reader, but at any rate Dad has taught me a respect for good books. He gets so mad because when my friends come to the house, and he asks them what they've been reading, the only thing they seem to know about is 'Dere Mable'."

Roger chuckled. "I hope you don't think I'm a mere highbrow", he said. "As a customer said to me once, without meaning to be funny, 'I like both 'The Iliad' and 'The Argosy'.' The only thing I can't stand is literature that is unfairly and intentionally flavored with vanilla. Confectionery soon disgusts the palate, whether you find it in Marcus Aurelius or Doctor Crane. There's an odd aspect of the matter that sometimes strikes me: Doc Crane's remarks are just as true as Lord Bacon's, so how is it that the Doctor puts me to sleep in a paragraph, while my lord's essays keep me awake all night?"

Titania, being unacquainted with these philosophers, pursued the characteristic feminine course of clinging to the subject on which she was informed. The undiscerning have called this habit of mind irrelevant, but wrongly. The feminine intellect leaps

like a grasshopper; the masculine plods as the ant.

"I see there's a new Mable book coming", she said. "It's called 'That's Me All Over, Mable', and the newsstand clerk at the Octagon says he expects to sell a thousand copies."

"Well, there's a meaning in that", said Roger. "People have a craving to be amused, and I'm sure I don't blame 'em. I'm afraid I haven't read 'Dere Mable'. If it's really amusing, I'm glad they read it. I suspect it isn't a very great book, because a Philadelphia schoolgirl has written a reply to it called 'Dere Bill', which is said to be as good as the original. Now you can hardly imagine a Philadelphia flapper writing an effective companion to Bacon's 'Essays'. But never mind, if the stuff's amusing, it has its place. The human yearning for innocent pastime is a pathetic thing, come to think about it. It shows what a desperately grim thing life has become. One of the most significant things I know is that breathless, expectant, adoring hush that falls over a theatre at a Saturday matinée, when the house goes dark and the footlights set the bottom of the curtain in a glow, and the late-comers tank over your feet climbing into their seats——"

"Isn't it an adorable moment!" cried Titania.

"Yes, it is", said Roger; "but it makes me sad to see what tosh is handed out to that eager, expectant audience, most of the time. There they all are, ready to be thrilled, eager to be worked upon, deliberately putting themselves into that glorious, rare, receptive mood when they are clay in the artist's hand—and Lord! what miserable substitutes for joy and sorrow are put over on them! Day after day I see people streaming

into theatres and movies, and I know that more than half the time they are on a blind quest, thinking they are satisfied when in truth they are fed on paltry husks. And the sad part about it is, that if you let yourself think you are satisfied with husks, you'll have no appetite left for the real grain."

Titania wondered, a little panic-stricken, whether she had been permitting herself to be satisfied with husks. She remembered how greatly she had enjoyed a Dorothy Gish film a few evenings before. "But", she ventured, "you say people want to be amused. And if they laugh and look happy, surely they're amused?"

"They only think they are!" cried Mifflin. "They think they're amused because they don't know what real amusement is! Laughter and prayer are the two noblest habits of man, they mark us off from the brutes. To laugh at cheap jests is as base as to pray to cheap gods. To laugh at Fatty Arbuckle is to degrade the human spirit!"

Titania thought she was getting in rather deep, but she had the tenacious logic of every healthy girl. She said:

"But a joke that seems cheap to you doesn't seem cheap to the person who laughs at it, or he wouldn't laugh". Her face brightened as a fresh idea flooded her mind: "The wooden image a savage prays to may seem cheap to you, but it's the best god he knows, and it's all right for him to pray to it."

"Bully for you!" said Roger. "Perfectly true. But I've got away from the point I had in mind. Humanity is yearning now as it never did before for truth, for beauty, for the things that comfort and console and make life seem worth while. I feel this all round me, every day. We've been through a frightful ordeal, and every

decent spirit is asking itself what we can do to pick up the fragments and remould the world nearer to our heart's desire. Look here, here's something I found the other day in John Masefield's preface to one of his plays:

The truth and rapture of man are holy things, not lightly to be scorned. A carelessness of life and beauty marks the glutton, the idler, and the fool in their deadly path across history.

"I tell you, I've done some pretty sober thinking as I've sat here in my bookshop during the past horrible years. Walt Whitman wrote a little poem during the Civil War—said Walt:

*Year that trembled and reeled beneath me.
Must I learn to chant the cold dirges of the
baffled, and sullen hymns of defeat?*

I've sat here in my shop at night and looked round at my shelves, looked at all the brave books that house the hopes and gentlenesses and dreams of men and women, and wondered if they were all wrong, discredited, defeated. Wondered if the world were still merely a jungle of fury. I think I'd have gone balmy if it hadn't been for Walt Whitman. Talk about Mr. Britling—Walt was the man who 'saw it through'.

"The glutton, the idler, and the fool in their deadly path across history . . . aye, a deadly path indeed. The German military men weren't idlers, but they were gluttons and fools to the nth power. Look at their deadly path! And look at other deadly paths, too. Look at our slums, jails, insane asylums. . .

"I used to wonder what I could do to justify my comfortable existence here during such a time of horror. What right had I to shirk in a quiet bookshop when so many men were suffering and dying through no fault of their own? I tried to get into an

ambulance unit, but I've had no medical training, and they said they didn't want men of my age unless they were experienced doctors."

"I know how you felt", said Titania, with a surprising look of comprehension. "Don't you suppose that a great many girls, who couldn't do anything real to help, got tired of wearing neat little uniforms with Sam Browne belts?"

"Well", said Roger, "it was a bad time. The war contradicted and denied everything I had ever lived for. Oh, I can't tell you how I felt about it, I can't even express it to myself. Sometimes I used to feel as I think that truly noble simpleton Henry Ford may have felt when he organized his peace voyage—that I would do anything, however stupid, to stop it all. In a world where everyone was so wise and cynical and cruel, it was admirable to find a man so utterly simple and hopeful as Henry. A boob, they called him. Well, I say bravo for boobs! I dare say most of the apostles were boobs—or maybe they called them Bolsheviks."

Titania had only the vaguest notion about Bolsheviks, but she had seen a good many newspaper cartoons.

"I guess Judas was a Bolshevik", she said innocently.

"Yes, and probably George the Third called Ben Franklin a Bolshevik", retorted Roger. "The trouble is, truth and falsehood don't come laid out in black and white—Truth and Huntruth, as the wartime joke had it. Sometimes I thought Truth had vanished from the earth", he cried bitterly. "Like everything else, it was rationed by the governments. I taught myself to disbelieve half of what I read in the papers. I saw the world clawing itself to shreds in blind rage. I saw hardly anyone brave enough to

face the brutalizing absurdity as it really was, and describe it. I saw the glutton, the idler, and the fool applauding, while brave and simple men walked in the horrors of hell. The stay-at-home poets turned it to pretty lyrics of glory and sacrifice. Perhaps half a dozen of them have told the truth. Have you read Sassoon? Or Latzko's 'Men in War', which was so damned true that the government suppressed it? Humph! Putting Truth on rations!"

He knocked out his pipe against his heel, and his blue eyes shone with a kind of desperate earnestness.

"But I tell you, the world is going to have the truth about war. We're going to put an end to this madness. It's not going to be easy. Just now, in the intoxication of the German collapse, we're all rejoicing in our new happiness. I tell you, the real peace will be a long time coming. When you tear up all the fibres of civilization, it's a slow job to knit things together again. You see those children going down the street to school? Peace lies in their hands. When they are taught in school that war is the most loathsome scourge humanity is subject to, that it smirches and fouls every lovely occupation of the mortal spirit, then there may be some hope for the future. But I'd like to bet they are having it drilled into them that war is a glorious and noble sacrifice.

"The people who write poems about the divine frenzy of going over the top are usually those who dipped their pens a long, long way from the slimy duckboards of the trenches. It's funny how we hate to face realities. I knew a commuter once who rode in town every day on the 8.13. But he used to call it the 7.73. He said it made him feel more virtuous."

There was a pause, while Roger

watched some belated urchins hurrying toward school.

"I think any man would be a traitor to humanity who didn't pledge every effort of his waking life to an attempt to make war impossible in future."

"Surely no one would deny that", said Titania. "But I do think the war was very glorious as well as very terrible. I've known lots of men who went over, knowing well what they were to face, and yet went gladly and humbly in the thought they were going for a true cause."

"A cause which is so true shouldn't need the sacrifice of millions of fine lives", said Roger gravely. "Don't imagine I don't see the dreadful nobility of it. But poor humanity shouldn't be asked to be noble at such a cost. That's the most pitiful tragedy of it all. Don't you suppose the Germans thought they, too, were marching off for a noble cause, when they began it and forced this misery on the world? They had been educated to believe so for a generation. That's the terrible hypnotism of it all, the brute mass-impulse, the pride and national spirit, the instinctive simplicity of men that makes them worship what is their own above everything else. I've thrilled and shouted with patriotic pride, like everyone. Music and flags and men marching in step have bewitched me, as they do all of us. And then I've gone home and sworn to root this evil instinct out of my soul. God help us—let's love the world, love humanity—not just our own country! That's why I'm so keen about the part we're going to play at the Peace Conference. Our motto over there will be 'America Last'! Hurrah for us, I say, for we shall be the only nation over there with absolutely no ax to grind. Nothing but a pax to grind!"

It argued well for Titania's breadth of mind that she was not dismayed nor alarmed at the poor bookseller's anguished harangue. She surmised sagely that he was cleansing his bosom of much perilous stuff. In some mysterious way she had learned the greatest and rarest of the spirit's gifts—toleration.

"You can't help loving your country", she said.

"Let's go indoors", he answered. "You'll catch cold out here. I want to show you my alcove of books on the war."

"Of course one can't help loving one's country", he added. "I love mine so much that I want to see her take the lead in making a new era possible. She has sacrificed least for war, she should be ready to sacrifice most for peace. As for me", he said, smiling, "I'd be willing to sacrifice the whole Republican party!"

"I don't see why you call the war an absurdity", said Titania. "We *had* to beat Germany, or where would civilization have been?"

"We had to beat Germany, yes, but the absurdity lies in the fact that we had to beat ourselves in doing it. The first thing you'll find, when the Peace Conference gets to work, will be that we shall have to help Germany onto her feet again so that she can be punished in an orderly way. We shall have to feed her and admit her to commerce so that she can pay her indemnities—we shall have to police her cities to prevent revolution from burning her up—and the upshot of it all will be that men will have fought the most terrible war in history, and endured nameless horrors, for the privilege of nursing their enemy back to health. If that isn't an absurdity, what is? That's what happens when

a great nation like Germany goes insane.

"Well, we're up against some terribly complicated problems. My only consolation is that I think the bookseller can play as useful a part as any man in rebuilding the world's sanity. When I was fretting over what I could do to help things along, I came across two lines in my favorite poet that encouraged me. Good old George Herbert says—

A grain of glory mixed with humbleness
Cures both a fever and lethargickness.

Certainly, running a second-hand bookstore is a pretty humble calling, but I've mixed a grain of glory with it, in my own imagination at any rate. You see, books contain the thoughts and dreams of men, their hopes and strivings and all their immortal parts. It's in books that most of us learn how splendidly worth while life is. I never realized the greatness of the human spirit, the indomitable grandeur of man's mind, until I read Milton's 'Areopagitica'. To read that great outburst of splendid anger ennobles the meanest of us, simply because we belong to the same species of animal as Milton. Books are the immortality of the race, the father and mother of most that is worth while cherishing in our hearts. To spread good books about, to sow them in fertile minds, to propagate understanding and a carefulness of life and beauty—isn't that high enough mission for a man? The bookseller is the real Mr. Valiant-For-Truth."

"Here's my war-alcove", he went on. "I've stacked up here most of the really good books the war has brought out. If humanity has sense enough to take these books to heart, it will never get itself into this mess again. Printer's ink has been running a race against gunpowder these many, many

years. Ink is handicapped, in a way, because you can blow up a man with gunpowder in half a second, while it may take twenty years to blow him up with a book. But the gunpowder destroys itself along with its victim, while a book can keep on exploding for centuries. There's Hardy's 'Dynasts' for example. When you read that book you can feel it blowing up your mind. It leaves you gasping, ill, nauseated—O, it's not pleasant to feel some really pure intellect filtered into one's brain! It hurts! There's enough TNT in that book to blast war from the face of the globe. But there's a slow fuse attached to it. It hasn't really exploded yet. Maybe it won't, for another fifty years.

"In regard to the war, think what books have accomplished. What was the first thing all the governments started to do—publish books! Blue books, yellow books, white books, red books—everything but black books, which would have been appropriate in Berlin. They knew that guns and troops were helpless unless they could get the books on their side, too. Books did as much as anything else to bring America into the war. Some German books helped to wipe the Kaiser off his throne—'I Accuse', and Dr. Muehlon's magnificent outburst 'The Vandal of Europe', and Lichnowsky's private memorandum, which shook Germany to her foundations—simply because he told the truth. Here's that book 'Men in War', written I believe by a Hungarian officer, with its noble dedication 'To Friend and Foe'. Here are some of the French books—books in which the clear, passionate intellect of that race, with its savage irony, burns like a flame. Romain Rolland's 'Au Dessus de la Mêlée', written in exile in Switzerland; Barbusse's terrible 'Le Feu'; Duhamel's bitter 'Civi-

lization'; Bourget's strangely fascinating novel 'The Meaning of Death'. And the noble books that have come out of England: 'A Student in Arms'; 'The Tree of Heaven'; 'Why Men Fight' by Bertrand Russell—I'm hoping he'll write one on 'Why Men Are Imprisoned': you know he was locked up for his sentiments! And here's one of the most moving of all—'The Letters of Arthur Heath', a gentle, sensitive, young Oxford tutor who was killed on the western front. You ought to read that book. It shows the entire lack of hatred on the part of the English. Heath and his friends, the night before they enlisted, sat up singing the German music they had loved, as a kind of farewell to the old, friendly, joyous life. Yes, that's the kind of thing war does—wipes out spirits like Arthur Heath. Please read it. Then you'll have to read Philip Gibbs, and Lowes Dickinson, and all the young poets. Of course you've read Wells already. Everybody has."

"How about the Americans?" said Titania. "Haven't they written anything about the war that's worth while?"

"Here's one that I found a lot of meat in, streaked with philosophical gristle", said Roger, relighting his pipe. He pulled out a copy of "Professor Latimer's Progress". "There was one passage that I remember marking—let's see now, what was it?—Yes, here!

It is true that, if you made a poll of newspaper editors, you might find a great many who think that war is evil. But if you were to take a census among pastors of fashionable metropolitan churches—

That's a bull's-eye hit! The church has done for itself with most thinking men. . . . There's another good passage in 'Professor Latimer', where he points out the philosophical value of

dishwashing. Some of Latimer's talk is so much in common with my ideas that I've been rather hoping he'd drop in here some day. I'd like to meet him. As for American poets, get wise to Edwin Robinson—"

There is no knowing how long the bookseller's monologue might have continued, but at this moment Helen appeared from the kitchen.

"Good gracious, Roger!" she exclaimed. "I've heard your voice piping away for I don't know how long. What are you doing—giving the poor child a Chautauqua lecture? You must want to frighten her out of the book business."

Roger looked a little sheepish. "My dear", he said, "I was only laying down a few of the principles underlying the art of bookselling—"

"It was very interesting, honestly it was", said Titania brightly. Mrs. Mifflin, in a blue-check apron and with plump arms floury to the elbow, gave her a wink—or as near a wink as a woman ever achieves (ask the man who owns one).

"Whenever Mr. Mifflin feels very low in his mind about the business", she said, "he falls back on those highly idealized sentiments. He knows that next to being a parson, he's got into the worst line there is, and he tries bravely to conceal it from himself."

"I think it's too bad to give me away before Miss Titania", said Roger smiling, so Titania saw this was merely a family joke.

"Really, truly", she protested, "I'm having a lovely time. I've been learning all about Professor Latimer who wrote 'The Handle of Europe', and all sorts of things. I've been afraid every minute that some customer would come in and interrupt us."

"No fear of that", said Helen.

"They're scarce in the early morning." She went back to her kitchen.

"Well, Miss Titania," resumed Roger—"you see what I'm driving at. I want to give people an entirely new idea about bookshops. The grain of glory that I hope will cure both my fever and my 'lethargicknesse' is my conception of the bookstore as a powerhouse, a radiating place for truth and beauty. I insist 'books are not absolutely dead things: they are as lively as those fabulous dragons' teeth, and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men'. How about Bernhardt? Some of my Corn Cob friends tell me books are just merchandise. Pshaw!"

"I haven't read much of Bernard Shaw", said Titania.

"Did you ever notice how books track you down and hunt you out? They follow you like the hound in Francis Thompson's poem. They know their quarry! Look at that book 'The Education of Henry Adams'! Just watch the way it's hounding out thinking people this winter. And 'The Four Horsemen'—you can see it racing in the veins of the reading people. It's one of the uncanniest things I know to watch a real book on its career—it follows you and follows you and drives you into a corner and *makes* you read it. There's a queer old book that's been chasing me for years: 'The Life and Opinions of John Bunce, Esq.', it's called. I've tried to escape it, but every now and then it sticks up its head somewhere. It'll get me some day, and I'll be compelled to read it. 'Ten Thousand a Year' trailed me the same way until I surrendered. Words can't describe the cunning of some books. You'll think you've shaken them off your trail, and then one day some innocent-looking customer will pop in and be-

gin to talk, and you'll know he's an unconscious agent of book-destiny. There's an old sea-captain who drops in here now and then. He's simply the novels of Captain Marryat put into flesh. He has me under a kind of spell: I know I shall have to read 'Peter Simple' before I die, just because the old fellow loves it so. That's why I call this place the Haunted Bookshop. Haunted by the ghosts of the books I haven't read. Poor, uneasy spirits, they walk and walk around me. There's only one way to lay the ghost of a book, and that is to read it."

"I know what you mean", said Titania. "I haven't read much Bernard Shaw, but I feel I shall have to. He meets me at every turn, bullying me.

And I know lots of people who are simply terrorized by H. G. Wells. Every time one of his books comes out, and that's pretty often, they're in a perfect panic until they've read it."

Roger chuckled. "Some have even been stampeded into subscribing to 'The New Republic' for that very purpose."

"But speaking of the Haunted Bookshop, what's your special interest in that Oliver Cromwell book?"

"Oh, I'm glad you mentioned it", said Roger. "I must put it back in its place on the shelf." He ran back to the den to get it, and just then the bell clanged at the door. A customer came in, and the one-sided gossip was over for the time being.

THE PASSION FOR PREFACES IN SOME RECENT BOOKS OF VERSE

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

Why will our young poets write prefaces for their volumes, and in them apologize and explain? If a poem does not speak for itself, if it does not paint itself on the mind, all the prose in the world will not justify it. Thank heaven architects don't explain their buildings—they don't even sign them; and musicians and painters and sculptors are not forever talking or haranguing about their art. It seems to me that it is far better to try to write good poetry than to discuss it. Do your work as well as you can and let it stand or fall.

There are ten books on my desk as I write this—ten books of verse; and all except one contain a preface. Willard Wattles is a sinner, doubly; for his little foreword tells nothing—it were far better if he had never written it. In the very first sentence he blushes furiously—but proceeds in the most bromidic manner to enlighten the reader as to the production of certain of his lyrics: as if it were necessary to know that one poem was written in such and such a year and another in such and such a month—he almost gives the day and the hour. "Lanterns in Gethsemane" may need an explanation; but Mr. Wattles is not the person to offer it. The jacket, which has come to mean only another preface, tells us that it is "verse most unusual: vibrant with meaning and rich with vision", an attempt to explain Christ in the present crisis.

Now, I have like fragments by this young poet which I have seen in the

magazines; but when his verse is gathered together it has a monotony that somewhat palls; and his parochial religiosity is a thing to be decried and almost wept over; for, artistically, it will never get him anywhere. In a letter to a friend, which he gives in his unnecessary preface, he says: "There is no mistake I make which Jesus does not understand". Think of a poet saying that! I could understand a Salvation Army lassie thus confessing in public on a street corner—that is what she is there for; but why should the casual reader who has bought Mr. Wattles's book to enjoy his work as an artist, care if the good Lord understands Mr. Wattles's faults? Lo! they are many; and, to my way of thinking, some of them are hard to forgive. His artistic sinning is all the greater since now and then he shows a gleam of the real fire, as when he sings,—

Dead and forgotten, though the world's cathedrals,

Trembling with music, blossom into stone.

But how can one reconcile such a talent with unoriginal lines like,—

The day that's gone will nevermore return,
or,—

We touched a flower, the petals dropped in
dung.

This last is at worst only an error of taste; but the following is unpardonable:

. so they
Tongued their pale cheeks and politely hissed.

And he makes the gentle Saviour say, in a poem called "I am that I am" (the

same Saviour who understands all his faults!):

When Cleopatra watched the work
Of poison, I was there;
Her fingers felt my breast grow cold,
Her harp player.

For sheer banality I have never read anything worse. May the Lord have mercy on Mr. Wattles's soul!

The trouble with this young Westerner is that he is sleekly contented, with a Pollyanna optimism that infuriates one. He is too fond of self-analysis; and when he attempts, as in singing thus:

My knee was sprung
And I couldn't see,
So I climbed up high
In a jujube tree,

or again,—

And Jesus will laugh
And say it's good
That I've moved into
His neighborhood.

When he lights his pipe
I think he'll scratch
The morning-star
For his safety match,—

one groans, and again cries out, "May the Lord have mercy on Mr. Wattles's soul!" It is all an amazing attempt to be simple. Mr. Wattles has much to learn. His technique is slatternly, as in some of the Omarian stanzas called "Youth Apologizes". We can only hope some of the rough lines are due to printer's errors; but no mere typographer threw the accent on the first syllable of "beyond" in "Against my Second Coming".

Every now and then Mr. Wattles has a big idea, but in his effort to be matter-of-fact he ruins it. Take "A Secret", and see how it is marred by the poet's refusal to allow the reader to use his own imagination. And how a farmer boy, sleeping, could have found David's sling and lost it again is quite beyond me. Was the word "sleeping" dragged in for the sake of

a rhyme? If so, give me vers libre every time! There is nothing lovelier in poetry than the right kind of repetition; but in pieces like "Jericho" Mr. Wattles reiterates until one has the feeling that doggerel has been produced; and "Pisgah" succeeds in becoming only a passable hymn, not the passionate human experience Mr. Wattles evidently intended to record. It is a thousand pities, as I said; for this young man could write good poetry if he wanted to, and if he lost some of his self-love.

Mr. (or, rather, Professor) Frederick E. Pierce prefaces his book, "Poems of New England and Old Spain", with some words explanatory of his very blank verse. He links his name with that of Robert Frost—a delicate and dangerous thing to do. Simply because he chooses to write of lonely New England farm life, I suppose he imagines the reader will associate his lines with those of one of the most important interpreters of our time; but it will not be so. For Frost is a genius, and Pierce is—well, to put it plainly—only a professor. He may be able to tell his classes something of scansion and iambic pentameter; but he does not write authentic poetry. For the most part his measures give only the impression of chopped-up prose—and uninteresting prose at that. His people do not live and breathe; they are mere puppets. When Professor Pierce gets to an interesting place in a description of their wan lives, he has the amateur's habit of telling you that something dramatic happened, or that several years passed, and lets it go at that. It's a great pity; for he irritates his reader, who, having waded through several pages of stilted verse, hopes he has at last come upon the illuminating passage which will make the rest

worth while. But here and there stands out a brilliant, sharp line—a line that reveals a true appreciation of the beauty of nature; such a line as,—

The twinkling fireflies moved like fallen stars,

or,—

The myriad-branched magnolia bloomed for her,

God's candelabra tipped with spirit fire.

And better still:

Called life to sunnier slopes in laughing May,
Or April hours, when bud and leaf unfolding
Hung delicate as the silken dress of brides.

In his preface, Professor Pierce says that the people he writes of would not always speak like typical farmers. Neither, I venture to say, would they speak as they do on, say, page 31, when a boy says to his father:

My future calls me; earth and ocean call me,
Vast mines in mountains half a world away,
Great ships with foreign funnels dropping
down

In the still twilight, bound for twilight lands.

The charm of Frost is that he makes his people speak like human beings. If Professor Pierce ever met a lad like the one in "Father and Son", he should have murdered him, and not written a panegyric about him.

To my mind, "In Flanders Fields" is one of the finest poetic utterances this war has brought forth; but, like Bourdillon who wrote "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes", Colonel McCrae wrote only one poem that will last. Yet that one is enough. Think of leaving such a monument behind you! This great rondeau is the title of a volume just published; for having blown about the world for many months—a fugitive bird dipping its wings upon the pages of every newspaper imaginable,—it has at last found a solid resting-place between covers. The late Colonel's friend, Sir Andrew Macphail, has written a touch-

ing introduction which throws much light on the character of the soldier-poet, and is a valuable addition to the literature of the Great War. How one would have liked to know McCrae, whose sensitive, manly face looks out from two or three pictures in the volume! Everybody should have this book in his library, though it contains, as I said, no other notable poem; but the title piece will live, as it deserves to live, with Masefield's "August, 1914", and A. E. Housman's "On a Mercenary Army", the latter all too little known in this country.

James C. Welsh, under the title of "Songs of a Miner", gives us a slender volume, slender both in format and substance. If Mr. Wattles and Professor Pierce write rambling introductions to their books, Mr. Welsh does just the opposite; for his preface is a sincere little essay, telling frankly of his origin, containing a beautiful tribute to his mother and to two friends, a Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell of Glasgow, who helped him upward. Bernard Shaw, he tells us, was asked to write the foreword, but refused, as he wanted Welsh to stand on his own literary legs. Good advice, that. It is difficult to review this young poet after his earnest and sane statement of his life and his struggles; as an editor, I know how it pains me to return the manuscripts of the beginner, with the polite excuse that "our bins are full", or "we are overcrowded at present. Call again". Editors don't relish this part of their thankless work, despite their cruel critics; and reviewers would far rather say pleasant things about the efforts of any man or woman whose book comes to their table. The truth must be told, however. In my opinion, Mr. Welsh hasn't much to say, and he says that little only fairly well. His verses

might just as well have been written by a cab-driver or a carpenter, for only one poem gives any expression of his vocation in life. The rest are the nondescript little songs of any casual singer, and their value is purely personal. I do wish I could say that here is another authentic voice, a man worth while, a toiler with a message, or something equally pleasant.

Even the experienced Henry van Dyke must write a bit of a preface for his infinitesimal volume, "Golden Stars". He almost apologizes for the inclusion of all the poems except the one which gives the book its title, thereby disarming his critics. I venture to say that if a lesser name had been on the manuscript when the publisher's reader considered it, there would have been no date of publication set; for of all the banal and tawdry stuff produced by the recent conflict, this takes the palm. It is not worth the paper it is printed on. And how Dr. van Dyke used to write! He is to literature nowadays what Harry B. Smith is to comic opera.

A young man whose name is new to me publishes a thin volume called "Songs and Symphonies". His name is Nathan Rosenbaum. I doubt if he will be heard of again; for he writes the freest kind of free verse, and his attempts at rhymed couplets are anything but successful. His themes are commonplace, and his adjectives and figures of speech equally so. He tells us solemnly, after the way of youth, that "Sorrow waits for all men born", and he asserts, as though Bryant had never said it, that "The melancholy days of Autumn are here". And he continues, bromidically enough:

The dead leaves are falling
From the treetops;
Saffron and mellow-red,
Tarnished gold and ashen-brown.

The dead leaves are falling
From the treetops,
Covering the damp mellow earth,
Hiding the winding roads,
Floating upon the breasts
Of purple-blue waters.
The dead leaves are falling,
Slowly falling,
Falling.

No, Mr. Rosenbaum, this will never do in these rushing years, these times of stress and rich human drama. You must live a little more before you again set pen to paper. But one thing is to your credit—you did not write a preface!

I find it difficult to be gentle with a versifier who rhymes "time" and "mine", "weary" and "Mary". That is what Amy Redpath Roddick does in her slender book, "The Flag". For the most part these are imperfect verses not worthy of the dignity of the printed page, efforts to show how loyal Canada has been in the world conflict. But the author has no technique, and it were far better for Canada—and herself—if she had remained mute. Lest I be accused of being too harsh, let me quote a sample stanza from page 31:

Though our verse may seem too terse,
Somewhat odd and not quite nice;
Yet it's fine, each single line,
Free from metre and from rhyme,
It's intense, without much sense!

The rest is silence.

"Afterglow" was written by the late James Fenimore Cooper, Jr., a great-grandson of the famous novelist. Young Cooper became a captain in our army, and died at Camp Dix of pneumonia, in February, 1918. Professor Beers, in a sympathetic foreword (quite justified, in this case) tells us that Captain Cooper had been trying to shape his life so that he could abandon the study and practice of law, in order that he might live in the country and find time to write. The volume

he left behind him seems to justify this ambition, and it is a pity that he died in the flush of his youth. Many of the verses reveal the true singer; but perhaps, as is generally the case, his literary executors have included a few pieces that Cooper himself would have omitted. The whole content of the volume, however, is one of courage and high conviction. Captain Cooper left beauty and grace behind him. He is one of that little band of soldier-poets which America gave to the great god of war.

"Fisherman's Verse" is a heavenly anthology of all that is best from the angler's point of view. It has been collected with great discretion by William Haynes and Joseph LeRoy Harrison; and if, a few paragraphs above, I wrote scathingly of Henry van Dyke's tiny volume, I must praise without stint his conversational introduction to this book. It is just what it should be—a light, cheerful, out-of-doors bit of writing, as graceful as a fishing-rod in action. There are songs grave and gay, from the well-worn Anonymous to Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Clinton Scollard—and, by the way, there is a typographical error in Mr. Scollard's verses on page 292 which should be corrected before the second edition goes to press. There isn't an angler in the world who should not get this happy volume for his library. I have never been a fisherman; but after reading these poems I want to get the equipment—and the right companion—and go to it. Can one say more for any book?

Just as one grows thoroughly disheartened over the outlook for American poetry and broods over the lack of authentic voices here, there arrives a singer like John G. Neihardt—a vigorous Nebraskan who comes, not with a light sheaf of lyrics, but with

an epic!—"The Song of Three Friends". And moreover he announces, in a preface that is again worth the writing—and the reading—that this is but one of a trilogy of such epics. In an era of telephones and telegraphs and "speeding", it is refreshing to know that there is one poet, at least, who has the time and the inclination to take his art seriously and leisurely; and one enviously pictures him, out on his lonely prairie lands, sifting the stuff of dreams, weighing this phrase or that, and moulding his songs into the shape that suits his happy heart. What Noyes did for Drake and the Spanish Armada, Neihardt will do, without doubt, for that romantic period in our history when those hardy adventurers, trappers and traders all, the Ashley-Henry men, traversed the upper Missouri river. Mr. Neihardt has absorbed the history of those early 'twenties; he has lived for months at a time on the river he loves—I recall his prose record, several years back, of that almost mystical yet thoroughly human love-affair, which he called "The River and I"—and he is ready now to put into flowing verse the story that he wants the whole world to share with him.

The first volume covers one hundred and twenty-six pages, and the simple narrative is told in eight cantos. Three *voyageurs* set forth together, husky men who have learned much of friendship in the years they have been together. They have become attached to one another in the way that soldiers and sailors form close ties. They know that exalted free masonry which is so rare and holy a thing, and they feel the strong and seemingly unbreakable ties that only men of action know. Then—and here comes the one great weakness of the story, to me—a wo-

man enters; and, potent as her influence is, Neihardt does not think it necessary to describe her. He does not even let us see her; yet it is she who breaks the friendship of two of the men, and causes one, in the end, to murder the other! How she came to cross their path is not even revealed, merely hinted at. Perhaps the poet hoped, through this original device of literally concealing one of his protagonists, to get an added dramatic effect. To my mind, he fails, for I was anxious to know what manner of woman it was who could destroy so completely the friendship of Carpenter and that wild Irishman, Mike Fink. And later Frank Talbeau, discovering the guilt of Mike, comes to hate him with a deadly hatred, and lets him perish amid the arid wastes of the desert. It sounds trite to tell this thin plot; but the poem is powerful and grim, with a rugged technique that might have made the frame for a novel by Jack London. No novelist, indeed, could have introduced his characters more skilfully. We get a picture at once of the husky, lusty trio. We learn that,—

The Mississippi reared no finer men,
And rarely the Ohio knew their peers
For pluck and prowess—even in those years
When stern life yielded suck but to the strong.

Carpenter, we find, was,—

A cedar of a man; he towered straight.
One might have judged him lumbering of gait,
When he was still; but when he walked or
ran,
He stepped it lightly like a little man.

And here is how Fink is described,
when he goes in swimming:

Clean as a windlass flame the lines of power
Run rhythmic up the stout limbs, muscle-
laced,
Athwart the ropy gauntness of the waist,
The huge round girth of chest, wheresoever
spread
Enormous shoulders. Now above his head
He lifts his arms where big thews merge and
flow

As in some dream of Michaelangelo;
And up along the dimpling back there run,
Like lazy serpents stirring in the sun,
Slow waves that break and pile upon the
slope
Of that great neck in swelling rolls, a-grope
Beneath the velvet softness of the skin.

And Neihardt goes on to speak, magnificently, of "that terrible economy of might". And if lines like these do not reveal the true poet, then I know nothing at all of poetry:

Now e'er they left the Ree town by the Grand
The revellers had seen the spent moon roam
The morning, like a tipsy hag bound home.

Or this:

. . . twice they saw
The sunset dwindle to a starry awe
Beyond the frozen vast, while still they
pressed
The journey—bearded faces yearning west,
White as the waste they trod.

When Neihardt can write such passages as these, it is a pity to see him resort (although in all justice I must say he does it only occasionally) to such tricks of cheap alliteration as this:

Then rose a roar that roused the teeming
town,

and later on,—

And, like a misty moon amid the smoke.

The description of the fight is vigorous and thrilling, and it is led up to with all a born story-teller's cleverness. You feel that Neihardt has lived among just such men, has sympathized with them in their laughter and their pain; that he has read their hearts and souls. And while he loves nature, he always seems to me to love human nature even more; and that is why his book is so splendid. The publishers say on the jacket that it can be read almost as a novel, solely for the story. That, in a sense, is true. The poet has chosen the medium of verse—and a popular meter, at that—to tell his tale of adventure. I feel that he would have been wiser to employ blank verse

instead of the monotonous couplet; and I think an added effect would have been gained if he had then interspersed his unrhymed measures with iambic and trochaic lyrics. For instance, when I reached page 82, I thought he had missed a golden opportunity to insert that Irish song he speaks of. It would have come as a refreshing contrast. But it is a sin, almost, to quibble over such details; for after all, as every poet knows, the form a poem is to take usually comes simultaneously with the idea; and if Neihardt's muse directed him to the couplet, then the couplet was the only vehicle he could choose. It is a beautiful piece of work, American through and through, a mosaic with many a deft design, and one is uplifted and exalted in the reading of its resounding lines.

I am not holding that Mr. Neihardt has written a *tour de force*; but he has gone far in the right direction; and every one of us who reads this preliminary volume will watch for the unborn companions to follow. I pointed out once in these pages how tragic a fact it was that for her poets New York was so lacking in romantic names; especially when one remembered in how wonderful a way the streets of London were christened. We have Fifth Avenue; and the English have Piccadilly Circus. Yet if the eastern metropolis is deficient in the sounds one loves to roll on his tongue, our middle West and far West are rich in the musical word, and Mr. Neihardt has a storehouse of the most beautiful phrases to draw upon. A woman in New York once said to me that she never realized what a glorious word "Illinois" was until Arnold Bennett told her so in "Your United States"! Here is Neihardt reveling in such names as Mississippi, Mis-

souri, Ohio, Elk Prairie, Assiniboine, Blackfoot Land, Bâton Rouge, and dozens of others—words to give joy to his poetic soul, his sensitive ear.

And what a joy to read his narrative after most of the little books I wanted so hard to praise, but could not. Being an editor, I know how the manuscript of even casual worth is apt to stand out in sharp contrast piled up against its fellows. Every day we poor editors see mediocrity stalking vain-gloriously through the world, and we see that endless host of writers who have nothing at all to say, going on, year in and year out, so diligently and loudly saying it! Heaven knows our hearts bleed for them; but is it not the better part of kindness to tell them frankly that you feel they have no message than to delude them with false hopes? So many young people try to become writers because the only paraphernalia necessary is a sheet of virgin paper and a lead pencil. These same young people would not think of taking up art; for a paint-box is more expensive, and they realize that even a little knowledge of the use of color is vital to success as an illustrator. But a writer—well, anyone may be a writer. And so they troop before us, more to be pitied than censured.

For they are not to be blamed so much as the publishers who make it possible for their volumes to be foisted on an unsuspecting public! In magazine offices we give attention to every manuscript that comes to us; for one never knows what envelope may contain that literary light we so anxiously seek. It is to the editor's undying credit if he discovers an O. Henry. It is a heart-breaking task to read so much mail of a morning; for one brief sentence often tells the tale of hopeless lack of talent, and one pities the postman on the Prairie Boulevard

route, or the Grand Avenue circuit, when these heavy sheafs of song or story find themselves in his bag. John Jones and Mary Adams frequently do not know that their manuscripts are worthless; but a literary agent, who is supposed to sift the stories that come to him, ought to know. Therefore what the literary agent sends to an editorial office is read with added hope, since the agent acts in the nature of a buffer between the writer and the publisher's reader. The agent is to the editorial world what an intelligence office is to a housekeeper seeking a good servant. The publisher is to the reviewer what the agent is to the editor. It is taken for granted that what is worth setting up in type and putting between covers is at least worth reading; and when one finds that it is not, one's wrath should not be vented upon the innocent author, but upon the lax publisher who lets anything slide through.

I had hoped, as I hope every work-

ing morning of my life, to enjoy the reading of these manuscripts in book form; but for the most part they have bored me to tears. But it wasn't such a bad day's work, after all, when I come to think of it. At least John G. Neihardt was in the mail-pouch, and his stuff isn't going back to Bancroft, Nebraska. No, indeed, it will stay right here on my shelves! Thank you, Mr. Neihardt. I wish I could send you a good fat check. You deserve it.

Lanterns in Gethsemane. By Willard Wattles. E. P. Dutton and Co.
 Poems of New England and Old Spain. By Frederick E. Pierce. Four Seas Co.
 In Flanders Fields. By Lieut.-Col. John McCrae. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 Songs of a Miner. By James C. Welsh. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 Golden Stars. By Henry van Dyke. Charles Scribner's Sons.
 Songs and Symphonies. By Nathan Rosenbaum. Ferris and Leach.
 The Flag. By Amy Redpath Roddick. Montreal: John Dougall and Son.
 Afterglow. By James Fenimore Cooper, Jr. Yale University Press.
 Fisherman's Verse. Edited by William Haynes and Joseph LeRoy Harrison. Duffield and Co.
 The Song of Three Friends. By John G. Neihardt. The Macmillan Co.

THE LITERATURE OF TRANSITION

BY WILBUR CORTEZ ABBOTT

There is a miracle being wrought on earth just now—the world is altering before our eyes, and we are aware of it! Yet it would be a still greater miracle if we remained ignorant, for the miracle-workers are so busy telling us just how it is done, the seers and prophets and soothsayers are so industriously expounding how it might, could, would, or should be done, that we are informed despite ourselves. For these are very human miracles—though not, perhaps, the less miraculous for that—and they are, for the most part, not done in a corner but in the open marketplace. And their fashion has changed. Six months ago they were prodigies of destruction; now it is construction and reconstruction which hold the stage—the reconstitution not only of the principalities, dominions, and powers of the world, but of the bodies and perhaps even the souls of its inhabitants.

The activities of the war—the doings of our own men, of those of our allies, and of our enemies—still form the theme of many books. Among these is conspicuous Cowing and Cooper's "Dear Folks at Home", a compilation of letters from the survivors of that gallant contingent on whose resistance the German onrush broke. If any man wants a measure of the difference between the armies which met in that high tide of Belleau Wood, let him read this book, together with that extraordinary "Diary of a German Soldier" by "Feldwebel C——"—that record of German militarism at its

worst, which, genuine or not as to its authorship, is none the less a true picture of the life which it presents as confirmed from a hundred sources. Let him read and ponder!

And if he wants sheer incredible heroism let him add to these Captain A. P. Corcoran's "The Daredevil of the Army", the "buzzer" and despatch-rider's adventures in the inferno. For there is at least one story there—that of the mortally-wounded 'Arry, who, "busted by a shell", crawled back some twenty yards with "'arf a leg and 'arf an arm", and held the two ends of the severed telephone wire in his dead hand until his comrade found the "break" in the wire and repaired it. And though after such reading as this, F. H. Potter's "The Naval Reserve" may seem tame, one may not forget it was by such processes as his book describes that crude humanity was run now and then into heroic mould. Upon that fact, in maritime affairs, Sir Henry Newbolt's "Submarine and Anti-Submarine" dwells more insistently. His book is "not an epic", he declares, "not a poetical work at all"; he has avowedly and obviously used "few epithets", yet his bare, reticent recital of the facts speaks more condemnation than volumes of abuse of those devotees of what is politely called "unrestricted" submarine warfare, which "destroyed the ancient brotherhood of those who go down to the sea in ships". And to these war books, finally, we may add Miss Clara Laughlin's "Foch, the Man", a readable and intelligent summary of the

life of the "Marshal of Victory"; and W. R. Wheeler's "China and the World War", which gives a clear, consecutive account, by a resident European, of the particular problems of that great nation as affected by the conflict just ended.

From such volumes as these we turn to reconstruction, first of human, then of political organisms. In Leon De Paeuw's "Vocational Re-Education of Maimed Soldiers", Director McMurtree's "The Disabled Soldier", even, in some measure, in Miss E. W. Black's "Hospital Heroes", we find a new note amid the dying echoes of the war—the note of human courage and scientific skill, the literal healing of the wounds of conflict, the salvage of men. In C. W. Barron's "War Finance", with its motto "Finance is the foundation of reconstruction", we find the same unquenchable energy of mankind at work in another no less important if less appealing field. And a whole group of books strike the same note on their respective instruments—W. H. Hobbs's "The World War and Its Consequences", Oreste Ferrara's "Lessons of the War and the Peace Conference", President Wilson's speeches and messages in "Guarantees of Peace", Sir George Smith's "Our Common Conscience", A. M. Simons's "The Vision for Which We Fought", Frank Dilnot's "The New America", and Ignatius Phayre's "America's Day". For nothing is more apparent than that the collective thought of men, whether in politics or industry, in business, or in morals, or in international relationships, is seeking not only an enduring peace but the deeper foundations on which such a peace must rest. It is no less evident from their words that, whatever treaties and agreements we shall have, this peace must be based upon "understanding" in a

larger sense than has been used by diplomats—an understanding of peoples among themselves, and of as well as with each other, an understanding of "the other man", and of the problems which confront us all. To this same end such volumes as Premier Clemenceau's "France Facing Germany" and Captain Ohlinger's "The German Conspiracy in American Education" contribute mightily, and Miss J. V. Bates's delightful descriptions of "Our Allies and Enemies in the Near East" contribute still more. For they, like Mr. Vosnjak's "A Bulwark Against Germany", give us at once some light on what we have had to face and on the measures needed to meet and conquer it. For never was there greater fallacy declared than that bromidic, soporific utterance that all we require to make us at one with all men is a full understanding of their motives and their acts. Nothing is more evident than that a fuller understanding will divide good men and motives from their enemies; and though this will not, indeed, immediately compass the millennium, it certainly will contribute to a better human world.

A world containing Russia and the Bolsheviks—there and elsewhere—that is the crux of the problem as it stands. Not many years ago we took our metaphor from the Malay Peninsula or from the farthest of the farthest West. We said men "ran amuck" or horses "went loco". Now the figure and its origin have changed; now men "go Bolshevik", and so infect the world. What is this new terror which threatens life? Some half a dozen books, all of merit, some of much insight, help to enlighten us. Dr. A. S. Rappoport's "Pioneers of the Russian Revolution" traces the beginnings of the internationalists; Mr. R. C. Long's

"Russian Revolution Aspects" and Mr. Robert Wilton's "Russia's Agony", with General Basil Gourko's "Russia 1914-17", show them in action. Frederick Moore's "The Chaos in Europe" views the movement in a wider field, with its relations to America; while Maria Botchkareva's "Yashka", apart from her personal adventures, gives us a clearer picture of the soil in which this Bolshevism for the moment flourishes. There is scarcely one of this unusual group of books, certainly not one of the first three, which must not be read by one who seeks for light on this problem.

For this Russia, this "dark forest of the hearts of men", this situation in which "everything we do is wrong and to do nothing the greatest wrong of all", this "purposeless hell", is, for the moment, the focus of the world. And it is more. For here, in stark bold outline, stands the imminent crisis of society; that fact this whole long list of books emphatically proves. And in that this fact is now so clearly recognized, the world is fortunate. It has before it in a concrete form the enemy of society and all his works revealed. Like his heroes and prototypes, the Jacobins, the Bolshevik will fail. He may triumph for his brief moment on the stage; he has brought about the Reign of Terror which he sought; but from that, there will come no Reign of Virtue like that of which his predecessors dreamed. The world will change, partly on his account, mainly in opposition to his doctrines

and their fruits. But unless all human signs shall fail, the remedies are already in sight—and this is the lesson here set down in print.

"Dear Folks at Home." Letters from Marines. Compiled by Kemper F. Cowing. Edited by Courtney Ryley Cooper. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Diary of a German Soldier. By Feldwebel C———. Alfred A. Knopf.

The Daredevil of the Army. By Captain A. P. Corcoran. E. P. Dutton and Co.

The Naval Reserve. By Frank Hunter Potter. Henry Holt and Co.

Submarine and Anti-Submarine. By Sir Henry Newbolt. Longmans, Green and Co.

Foch, the Man. By Clara E. Laughlin. Fleming H. Revell Co.

China and the World War. By W. Reginald Wheeler. The Macmillan Co.

Vocational Re-Education of Maimed Soldiers. By Leon De Paeuw. Princeton University Press.

The Disabled Soldier. By Douglas C. Murtrie. The Macmillan Co.

Hospital Heroes. By Elizabeth Walker Black. Charles Scribner's Sons.

War Finance. By Clarence W. Barron. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The World War and Its Consequences. By W. H. Hobbs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Lessons of the War and the Peace Conference. By Oreste Ferrara. Harper and Bros.

Guarantees of Peace. Messages, Addresses and Notes of Woodrow Wilson. Harper and Bros.

Our Common Conscience. By Sir George Adam Smith. George H. Doran Company.

The Vision for Which We Fought. By A. M. Simons. The Macmillan Co.

The New America. By Frank Dillnot. The Macmillan Co.

America's Day. By Ignatius Phayre. Dodd, Mead and Co.

France Facing Germany. By Georges Clemenceau. Speeches and Letters. E. P. Dutton and Co.

The German Conspiracy in American Education. By Captain Gustavus Ohlinger. George H. Doran Company.

Our Allies and Enemies in the Near East. By Jean Victor Bates. E. P. Dutton and Co.

A Bulwark Against Germany. By Bogumil Vosnjak. Fleming H. Revell Co.

Pioneers of the Russian Revolution. By Dr. Angelo S. Rappoport. Brentano's.

Russian Revolution Aspects. By Robert Crozier Long. E. P. Dutton and Co.

Russia's Agony. By Robert Wilton. E. P. Dutton and Co.

Russia, 1914-17. By General Basil Gourko. The Macmillan Co.

The Chaos in Europe. By Frederick Moore. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Yashka. My Life as Peasant, Officer and Exile. By Maria Botchkareva. As set down by Isaac Don Levine. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

FICTION IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN
LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The following lists of books in demand in April in the public libraries of the United States have been compiled from reports made by two hundred representative libraries, in every section of the country and in cities of all sizes down to ten thousand population. The order of choice is as stated by the librarians.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

- | | | |
|--|------------------------------|------------------|
| 1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse | <i>Vicente Blasco Ibáñez</i> | DUTTON |
| 2. The Desert of Wheat | <i>Zane Grey</i> | HARPER |
| 3. The Tin Soldier | <i>Temple Bailey</i> | PENN |
| 4. Patricia Brent, Spinster | <i>Anonymous</i> | DORAN |
| 5. "Shavings" | <i>Joseph C. Lincoln</i> | APPLETON |
| 6. Dawn | <i>Eleanor H. Porter</i> | HOUGHTON MIFFLIN |

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

- | | | |
|--|------------------------------|-----------|
| 1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse | <i>Vicente Blasco Ibáñez</i> | DUTTON |
| 2. The Desert of Wheat | <i>Zane Grey</i> | HARPER |
| 3. "Shavings" | <i>Joseph C. Lincoln</i> | APPLETON |
| 4. The Roll-Call | <i>Arnold Bennett</i> | DORAN |
| 5. The Magnificent Ambersons | <i>Booth Tarkington</i> | DOUBLEDAY |
| 6. Joan and Peter | <i>H. G. Wells</i> | MACMILLAN |

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

- | | | |
|--|------------------------------|-----------|
| 1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse | <i>Vicente Blasco Ibáñez</i> | DUTTON |
| 2. The Desert of Wheat | <i>Zane Grey</i> | HARPER |
| 3. The Tin Soldier | <i>Temple Bailey</i> | PENN |
| 4. Joan and Peter | <i>H. G. Wells</i> | MACMILLAN |
| 5. A Daughter of the Land | <i>Gene Stratton-Porter</i> | DOUBLEDAY |
| 6. "Shavings" | <i>Joseph C. Lincoln</i> | APPLETON |

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

- | | | |
|--|------------------------------|-----------|
| 1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse | <i>Vicente Blasco Ibáñez</i> | DUTTON |
| 2. The Desert of Wheat | <i>Zane Grey</i> | HARPER |
| 3. A Daughter of the Land | <i>Gene Stratton-Porter</i> | DOUBLEDAY |
| 4. The Tin Soldier | <i>Temple Bailey</i> | PENN |
| 5. In the Heart of a Fool | <i>William Allen White</i> | MACMILLAN |
| 6. The Magnificent Ambersons | <i>Booth Tarkington</i> | DOUBLEDAY |

WESTERN STATES

- | | | |
|--|------------------------------|-----------|
| 1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse | <i>Vicente Blasco Ibáñez</i> | DUTTON |
| 2. The Desert of Wheat | <i>Zane Grey</i> | HARPER |
| 3. Joan and Peter | <i>H. G. Wells</i> | MACMILLAN |
| 4. In the Heart of a Fool | <i>William Allen White</i> | MACMILLAN |
| 5. The Magnificent Ambersons | <i>Booth Tarkington</i> | DOUBLEDAY |
| 6. A Daughter of the Land | <i>Gene Stratton-Porter</i> | DOUBLEDAY |

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

- | | | |
|--|------------------------------|-----------|
| 1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse | <i>Vicente Blasco Ibáñez</i> | DUTTON |
| 2. The Desert of Wheat | <i>Zane Grey</i> | HARPER |
| 3. The Tin Soldier | <i>Temple Bailey</i> | PENN |
| 4. Joan and Peter | <i>H. G. Wells</i> | MACMILLAN |
| 5. "Shavings" | <i>Joseph C. Lincoln</i> | APPLETON |
| 6. The Magnificent Ambersons | <i>Booth Tarkington</i> | DOUBLEDAY |

GENERAL BOOKS IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The titles have been scored by the simple process of giving each a credit of six for each time it appears as first choice, and so down to a score of one for each time it appears in sixth place. The total score for each section and for the whole country determines the order of choice in the table herewith.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

- | | | |
|--|-------------------------------|------------------|
| 1. The Education of Henry Adams | <i>Henry Adams</i> | HOUGHTON MIFFLIN |
| 2. Joyce Kilmer: Poems, Essays and Letters | <i>Robert Cortes Holliday</i> | DORAN |
| 3. Letters of Susan Hale | <i>Caroline P. Atkinson</i> | MARSHALL JONES |
| 4. "And They Thought We Wouldn't Fight" | <i>Floyd Gibbons</i> | DORAN |
| 5. America in France | <i>Frederick Palmer</i> | DODD, MEAD |
| 6. France Facing Germany | <i>Georges Clemenceau</i> | DUTTON |

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

- | | | |
|---|--------------------------|------------------|
| 1. The Education of Henry Adams | <i>Henry Adams</i> | HOUGHTON MIFFLIN |
| 2. A Minstrel in France | <i>Harry Lauder</i> | HEARST'S |
| 3. "And They Thought We Wouldn't Fight" | <i>Floyd Gibbons</i> | DORAN |
| 4. Ambassador Morgenthau's Story | <i>Henry Morgenthau</i> | DOUBLEDAY |
| 5. Yashka | <i>Maria Botchkareva</i> | STOKES |
| 6. Echoes of the War | <i>J. M. Barrie</i> | SCRIBNER |

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

- | | | |
|---|-----------------------------|------------------|
| 1. The Education of Henry Adams | <i>Henry Adams</i> | HOUGHTON MIFFLIN |
| 2. With the Help of God and a Few Marines | <i>A. W. Catlin</i> | DOUBLEDAY |
| 3. "And They Thought We Wouldn't Fight" | <i>Floyd Gibbons</i> | DORAN |
| 4. The New Revelation | <i>A. Conan Doyle</i> | DORAN |
| 5. A Minstrel in France | <i>Harry Lauder</i> | HEARST'S |
| 6. Letters of Susan Hale | <i>Caroline P. Atkinson</i> | MARSHALL JONES |

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

- | | | |
|---------------------------------|-------------------------|------------------|
| 1. The Education of Henry Adams | <i>Henry Adams</i> | HOUGHTON MIFFLIN |
| 2. The New Revelation | <i>A. Conan Doyle</i> | DORAN |
| 3. Power of Will | <i>F. C. Haddock</i> | PELTON |
| 4. America in France | <i>Frederick Palmer</i> | DODD, MEAD |
| 5. A Minstrel in France | <i>Harry Lauder</i> | HEARST'S |
| 6. The Seven Purposes | <i>Margaret Cameron</i> | HARPER |

WESTERN STATES

- | | | |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------|------------------|
| 1. The Education of Henry Adams | <i>Henry Adams</i> | HOUGHTON MIFFLIN |
| 2. The Seven Purposes | <i>Margaret Cameron</i> | HARPER |
| 3. The New Revelation | <i>A. Conan Doyle</i> | DORAN |
| 4. A Minstrel in France | <i>Harry Lauder</i> | HEARST'S |
| 5. A Writer's Recollections | <i>Mrs. Humphry Ward</i> | HARPER |
| 6. Ambassador Morgenthau's Story | <i>Henry Morgenthau</i> | DOUBLEDAY |

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

- | | | |
|--|-------------------------------|------------------|
| 1. The Education of Henry Adams | <i>Henry Adams</i> | HOUGHTON MIFFLIN |
| 2. "And They Thought We Wouldn't Fight" | <i>Floyd Gibbons</i> | DORAN |
| 3. The Seven Purposes | <i>Margaret Cameron</i> | HARPER |
| 4. A Minstrel in France | <i>Harry Lauder</i> | HEARST'S |
| 5. Joyce Kilmer: Poems, Essays and Letters | <i>Robert Cortes Holliday</i> | DORAN |
| 6. With the Help of God and a Few Marines | <i>A. W. Catlin</i> | DOUBLEDAY |

THE GOSSIP SHOP

The first of the chief celebrations of the one hundredth birthday of Walt Whitman occurred on May 9th, the other will be on the 31st—the latter being the centenary day itself—under the auspices of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences. Since Whitman lived for so many years in Brooklyn and was at one time the editor of the Brooklyn "Daily Eagle", it was natural that Brooklyn should take the lead in celebrating his centenary.

The program of speakers prepared by the Institute for the afternoon and evening of May 9th follows: Hamlin Garland (he was a friend of the poet), Mr. and Mrs. Louis Untermeyer, Dr. Richard Burton, Professor William Lyon Phelps, Dr. Samuel McChord Crothers, Thomas B. Harned (one of Whitman's literary executors), Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pennell (they were friends of Whitman), Dr. J. Duncan Spaeth of Princeton, and Arthur M. Howe, the editor of the Brooklyn "Daily Eagle", whose paper contemplates a special Whitman edition on the day of the centenary. Readings from the writings of Whitman by Clayton Hamilton constituted another feature of the program.

On the thirty-first a party of about one hundred, including the speakers mentioned, plan to visit the birthplace of the poet at West Hills, Long Island. Dr. Edward Hagaman Hall, secretary of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, is the guide for this literary pilgrimage, which includes a visit to the little country schoolhouse where, as a very young man, the poet taught.

The American Forestry Association announced in advance that admirers of Walt Whitman would plant memorial trees in his honor on May 31st, the one hundredth anniversary of the poet's birth.

Some persons complain of coincidence in fiction. And yet coincidence is all about us in life. There, for instance, is the matter of William Shakespeare and Edwin Markham—both born on the same day of the month, April 23. To mark the sixty-seventh birthday anniversary of Mr. Markham, and "in recognition of his genius as a poet and his worth as a man", the Joint Committee of Literary Arts, New York, gave a dinner in the ballroom of the new Commodore Hotel, New York. The theme of the evening was: "Art and Letters as Welding Forces in International Relationship". Among those participating in the after-dinner program were J. I. C. Clarke, John Galsworthy, Dr. Joyokichi Iyenaga, Dr. Marcel Knecht, director of the Official Bureau of Information, Augustus Thomas, and Mr. Markham. M. Knecht, head of the French High Commission, speaking for France, compared Edwin Markham to Victor Hugo in his effective expression of his love of nature.

Clement K. Shorter, who is now visiting the United States, is one of the very few British bibliophiles now living. He began collecting rare, beautiful and interesting books when he was a young and struggling journalist, and he now possesses certain literary rarities which might well make

the mouth of any millionaire water. To give an example, he possesses the manuscript of Borrow's "Lavengro". He is also the happy owner of the manuscripts of some of Mr. Thomas Hardy's early novels, and his collection of Brontë papers and letters is unrivaled. Although by no means old, as age is counted nowadays, Mr. Shorter has been the friend of many eminent Victorians. Few living men know more of the inner life histories of the two Georges, Gissing and Meredith, and his weekly literary page in the London "Sphere" is looked forward to with eagerness by thousands of readers.

Clement K. Shorter is also one of the very few English journalists who have any very strong sympathy with Home Rule and even Sinn Fein Ireland. This is doubtless owing to the fact that his late wife, Dora Sigerson Shorter, had many devoted friends in both these political camps, and was herself of Irish nationality. Her verse was admired and extolled by many critics who were quite out of sympathy with her political opinions.

Reports from Berlin have been announcing the featuring in the spring book lists of volumes of memoirs by former governmental, political, and military leaders. Among the more recent of these are two elaborate volumes by former Imperial Chancellor Dr. von Bethmann Hollweg. The first volume is reported to deal with political developments preceding the outbreak of the war. Dr. Gottlieb von Jagow, former Minister of Foreign Affairs, also has a volume, said to be a defense of Germany's prewar policies. German publishers are apparently putting an extraordinary appraisal on the foreign interest in these

books, as they are demanding fat royalties for American and English editions. A Leipsic firm is offering for \$250,000 the foreign rights on a combination work by Admiral von Tirpitz, former Minister of the Navy; Lieutenant-General von Stein, former Prussian Minister of War and State, and Colonel von Lettow-Vorbeck, Commander of German troops in German East Africa. The rapidity with which distinguished authors are rushing into print has also prompted the suspicion that they are running to get under cover, and that forthcoming publications promise interesting recriminations and revelations. This is said to be especially true of the book by Admiral von Tirpitz. No popular editions have been announced for the forthcoming publications and the public will be forced to pay high prices to satisfy its curiosity.

In this connection the Gossip Shop is glad to print the following letter:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

The signs are increasing in the heavens and upon the earth that Germany is beginning to move with such circumspectness as the Teuton knows for the establishment of communications with the Allies, especially with the United States, whom she seems to regard as less allied in spirit than her other enemies.

We have seen for several weeks past the repeated announcements of extraordinary volumes of revelations written by everybody from Hindenburg and the erstwhile Crown Prince to Ludendorff and Bernstorff. These supposedly tempting manuscripts are dangled before the eyes of American publishers, apparently with the conviction that America has sponged the slate; that she bears no malice; and that when it comes to a matter of cash in the pocket, even such memories as American publishers may retain of the organized brutalities of the Kaiser-madness will not prevent them from looking kindly upon the profits to be got from German self-justifications.

Has anyone in this hour of grace the least notion that the so-called revelations will be anything else but justifications? Isn't the snake-trail of German propa-

ganda in the United States for the past twenty-five years sufficient to convince us even yet? If one had any doubt on that point a reading of Mr. Ohlinger's "The German Conspiracy in American Education" ought to be enough. Is there any real basis for the notion that Germany has cleaned her stable? Has her so-called revolution ever endangered anything that was vital to the old régime? Hindenburg, the nail-studded apotheosis of the Vandal, heads her armies; Brockdorff-Rantzau, the most sinister figure in her diplomatic life, heads her peace commission.

It would be a record to which we might look back with pride if no German book on the war or on any other kultural topic could find a publisher in America for the next twenty-five years. The loss would not be ours. And the American public, I am convinced, would approve. Is it too much to think that the American publishers and the booksellers (recently in convention in Boston) would be glad to subscribe to such a program? M. H.

The circumstances are as follows: on April 15th there appeared in Franklin P. Adams's column in the New York "Tribune" this item: "Under its new editorship THE BOOKMAN is full of typographical errors. But C. W. notes that it still speaks of the 'Bigelow Papers'." The statement was apparently read by everybody in New York. That afternoon the Gossip Shop entertained a stream of callers come to rub in the matter. That night the Gossip Shop read the current number of THE BOOKMAN from cover to cover, and found no typographical errors. The next morning the editor of THE BOOKMAN received a note from F. P. A. stating that his proofreader had been promptly murdered. He enclosed his original copy of the item. Also on that morning "The Conning Tower" printed this:

The Conning Tower apologizes to the Bookman. In yesterday's paper we were made to say "under its new editorship the Bookman is full of typographical errors"! We wrote "free", but the linotyper made it "full", and the proofroom let it stand.

In the matter of the Biggeelowe

business Mr. Adams did have one on us.

The present Queen of Roumania has followed her predecessor, Carmen Sylva's example, and before the war had finished both a book and a musical play. During her recent visit to England—Queen Marie is a first cousin of King George—she saw several people in connection with the production of her play. A cynical courtier once observed that wise royal personages, as regards general conversation, were limited to only two subjects—food and health—and it is of course a fact that kings and queens have to be extremely careful as to what they say—personal criticisms of men and even matters, for instance, being absolutely barred. As a matter of fact most royal personages are almost pathetically interested in the drama and in literature. One of the Russian Grand Dukes of an older generation took rank among the great Shakespeare scholars of his time. The late Duc d'Aumale was a military historian of real value. More than one anonymous novel, almost always of the autobiographical type, has been written and published by royal penwomen. Carmen Sylva thought of herself, and spoke of herself, as a writer first, and a queen a long way afterward. But where most royal personages—and especially royal women—excel is as letter writers. This is no new thing. There exists no more brilliant and vivid picture of the court of Louis XIV than that contained in the letters of Charlotte Elizabeth, Princess Palatine, of whom Thackeray, in his "Four Georges", wrote a short, imperishable sketch. Letters to distant kindred are often the only outlet for a sorely burdened if royal heart; and it may be hoped that the day will come when

people of our own generation will be able to read the war letters of, say, the German Empress and the Queen of the Belgians.

The movies, it is evident, are a subject of much controversy and very pronounced opposing opinions. The article by "A Scenario Editor", "The Movies: A Colossus that Totters", which appeared in the February number of *THE BOOKMAN*, brought to the office of the magazine a number of letters from the opposite camp. Charles Hanson Towne's article in the March issue, "Juveniles and the Movies", has been still more provocative of replies. In addition to numerous letters disagreeing with Mr. Towne's position, several articles reacting against his opinions have been submitted to the magazine. The most entertaining of these, that by Major Rupert Hughes, "Viewing with Alarm", was published in the May *BOOKMAN*. Others were declined not because of lack of interest or of excellent and ponderable argument, but for the reason that a magazine whose principal field is books could not devote so considerable an amount of space to this theme and retain its perspective. Among the most interesting letters received in this controversy is the following from Los Angeles, California:

GENTLEMEN:

In the March issue of *THE BOOKMAN* appeared a letter written by Mr. Charles Hanson Towne, headed "Juveniles and the Movies". There are a few things in this letter which should not be allowed to pass without comment. If the motion-pictures which the child of today is to enjoy are to be all they should be, it is knowledge, and not ignorance, which will help to make them so.

It is true that pictures such as Mr. Towne describes do exist and that children do see them. However, the Better Photoplay League of America (which

may be addressed at 350 N. Clark St., Chicago), is doing its best to awaken the parents to their responsibilities in this matter by showing them how they, themselves, may improve conditions, and by offering them the means of doing so.

But I cannot agree with Mr. Towne's belief that the modern motion-picture is responsible for a "perverted taste thus generally being formed" among children. Neither do I agree with his definition of the motion-picture, "these thrillers which are comparable only to the old 'penny dreadfuls'". Such words do *not* define the picture of today while photoplays are being produced of such excellence as Mrs. Burnett's "Sara Crewe" (The Little Princess), "The Poor Little Rich Girl"—in fact, all of Miss Pickford's plays; the recent beautiful picturization of "Little Women", wherein Meg and Jo are indeed Miss Alcott's flesh and blood heroines; "Tom Sawyer", vividly brought to life by Jack Pickford.

Nor do I believe that the mother who has carefully selected a library for her children will be so ignorant as to make no discrimination in the pictures they shall see. If she is capable of exercising judgment in the one case she will do so in the other.

It is encouraging to note how the child of today *does* use his judgment—the child who must depend upon his own initiative; who at the public libraries is left free to satisfy his tastes; who at the picture theatre learns to discriminate. That Miss Pickford receives his favor—is chosen to supersede all others,—proves him a connoisseur. Little children have grown into big children, others take their places. Big children have grown into young men and women. But their allegiance to Mary Pickford remains.

It proved an interesting experiment—that which I decided to make—of choosing those books which Mr. Towne has decided have been forgotten or laid on the shelf, and of noting at the local Public Library whether they were as popular as I privately decided they were. The following list is the result. It will prove even more interesting if one remembers these three facts: a child, the very little one especially, reads a book rather slowly; each book is loaned for a period of two weeks, subject to a renewal of two additional weeks; each book mentioned was but a single copy, there being several other copies of the book in circulation.

"Little Women" in October was loaned three times, in November once, in December twice, in January once, and in February three times—a total of ten loans in five months, or an average peri-

od of two weeks for each reader. The book was continually in use, and was only one copy out of many. "Little Men" showed a record of six loans in five months. "Tom Sawyer", fourteen loans in five months. "Huckleberry Finn", six loans in three months. "Alice's Adventures", three loans in three months. "Little Lord Fauntleroy", ten loans in five months.

Therefore, the old classics for children have not been superseded by the shadow "of the latest movie star". On the contrary, the screen has already given us masterpieces of its own, which it should be the privilege of all children to enjoy.

Very truly yours,
FLORENCE L. MUNN.

A memorial meeting in honor of Walter Hines Page, late American Ambassador to the Court of St. James and a member of the firm of Doubleday, Page and Company, was held in New York, April 25th, in the Brick Presbyterian Church. Dr. Edwin A. Alderman, president of the University of Virginia, presided and gave a sympathetic characterization of his old friend, Mr. Page. Other speakers were Lord Reading, the British Ambassador; Dr. Lyman Abbott, and William G. McAdoo, ex-Secretary of the Treasury. The Reverend Dr. William Pierson Merrill, pastor of Brick Church, delivered the invocation, and messages from President Wilson and Secretary Lansing were read.

The Scotch novelist, Miss Sally Macnaughtan, never found in America the great popularity she obtained in England with such books as "The Lamé Dog's Diary" and "The Fortune of Christina McNab". She was one of the many women of British birth who literally worked themselves to death during the war, and her posthumous book, "My War Experiences in Two Continents", is a curious document. The title is misleading, for the book consists for the most part of extracts

from a very private diary kept by her in Belgium, northern France, and Russia. It is that fact which gives extraordinary value, pathos and human interest to the volume. Indeed, it may be doubted if any war book, past, present or to come, will rival in horror this woman novelist's record. Miss Macnaughtan was noted for her wit and her power of seeing life on the humorous side, and it would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast than that between the same writer's so-called "Diary of the War" and this powerful secret picture of what she really felt. In the former small volume it was the humorous, cheerful writer who described vividly and cleverly the excellent work then being done by a group of English ladies close up to the fighting lines. In her private journals Miss Macnaughtan drew a very different picture, one which should remain among the few immortal, though terrible, paintings of what modern warfare really means in mental and physical agony—not only to the combatants, but to those who tend them and refit them for the fight.

The New York "Times Book Review" seems to have got its dates crossed. In a recent issue that interesting department, the editorial page of the literary section of the "Times", was devoted to the subject of autobiographies. Of "the three great autobiographies" — Rousseau's "Confessions", Franklin's "Autobiography", and "The Life of Benvenuto Cellini", the writer observes that Cellini's "Life" is "the fullest of adventure, the most absorbingly interesting to the general reader, and the most important viewed solely as a historical document, of the highest validity, portraying the life and manners of the period

in which its author lived." He continues: "It has frequently been published in English, having appeared in four different versions—one by Nugent, 1771; one by Roscoe, 1822; and again in 1888 by John Addington Symonds. A fourth version, by Anne Macdonnell, was published in Everyman's Library in 1903. Of these the Symonds version is incomparably the best. But as it was published originally in two costly volumes it has hitherto been practically inaccessible to the general reader. Now, however, it has been republished by the Scribners in a one-volume edition, at a much more moderate price, with a series of sixteen admirable reproductions of Cellini's principal art works by way of illustrations."

The Gossip Shop's copy of "Cellini" corresponds in every way to the edition described as now being issued for the first time. It bears the date of 1908. Its title page says that it is the fifth edition, that it was "originally published elsewhere . . . reprinted by Macmillan and Company, Ltd., 1901, 1903, 1905, 1908" and that it is "with mezzotint portrait and sixteen reproductions of Cellini's works". The imprint is: New York, Charles Scribner's Sons; London, Macmillan and Company, Ltd. Also, in addition to the four different versions of Cellini recorded by the "Times", the Gossip Shop has an impression that there appeared several years ago a handsome two-volume edition translated and edited by one Lionel Cust, which impresses at least one reviewer, that of the New York "Evening Post", as being of all versions the best.

A clerk in the Old Corner Book Store in Boston the other day told a friend of the Gossip Shop that the sale of books mentioned by Amy

Lowell in her article in the April BOOKMAN, "Casual Reflections on a Few of the Younger English Novelists", had increased a good deal since this article appeared, that people were constantly coming in and saying that they had read the article and wanted the books spoken of. One reason for this, thought this friend of the Gossip Shop, might be that, by the attitude on the part of Boston libraries, some of these books are not permitted in general circulation. He said that recently he happened to be in the "locked" room of the Boston Athenæum, hunting for material for a paper, and he found on the shelves a number of Gilbert Cannan's books, among others of this class. He told of a person officially connected with the Boston Public Library who had expressed herself as horrified by "Sylvia Scarlett", and who seemed to think that she could not recommend it for general circulation. Miss Lowell's paper, he suspected, had done something to dispel this attitude in regard to the books in question.

Joyce Kilmer's poem, "When the Sixty-ninth Comes Back", has been set to music by Victor Herbert and is published as a musical composition by a New York music publishing firm. The poem was written in France when Sergeant Kilmer was in the Intelligence Department of the 165th Infantry. It was played officially for the first time on the occasion of the parade of the "Sixty-ninth" on April 28th.

Father Duffy, chaplain of the 165th Regiment, the old Sixty-ninth, decorated Joyce Kilmer's oldest son Kenton with the Croix de Guerre on the day of the parade of the Sixty-ninth Regiment. Joyce Kilmer was closely associated with Father Duffy from the time of his enlistment.

Heywood Broun has assumed charge of the book review department of the New York "Tribune". Information reaches the Gossip Shop in various ways. Sometimes it comes through very exclusive channels. This particular information, however, came in the form of a large, handsome, deckle-edged "announcement" printed on what may be hand-made paper. The type is in effect like the letters on those boards for "dens" which say, "Old Wood to Smoke", "Old Friends to Burn", and all that kind of thing.

James T. M. Moore, author of "American Business in World Markets", recently published, died suddenly on April 23rd. He had spent a large part of the day before in the office of his publishers writing letters concerning his book. Mr. Moore was a frequent and a most welcome visitor to the Gossip Shop. His book is a study of our opportunities and obligations in securing export trade, and it gives the plans and purposes of other nations. For many years the author was confidential representative in foreign lands for large American interests.

This " . . . has been conceded to be America's most poetic period", says Louis Untermeyer in his recently published volume "The New Era in American Poetry". He then proceeds to make acknowledgments for permissions to quote from some twenty-five American poets of today whose names are familiar to all readers of poetry. It is an interesting book; John Hall Wheelock has a chapter; a chapter is given to Alfred Kreymborg and his troupe in "Others"; Joyce Kilmer (we are told, we haven't yet found it) has a line.

B. W. Huebsch—publisher of many volumes much esteemed by the Gossip Shop—whose offices were formerly in the Brunswick Building, which houses Brentano's New York store, not long ago removed to 32 West Fifty-eighth Street, same city. It is said that the new quarters are partly done in yellow and white (white woodwork and yellow hangings), and that they are on the whole much more spacious than the former ones.

While members of the ever-widening audiences of Canadians are enjoying the recently published "Arrow of Gold", word comes from London of the dramatization of "Victory", Conrad's great novel of a few years ago.

Amy Lowell's latest book, "Can Grande's Castle", recently went into a third edition; and her earlier books, "Men, Women and Ghosts" and "A Dome of Many-Colored Glass", have been reprinted for the fourth time.

Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, former United States Minister to the Court of Denmark, has written an Introduction for a Danish edition of "Walking-Stick Papers". The celebrated Tristram Shandy, Gentleman, was recently lost for three days. The New York "Times" Lost and Found Department reported his name as "Christian Shandy".

It has troubled the Gossip Shop a good deal to have to wait several months to discover the author of an article which the Gossip Shop has just enjoyed or detested. Therefore it is a relief to find that in the number of "The Unpopular Review" for April-June, Mr. Holt has given up his unique position of withholding the names of contributors until the succeeding number.

Harry R. Spier has set to music a poem by Christopher Morley called "A Hymn for America", and it was sung by Reinald Werrenrath as, so the Gossip Shop is told, "a new patriotic aria for baritone and orchestra" at the Newark Festival, recently held at Newark, New Jersey.

Miss Mary Noble Doran, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Doran, and Stanley Marshall Rinehart, Jr., were married on May 24th at Trinity Church, Ossining, New York. Mr. Rinehart is the eldest son of Major Stanley M. Rinehart and Mary Roberts Rinehart.

Perley Poore Sheehan's novel of New York, published a couple of years ago, "Those Who Walk in Darkness", has been dramatized by Owen Davis, author of "Forever After", which passed its two hundredth performance at the Playhouse, New York. Production will be made by the Shubert Theatrical Company with Irene Fenwick in the rôle of Viola Swan. An early spring production will be made out of New York City, and the drama will be brought into a Broadway playhouse on Labor Day. Mr. Sheehan was coauthor of "Efficiency", with Robert H. Davis, editor of "Munsey's Magazine". "Efficiency" had a run in New York and is now on the road.

The publication recently of the posthumous volume by Julia Ward Howe, "The Walk with God", is a reminder that among the numerous literary centenaries of 1919 is that of Mrs. Howe, whose birthday is May 27. The book contains a series of private meditations, prayers and poems, all hitherto unpublished, selected by Mrs. Howe's daughter, Laura E. Richards, from her diaries and unpublished writings.

The Gossip Shop has been much interested in looking at, without yet having had time to read, a recently published volume by Albert Bigelow Paine called "Dwellers in Arcady", with illustrations by Thomas Fogarty. Mr. Fogarty is an illustrator who happens also to be an artist. He draws with a pen not in the rather stereotyped manner of a number of those illustrators who make pen-drawing more or less of a routine business, but always with the touch of a painter. The readers of the books illustrated by him, however, have not until recently had a full opportunity to appreciate the more delicate aspect of his work, owing to the unfortunate use of paper of a very soft texture on which the drawings were printed. In "Dwellers in Arcady" and in Charles Hanson Towne's book "Autumn Loiterers", published a couple of years ago, the effect is much happier than before.

Professor George Edward Bateman Saintsbury, the Grand Old Man of Literary Criticism at Edinburgh University, some time not long ago, it seems, narrowly escaped with his life from an automobile accident. As he explained the matter to the London "Morning Post", the motor cut his legs from under him, and he was carried along, sprawling on the bonnet and objurgating the chauffeur. When the car finally stopped, the man said very calmly: "You ought to thank God, sir", whereupon the Professor replied: "So I do; but I damn you!"

Alexander MacFarlan, author of "Mockery", says that when he was ten he wrote a novel (of six hundred words) which he sold to his parents for six cents.

John Galsworthy, who came to the United States to take part in the ceremonies of the Lowell centenary, and afterward made a lecture tour through the eastern part of the country, donated the net profits of his lectures, amounting to \$4,000, to the fund of the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief. Mr. Galsworthy returned to England early in May.

Reviewers of Mr. Galsworthy's "Another Sheaf" have passed with a line of comment the charming little humorous and satirical "Grotesques" in the back of the book. In the form of conversations between the Angel Æthereal and his dragoman on an official visit to the earth in 1949, the author presents a whimsical prophecy of the development of certain tendencies, customs, and institutions of today. There are delightful take-offs on the undraped in art, the cinema, the American fox trot and revue, fashions, Russian novelists, divorce, Christian Science, the strenuous life, etc., as these have developed since the "Great Skirmish". We quote from one of these papers recently read by Mr. Galsworthy before the MacDowell Club of New York:

"I have a headache", said the Angel, letting the smoke dribble through his chiselled nostrils.

"Ah", said his dragoman, "the chronic dyspepsia of our civilization, due to the attempt to swallow every pabulum which ingenuity puts before it, is so violent that I sometimes wonder whether we shall survive your visit in 1984. . . . Consider the baby in the perambulator, absorbed in contemplating the heavens and sucking its own thumb. Existence, sir, should be like that".

"A beautiful metaphor", said the Angel.

"As it is, we do but skip upon the hearse of life. . . . Life is now one long telephone call."

"Confess", said the Angel, "that you have eaten something which has not agreed with you?"

"I have eaten of modernity, the damndest dish that was ever set to lips. . . . Look at those fellows—busy as ants from nine o'clock in the morning to seven in the evening. And look at their wives!"

"Ah, yes", said the Angel cheerily, "let us look at their wives". . . .

BRIEF MENTION OF NEW BOOKS

Fiction

Blood and Sand, by VICENTE BLASCO IBÁÑEZ, trans. by MRS. W. A. GILLESPIE [Dutton].
A narrative of the Spanish bull-ring.

Miss Maitland, Private Secretary, by GERALDINE BONNER, illus. [Appleton].

A yarn in which a young woman solves a robbery and a kidnapping mystery.

The Arrow of Gold, by JOSEPH CONRAD [Doubleday].

A romance of Marseilles and the Spanish coast in the 'seventies.

His Friend Miss McFarlane, by KATE LANGLEY BOSHER [Harpers].

The story of a rich girl who befriends a poor boy.

Crater's Gold, by PHILIP CURTISS, illus. [Harpers].

A tale of present-day life in New England.

Midas and Son, by STEPHEN MCKENNA [Doran].

An English story of love and money—relating further experiences of the characters in "Sonia".

Bourru, Soldier of France, by JEAN DES VIGNES ROUGES, trans. by ERNEST HUNTER WRIGHT [Dutton].

The story of a French poullu's experiences.

The Hohenzollerns in America, by STEPHEN LEACOCK [Lane].

A picture of the Hohenzollerns as immigrants in the U. S., and other sketches.

The Paliser Case, by EDGAR SALTUS [Boni and Liveright].

A tale of New York society life, involving a mysterious crime.

The Gamesters, by H. C. BAILEY [Dutton].

The escapades of an eighteenth-century brother and sister who live by their wits.

Two Banks of the Seine, by FERNAND VANDEREM, trans. by GEORGE RAFFALOVICH [Dutton].

A delineation of modern life in the Latin Quarter.

Flexible Ferdinand, by JULIE M. LIPPMANN [Doran].

A novel tracing the life of the hero from the age of seven to manhood.

While There's Life, by ELINOR MORDAUNT [Holt].

The experience of a man told that he has but a few months to live.

The Day of Glory, by DOROTHY CANFIELD [Holt].

Stories of the war culminating in the signing of the armistice.

The Gift, by MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE [Dutton].

The story of a minister whose faith is renewed.

Red of Surley, by TOD ROBBINS [Harpers].

A study of a fisherman's son who struggles against environment.

Lilies, White and Red, by FRANCES WILSON HUARD [Doran].

A picture of the life of an old Frenchwoman and a little boy during the war.

Rusty Miller, by JOSLYN GRAY, illus. [Scribners].

The tale of a red-haired girl who achieved success in spite of obstacles.

Nixola of Wall Street, by FELIX GRENDON [Century].

The romance of a private secretary and her employer.

The Cricket, by MARJORIE BENTON COOKE, illus. [Doubleday].

The adventures of a mischievous young woman.

Spears of Destiny, by ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH [Doran].

An adventure tale concerning the first capture of Constantinople.

Judith of Blue Lake Ranch, by JACKSON GREGORY, illus. [Scribners].

The experiences of a woman who falls heir to a cattle ranch.

Glenmornan, by PATRICK MACGILL [Doran].

A romance of Ireland today.

Big Flat, by HENRY OYEN [Doran].

A tale of out-door life in the Great Lakes region.

Keep Off the Grass, by GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND, illus. by the author [Small, Maynard].

Letters reflecting the humorous side of the war conservation measures.

The Mystery of the Summer-House, by HORACE HUTCHINSON [Doran].

A detective story of a mysterious death, involving a love affair.

Flower O' The Lily, by BARONESS ORCZY [Doran].

A mediæval tale of chivalry.

Yvette and Ten Other Stories, by GUY DE MAUPASSANT, trans. by Mrs. John Galsworthy [Knopf].

A collection comprising a novelette and ten short stories.

The Undeclared, by J. C. SNAITH [Appleton].

The romance of a man and a woman whose lives are touched by the war.

The Further Adventures of Jimmie Dale, by FRANK L. PACKARD [Doran].

The exploits of a man who is both a criminal and a rich clubman.

Jim: The Story of a Backwoods Police Dog, by MAJOR G. D. ROBERTS [Macmillan].

The tale of a dog who assists the deputy sheriff.

Mildred Carver, U. S. A., by MARTHA BENSLEY BRUERE [Macmillan].

A novel based on the idea of universal service for men and women.

The Rising of the Tide, by IDA M. TARBELL [Macmillan].

The story of how the war came to a small town.

Against the Winds, by KATE JORDAN, illus. [Little, Brown].

The story of an unhappy marriage.

The Thunder Bird, by B. M. BOWER [Little, Brown].

Further adventures of the hero of "Sky-rider".

Blind Alley, by W. L. GEORGE [Little, Brown].

The picture of an English family during the war.

Ruth of the U. S. A., by EDWIN BALMER, illus. [McClurg].

The experiences of a girl who masquerades as a German secret service agent.

Jungle Tales of Tarzan, by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS, illus. [McClurg].

New tales of the adventures of the ape-man.

Christopher and Columbus, by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" [Doubleday].

The experiences of a man forced to chaperone a pair of lively twin girls.

I've Come to Stay, by MARY HEATON VORSE [Century].

A narrative of artist life in Greenwich Village.

Civilization, Tales of the Orient, by ELLEN N. LA MOTTE [Doran].

A group of ten Eastern stories, some of which are reprinted from magazines.

John P. Mahaffy (Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, of which he had been a pillar since 1871) died on May 1st. His "Prolegomena to Greek History" appeared in 1871, one year after Sir Richard Jebb's "Characters of Theophrastus". His "Greek Social Life from Homer to Menander" of 1874, his two-volume history of Greek literature, complimenting the reader by quotations in the original, of 1880, are still widely used. His "Greek Antiquities", published more than forty years ago, has remained a text in much of Europe, even Hungary and Russia.

As the New York "Evening Post" says: "The boast of English classicists that they stood superior to German in breadth and in human quality has found justification in such works as Mahaffy's 'What Have the Greeks Done for Modern Civilization?' and Jebb's 'Influence of Classical Greek Poetry'. The death of these men and of Headlam still leaves English scholarship with names of old distinction—Walter Leaf, for example, whose translation of the Iliad with Lang and Myers was finished in 1882."

A theatre for workingmen and workingwomen is the promise made by the organization known as the Workmen's Theatre, operating under the auspices of the United Labor Education Committee. The names of Richard Ordynsky, B. Iden Payne, and Emanuel Reicher appear among those on the executive committee engaged in working out the plans for the project. The United Labor Education Committee with whose work the Workmen's Theatre is closely identified, has, it is said, a membership of 200,000 men and women in New York City alone and efforts are being made first of all to win their support to

this project. The Workmen's Theatre maintains offices on Union Square. It is the design of the undertaking to present to the public of New York, with particular reference to the working people who form the largest part of the public, the plays of such men as Galsworthy, Ibsen, Tolstoi, Shaw, Andreyev, and Hauptmann.

With the first of the year was published, at Kansas City, Missouri, Volume One, Number One of "The Bookplate Bulletin", a periodical devoted to bookplates, published monthly. The publication contains the proceedings of the American Bookplate Society and general news concerning its subject. It is distributed free to members. Subscriptions are open to non-members, and single copies are sold. In the second number it is reported that a revival of interest in bookplates in England is very much in evidence. The initial issue of a new magazine known as "The Bookplate Magazine" comes from London, and in it appears an announcement of the formation of a new English Bookplate Society. In format "The Bookplate Magazine" is a handsome quarto, printed in large type on fine laid paper. In this first number fourteen bookplates appear, comprising a frontispiece by Frank Brangwyn, A.R.A. It is published quarterly.

A frequent contributor to THE BOOKMAN, Isaac Goldberg, has written the introduction to Vicente Blasco Ibáñez's "Blood and Sand", recently published. He gives much interesting information concerning the famous Spanish novelist. In conclusion he says:

The renowned novelist is but fifty-two, energetic, prolific, voluminous; besides more than a score of novels thus far to his credit he has written several books of travel, a history of the world war, has traveled in both hemispheres and made countless volumes of translations. He has now a larger audience

Poetry

Candles That Burn, by ALINE KILMER (Mrs. Joyce Kilmer) [Doran].

A collection of whimsical and imaginative verse.

Victory! compiled by WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE [Small, Maynard].

A collection of poems by numerous writers celebrating the conclusion of fighting.

Canteen Classics, Rhymes of the K. P., by ALFRED EGGERS [Gorham Press].

Reflections, in the vernacular, of soldier life.

The Years Between, by RUDYARD KIPLING [Doubleday].

A volume of Kipling's war poems.

Balder's Death and Loke's Punishment, by CORNELIA STEKETEE HULST, illus. [Open Court].

Incidents from the Eddas interpreted in free verse.

Ironica, by DONALD EVANS [Nicholas L. Brown].

Poems on various themes, some reprinted from New York newspapers.

The Lincoln Cabin, by SAXE CHURCHILL STIMSON [pub. by the author at Milwaukee].

A collection of verses on various aspects of life.

Heard Melodies, by WILLOUGHBY WEAVING [Longmans].

A volume of lyrical poems.

Comrades of the Mist, by LIKUT-COMDR. EUGENE E. WILSON, U. S. N. [Sully].

Rhymes on navy life in war time.

Banners, by BABETTE DEUTSCH [Doran].

A collection of free verse poems, many of which are reprinted from magazines.

Rhythms II, by CHARLES REZNIKOFF [pub. by the author at Brooklyn, N. Y.]

Brief poems in free verse on every-day themes.

The New Morning, by ALFRED NOYES [Stokes].

A collection of all the verse written by the poet since 1914.

Service and Sacrifice, by CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON [Scribners].

Verses on the war, and on well-known literary and stage people.

Petals Blown Adrift, by ROSE FLORENCE FREEMAN [New York: Ishill].

A volume of lyrical verse, with decorative designs.

My Child, by JEAN BERRY [Dutton].

Short poems reflecting a mother's love for her first child.

History and Political Science

The Mastery of the Far East, by ARTHUR JUDSON BROWN, illus. [Scribners].

The story of Korea and Japan's rise to supremacy in the Orient.

Socialism and American Ideals, by WILLIAM STARR MYERS, Ph.D. [Princeton].

Essays designed to show that Socialism is opposed to democracy.

Authority in the Modern State, by HAROLD J. LASKI [Yale].

A discussion of political obedience versus individual freedom.

The Story of Versailles, by FRANCIS LORING PAYNE, illus. [Moffat, Yard].

The history of the scene of the Peace Conference.

The I. W. W., A Study of American Syndicalism, by PAUL FREDERICK BRISSENDEN, Ph.D.; *The Religious Policy of the Bavarian Government During the Napoleonic Period*, by CHESTER PENN HIGBY, Ph.D. [Longmans].

Two volumes in the Columbia University Studies in political science.

Political Leaders of Provincial Pennsylvania, by ISAAC SHARPLESS [Macmillan].

Essays on the leading Quakers in Pennsylvania up to the Revolution.

The Round Table for March, 1919 [Macmillan].

An issue containing articles on the practical organization of peace, Bolshevism, etc.

Mexico under Carranza, by THOMAS E. GIBBON [Doubleday].

An arraignment, by a lawyer, of the government in Mexico.

The World and Democracy, selected by LYMAN P. POWELL and CHARLES M. CURRY [Rand McNally].

Selections embodying the spirit of democracy, with explanatory notes.

A History of the United States, by CECIL CHESTERTON [Doran].

An interpretation of American affairs by an Englishman.

Speech on Conciliation with America, by EDMUND BURKE, edited by C. H. WARD [Scott, Foresman].

A collection of parliamentary speeches by Burke, Pitt, and Fox, with explanatory notes.

Democracy: Discipline: Peace, by WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER [Houghton].

A study of democracy in the light of the present crisis.

A Short History of Rome, by GUGLIELMO FERRERO AND CORRADO BARBAGALLO, Vol. II [Putnam].

A study of the period from the death of Caesar to the fall of the Western Empire.

Modern Japan, by AMOS S. HERSHEY AND SUSANNE W. HERSHEY [Bobbs-Merrill].

A survey of social, industrial and political conditions in Japan.

The American's Creed and Its Meaning, by MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS, illus. [Doubleday].

A commentary on the Creed, supplemented by extracts from historic addresses.

Literary Criticism

Last and First, by JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS [Nicholas L. Brown].

Essays on "The New Spirit" and "Arthur Hugh Clough".

The Erotic Motive in Literature, by ALBERT MORDELL [Boni and Liveright].

A psychoanalytical interpretation of a number of works of literature.

Shylock Not a Jew, by MAURICE PACKARD, M.D. [Stratford].

An argument against the misconception of the Jewish character in Shakespeare's time.

American Authorship of the Present-Day, by T. E. RANKIN [Ann Arbor: George Wahr].

A survey of books published in the U. S. and Canada during the last quarter-century.

Mystiques et Réalistes Anglo-Saxons, by RÉGIS MICHAUD [Paris: Armand Colin].

A study of nine English and American writers ranging from Emerson to Shaw.

English Literature During the Last Half Century, by J. W. CUNLIFFE, D. Lit. [Macmillan].

A consideration of writers well known and new.

A Program for a Psychology of Literature; The Psychology of Figures of Speech, by JUNE E. DOWNEY.

Two papers reprinted from "The Journal of Applied Psychology".

The Symbolist Movement in Literature, by ARTHUR SYMONS [Dutton].

A discussion of various French symbolists, with translations from their works.

than has been vouchsafed any of his fellow novelists, and his future works will be watched for by readers the world over.

The interest of the general public in books of the more serious type is indicated by the quantities which publishing houses are reprinting of their so-called "heavy" books. One New York publishing house recently stated that within one week they reprinted forty-one books of a serious nature, including new editions of Mead's "Corporation Finance", Hollingsworth's "Applied Psychology", Comstock's "Insect Life", Lecky's "History of European Morals", Hall's "Nutrition and Dietetics", and Hornbeck's "Contemporary Politics in the Far East".

New York's Shakespeare Garden is perhaps not as widely known as it should be. It was established a few years ago under the direction of Professor Edmond Brook Southwick, then entomologist of the Park Department, and has been the model for a number of similar memorials in other parts of the United States. It is situated in Central Park opposite Eighty-first Street and covers about two acres. It is laid out on a rocky knoll, down which courses a tiny brook, and contains over two hundred herbs and wild and cultivated flowers which are mentioned in the various plays and poems of the Bard of Avon. As the summer advances the gardeners change the plants with the months. More than once in the last few years the Park Department has announced that its maintenance would be discontinued for lack of funds. This news would invariably bring a flurry of "Letters to the Editor" of the various metropolitan dailies from the lovers of the garden, and for the last two seasons it has been maintained by the generosity of individual donors.



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Having for its purpose the development of mutually helpful relations between the United States and foreign countries through educational agencies, the Institute of International Education was recently founded in New York with, it is announced, sufficient funds to guarantee its permanency and ability to carry out its purposes. The Administrative Board is composed of the following persons: Leo H. Bakeland, Nicholas Murray Butler, Charles Hopkins Clark, Stephen Pierce Duggan, Dr. Walter B. James, Alice Duer Miller, Paul Monroe, John Bassett Moore, Henry Morgenthau, Dwight W. Morrow, E. H. Outerbridge, Henry S. Pritchett, William H. Schofield.

In connection with the length of time during which popular words and phrases have been in use mention may be made of the word *cocktail*, remarks a recent number of the Bulletin of the Grosvenor Library of Buffalo, New York. The Bulletin continues:

There is a very general belief that the name is something new, as well as the thing itself, but as a matter of fact the word was used by Irving: "They lay claim to be the first inventors of those recondite beverages, cock-tail, stone-fence and sherry cobbler", says Diedrich Knickerbocker. Hawthorne writes in "The Blithedale Romance": "Being famous for nothing but gin-cocktails". Cocktails are also mentioned by Thackeray, Marryat, and Thomas Hughes in "Tom Brown".

Related to the subject is a finding made in a small volume called "The Squire's Recipes". This publication was a very successful literary hoax which may be added to the long list of mystifications of the sort. It was written by a member of a well-known club to send to his fellow members. He had it "printed from old, battered type on paper that he stained with coffee, and trampled upon to give the semblance of age". The tale was invented that a number of "these books had been discovered in grandmother's at-

Literary Agents and Writers' Aids

tic in Connecticut". The preface of a later edition says: "The book attracted attention at once. Libraries sent in requests for it. Newspapers printed articles about the 'find' ". In it is the fanciful account of an imaginary origin for the word "cocktail" to which is added a recipe for making one of the same and also a recipe for lime syrup.

"Socrates" of the Chaffing Dish of the "Evening Ledger" of Philadelphia tells us that an American in Paris had a copy of the French edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin", which appears over there in two volumes under the title "L'Oncle Tom". He took them to a binder to be rebound. When they returned the backs read thus:

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 and
TOME I **TOME II**

' The recent publication of "Georges Clemenceau: The Tiger of France" introduces to the American public, in the person of Georges Lecomte, a distinguished novelist, art critic, and man of letters, officer of the Legion of Honor, and president of the "Société des Gens de Lettres".

Clement K. Shorter, more or less recently, in one of his weekly literary letters to "The Sphere" of London, comments on the fact that Sir Gilbert Parker, Bart., calls himself just "Gilbert Parker" on the title-page of his books. This, Mr. Shorter says, he takes as a sign of grace. He continues: "Sir James Barrie, Bart., does the same. Literature should have nothing to do with titular honors, although in a baronetcy I find a certain quality of distinction which has long ceased to be associated with a knighthood."

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In sending to his publishers the manuscript of his novel, "Blind Alley", W. L. George wrote: "I have no doubt in my mind that 'Blind Alley' is my best novel." Of his latest book, "Jimmie Higgins", Upton Sinclair writes: "'Jimmie Higgins' is the best book I have ever written." Etc., etc., etc., etc., etc.

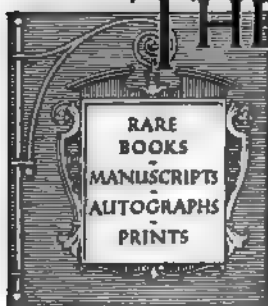
Literary editors, reviewers, and "book reporters" have criticised publishers for the wraps or jackets in which their books have been shown in the shop and delivered to the ultimate consumer. A Boston publishing house announces that it will use on its books published this year a jacket carrying no advertisements on its back but adorned instead with the decorative device of the firm. This publisher says:—

We have been studying this matter of jackets, and have come to the conclusion that it is time for someone to get busy and change them from their present condition as advertising to an artistic part of the book itself. We shall probably continue to use on the front of the cover a line or two of text descriptive of the contents of the particular book, but we shall discontinue the practice of running the advertisement on the inner flap and on the back.

"Menéndez Y. Pelayo once announced that in time Bogotá would become the Athens of South America, and this literary prophecy has done us much harm", writes Gonzalo París in an article, "The Young Writers of Colombia", in a recent number of "Inter-America". The author holds that the attribution of literary superiority to Colombia, his native country, has been harmful by abating national effort, while the other peoples of the South were pressing vigorously and systematically forward; nevertheless, he finds comfort in the existence of a considerable number of young journalists, magazine writers, critics, and historians who are working together seriously for self-development and self-expression and who give good promise for the future.

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THE COLLECTORS' GUIDE



In this section the readers of **THE BOOKMAN** will find the latest announcements of reliable dealers in Rare Books, Manuscripts, Autographs and Prints. It will be well to look over this section carefully each month, for the advertisements will be frequently changed, and items of interest to collectors will be offered here. All these dealers invite correspondence.

A collection of ciphered documents by or relating to Samuel Pepys, the property of J. W. Freshfield, has recently been transcribed by Professor H. L. Callendar, who deciphered Pepys's "Diary" for the late Henry B. Wheatley. Several of the papers relate to the birth of the Old Pretender, who appears really to have been the child of James II and Mary of Modena, in spite of the Whig assertion that a child had been carried into the royal bedchamber in a warming-pan. A statement in Pepys's handwriting apparently made by Margaret Dawson, who attended Mary of Modena in her illness in 1688, makes the solemn assertion that "I did also see fire in the famous warming-pan, so much talked on, and I did feel the heat of it". A manuscript on the corruptions of the times cites as instances: "Mr. Boyle's lecture—Lawyers and Attorneys increased."

According to the Dictionary of National Biography, the manuscript "History of the Life of Colonel John Hutchinson" has been lost since 1817. After the lapse of more than a hundred years this manuscript has now appeared in a London dealer's catalogue. Colonel John Hutchinson was a celebrated soldier in the Civil War in England and was one of the judges who signed the death-warrant of King Charles I. This manuscript of 477 pages was written by his wife be-

tween 1664 and 1671, intended only for the perusal of members of his family and future descendants. It is said to present a unique picture of the life of a Puritan household and the character of a Puritan gentleman. As a member of two Councils of State of the Commonwealth, and of the convention parliament after the restoration, Colonel Hutchinson's life is one of the most interesting of Civil War biographies.

Other volumes in the Halsey sale recently mentioned in these columns included: Thomas Bailey Aldrich's copy of "Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book", a manuscript on vellum designed, written out, and illuminated by Alberto Sangorski in the thirteenth century style; an original sketchbook by De Fontranes, Director of the French Mission of Colonization, dated 1795, containing several New York City views; "Hours of the Virgin Mary", a manuscript on vellum, of the fifteenth century in France, and embellished with fourteen large miniatures: "Send-Brief", Amsterdam, 1675, one of the few tracts written by William Penn and published in Dutch.

This is Walt Whitman's month in the "literary centenaries", although the "good gray poet" was born on May 31, 1819. There are some Whitman collectors, and Horace Traubel and Laurens Maynard once managed to make quite a stir about his manuscripts and the autographed proof-

THE COLLECTORS' GUIDE (*Continued*)

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sheets of his poems which were turned out in wholesale quantities in Camden, New Jersey. The first-edition collector still buys the first edition of "Leaves of Grass" (Brooklyn, 1855), either with the "Press Notices" or without and pays good money for it, but Whitman is not a collector's author.

On June 20, 1819, there was born in Philadelphia one Thomas Dunn English, afterward physician, essayist, novelist, dramatist, and poet, another American writer whose work is neglected by most collectors. In the sale of Lewis J. Cist's great collection of autographs in 1886, an autograph transcript of English's "Ben Bolt" was sold for \$19. Last year, in the Dick sale another copy in the author's handwriting brought \$25. Possibly the literary centenary may serve to bring both of these authors into renewed prominence. But we will wait until December, the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Emma Dorothy Eliza Nevitte Southworth, who was, according to her own claims, a novelist and the inventor of the manila box envelope—before we speculate in autograph manuscripts of American authors outside of the recognized "Immortals".

Book catalogues are good reading for collectors, and still better reading is to be found in "American Book Prices Current", which has now reached its twenty-fourth volume and makes a brave showing on the library shelves. This annual record of prices of books at auction has come to be recognized as invaluable to librarians and dealers, and, backed up by the catalogues to which reference may be made for more complete descriptions of books sold, it is a mine of information. But the neophyte in collecting is warned that he must not expect

THE COLLECTORS' GUIDE (Continued)

—because a book of which he owns a copy has been sold for a hundred dollars—he is to get that sum for his own. The expenses of the auction room are heavy; and few people realize that practically every book sold at auction is handled over more than twenty times before it reaches the purchaser, and that somebody must be paid for handling it. After taking out commissions, cataloguing and other expenses, the seller may not realize more than two-thirds or three-fourths of the price recorded. Nevertheless, "American Book Prices Current" does serve as an accurate index of relative values, and once used, the collector cannot well get along without it.

Johan Bojer, author of "The Great Hunger", was born in Trondhjem, Norway, in 1872, the son of a poor serving-girl who was unable to take care of him. She put him in the hands of a peasant family, who reared him as their own child. He attended the village school and later, while working for a merchant, studied at the Latin School.

Denied the benefits of a formal education, he made up for it by working and living in various countries, observing life of all sorts and conditions. While still a young man he returned to his native village and attended a military school for two years and a half, devoting much of his time to reading extensively in European literature.

When he left the army he went to work with a village grocer, who discharged him shortly for leaving the plug of a petroleum barrel open, ruining thereby a cellar full of grain. He finally, having produced a successful one-act play "A Mother", gave his whole time to literature. He has a number of dramas, two volumes of short-stories, and several novels.

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Charles Edward Russell

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THE RADICAL PRESS IN AMERICA BY CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

Of all the free and advanced nations of this world, the United States of America alone can be said to have no radical press. We have, I know, certain doctrinaire publications that with travail and almsgiving issue from time to time to edify a following already convinced of every line thus printed. Also, we have newspapers that give space to radical matter when it constitutes what is called a good story, newspapers strong for virtue and civic righteousness, and newspapers that—habitually printing the ablest of all editorials—often print expressions of more or less radical sympathy. But of journals of a constant and practical radical aim, having also large circulation and large influence, we have none.

In a way, the American psychology would make impossible such journals of this order as do well elsewhere; certainly it is poisonous soil for any growth that looks like propaganda. In this country you must wear your propaganda with a difference. As a nation we care very little for expressed opinion of any sort, being now fixed in the habit of making our own, and nothing at all for that which

charges at us, beetle-browed, to drive us into strange ways. I do not know that this phenomenon has been enough noted, but it is certainly a base key to the real and not the imaginary America, if we care for that. We are, for instance, the only people on whom the signature of eminence is largely futile. Opinions by the President are noted because they have back of them the possibility of being cast into laws; but as to all the rest of mankind we have unconsciously erected a polemic democracy. We do not care a hoot what they think. And I have often wondered at the persistence of doctrinal champions that cite authority in support of their views. We care just as little for a senator's opinion (as a senator) on the League of Nations as we should care for his opinion on tooth-paste. It may be taken for certain that in these days there is no such thing in America as a leader of thought. I do not know that there is one man whose views on any subject connected with public affairs have the slightest weight because they are his. They may be listened to (now and then), because he expresses them well or because he

puts into words the thoughts of millions, but the days of the prophets are dead and gone.

What does move the average, typical American mind, stir it to action and mould its decision, is a statement of apparent fact. The news column relating something that has happened, or is said to have happened, is a million times more powerful than the editorial expounding some learned gentleman's thought about that happening. Instinctively, the prompting of the American is that his own mental machinery is as good as that of the gentleman back of the editorial page and the product thereof as respectable. Therefore, seek not to lead him by the nose, good writers of editorials; you will get nowhere with that haltering because he has a passion for leading himself. I am convinced that the best editorial pages in our newspapers are read—perhaps not generally or widely, but still they are read, and certainly public taste demands them; but they are always read with reserve. For us, gone dumb is the oracle long ago. Once there might have been magic and mystery in the editorial "we" that muttered and thundered from the adytum, but now we only laugh. Who made this person a high priest to froth at the mouth and transmit tips from Olympus? Nay, even when he shrieks in double leads and assures all and sundry of the supreme importance of what he is saying, the effect is still the same; we do not care a hoot.

And then we have, or seem to have, some instinctive horror of the doctrinaire, or of anything looking like that unfortunate creature; that is another strange fact about us, all the stranger in a nation where agitation is incessant and unquenchable. The

idea seems to be that we will stand for agitation and agitators, but not for persons obsessed with but one idea. At the charge of the hobby-horse brigade we turn and run. Many a stout heart not to be shaken in battle quails at the thought of a bore parroting forever the same formula. Let him have done; we have heard, say we, from childhood's happy hour all about his remedy for political boils and chilblains and he has never cured anything yet. Instinctively, again, we distrust him. If he will offer us any plan of human betterment, let him come as a man and not a phonograph.

It is the same way with propaganda publications. No matter how just and necessary the cause they advocate, in the end they do it more harm than good. Once let the label of the doctrinaire be put upon them and all is over with their influence and power; the public discounts everything they say. And when we come to the radical cause in America—by which I mean the struggle for industrial and social justice and the whole cause of the people against exploiters—many gentlemen once committed to that endeavor seem henceforth unable to free themselves from the idea of a furious and unceasing din of propaganda. It is, of course, easy to conceive of an American journal like "The Bulletin" of Sydney, Australia, that would be never tiresome, repetitious, or prosy; a journal that would recognize that to the average man engaged in fighting for daily bread in the existing system of society, life must necessarily have some interests besides taxation reform, for instance; a journal that would never cease to offer facts out of which convictions should spring in favor of better conditions, but that

would not take a poor reader by the throat and jab him full of doctrine. For many years the Sydney "Bulletin" was and probably still is a powerful influence for social reform in Australia; but it has been at all times a sane, readable, attractive, entertaining journal for general circulation, and because it has maintained this high average of sane human interest, it has been able to be effective for the advance steps it has advocated. Australians are much like Americans. If "The Bulletin" had been a propaganda sheet it would have gone years ago to the scrap heap, and some of the reforms it has stood for would be still unachieved. Yet the strange thing is that with much greater problems than Australia ever had, we have in America no such journal as the Sydney "Bulletin" nor anything remotely resembling it, nor apparently the least chance of having it. If we ever start a publication devoted to the people's cause, we think we must shriek "Down with the bourgeoisie!" in every line. Whereupon the average American says, "Another nut has broken out of the asylum, I see", and turns to a press more or less dominated by his exploiters. We seem unable to separate ourselves from the idea that the only way to advocate a cause is to dance a snake-dance until we drop exhausted. And yet if anybody should come along with wit enough to make a Sydney "Bulletin" in the United States, he would probably have in a year more power than the whole propaganda press together and much profit besides.

Ninety-nine American reformers in a hundred will go wrong on this subject. Before them stands the wall that entrenches wrong, injustice, privilege, mediævalism, or whatever else

is to be destroyed; and the only idea in their heads is to bring up some form of labeled engine of war like a battering-ram, plant it a mile away, and heave it to and fro. What though it strike nothing but the woundless air? Still are they active, they are doing something, the great beam swings back and forth with much éclat; they are happy. Meantime, the panoplied hosts of evil may be conceived to look down and smile. It is not with loud noises that their walls are to be overthrown.

There is also another reason for the absence in America of what abroad is known as a radical press. Intelligent publicity is the life-blood of social progression no less here than elsewhere; but it is not confined to any one form. This generation with us has seen reforming publicity pass out of one form, go through two others, and enter a fourth. Between each of its phases was a period when publicity as an agent for betterment seemed extinct. It never was extinct because betterment is an eternal law of the race, and radical publicity is only its expression that in one way or another it is certain to find.

For many years the newspaper was the normal tribune of the populace. It lay bare what was wrong, pilloried malefactors, indicated improvements. These were the traditional functions of the palladium of liberty and that sort of thing, that the newspaper was then supposed to be. Before the beginning of this century the newspaper had practically ceased to perform any of these functions. It was greater than ever in the field of its own development; it was directed with greater ability. No doubt the editors were as earnest in their belief in righteousness as any of their predecessors had been, and assuredly

more skilful in expressing it. But the business had undergone a transformation that nobody had foreseen or desired. A newspaper had become, by evolutionary processes, a commodity in the market, a manufactured article to be sold for profit. Competition had increased manufacturing cost to a point where this was unavoidable. To publish a newspaper for any other purpose or on any other basis than that of strict business became impossible.

Before long competition wrought also this condition—that the selling price of the commodity no longer equaled the cost of producing it. First the white paper and ink in each copy of a newspaper cost more than the price at which it was sold; then this became the fact about the white paper alone, and all the other cost items, overhead and interest included, were sheer loss. This condition forced the business to become dependent for its existence upon what was really a by-product. The sale of its advertising space alone provided the revenues that made up the deficit on sales of the commodity.

The largest purchasers of the most valuable advertising space were great business enterprises whose interests were all against the changes advocated by the social reformers. Nothing was more natural than that the men in charge of such enterprises should refuse to purchase space in newspapers that threatened the welfare of their investments. From their point of view they were in this justified by sound business reason; but the result was the passing of the newspaper as the champion of the masses. Whatever editors might desire or proprietors might believe, there was no gainsaying a condition so imperious.

A period of inarticulation followed in which the radical voice seemed chiefly limited to the street-corner and the obscure soap-box. By 1904 the new forum had appeared, resounding with a new and fetching eloquence. The magazine became, for a time, the compelling engine of reform, much more powerful than the daily newspaper had ever been. The magazine, issuing at longer intervals, spoke with the greater authority; it had more time to consider and to prepare its articles and much more space in which to develop them; its appeal lasted for a month instead of a few moments. It could, therefore, in the most telling way present those facts—and then facts and always facts, from which alone the average American likes to arrive at an opinion. While the reforming magazine lasted it was the greatest radical influence ever known, and wrought historic changes. A catalogue of its achievements, accurately prepared, would be an astonishing document for the ages and the sure discourager of pessimism. One series of magazine articles started a movement that raised municipal government in America from a state notoriously the worst among the nations to a place near the best; others achieved the seemingly impossible, reversed the country's thought, abolished forever the apotheosis of wealth however acquired, and fostered that idealism that in the closing months of the Great War made the world stare. The overthrowing of the blind worship of Mammon represented a profound change. Yet it would be found on examination only an item in a long list of services performed by the radical magazine—so long as it lasted.

That was not long. The same causes that had eliminated the newspaper forum were at work to under-

mine the magazine forum no less. Magazines, too, under the stress of competition, had come to be manufactured at a loss. Hence they, too, must look to the by-product of advertising not merely for their profits but for their lives. As before, the sale of this by-product was largely due to influences that in self-defense must object to any disturbance of the system that existed, and hence the magazine passed in its turn and the next stage set in.

This, brief and hot, consisted of investigations by committees of Congress and by federal commissions, culminating in the many-volumed Industrial Relations report, which may be called the most stupendous radical tract ever issued. All the labors of the radical writers were eclipsed by the investigations of these commissions, for the reason that, having the national authority, they could issue subpoenas, put witnesses under oath, and summon them to produce books and papers. They could therefore do in a few hours what the radical writers could hardly do in years of inferior effort. The completed report in its ponderous tomes might be read by but few; the daily sessions must be reported in the press and the columns once closed to such information were automatically reopened to it. Obviously, it was a stage that could not last long, but while it lasted it produced a deep impression on the country. If we take but the Industrial Relations report alone, it may be said with confidence that the conditions it revealed can never exist again.

The fourth phase of radical publicity is now upon us and, outside of a limited use of the platform, the chief exponent of radical thought has become the book publisher. The agitator for social progress does not now

appeal principally to the newspaper press nor write magazine articles; he writes books. So do his opponents. The publishers' lists are become so many arenas, clanging with fight. Marvelous shifting of the battle line—from a single column or so among the flying leaves of a time-driven journal, through the magazines and reviews to the bookstores! It is not with the paper bullet of the ancient pamphleteer that reform now assails and reaction defends the citadel, but with the thundering cannon of bound volumes!

Already the steadily increasing output of controversial literature has encroached upon the supremacy of fiction, sacred and unassailable for generations. I even hear rash, bold men predict that in this country, at least, the book with a purpose (taken collectively) is to stand equal with roseate romance or overspire it! Preposterous is the look of this, I know, but the prophets are unruffled. They say that this country is always becoming more serious-minded; and they refer to the experience of one of the most famous of American actors who went to the trenches to read humorous selections to the American troops and ended by reading Hamlet, Macbeth, and the Sonnets. Imagine, if you can, a public posting hotfoot to the bookseller's—not for the latest creations of Mr. Wells or Mr. Chambers, but to tear eagerly from the presses copies of Smith on "Municipal Taxation" and Jones on "The League of Nations". It sounds insane enough, but in these days when all hawsers are cut from all moorings, anything is possible. What are the current topics of most serious interest? The peace treaty and Bolshevism. Look at the long lists of books already out, in press or in preparation, that deal with differ-

ent phases of the peace problem. What are these but expanded leading articles? What are most of these writers but journalists wielding bigger pens across an enlarged strip of copy paper? And by this ascension behold the principle of publicity indomitable, irrepressible, going always to greater power instead of less, for that is the fact about it.

I have before me now seven books on Bolshevism recently from the press: John Spargo's, John Reed's, Radziwill's "The Firebrand of Bolshevism", Kerensky's "The Prelude to Bolshevism", Beasley, Forbes, Birkett's "Russia", and others. They deal with both sides of the question; you can gather from them every shade of impression about the Bolsheviks from deviltry to sainthood. It is the tractarian tilting of the eighteenth century magnified until it has become prodigy.

Is this a disadvantage? You are probably inclined to think so because it seems to mean so much more time, so much more effort. We must read books where we formerly read pages. No doubt; but the gain outweighs the loss. Above everything else the man that writes the book is now free, or nearly free. There are no advertisements in books; the business manager will not run upstairs with the devastating intelligence that the Beef Trust has withdrawn a page because of unkind remarks in our last issue. The libel laws and the fear of putting forth an unsalable book are about the only limitations a publisher knows. There may be interests that for certain reasons, good and sufficient, he does not wish to offend, but he need not look for a loss of sales if he offend them; he is not likely to see his income cut in half.

And then, just as the magazine was

bigger artillery than the newspaper, so a book is bigger artillery than a magazine. It speaks with more authority; assumably it has been prepared with still greater care; it has still longer time to make its influence felt. It stands upon the shelf long after the magazine has gone back to paper stock; it is a storehouse of facts, influence, and maybe inspiration. Year after year other writers will come with shovels and scoop up its statistics. Idlers in the public libraries will pick it up and get impressions from it. Newspapers will discuss in it statements that could not legitimately be brought in any other way to their attention. Instead of being depressed by the mutations in the instruments of progress the radical should lift up his heart and be glad. If we have no periodical radical press, we have a book press that is better.

And anyway there is no such thing as any lost utterance on the side of progress. The only seed that falls on stony ground is the seed of reaction. This is the ultimate truth in the long struggle for emancipation, however much at times it may seem obscured to us. Where are now all the words with which able lackeys and literary bootlickers used to defend the divine right of kings? Nobody knows and nobody cares; they are not even relics on museum shelves. But the words with which men upheld the rights of men—immortal! And this is so even when they were uttered in subcellars and garrets, in lonely exile or under the noose, to three or four fugitives or in the senate. The history of reaction affords to the philosopher much refined amusement; but surely it takes on its funniest aspect when it marches forth, gag in hand, to silence criticism!

LITERARY EDITORS

BY GRANT M. OVERTON

*Editor of the New York "Sun" Literary Supplement:
"Books and the Book World"*

I

The very term *literary editor* is a survival. It is meaningless but we continue to use it because no better designation has been found, just as people in monarchical countries continue to speak of "King George" or "Queen Victoria of Spain". Besides, there is politeness to consider. No one wants to be the first to allude publicly and truthfully to "Figurehead George" or "Social Leader Victoria".

Literary editors who are literary are not editors, and literary editors who are editors are no longer literary. Of old there were scholarly, sarcastic men (delightful fellows, personally) who sat in cubbyholes and read unremittingly. Afterward, at night, they set down a few thoughtful, biting words about what they had read. These were printed. Publishers who perused them felt as if knives had been stuck in their backs. Booksellers who read them looked up to ask each other pathetically: "But what does it *mean*?" Book readers who read them resolved that the publication of a new book should be, for them, the signal to read an old one. It was good for the second-hand trade.

We've changed all that, or, if we haven't, we're going to. Take a chap who runs what is called a "book section". This is a separate section or supplement forming part of a daily or Sunday newspaper. Its pages are magazine size—half the size of news-

paper pages. They number from eight to twenty-eight, depending on the season and the advertising. The essential thing to realize about such a section is that it requires an editor to run it.

It does not require a literary man or woman at all. The editor of such a section need have no special education in the arts or letters. He must have judgment, of course, and if he has not some taste for literary matters he may not enjoy his work as he will if he has that taste. But highbrowism is fatal.

Can our editor "review" a book? Perhaps not. It is no matter. Maybe he knows a good review when he sees it, which will matter a good deal. Maybe he can get capable people to deal with the books for him. Which will matter more than anything else on earth in the handling of his book section.

A section will most certainly require, to run it, a man who can tell a good review (another word-survival) and who can get good reviewers. It will require a man or woman with a sharp, clear, and very broad viewpoint. Such exist. What do we mean—viewpoint?

The right conception, it seems to us, starts with the proposition that a new book is news (sometimes an old one is news too), and should be dealt with as such. Perhaps we are dealing only with a state of mind in all this, but states of mind are impor-

tant. They are the only states where self-determination is a sure thing. To get on:

Your literary editor is like unto a city editor, an individual whose desk is usually not so far away but that you can study him in his habitat. The city editor tries to distinguish the big news from the little news. The literary editor will wisely do the same. What is big news in the world of books? Well, a book that appears destined to be read as widely fifty years hence as it is today on publication is big news. And a book that will be read immediately by 100,000 people is bigger news. People who talk about news often overlook the ephemeral side of it. Much of the newness and importance of news resides in its transiency. What is news today isn't news tomorrow. But today 100,000 people, more or less, will want to know about it.

Illustration: two events happen on the same day. One of them will be noted carefully in histories written fifty years hence, but it affects, and interests, at the hour of its occurrence, very few persons. Of course it is news, but there may easily, at that hour, be much bigger. For another event occurring on that same day, though of a character that will make it forgotten fifty years later, at once and directly affects the lives of the hundred thousand.

Parallel: two books are published on the same day. One of them will be dissected fifty years later by the H. W. Boyntons and Wilson Folletts of that time. But the number of persons who will read it within the twelvemonth of its birth is small—in the hundreds. The other book will be out of print and unremembered in five years. But within six months of its publication hundreds of thou-

sands will read it. Among those hundreds of thousands there will be hundreds, and maybe thousands, whose thoughts, ideas, opinions will be seriously modified and in some cases lastingly modified—whose very lives may change trend as a result of reading that book.

No need to ask which event and which book is the bigger news. News is not the judgment of posterity on a book or event. News is not even the sum total of the effects of an event or a book on human society. News is the immediate importance, or interest, of an event or a book to the greatest number of people.

Eleanor H. Porter writes a new story. One in every thousand persons in the United States, or perhaps more, wants to know about it, and at once. Isidor MacDougal (as Frank M. O'Brien would say) writes a literary masterpiece. Not one person in 500,000 cares, or would care even if the subject-matter were made comprehensible to him. The oldtime "reviewer" would write three solid columns about Isidor MacDougal's work. The present-day literary editor puts it in competent hands for a simplified description to be printed later; and meanwhile he slaps Mrs. Porter's novel on his front page.

The troubles of a literary editor are the troubles of his friend across the aisle, the city editor. The worst of them is the occasional and inevitable error in giving out the assignment. All his reporters are good book reporters, but like the people on the city editor's staff they have usually their limitations, whether temperamental or knowledgable. Every once in a while the city editor sends to cover a fire a reporter who does speechified dinners beautifully but who has no sympathy with fires, who

can't get through the fire lines, who writes that the fire "broke out", and who burns up more words misdescribing the facts than the copyreader can extinguish with blue air and blue pencil. Just so it will happen in the best regulated literary editor's sanctum that, now and then, the editor will give the wrong book to the right man. Then he learns how unreasonable an author can be, if he doesn't know already from the confidences of publishers.

The literary editor's point of view, we believe, must be that expressed by a reviewer "cuss" in the essay on reviewing presented in a recently published volume of collected papers. Few books that get published by established publishing houses are so poor or so circumscribed as not to appeal to a body of readers somewhere, however small or scattered. The function of the book reporter is transcendently to find a book's waiting audience. If he can incidentally warn off those who don't belong to that audience, so much the better. That's a harder thing to do, of course.

II

The first requisite in a good book section is that it shall be interesting. As regards the news of new books, this is not difficult where book reporters, with the reporter's attitude, are on the job. Reporters' stories are sometimes badly written, but they are seldom dull. New books described by persons who have it firmly lodged in their noodles that they are "reviewing" the books, fare badly. The reviewer-obsession manifests itself in different ways. Sometimes the new book is made to march past the reviewer in column of squads, deploying at page 247 into skirmish formation, and coming at page 431 into

company front. Very fine, but the reader wants to see them in the trenches, or, headed by the author uttering inspiriting yells, going over the top. On other occasions the reviewer assumes the so-called judicial attitude, the true inwardness of which William Schwenk Gilbert was perhaps the first to appreciate, with the possible exception of Lewis Carroll. Then doth our reviewer tell us what will be famous a century hence. Much we care what will be famous a century hence. What bothers us is what we shall read tomorrow. Of course it may happen to be one and the same book. Very well then, why not say so?

The main interest of the book section is served by getting crackerjack book reporters. They will suffice for the people who read the section because they are interested in books. If the literary editor stops there, however, he might as well never have started. These people would read the book section anyway, unless it were filled throughout with absolutely unreadable matter, as has been known to happen. Even then they would doubtless scan the advertisements. At least, that is the theory on which publishers hopefully proceed. There are book sections where the contributors always specify that their articles shall have a position next to advertising matter.

No, the literary editor must interest people who do not especially care about books as such. He can do it only by convincing them that books are just as full of life and just as much a part of a normal scheme of life as movies, or magazine cutouts, or buying things on the instalment plan. Many a plain person has been led to read books by the fact that books are sometimes sold for instal-

ment payments. Anything so sold, the ordinary person at once realizes, must be something which will fit into his scheme of existence. Acting on an instinct so old that its origin is shrouded in the mists of antiquity, the ordinary person pays the instalments. As a result, books are delivered at his residence. At first he is frightened. But he who looks and runs away may live to read another day. And from living to read it is but a step to reading to live.

Now one way to interest people who don't care about books for books' sake is to get up attractive pages, with pleasant or enticing headlines, with pictures, with jokes in the corners of 'em, with some new and original and not-hitherto-published matter in them, with poetry (all kinds), with large type, with signed articles so that the reader can know who wrote it and like or hate him with the necessary personal tag. But these things aren't literary, at all. They are just plain human and fall in the field of action of every editor alive—though of course editors who are dead are exempt from dealing with them. That is why a literary editor has no need to be literary and, indeed, had better not be if it is going to prevent his being human.

We have been talking about the literary editor of a book section. There are not many book sections in this country. There are hundreds of book pages—half-pages and whole pages and double pages. The word *technique* is a loathsome thing and really without any significance in this connection, inasmuch as there is no particular way of doing the news of books well, and certainly no one way of doing it that is invariably better than any other. But for convenience we may permit ourselves to use the

word *technique* for a moment; and, permission granted, we will merely say that the technique of a book page or pages is entirely different from the technique of a book section—if you know what we mean.

Clarified (we hope) it comes down to this: that things which a fellow would attempt in a book section he would not essay in a book page or double page. Conversely, things that will make a page successful may be out of place in a section. It is by no means wholly a matter of newspaper makeup, though there is that to it, too. But a man with a book section, though not necessarily more ambitious, is otherwise so. For one thing, he expects to turn his reporters loose on more books than his colleague who has only a page or so to turn around in. For another, he will probably want to print a careful list of all books he receives, of whatever sort, with a description of each as adequate as he can contrive in from twenty to fifty words, plus title, author, place of publication, publisher and price. Such lists are scanned by publishers, booksellers, librarians, readers in search of books on special subjects—by pretty nearly everybody who reads the section at all. Even the rather prosaic quality of such a list has its value. A woman down in Texas writes to the literary editor that there is too much conscious cleverness in lots of the stuff he prints, "but the lists of books are delightful"! There you are. In editing a book section you must be all things to all women.

The fellow with a page or two has quite other preoccupations. Where's a photo, or a cartoon? Must have a headline to break the solidity of this close-packed column of print. How about a funny column? That gifted

person, Heywood Broun, taking charge of the book pages of the New York "Tribune", announces that he is in favor of anything that will make book reviewing exciting. Nothing can make book reviewing exciting except book reporting and the books themselves; but if Broun is looking for excitement he will find it while filling the rôle of a literary editor. Before long he will learn that everybody in the world who is not the author of a book wants to review books—and some who are authors are willing to double in both parts. Also, a considerable number of books are published annually in these still United States and a considerable percentage of those published find their way to the literary editor. It is no joke to receive, list with descriptions, and sort out for assignment or non-assignment an average of 1,500 volumes a year; nor to assign to your book reporters, with as much infallibility in choosing the reporter as possible, perhaps half of the 1,500. Likewise there are assignments which several reporters want, a single book bespoken by four persons, maybe; and there are book assignments that are received with horror or sometimes with unflinching bravery by the good soldier. To hand a man, for instance, the extremely thick two-volume "History of Labour in the United States" by Professor Commons and his associates, is like pinning a decoration on him for limitless valor under fire—only the decoration bears a strong resemblance to the Iron Cross.

III

Newspapers depend upon advertising for their existence, let alone their profits, in most instances. Of course, if there were no such things as advertisements we should still have

newspapers. The news must be had. Presumably people would simply pay more for it, or pay as much in a more direct way.

What is true of newspapers is true of parts of newspapers. The fact that a new book is news, and, as such, a thing that must more or less widely but indispensably be reported, is attested by the maintenance of book columns and pages in many newspapers where book advertising there is none. The people who read the Boston "Evening Transcript", for example, would hardly endure the abolition of its book pages whether publishers used them to advertise in or not.

At the same time the publisher finds, and can find, no better medium than a good live book page or book section; nor can he find any other medium, nor can any other medium be created, in which his advertising will reach his full audience. "The trade" reads the excellent "Publishers' Weekly", librarians have the journal of the American Library Association, readers have the newspapers and magazines of general circulation on which they rely for the news of new books. But the good book page or book section reaches all these groups. Publishers, authors, booksellers, librarians, book buyers—all read it. And if it is really good it spreads the book reading habit. Even a bookshop seldom does that—we have one exception in mind, pretty well known. People do not, ordinarily, read in a bookshop.

Of course a literary editor who has any regard for the vitality of his page or section is interested in book advertising. There's something wrong with him if he isn't. If he isn't he doesn't measure up to his job, which is to get people to read books and find their way about among them. A book

page or a book section without advertising is no more satisfactory than a man or a woman without a sense of the value of money. It looks lopsided and it is lopsided. Readers resent it, and rightly. It's a beautiful façade, but the side view is disappointing.

The interest the literary editor takes in book advertising need no more be limited than the interest he takes in the growth or improvement of any other feature of his page or section. It has and can have no relation to his editorial or news policy. The moment such a thing is true his usefulness is ended. An alliance between the pen and the pocketbook is known the moment it is made, and is transparent the moment it takes effect in print. A literary editor may resent, and keenly, as an editor, the fact that Bing, Bang & Company do not advertise their books in his domain. He is quite right to feel strongly about it.

It has nothing to do with his handling of the Bing Bang books. That is determined by their news value alone. He may give the Bing Bang best seller a front page review and at the same time decline to meet Mr. Bing or lunch with Mr. Bang. And he will be entirely honest and justified in his course, both ways. Puff & Boom advertise like thunder. The literary editor likes them both immensely, or, at least, he appreciates their good judgment (necessarily it seems good to him in his rôle as editor of the pages they use). But Puff & Boom's books are one-stick stories. Well, it's up to Puff & Boom, isn't it?

Oh, well, first and last there's a lot to being a literary editor, new style. But first and last there's a lot to being a human. Anyone who can be human successfully can do the far lesser thing much better than any literary editor has yet done it.

SEA-GULLS

BY LEONORA SPEYER

Fearless riders of the gale,
In your fierce eyes is the memory
Of great ships broken on the rocks:
Desire, unsatisfied,
Droops in your wide wings.

You lie at dusk
In your green cradles,
Unresponsive to the sea's tender mood,
And in your soulless cry,
Oh dread, gray birds,
Is the mocking echo of woman's weeping
In the night.

THE PARIS OF THACKERAY AND DICKENS

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

A street there is in Paris famous,
 For which no rhyme our language yields.
 Rue Neuve des Petits Champs its name is,
 The New Street of the Little Fields.
 And there's an inn not rich and splendid,
 But still in comfortable case,
 The which in youth I oft attended
 To eat a plate of bouillabaisse.

The genial Laird, one of the Three Musketeers of the Brush of Mr. du Maurier's "Trilby", tossed on a bed of fever, while kindly French nurses in attendance wept as they listened to the reverential voice in which he mumbled over what they conceived to be his prayers. But these "prayers", strangely enough, always ended with allusion to,—

Red peppers, garlic, roach, and dace,
 All these you get in Terré's Tavern
 In that one dish of bouillabaisse.

Thousands of other Scotchmen, and tens of thousands of Britons and of Americans have thrilled, as Sandy McAllister of Cockpen did, over the verses into which Thackeray, writing in a vein of assumed lightness, poured so much of the feeling of his lost youth. As poetry, the "Ballad of the Bouillabaisse" is not to be ranked with Keats's "Ode on a German Urn". Neither is Kipling's "Mandalay". Thackeray himself wrote many better verses, but none which has so delighted the ear and the palate of posterity, and which is so likely to endure. Every now and then its vitality is attested by some new Columbus who discovers in a Paris restaurant to his liking the original of Terré's Tavern. For example there was the American, Julian Street, who, six or seven years ago in a little book called

"Paris à la Carte", wrote: "Those who remember Thackeray's 'Ballad of the Bouillabaisse' will find the restaurant therein celebrated a few blocks back of the Café Laperousse, near the Church of St. Germain des Prés. I do not know that bouillabaisse may still be had there, but I hope so. Perhaps you will find out."

Now as a matter of fact the restaurant of Mr. Street's discovery actually has certain Thackerayan associations. Thackeray dined there often when he was an art student, and to this day there hangs on the wall a portrait of the novelist at table, and an appended note setting forth the facts of his fame and his patronage. But it never was Terré's. The site of the lair of the bouillabaisse is not on the south side of the river at all, but is almost within a stone's throw of the great boulevards and the fashionable shops of the Rue de la Paix. Soon after Thackeray's Paris days the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs became the Rue des Petits Champs. It is that today, running from the Rue de la Paix, upon which its western end abuts, diagonally across the Avenue de l'Opéra, back of the gardens of the Palais Royal, and almost to the Place des Victoires. The number of the building occupied by Terré's Tavern was originally 16. The structure that now occupies the site is of conventional type and architecture, and may be identified by the sign of a banking-house that projects at right angles over the sidewalk.

The impression of one of the many

who came in contact with the personal Thackeray and afterward wrote about it, was that he spoke the most beautiful French that the visitor had ever heard from the lips of an Englishman. That encomium was qualified by Thackeray himself, when he confessed to a foreigner's limitations in judging the style of George Sand, whose sentences nevertheless impressed him with their charm, seeming to him like "the sound of country bells—provoking I don't know what vein of musing and meditation, and falling sweetly and sadly on the ear". Perhaps French was not quite a second mother language to him as it was to du Maurier and has been to half a dozen other English men of letters. But the Paris of his day was as familiar to him as was his own Pall Mall and Russell Square; and with that part of him which was not wholly belligerently British, he very much preferred it to the London of fogs and of the intolerant eyes of the Lord Farintoshes and the Sir Barnes Newcomes.

It was not exactly Thackeray's fault that his novels were not written from a detached point of view. He simply could not help being autobiographical. How much of himself he gave in the making of Arthur Pendennis is a matter of general knowledge. The Paris of his youth, and many of his aspirations and heartaches are reflected in the pages of "The Adventures of Philip". The first chapter of "The Paris Sketch Book" is entitled "A Caution to Travellers". The moral it conveys is one of the oldest of morals. The story was told two thousand years before Thackeray. Ten years ago one of the cleverest of American tale-spinners was retelling it with conspicuous success. A hundred years hence, and five hundred

years hence the same plot will probably again be presented with little or no variation. It is the innocent traveler who falls among gilded thieves. In the Thackerayan version the name of the victim happened to be Sam Pogson; the fascinating lady called herself for the time being la Baronne Florval-Derval, and her accomplices were a mythical baron, and a son of that Earl of Cinqbars who was ubiquitous in Thackeray's pages; and the particular scene of the fleeing was an apartment in the Rue Taitbout. But the point of the matter is that the experience was one that Thackeray in his callow days—and he seems to have had quite a faculty for playing the fool—had shared with others equally guileless and impressionable. Even though he never dropped his *h*'s, he had been Sam Pogson for a day.

If ever there was a book made by a book review it was "Vanity Fair". The first numbers dragged, as "Pickwick" had dragged before Sam Weller came upon the scene. The British public was slow to recognize that a new star was beginning to glitter in the literary firmament. Then came Abraham Hayward's sweeping tribute in "The Edinburgh" for January, 1848; and with it the doors were opened, and Thackeray passed in to take his place among the accepted masters of English fiction. In introducing the man, Hayward recalled finding him, ten or twelve years before, day after day engaged in the Louvre copying pictures in order to qualify himself for his intended profession of artist. The gallery of the Louvre, as much as the Charterhouse, or Cambridge, was a school that played a conspicuous part in Thackeray's intellectual development. It was not that there he learned to draw

—he never did that—but there, under the influence of the mighty dead, he completed his education in the humanities.

It was in July, 1833, when he was twenty-two years old, and acting as Paris correspondent of "The National Standard and Journal of Literature, Science, Music, Theatricals, and the Fine Arts"—a little paper first edited and subsequently purchased by him—that he wrote to his mother, Mrs. Carmichael Smith: "I have been thinking very seriously of turning artist. I can draw better than I can do anything else, and certainly I should like it better than any other occupation, so why shouldn't I?" In answer to the question he trudged off to spend the pleasant and profitable days in a room,—

. . . half a mile long, with as many windows as Aladdin's palace, open from sunrise till evening, and free to all manners and varieties of study, where the brethren of the brush, though they sleep perhaps in a garret, and dine in a cellar, have a luxury which surpasses all others, and the enjoyment of a palace which all the money of all the Rothschilds could not buy.

Thackeray's first Paris was the city he had visited as a wide-eyed boy. His second Paris was the Louvre.

Then came the Paris of his marriage and his honeymoon. On August 20, 1836, he and Miss Isabella Gethen Creagh Shawe, a daughter of Colonel Matthew Shawe of a Bengal regiment, were united in the British Embassy, and went to live in the Rue Neuve St. Augustin, hard by Terré's Tavern. There is an echo of that period in certain lines of the "Ballad of the Bouillabaisse":

Ah, me! how quick the days are flitting!
I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
In this same place—but not alone.
A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,

And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me
—There's no one now to share my cup.

No. For many years there was no one to share his cup.

There is no need to dwell at length upon the tragedy of Thackeray's brief married life, or the long period during which he was practically a widower. It was the Paris of his youth that was associated with his first great affair of the heart; the Paris of his maturity played a part in his second journey into the realm of serious sentimental attachment. For when the lady in the case was exasperatingly friendly and exasperatingly discreet, it was to Paris that the great man repaired, there to brood over his infatuation, and to write letters in which the tone changed abruptly from assumed lightness to violent recrimination. Thackeray seems to have first met Jane Octavia Brookfield about 1839, three years after his marriage, and soon after the separation enforced by Mrs. Thackeray's mental trouble. The husband, Reverend William H. Brookfield, had been known to Thackeray in the undergraduate days at Cambridge. A chance meeting led to Brookfield's taking Thackeray home unexpectedly to dinner, when there happened to be nothing in the house but a shoulder of cold mutton, and the embarrassed hostess was obliged to send a maid to a neighboring pastry-cook's for a dozen tartlets. The first letter in what is known as the "Brookfield correspondence", which was kept so long a mystery and finally given to the public early in 1914, was one written by Thackeray to M. Cazati in Paris, asking the latter to do the honors in the French capital for Mr. Brookfield. Some years elapsed, however, before the novelist's attentions began to cause comment.

Brookfield himself seems to have been a complaisant husband, and Jane the "bread- and butter-cutting Charlotte" of "The Sorrows of Werther"; but in 1850 the lady's uncle, Henry Hallam, was moved to protest at the frequency of Thackeray's visits. So the greater part of 1850, Thackeray, who about the time was writing "Pendennis", spent in Paris. To indicate his affluence and extravagance, it is necessary merely to mention that he stayed at the Hotel Bristol, in the Place Vendôme.

From Paris he wrote often to Mrs. Brookfield, and often to others about her, in the latter letters expressing freely his unfavorable opinion of the husband. It was the Paris of the presidency of Louis Napoleon, just before the *coup d'état*, and in one letter he tells of the President's ball and the people he met there:

When I tell you, ma'am, that there were *tradesmen* and their wives present! I saw one woman pull off a pair of list slippers and take a ticket for them at the greatcoat repository; and I rather liked her for being so bold. Confess now, would you have the courage to go to court in list slippers and ask the footman at the door to keep 'em till you came out? Well, there was Lady Castlereagh looking uncommonly 'andsome, and the Spanish Ambassador's wife blazing with new diamonds and looking like a picture by Velasquez, with daring red cheeks and bright eyes. And there was the Princess What-d'you-call-'em, the President's cousin, covered with diamonds too, superb and sulky. . . . The children went to church yesterday, and Minny sat next to Guizot, and Victor Hugo was there—a queer heathen. Did you read of his ordering his son to fight a duel the other day with the son of another literary man? Young Hugo wounded his adversary and I suppose his father embraced him and applauded him—and goes to church afterwards as if he was a Christian. . . . I am going to Gudin's tonight, being tempted by the promise of meeting Scribe, Dumas, Mery; and if none of them are there, what am I to do?

So much, in this limited narrative, for the Paris of Thackeray's life. There is the Paris of his books.

Henry Esmond went there to plan the great scheme that was to restore the Stuarts on the English throne, a gallant venture brought to naught by the Prince's pursuit of Beatrix. That eighteenth century Paris was the scene of various activities of the Beatrix of later years, the Baroness Bernstein of "The Virginians". After Waterloo the Rawdon Crawleys lived in Paris for a time—little Rawdon being put out to nurse in the suburbs,—and departing, left behind them innumerable debts. In "The Newcomes", from the Hotel de la Terrasse which was on the Rue de Rivoli, Clive wrote to his friend Pendennis, telling of his first walk in the Tuileries Gardens, "with the chestnuts out, the statues all shining, and all the windows of the palace in a blaze", and recording that the Palais Royal had changed much since Scott's time. It would hardly have been Thackeray's fist if the Louvre had not been brought in to play an early part in the narrative. There Clive fell in love with the most beautiful creature that the world has ever seen.

She was standing, silent and majestic, in the center of one of the rooms of the statue gallery, and the very first glimpse of her struck one breathless with the sense of her beauty. I could not see the color of her eyes and hair exactly, but the latter is light, and the eyes, I should think, are gray. She may be some two and thirty years old, and she was born about two thousand years ago. Her name is the Venus of Milo.

Then Clive and his father went to dine with the Vicomte de Florac at the Café de Paris, which was certainly not where the restaurant of that name is to be found today; and then, in a house in the Rue St. Dominique—the Thackerayan visitor of the present Anno Domini may select the edifice that best fits his own mental picture—"Tom" Newcome again saw his Leonore after all the years. To

Clive's eyes that tender and ceremonious meeting was like an elderly Sir Charles Grandison saluting a middle-aged Miss Byron. It is the most beautiful of all Thackeray's love stories. Later another love story ran part of its troubled course in the Hotel de Florac and the little garden behind. There, under the kindly chaperonage of the sweet French lady, Clive and Ethel were closer in communion of heart than ever before or after, save possibly in that fable-land at which Thackeray hinted as lying beyond the horizon of "Finis". About the Hotel de Florac there was an American flavor, for when Clive first saw it, the upper part was rented to "Major-General the Honorable Zeno F. Pokey, of Cincinnati, U. S."

Though his *métier* was not the melodramatic school, there are plenty of great moments in Thackeray. Anthony Trollope held Lady Rachel's disclosure of Henry's legitimacy to the Duke of Hamilton in "Esmond" to be the greatest scene in English fiction. What reader can forget the pursuit of the Prince to Castlewood, or George Osborne lying on his face, "dead, with a bullet through his heart", or Becky, admiring her husband, "strong, brave, and victorious"? Once Thackeray reached heights in a comic scene, in the battle between the Bayneses, the Bunches, and the MacWhirters, in the Champs Elysées *pension* of Madame Smolensk. The "Petit Château d'Espagne" was the sonorous name of the *pension* in question, and the full title of the proprietress, which Mrs. Baynes used in letters designed to impress her friends, was Madame la Générale Baronne de Smolensk. But save as indicating a general type of *pension* that flourished in the streets adjacent to that part of the Champs Elysées

that lies about the Rond Point in Thackeray's time, it is practically certain that the "Petit Château d'Espagne" was never more than an imaginary structure.

Closer to reality were the bohemian haunts of Philip Firmin. Like some of the characters of Balzac, Firmin was in the habit of dining at Flicoteau's. Flicoteau's was an actual restaurant of the Paris of 1840, which stood on ground now occupied by one of the newer buildings of the Sorbonne. There, for an expenditure of seventeen sous, Philip sat down to the enjoyment of the soup, the beef, the rôti, the salad, the dessert, and the whitey-brown bread at discretion. He would have been poor in the Rue de la Paix; he was wealthy in the Luxembourg quarter. His habitation was the Hotel Poussin, in the Rue Poussin, where there was a little painted wicket that opened, ringing; and the passage and the stair led to Monsieur Philippe's room, which was on the first floor, as was that of Bouchard, the painter, who had his *atelier* over the way. Besides Bouchard, who was a bad painter but a worthy friend, the Hotel Poussin sheltered Laberge of the second floor, the poet from Carcassonne, who pretended to be studying law but whose heart was with the Muses and whose talk was of Victor Hugo and Alfred de Musset; and the suspiciously wealthy Escasse; and old Colonel Dujarret, who had been a prisoner of war in England; and Tymowski, sighing over his Poland. No such street as the Rue Poussin now exists in that part of Paris. It debouched, according to Philip, into the Rue de Seine, which winds in back of the Institute of France from the Quai Malaquais, and runs to the south, crossing the Boulevard St. Germain. The Rue Visconti,

where Balzac had the printing-press that ruined him, or the Rue des Beaux Arts, both little changed in the course of three-quarters of a century, will give the visitor the flavor of Philip Firmin's environment. To Thackeray the Hotel Poussin was more than a corner of the city he loved so well. It was Bohemia; it was the careless, light, laughing youth of which he had sung in his adaptation from Béranger's "Le Grenier".

With pensive eyes the little room I view
Where in my youth I weathered it so long,
With a wild mistress, a staunch friend or two.
And a light heart breaking into song.
Making a mock of life and all its cares,
Rich in the glory of my rising sun,
Lightly I vaulted up four pairs of stairs,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

France is in "Dombey and Son", and it is in "Little Dorrit". But for the Paris of the fiction of Dickens the natural and inevitable turning is to "A Tale of Two Cities", which was first in its author's mind as "One of These Days", then as "Buried Alive", then as "The Thread of Gold", and then as "The Doctor of Beauvais". "A Tale of Two Cities" (which Andrew Lang held to be one of the three most enthralling stories ever written, the other two being "Quentin Durward" and "Twenty Years After"), and "Barnaby Rudge" were Dickens's only ventures in the field of the historical novel, and the preparation of the scene of the former, especially, was a work of great care and elaboration. The Paris that he personally knew was the city of the 'forties and the 'fifties. To ensure topographical accuracy he spent days in poring over old maps and in laboriously consulting documents, essays, and chronicles. To Mercier's "Tableau de Paris", which had been printed in Amsterdam, he turned for the picture of his Marquis. Rousseau was his authority

for the peasant's shutting up his house when he had a bit of meat; in the tax tables of the period he studied the general wretched condition of the proletariat in the years when the storm of revolution was gathering. "These", records Forster, "are interesting intimations of the care with which Dickens worked; and there is no instance in his novels, excepting this, of a deliberate and planned departure from the method of treatment which had been preeminently the source of his popularity as a novelist." Also Carlyle's "French Revolution" had recently appeared, and Froude tells us of the tremendous hold it took on Dickens's mind. "He carried a copy of it with him wherever he went."

It was the St. Antoine quarter, seething into revolt, that was almost the protagonist of the early Paris chapters of the book. There, in a street the exact identity of which is a matter of no particular importance, was the wineshop of Monsieur and Madame Defarge. It was "haggard St. Antoine", "clamorous St. Antoine", "St. Antoine, a vast dusky mass of scarecrows heaving to and fro", "St. Antoine shouting and dancing his angry blood up", "St. Antoine writing his crimes on flaring sheets of paper", "St. Antoine sleeping and dreaming of the fresh vengeance of the morrow". Then the note changed. A new figure came to replace St. Antoine, a hideous figure that grew as familiar as if it had been before the general gaze from the foundations of the world—the figure of the sharp female called La Guillotine. "It was the popular theme for jests; it was the best cure for headache, it infallibly prevented the hair from turning gray, it imparted a peculiar delicacy to the complexion, it was the national

razor which shaved close; who kissed La Guillotine, looked through the little window and sneezed into the sack."

But there were material scenes. Miss Pross "threaded her way along the narrow streets and crossed the river by the bridge of the Pont Neuf"; from the Prison of the Abbaye, Gabelle wrote the letter beginning "Monsieur heretofore the Marquis"; Charles Darnay, journeying from England in response, and making his way in bad equipages drawn by bad horses over bad roads, was consigned to La Force. Tellson's Bank was in the Saint-Germain quarter, "in the wing of a large house, approached by a courtyard and shut off from the street by a high wall and a strong gate"; Alexandre Manette wrote his story while in a doleful cell in the Bastille; part of the Palais de Justice as we see it today is the Conciergerie, where Evrémonte awaited execution; it was on a spot which is now part of the beautiful Place de la Concorde that Sidney Carton made the supreme sacrifice. "He has described London", wrote one of his earliest critics, "like a special correspondent for posterity". The same might be said of his Paris of the *sans-culottes*, and the awakening of the Greater Jacquerie.

Dickens first saw Paris to know it in November, 1846. With his family he had left England the end of the preceding May, crossing to Belgium, and traveling by way of the Rhine to Switzerland, where a stay of several months was made. Then the party made its way from Geneva, journeying in three carriages and stopping between six and seven each evening. The arrival was a day later than expected, and the stop was at the Hotel Brighton in the Rue de Rivoli. Two years earlier Dickens

had passed through the city on his way to Italy. This time he was there for a stay of three months. His first experience was a "colossal" walk about the streets, half frightened by the brightness and brilliance, in the course of which his notice was attracted by a book in a shop window announced as "Les Mystères de Londres par Sir Trollope". In frequent letters to Forster he practised his French, which was apparently very good, though one suspects references to the text-book or dictionary convenient to hand. Then Forster crossed the Channel to join him, and the Parisian education began in earnest. Together they passed through every variety of sightseeing—prisons, palaces, theatres, hospitals, the Morgue and St. Lazare, as well as the Louvre, Versailles, St. Cloud, and all the spots made memorable by the first revolution. The comedian Régnier made them free of the green-room of the Français. They supped with Alexandre Dumas, and with Eugène Sue—then at the height of his fame,—and met Théophile Gautier, and Alphonse Karr. Forster relates:

We saw Lamartine also, and had much friendly intercourse with Scribe, and with the good-natured Amédée Pichot. One day we visited in the Rue du Bac the sick and ailing Chateaubriand, whom we thought like Basil Montagu; found ourselves at the other extreme of opinion, in the sculpture-room of David d'Angers; and closed that day at the house of Victor Hugo, by whom Dickens was received with infinite courtesy and grace. The great writer then occupied a floor in a noble corner house in the Place Royale, the old quarter of Ninon l'Enclos, and the people of the Regency. . . . I never saw upon any features so keenly intellectual such a soft and sweet gentility, and certainly never heard the French language spoken with the picturesque distinctness given to it by Victor Hugo.

Even more pronounced in literary flavor was Dickens's second Paris

residence of 1855-56. Then his social life was passed almost exclusively among writers, painters, actors, and musicians. His apartment was in the Avenue des Champs Elysées, within a door or two of the Jardin d'Hiver. The painter, Ary Scheffer, brought many distinguished Frenchmen there. Besides he had the society of fellow craftsmen of his own nation. Wilkie Collins was in Paris, and the Brownings, and Thackeray—the estrangement between the two men over the Yates-Garrick Club case had not yet taken place—ran over from London to pay visits to his daughters, who, like the Dickenses, were living in the

Champs Elysées. At Scribe's table Dickens dined frequently, and found the dinners and the company to his liking. At the house of Madame Viardot, the sister of Malibran, he met George Sand, and was not greatly impressed. In his honor Emile de Girardin gave two banquets the descriptions of which read like pages from the Arabian Nights or from Dumas's "The Count of Monte Cristo". This life ended late in April, 1856, when Dickens returned to London. In January, 1863, he visited Paris for the last time for the purpose of reading at the Embassy in behalf of the British Charitable Fund.

GIFTS

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

Many have given me songs,
Others have given me power,
Joy like a cleaving sword,
Pain like a rain-sweet flower,
Vision of worlds unfound,
Dreams that burn in the breast.
With a smile in your quiet eyes
You give me—rest.

Friends have clasped my hand,
Lovers my lips have kissed,
Priests have lifted my soul
As the incense rises in mist,
Prophets have called me like trumpets
Where the work of the world is done.
You open the door of my heart
To God's dear sun.

AMERICAN MAGAZINES

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

I

M. A. De Wolfe Howe has written a pleasant little book on "The Atlantic Monthly and its Makers", wherein he sets forth the circumstances under which that magazine was founded, gives an account of its successive editors and publishers, and catalogues its more important contributors. A record like this is useful to all who are interested in the development of literature in the United States,—a development which has always been more or less dependent on the hospitality which the magazines might be able to afford. A corresponding volume would be welcome if it were devoted to the honorable history of "The Southern Literary Messenger", established in Richmond in 1834, edited from 1835 to 1837 by Edgar Allan Poe, and in those years accepted as the most interesting magazine in the United States and not in the South only. In fact, there would be advantages to students of American literature if we had half a dozen other monographs, each narrating the life and adventures of a single magazine, adorned with apt anecdotes and buttressed with solid facts.

Indeed, it is not a little curious that while many authors have been moved to write the history of American literature and not a few have undertaken to tell the story of American journalism, no one has been tempted to make a corresponding study of the American monthly magazine, which is a half-way house between literature and journalism. To the second volume of the new "Cam-

bridge History of American Literature", Professor William B. Cairns has contributed a well-documented chapter on "Magazines, Annuals and Gift-Books, 1783-1850"; and in the third volume of this valuable work we may hope to find another chapter discussing the more exuberant expansion of the American magazine in the three score years and nine since the middle of the nineteenth century.

But Professor Cairns's paper extends to only sixteen pages—four less than are allotted to the immediately following article on "Newspapers, 1775-1860"; and it has to survey not only the monthlies and the quarterlies, but also the annuals and the gift-books. True it is that the annual, as it existed in the United States of a century ago, was the precursor of the monthly; indeed, it might fairly be considered as a magazine issued once a year. Like the modern monthly the annual of 1820 and 1830 and 1840 had a warm welcome for the brief tale; and it was in one or another of these evanescent year-books that Hawthorne's earlier stories appeared. Like certain of the more frankly "popular" of our monthlies, the annual relied on the appeal of a pageant of fair women—the chief difference being that our latter-day periodicals put their fair ladies on their richly colored covers month after month, whereas the annuals of the early nineteenth century had each of them a gallery of a dozen steel-engraved fancy portraits of the heroines of Byron or Scott or Moore.

It is a curious coincidence that no

one on the other side of the western ocean has undertaken to trace in detail the history of periodical literature in Great Britain. Of course, the topic is duly considered in the several volumes of "The Cambridge History of English Literature"; but these chapters, whatever their merits may be, are far too condensed to supply the varied information we should like to have. It is to be hoped that an ample history of the evolution of the quarterly review and the monthly magazine in the British Isles will be written sooner or later, and in season to inspire and support a similar history of their development in the United States. On this side of the Atlantic we borrowed both the quarterly and the monthly from our kin across the sea; and it is only in the two English-speaking nations that these two kinds of periodicals have been able to maintain themselves profitably.

There are, of course, monthlies and quarterlies in France; but the French prefer to publish their more important periodicals semimonthly. It is on the first and the fifteenth of every month that the "Revue des Deux Mondes" appears; and the "Revue des Deux Mondes" is not only the foremost periodical in France; it has really no rival in its own comprehensive field even outside of France. And its chief competitors, the "Nouvelle Revue" and the "Revue de Paris" have been compelled to pattern themselves upon the older and more prosperous review and to appear twice a month. There is no important quarterly in French; and the successive attempts to establish an illustrated monthly magazine in Paris on the model of "Harper's" or "Scribner's" have none of them been successful.

II

The monthly magazines of Great Britain and of the United States are of many different types, but of these, two predominate. Superficially the difference between them is that one type is illustrated and that the other is not; but the difference is really wider than this statement would imply; as we can see at a glance when we compare "Scribner's Magazine" with "The Atlantic Monthly". The non-illustrated monthlies tend to conform more or less closely to the type established over a century ago by "Blackwood's Magazine"; and the illustrated monthlies are, more or less obviously, improvements on the type established more than three-quarters of a century ago by "Knight's Pictorial Magazine". We can see that "Scribner's" is far superior to "Knight's", which strikes us today as frankly primitive; but there would be no great difficulty in indicating the several stages by which the type ascended, decade after decade, as its possibilities were more closely perceived. And we cannot fail to see that the present non-illustrated monthly such as "The Atlantic" on our side, and "The Cornhill" on the other side, still follows the pattern of "Blackwood's". There is, of course, no conscious and deliberate imitation of the Edinburgh original; the existing British and American monthlies are merely conforming to the tradition established in Scotland more than a century ago.

In one respect, and in one respect only, has there been a departure from the pattern set by the Edinburgh original; and this departure is an indisputable improvement. Almost from the beginning the editors of "Blackwood's" indulged in violent and vulgar abuse of all those with whose

opinions they did not agree and of whose writings they did not approve. This is probably the reason why Robert Louis Stevenson denied to Lockhart the right to be accepted as a gentleman. Andrew Lang held that Lockhart was not personally responsible for the infamous attack on Keats; but this virulent criticism was only a little worse in taste and in temper than a succession of other articles assaulting Wordsworth and Coleridge and Leigh Hunt. It is not too much to say that "Blackwood's" a hundred years ago was not merely ungentlemanly, but boldly blackguardly. And it is also not too much to say that its manners have continued to be bad all through its hundred years of life, as everyone will testify who has chanced to glance at the vindictive insults which Charles Lever hurled at the United States in the dark days of the Civil War.

Even now, in this twentieth year of the twentieth century, when "Blackwood's" is old enough to know better, there is not a little of the bitterness and rancor and intolerance of Lockhart and Wilson in the "Musings without Method" which may be called the sting in the tail of the "Blackwood's" of today. These truculent and insolent musings make a pitiable appearance when we contrast them with the gentle and kindly "Roundabout Papers" which Thackeray put at the end of "The Cornhill" more than half a century ago. It is the spirit of Thackeray rather than the spirit of Lockhart and Wilson that we find in the "Easy Chair" of "Harper's" for example, whether its pleasant paragraphs were the work of George William Curtis or William Dean Howells or of Charles Dudley Warner, all of them unfailingly courteous and charmingly urbane.

Perhaps some day some acute inquirer will be able to explain to us why it is that the bigoted Tory, stoutly entrenched in the past and resolutely refusing to face the future, is incessantly tempted to defend the throne and the altar in the language of the stable and the taproom.

One reason why the writers in "Blackwood's" felt themselves free to exhibit such very bad manners is that all the articles were unsigned; and masked men are less likely to control their evil instincts than men who have made no effort to conceal their identity. The tradition of anonymity inherited by "Blackwood's" from "The Quarterly Review" and inherited from "Blackwood's" by the magazines which followed, is now surrendered by almost every British or American monthly or quarterly. Even "The Unpopular Review", in its latest number, has yielded to the current fashion and affixes the name of every writer to his contribution. But this tradition of anonymity was respected three score years ago when the first number of "The Atlantic" appeared; and its readers were left to guess at the authorship of the several articles by writers whose lights were all hidden under the same bushel. What a loss this was can be judged by Mr. Howe's statement that among the fourteen American men of letters who were represented in the pages of this number, were Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, Whittier, Motley, and Harriet Beecher Stowe—"a combination of all the talents" probably never equaled in any other issue of any American or British magazine.

In "The Cornhill" when Leslie Stephen was its editor, his own "Hours in a Library" were unsigned; and Stevenson's early essays in this magazine were distinguished only by

the appended "R. L. S." The late Edmund Clarence Stedman told me that he had persistently declined the invitations of the editor of "Harper's", because that magazine persistently suppressed the names of its contributors, although "Scribner's Monthly" had followed the opposite policy from its very first number. It was almost forty years ago that "Harper's" reversed its policy and followed the example set by its rival; and when it experienced this change of heart Stedman became at once a contributor. Nowadays, as all know, it is the custom of many if not most of our magazines, not only to print the list of the contributors in the inside table of contents, but also to emblazon boldly on the cover outside the names of their star writers.

III

When "The Atlantic" was founded in 1857 it had for its chief competitors "The Knickerbocker Magazine", started in 1833 with Charles Fenno Hoffman as its first editor, and surviving until 1859; and "Putnam's Magazine", started in 1853, early illuminated by the "Potiphar Papers" of George William Curtis. "Harper's" could hardly be considered as a rival as its field was widely different. It had begun to appear in 1850; and it was intended at first to be chiefly a vehicle for the serial publication of the novels of the British authors with whom the house of Harper and Brothers had friendly relations. It also made a specialty of a kind of article now no longer seen—the adroit condensation of an important biography or of a significant book of travels—a condensation so deftly concocted that it served to whet the appetite of the casual reader and to tempt him into the purchase of the book itself.

Although it had been the intention of the founders of "Harper's" to rely largely upon the works of the British novelists, the magazine owed the expansion of its early prosperity to a serial which was not British and not a novel. This was J. S. C. Abbott's life of Napoleon, praising his virtues and palliating his vices. The serial publication of an amply illustrated biography was an American innovation—at least, so far as I can recall, nothing of this sort had ever been attempted in any of the British periodicals. It has set an example which was advantageously followed in time by other American magazines—notably by "The Century" more than forty years later when it published Professor Sloane's solidly documented and sumptuously adorned account of the career of the Emperor of the French.

In "The Century" itself Sloane's "Napoleon" was followed by Hay and Nicolay's "Lincoln"; and it had been preceded by the famous War Series, republished in four volumes as the "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War", edited by Robert Underwood Johnson and Clarence Clough Buel, and contributed to by Grant and by almost every other surviving officer of both the Union and the Confederate forces. "Scribner's" had a series on the "American Railroads" written by carefully selected experts; and "McClure's" had a history of the Standard Oil Company by Miss Ida Tarbell; while "Harper's" had a delightful sequence of essays by Andrew Lang on "Shakespeare's Comedies" to supply the text for E. A. Abbey's equally delightful illustrations. Of late years a serial of this kind seems to have fallen out of favor with the editors of American magazines, although "Everybody's" has very re-

cently continued from month to month Brand Whitlock's story of his experiences in Belgium during the German occupation.

When we turn back to the "Harper's" of sixty years ago, the woodcuts which illustrated Abbott's "Napoleon" seem to us today sadly old-fashioned, stiff, and inadequate. It was not until nearly a score of years later that the great period of American wood-engraving began. It was made possible by the invention of a method whereby any picture in black and white—pencil-sketch, pen-drawing, or wash-drawing—could be transferred to the engraver's block, thus doing away with the necessity the artists had hitherto been under of drawing on the wood itself, a necessity which they had found a hampering limitation. As it happened the art editor of "The Century" was A. W. Drake, who had been an engraver himself and who was ready to encourage new methods in the art; and the art editor of "Harper's" was Charles Parsons, who soon proved himself to be almost equally receptive and encouraging. The result of the intelligent rivalry of "The Century" and "Harper's" was the stimulation of both the draftsmen and the wood-cutters. The drawings of Abbey and C. S. Reinhart and Howard Pyle were interpreted by the engraving of Timothy Cole and George Kruell, Whitney and Jungling. The artists were delighted because their designs were no longer destroyed by the engraver, and because the engraver (no longer compelled to the servile following of the actual lines) was able to reproduce more liberally and far more satisfactorily the spirit of the work of art he was interpreting.

It was largely because of this new development of the American art of

wood-engraving and of the accompanying increase in the number of our illustrators, that the American monthlies were encouraged to invade the British market. "The Century" first, "Harper's" a little later, and the new "Scribner's Magazine", as soon as it was started (now a little more than thirty years ago), were published in London on the same day that they were issued in New York; and they attained to a circulation in the British Isles far larger than any of their British rivals in the United States. Perhaps it would not be unfair to say that in the 'eighties or the 'nineties of the last century these three American magazines really had no British competitors.

Even when a powerful London publishing house started "The English Illustrated Magazine" avowedly to vie with the American invaders, it could not establish itself, partly because the British wood-engravers were unwilling to depart from their traditions and partly because the publishers did not organize an adequate editorial staff. Even when wood-engraving became less important as the various mechanical processes of reproducing the artist's sketch were perfected, the advantage remained with the American magazines; and some of the British photo-engravers were frank in admitting their inferiority. For the illustration of Austin Dobson's critical biography of Hogarth, a few of the process-plates were made in London, while others were imported from New York, after having appeared in "The Century". And I recall that the author told me that when he complained to the London engraver that the British plates were not as sharp in outline and as rich in texture as the plates brought over from New York, the aggrieved Englishman re-

plied, "You don't expect me to turn out work equal to that of those Americans, do you?"

IV

When we turn the pages of Professor Cairns's article in "The Cambridge History of American Literature", we discover ourselves to be taking a stroll through a graveyard, filled with tombstones of forgotten magazines. Ambitious authors and speculative publishers were constantly bringing forth monthlies and quarterlies doomed to an early death. The new-born magazine of the first half of the nineteenth century appears to have resembled the human baby, in that it was hard to carry it through the second summer. For many of these bantlings we might transcribe the epitaph of the infant who died before its first birthday,—

If at last so soon I'm done for,—
I wonder what I was begun for.

William Cullen Bryant came to New York in 1825 to edit "The New York Review", which did not survive its second year. Emerson was able to carry on "The Dial" for only four years, from 1840-1844, although Lowell and Ripley and Channing and Jones Very were among its contributors. Lowell's own venture "The Pioneer" started in 1843, and survived for only three numbers when it came to an untimely end, leaving its editor burdened with debt. Perhaps we ought to believe that Edgar Allan Poe was really fortunate in never having issued even the first number of his projected magazine, "The Stylus", for which he collected subscriptions in advance, year after year, during his stay in Philadelphia, from 1838 to 1844.

Perhaps on the other hand it was unfortunate for him that he could

not raise the small amount of money which was then requisite to establish a magazine, since he had revealed unusual ability as an editor. It was due to his adroitness in directing the affairs of "The Southern Literary Messenger" that this periodical was able to survive the perilous period of infancy. While he was editorially connected with "The Gentleman's Magazine" (owned by William E. Burton, the comedian), and with "Graham's", those monthlies immediately experienced an increase in circulation in consequence of his editorial skill. It was not only because he put into the pages of the magazine whose destinies he was directing, his own lyrics and his own tales, his own criticisms and his own essays, that its popularity multiplied; it was also because he had the special gift—whatever this may be—that a successful editor needs to have. Of course he had also the fatal disqualification that his sobriety was uncertain, and that he might yield to his besetting temptation and put an enemy in his head to steal away his brains, at the very moment when the magazine had to go to press so that it might appear at the appointed day.

A periodical, daily or weekly, monthly or quarterly, necessarily and inevitably depends on the ability and the character of its editor; it reflects his personality; it is the echo of his individuality; it is what he makes it, no more and no less. Probably the high rate of infant mortality among American magazines between 1820 and 1860 must be ascribed to the fact that few of the American men of letters who undertook the conduct of these ventures were found to possess the indispensable qualifications of the successful editor. It is not easy to catalogue these indispensable quali-

fications or even to declare exactly what they are; but whatever they may be, they are not those of the man of letters. For example, Dickens was a competent editor; and Thackeray was not,—or at least he was far less competent than Dickens, perhaps because he did not really enjoy the work of editing, which he soon surrendered to another hand. Certain of the reasons which led him to withdraw from the conduct of "The Cornhill" he told us himself in the "Roundabout Paper" called "Thorns in the Cushion".

To be a really good editor a man must have a genuine relish for detail, bearing in mind Michelangelo's saying that "trifles make perfection and perfection is no trifle". But he must not allow any absorption in detail to obscure his vision and to prevent that larger planning, that diligent prevision, upon which the immediate expansion and the ultimate prosperity of the periodical will depend. He must possess tact to enable him to attract and retain contributors. He must have taste and insight and even enthusiasm, that he may discern and encourage the promising beginners. He must have an intuitive perception of the trend of public opinion or at least of the preferences of that circle of the public to which his periodical is intended to appeal. He must not allow his own prejudices or his own predilections to tempt him into making his magazine only a reflection of his own idiosyncracies, his own fancies, and his own fads.

V

One of the most obvious differences between the principles which guided the editors of British monthlies and those which were followed by the editors of American magazines,

is that the favor of the reading public in the British Isles could be most easily won and kept by a steady succession of long serial stories, whereas the American reading public has always had a greater desire for the novelette and more particularly for the short story. Thirty or forty years ago Charles Reade asserted that a serial of his "floated 'The Argosy' "—a magazine which has long since sunk beneath the wave of oblivion. So all-important was the serial in the eyes of many British editors that the tales and essays and poems which filled the pages not surrendered to the continued story, were contemptuously termed the "padding".

While most American magazines are likely to have a serial story, it is not at all uncommon for this to be missing for several numbers, and sometimes for a year or more. Perhaps this willingness of our earlier editors to get along without the aid of the long novel, served out in monthly instalments, may have been due to the fact that we had comparatively few writers of fiction here in the United States until the final decades of the nineteenth century. Perhaps it ought to be ascribed rather to the other fact that such writers of fiction as we had were more felicitous in the short story than in the ampler novel. Our magazine editors welcomed the short story; and the short story was often the most alluring feature of our magazines. And it is not easy to say which one of these two things was the cause or the consequence of the other. What it is easy to say is that the short story had an ampler development in the American branch of English literature than it had in the British branch.

Hawthorne appears to have attained the true short-story form only

occasionally and almost by accident; whereas Poe was always a conscious artist working in accordance with the definite principles, which he declared, more or less explicitly, in his review of the "Twice-Told Tales". The influence of Poe—at least of his practice, even if the full purport of his declaration of principles was not seized until later—is obvious in Fitz-james O'Brien's "Diamond Lens" and "What Was It?", in Bayard Taylor's "Who Was She?", in Aldrich's "Marjorie Daw", and even in Edward Everett Hale's "The Man Without a Country". Then came Bret Harte's "Outcasts of Poker Flat", and Henry James's earlier tales, influenced partly by Hawthorne and partly by Turgenev. And in swift succession there followed Rose Terry Cooke and Sarah Orne Jewett, Cable and Thomas Nelson Page and Joel Chandler Harris, Owen Wister and Hamlin Garland, H. C. Bunner and Richard Harding Davis, all of them the product and the support of the American magazine.

The British had their novelists all through the nineteenth century; and as the London magazines were always hungry for serials, these British novelists felt that they could not afford to waste their invention on the far less profitable short story. When at last Stevenson arrived, and Kipling, they promptly disclosed themselves as disciples of the American masters of the short story—Stevenson following in the footsteps of Poe and Hawthorne, and Kipling treading the trail blazed by Poe and Bret Harte. "All can grow the flower now, for all have got the seed"; and it was in the American magazine that the plant had come to its fruition. When an American friend once made bold to tell Kipling that his early work

revealed an intimate acquaintance with the American short-story writers, he laughed and admitted it at once. "How do you suppose we filled the broad columns of that paper in India", he asked, "except with tales taken from the American magazines?"

VI

Before bringing these rambling records to their fortuitous termination, there are two more observations that I desire to record.

The first of these is that the future historian of our American magazines will have to note the frequency with which they have swallowed one another. The original "Scribner's Magazine" (now "The Century Magazine"), began by absorbing a monthly called "Hours at Home" edited by Richard Watson Gilder (who became the assistant of Dr. J. G. Holland in the editing of the new magazine and who succeeded to the editorial chair when Dr. Holland died). "Scribner's Monthly" almost immediately consolidated with itself "Putnam's Magazine", revived not very long before, it having been suspended as a result of the panic of 1859. "The Critic", edited by Jeannette L. Gilder and Joseph B. Gilder, was at first a weekly, and it early joined unto itself another weekly called "Good Literature"; and in the course of time, it became a monthly, changing its name to "Putnam's Magazine" and being at last absorbed by "The Atlantic". It may also be noted that "The Atlantic" had earlier consolidated with itself "The Galaxy", edited by W. C. and F. P. Church. "St. Nicholas" had at one time or another acquired "Our Young Folks" and "The Riverside" and "Wide Awake". And "The New Princeton Review", edited by Professor William M. Sloane, had only a

year or two of independent existence when it was merged in the "Political Science Quarterly" edited by Professor Munroe Smith.

The second and final observation is that the literary level of our periodical literature is higher than it was fifty years ago. I do not mean to suggest that any one number of any of our magazines today can rival the brilliancy of the first number of "The Atlantic" with its glittering constellation of stars of the first magnitude. That would be an absurd suggestion; but it is not absurd to insist that the average writing of the twentieth century is distinctly better than the average writing of the nineteenth century. The standard of style is higher, even if we may not now possess as many writers of the highest distinction. To say this, is only to say that we have made our profit out of the past; we have learned the lesson

taught by our predecessors; and there is in our monthlies today less of the amateur and more of the professional.

Of course, this improvement is equally evident on the other side of the Atlantic. Even in "Blackwood's" there is more sobriety, more reserve, more respect for the best traditions of literature. I chanced to have in my hands not long ago a volume containing two numbers of "The Quarterly Review" for 1823; and I turned its pages with persistent disappointment. I had had the accepted belief that "The Quarterly" and "The Edinburgh" were remarkably well written by two rival groups of remarkable men; and to my surprise I discovered that most of the dozen or more articles which I glanced through were indisputably dull. They were not only dull, they were inflated and stodgy. In other words they were deficient both in substance and in style.

THE LONDONER

LONDON, *May* 1, 1919.

In Arnold Bennett's play, "The Title", the young woman who finds herself face to face with an impostor who claims to have written the articles for which her own brains are responsible, asks him the question which Mr. Bennett himself has found so difficult to answer in the course of his long experience of bores. She says, "Do you write best in the morning or do you burn the midnight oil?" I know how curious all readers are to learn the truth about the methods of their favorite authors. The first question asked of a young writer who astonishes his friends by getting something into print is probably, "How do you *think* of it all?" When the fact is well established that he *can* think of anything, the next perplexity of his friends is inevitably that relating to the manner of his executive travail. It is then that Hildegarde Culver's problem arises. All wonder when the thing happens. The point is one of interest to all writers themselves, for it is a matter on which there is no general agreement. Trollope has been slanged more violently over his regular watch-timed rule of composition than for any reason whatsoever. Innocents who encourage charlatanism in the arts always assume that any absence of pretense is either affectation or proof of uninspired hack verbosity. They say, in effect, that it is impossible to sit down at any time and compose in the grand style.

This is half true, but it is not the whole truth. Writers often perform their tasks in the middle of trials.

Some of their best work has been produced in circumstances far from congenial. I have heard of one work greatly praised for its artistry, which was written by a novelist who was playing housemaid, sick-nurse, plumber (it was a severe winter, and the pipes froze while his head burned), carrying on a vehement epistolary quarrel, writing all sorts of minor stuff, and reading his chapters aloud in the evenings to an invalid who sometimes slept during the process. How that book was written he cannot recall. It was being set up while he still wrote the last chapters. A most romantic affair. Other novelists have assured me that they cannot work in the morning, or after dinner, or with others in the room, or unless beautiful music is being played, or unless everybody else in the house is in bed. I believe it is a fact that Compton Mackenzie wrote "Carnival" in the small hours, beer and bread and cheese within reach, in a silent house in the country. Wells often gets up in the night, if he is wakeful, and writes for hours without strain. Others must have talk as a stimulant; they must have somebody at hand to reassure. Others again are dependent upon the perpetual encouragement of a wife or a friend, must smoke and play in intervals, and are easily disconcerted, so that they cannot work if there has been the least friction at breakfast. And so on. Authorship is an odd business. One can see, therefore, how engrossing the subject is to both writers and public. It is inexhaustible. It will never be settled "which is the

properest day to write" and the "properest" hour.

* * * *

Another thing that personally I find more interesting is the calligraphy of authors. Handwriting is supposed to be a great revealer of character. Whether it is so or not I leave to the experts, but it is certainly fascinating to see the manuscript of a novelist with whose printed work one is familiar. It is like seeing it in an altogether fresh aspect. One sees not the calligraphy alone but the corrections, the interlineations, the important changes of name and phrase, place and idea. Such things are extraordinary to the inquiring mind. They reveal so much. Why should one phrase seem at the moment of writing perfectly to express the author's idea, and that phrase become, after a while, intolerable? Why should he accept a girl's name for a time, and then find that he cannot work with such a name constantly in friction with his increasing knowledge of his heroine's character? They are small points in their way, but of vast importance in the craft. Similarly, why should a man's handwriting seem so often to indicate truth about his character and then again be so disconcerting? Possibly one explanation may be found in the accuracy or inaccuracy of our individual expectations; possibly, again, there may be that in the man's character which is forever concealed. But why should Wells, for example, have the handwriting that seems to go with his rapid and inquiring intelligence, and Henry James the large, rather sprawling calligraphy, without a suggestion of subtlety, that may be pored over for many moments as a problem in the unexpected? Why should one's first thought in contemplating the

handwriting of J. D. Beresford be that it is the work of an intelligent and sensitive woman? His books are not feminine.

It is different with Hugh Walpole's manuscripts. Here one meets the delightful little curls and wriggles that one would expect from a novelist with his occasional whimsy, his love of the unforeseen, his rapid and at times careless mental action. Arnold Bennett's manuscripts are a delight to the eye. They are all penned in beautiful style, and the most finished of them are in a sort of fine script, incomparable. John Galsworthy has a most unliterary, but very flowing, hand. I have never seen a manuscript of his. Barrie has a way of writing that is at times almost indecipherable. It is not particularly large; in fact it is rather small. It is merely indistinct, so that the word "heartily" might just as well be the word "beautifully" if it were not that the one is a little longer than the other. Morley Roberts's is a tumbled scratch, obviously nervous and vehement, as his nature is. Men like Conrad have no suggestion of the literary hand, while Stevenson, of course, is clearly the writer from the first glance. The same applies to Kipling, who has the rapid manner of the journalist forced to economize time. Gilbert Cannan writes his books on small slips of paper in a most charming style, with scarcely an alteration. Walpole, I should say, changes a good deal. Swinerton writes small, is very curly, very rapid, neat, and free from erasure. His manuscript gives the impression of being produced with great care. Chesterton has a remarkable hand, medium-sized, round, and a sort of script. His alterations are made by the obliteration of offending words by small "whorls" which entirely con-

veal what is below them. Belloc uses large capital letters, but the rest is tiny and very sharp-pointed. Shaw has a very clear, very small writing, every word of it absolutely distinct, and he uses charming loops which never make what he has written appear less than careful and well-considered. Bennett's ordinary style suggests French models, the words are run together to an incalculable extent. I should say that he was among the most rapid of all writers.

What is the reason that all these writers, who are all of them practised in the use of the pen, have styles so different, not only from each other, but from one's first suppositions? How far can we go in thinking that the writing is characteristic, and how can we reconcile the fact that one man has learned to express himself in a way that suggests speed, while another has apparently never learned to economize effort by the elimination of unnecessary strokes? You would say that James, Conrad, and Galsworthy were all very painstaking, or slow writers, given to pondering over their sentences while they were in progress. That is an impression. All three have the forward slope. So have Wells and Bennett—Bennett more noticeably than his great contemporary. The younger writers, except Mackenzie, whose hand is strangely invertebrate, favor an upright style. The smallest handwriting I have ever seen is that of Rebecca West, which is microscopic and extremely scrupulous. But it is not much smaller than that of some of the men I have named, or than that of, say, Rafael Sabatini, one of our best-known young "picturesque" novelists. His is tiny, but it is not so compressed as Miss West's, and it does not create such an impression of care. It is rapid and flexible:

Miss West, on the other hand, seems to form each letter with jealous precision.

* * * *

Speaking as I have done above about some of the young novelists, reminds me of Miss Amy Lowell's amusing article in a recent number of *THE BOOKMAN*. In this article Miss Lowell, in support of one of her arguments, goes badly off the rails:

The novel of plot was succeeded by the novel of sociology; the novel of sociology has given way to the novel of individuality. Now, the experience of young writing persons being a good deal like the experiences of other young writing persons, the stage for these various egos is very much the same. They differ as green and blue plums differ, and not in the least as plums differ from barberries.

Miss Lowell then proceeds to instance various characters from a few of the novels by young men and women that she has been reading. She says, "With what unanimity is London the background for these stories!" Well, Miss Lowell has evidently not read deeply in the works of the writers she is discussing. Mr. Mackenzie certainly does not confine himself to London. Manchester has been the scene of Mr. Cannan's best book. Mr. Beresford roams over England. The characters cited by Miss Lowell are also unrepresentative of the authors she names. It is perfectly well known in London from whom Cannan took the character of his Mendel. Swinerton's Velancourt is unlike any other person in any other of his books, and was probably suggested by a study of the life of George Gissing. The Swinerton type young man (I am sorry to have to say of an old friend that he has a type young man; but truth will out, as the "Daily Mail" says) is far different. He is represented in the book cited by Miss Lowell, by the rather overpoweringly assertive Am-

berley. Beresford has written about many other types of character besides Jacob Stahl. He is interested in human nature far more strongly than he is interested in his own ego.

The suggestion that Michael Fane is representative of Mackenzie is also only half true, for Mackenzie's life has been unlike that of his hero, and unlike that of any other of the young novelists. He is the son, it is well known, of a fine old actor, Edward Compton. His connections are all theatrical, and this has its reflection in the character, though not in the scheme of his work. If it were true that the life and experience of young writing persons was identical, the personalities of these men would be less distinct. For example, men like Beresford and Swinnerton have had to earn their livings from an early age; Mackenzie has always been a young man in the fashion, seeking adventure where he found it. The difference is at once to be perceived in the character of their novels. Cannan, although coming from a family such as that represented in "Round the Corner", has vehement proletarian sympathies, and his life has been as far as possible from that of Mackenzie. So to those "on the spot", as it were, Miss Lowell seems less than usually accurate in this part of her article. I am not going to say that her inferences are wrong: they show a great deal of shrewdness, although they may not be any the more palatable to the subjects of the article for that reason. It is the lot of the critical writer to displease his (or her) victims.

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A young writer—not mentioned by Miss Lowell—from whom his admirers expected great things, but whose output has been unfortunately limited since his famous book "The Rainbow"

was prosecuted and suppressed, is D. H. Lawrence. I do not know why this should be so, except that Lawrence is among the most "temperamental" of our novelists; but it is a fact that, apart from poems and a few essays, Lawrence has been silent for a long time. I now hear that he is extremely ill, the strain of the war having adversely affected a man never gifted with a very vigorous physique. It would be a serious loss for English letters at this period if Lawrence were to give up writing novels, for more than any of his contemporaries he had a definite and recognizable genius.

That the war has been bad for our young writers (those, at any rate, who have not acquired new experience from actual contact with the fighting) will hardly be denied by anybody closely acquainted with their work. It has made them question the attitude to life which had carried them along more or less adequately until the black days; and while it has destroyed in most cases that instinctive philosophy, it has offered no new system of thought capable of taking the place of the old one. It has suggested innumerable new problems, all alike insoluble; and it happens that the men who had in 1914 reached a definite stage of acceptance by the literary public are just beyond the age at which one easily adjusts one's self to a new state of affairs. To the older writers the cleavage, however abrupt, has presented fewer difficulties. They have been able to see the progress of events with a more impersonal interest. The younger men have seen the destruction of the world they knew, and the kind of life to which they had begun to bring a trained intelligence. They have seen a new generation arise, inevitably concerned with the enterprise of the

moment and with the fatalistic acceptance of the chances of war. Such fatalism the writers of thirty and over cannot accept. They have become pessimistic, or they have by reaction become optimistic; but they have none of them been able to break with the past. It is this fact that will be found to explain so much of the inferior work that has been written of late by men of real talent. If the restored conditions of peace stabilize ordinary life, there is no reason why the novel should not resume in the hands of these men its function as an illumination of the time. But we may have to wait a year or two for the recovery. It is not going to come with a rush.

* * * *

This pessimism to which I have referred has recently found exposition in the pages of a very old-established journal which within the last few weeks has come under the direction of a young editor, and which may be regarded as the voice of at any rate one section of the writers of the day. The paper is "The Athenæum", long the organ of a rather elderly (not to say dry-as-dust) body, and latterly devoted to the interests of a particular group of sociologists. Disdaining, it would appear, the facile optimism of the older generation, "The Athenæum" impresses one as a grimly "responsible" voice from the grave of dead enthusiasm for life as it is. The new editor, I understand, is Middleton Murry, who may be known in America, as he is here, as the author of a philosophical book on Dostoyevsky and as a writer in "The Times Literary Supplement". Murry is a man of just over thirty, with a real knowledge of current French literature. He has gathered round him a number of very talented writers, including Lyt-

ton Strachey (whose mordant and destructive book of attacks upon the mighty dead, entitled "Eminent Victorians", had such a run last year and set all the quidnuncs fuming); Clive Bell, the author of that brilliant work "Art"; Edward J. Dent, the best writer on Mozart and one of the best musical critics in the country; Roger Fry, Bertrand Russell, E. M. Forster—a young novelist who made everybody excited in about 1911 and who has since then forsworn novel-writing altogether; and last, but not least, George Santayana. With so brilliant a personnel the paper would seem marked out for success; but of course one never can tell. It will strike those who know the trend of opinion here that there are a good many members of what is called the Bloomsbury intelligentsia in the group; and the danger to be feared is that the paper may too exclusively voice the views of a particular brand of highbrow critic.

In the earliest numbers of the new (for it is practically a new) journal this danger has been apparent. There is no risk, however, of any blind following of these guides, for Murry is not himself a member of the Bloomsbury intelligentsia, and he may be relied upon to observe the movement of current talent with something more than the eye of a clique. Personally, I find the paper extremely interesting, though I should prefer a more technical criticism of imaginative work than has yet found a place in its pages. The truth is, that we need in England something rather more rough and candid in the treatment of our imaginative writers. They are occasionally dismissed by the "Times" in a very superior manner, and in the Manchester "Guardian" there is often a genuine understanding of what makes books good or bad. Apart from these

two papers there is no real criticism in the country. "The Athenæum" may supply it. I hope it will; but it can only affect general opinion, which is the true manufacturer of realistic judgments, if it will come into the field as the exponent of a hard and just discrimination between what is first-rate and what is merely guff. There is any amount of guff going about under the cloak of big reputations for what is imagined to be the genuine article. There are several "bubble reputations" won before the cannon's mouth began to open which are still cheerily sailing above the reach of candor. I do not suggest that "The Athenæum" should be iconoclastic, for iconoclasm so often holds nothing but conceited blame for people who are doing their best with insufficient talent. Nothing is easier than the demolition of sweating mediocrity by means of the poorest critical bravura. But candid criticism is a different matter. It has its uses. If "The Athenæum" will set out its standards and conform to them, it will do great work.

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One very good feature of "The Athenæum" is the selection of letters from Anton Tchekhov which has been appearing in its pages. The boom in Tchekhov has been quite a genuine affair, and it seems probable that the Garnett translation of his "Tales" will eventually run into something like a dozen volumes. This is good news for such Tchekhovians as myself. But I have come across few who are indifferent to this incomparable master. The other day I was staying in the country at a house which also held as guest a woman whose son was a member of the Expeditionary Force in Archangel. She was not what you would call a literary woman, but she wanted to

read something which would, so to speak, "fill out" her son's somewhat meager descriptions of the country in which his life was being precariously spent. Our host found her with a very poor translation of a book by Lermontev. He removed it from her hand. Plaintively she explained her ambition. She was given a volume of Tchekhov. She remained silent for many hours. The following day I said, "How are you getting on with your Tchekhov?" Her answer was to point to the fact that she was nearing the end of a *second* volume. In order to read this she forewent a tempting excursion after her own heart. She was in the thrall of this genius.

The letters which are being serialized in "The Athenæum" are not translated by Constance Garnett. Mrs. Garnett, however, is making a translation of a full selection of them, and this will be issued here in the autumn. I suppose Macmillans, who published Mrs. Garnett's edition of the "Tales" in New York, will also have the letters. In any case, I am assured by a Russian woman who knew Tchekhov that they are of extraordinary interest. They lack, of course, the vehemence of the letters of Dostoyevsky. The two men were of different temperament. It would be an amusing task to compare the differences of the great Russian writers. I should like to do this myself, but if somebody who knew Russian would carry out fully the task half begun by Merejkovsky, it would be of enormous interest to all who love analytical criticism. At one time there was some announcement, the nature of which I have forgotten, which made me think that Edward Garnett, who has done more to introduce Russian writers to the English public than any other person except his wife, was

going to attempt the task. Unfortunately, Garnett contented himself with a rather partisan study of Turgenev, which was overweighted by his imperiousness to the great gifts of Dostoyevsky. This was a pity. We badly need a critic who can do justice to both men. And, no doubt, to Tolstoi as well, and to other writers who are at present hindered from full recognition in England through the abominable translations of their works which at this time of writing show no sign of quitting the field at the bidding of better versions.

It is appalling to think how bad most translations are. I myself know a translator from the Russian who doesn't know the Russian alphabet. He gets all his material from the German, and as his knowledge of German appears to be about as adequate as his knowledge of English (that is, despicable), I am horrified to see Russian works being published with his name upon the title-page. God forbid

that I should take away this man's livelihood! But he would be better dead, for once a book is translated no publisher will consider the issue of another version of it. One may rail until one is black in the face. Inexorably the publisher replies that the market has already been exhausted. He adds, in the sublime laconism of publishers, "Translations are difficult (i.e. to sell, not to make)". Much as I dislike censorship I should be prepared to assist in the formation of a board of control for translations. I would have every proposed translation submitted to this board. Those from languages other than the language of the original work I would ruthlessly destroy. The rest I would submit first to linguists and then to intelligent literary men. Only so could we hope to have worthy versions of the greatest novels ever written outside the English language. It would be worth any trouble to attain such an end.

SIMON PURE

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

BY HENRY MILLS ALDEN

Editor of Harper's Magazine

The intimacy between life and literature seems to reach its fullest possibilities in the writings of William Dean Howells. It cannot be said of any writer of genius that his environment accounts for the quality of his work. That is determined by his personality and by the unfathomable implications of that personality, hidden in the mystery of heredity. But in a peculiar sense as compared with other writers, Howells's environment, summed up in the impressions made upon his sensibility by things of time and place and by human contacts, serves as a constant and faithful guide to the imaginings embodied in the eighty-nine volumes published since 1860—exclusive of some two hundred "Easy Chair" essays, and a number of his most characteristic short stories that have not yet found their way to book publication.

Did ever bibliography and biography have so close coincidence? Some of these volumes are at once literature and frankly biographical—like "My Literary Passions", "A Boy's Town", and "Years of My Youth". But the others impress the reader as being just as directly drawn from living experience and observation. From the first, to use his own expression, he "hungered to resemble all life to literature".

I would not have the reader suppose me to mean that Howells has sought merely to transfer to the written page the actualities and superficial features of life and its surroundings as they

have occurred to his observation. It is only *felt* life that appeals to his æsthetic imagination and that seems to him worth while to reflect in his art; and not merely literature but the art of literature, in content as well as in form, has always been his passionate quest.

All art implies, in some degree, a detachment from actual experience and observation—enough, at least, for the translation of its material to the plane of the creative imagination. This translation may be effected in the psychology of ordinary life, whether or not it assumes a literary form. In either case, it unveils reality; but it becomes something very different when it takes on artistic literary expression. Then it is a projection of the reality and, thus communicated, becomes a cherished treasure of common human sensibility.

In Howells this prompting to literary expression was stronger because of his native imaginative temperament which, he has himself said, may reasonably be attributed to the mixture of Welsh, German, and Irish in him—a temperament "which has enabled me all the conscious years of my life to see reality more iridescent and beautiful, or more lurid and terrible than any make-believe about reality". We note this artistic detachment especially in his poetry—even more in his earlier than in his later poems.

Why is it that so many of our best prose writers began their career as poets, but that in the eagerness of

youth and the first glow of creative imagination they sought wings at once for flight? Prose has all degrees of apparent formlessness, until the writer has grown into his own individual manner, until his matter by the refinement of his art becomes manner.

To those youths who have ambition rather than inspiration, or even genuine aspiration, the lure of poetry is still tempting; and probably many more attempts have been made at verse-making by young writers than have left any substantial evidence behind. To these poetry was a diversion. To Howells it was a literary passion, as he was proud to call it. Though he was destined to become the least "literary" of all writers, yet from the first it was his one aim to belong to the literary guild and to win distinction there—a matter of emulation rather than of vain ambition.

Howells was born in a provincial neighborhood, but his father was a journalist who printed his own newspaper after putting it into type with the help of other journeymen compositors, including Howells's elder brother. He spelled in types himself before he went to school—the latter being remembered by him chiefly as a diversion from home-schooling. His father, too, was a man of literary tastes, especially shown in his love of the best English eighteenth-century poetry, which he delighted in reading regularly in the home circle. Thus, fortunately, the boy was from infancy domesticated to literature in some of its finest products as well as in its mechanical elements. Often his earliest verse took shape first at the compositor's desk. Soon he passed beyond his father's guidance in his reading, for, whatever letters may have meant to the elder brother, to

him they were the gateway to the largest principality of human culture. He learned Spanish from direct acquaintance with Cervantes, of whom it was his boyish dream to become interpreter and biographer. He, in the same direct way, made acquaintance with Heine.

Poetry so deeply impressed his sensibility that his earliest exercise of the poetic faculty was, though only in form, an assimilation, to which he frankly confesses. Thus we might successfully trace his favorite poets from Pope and Goldsmith to Heine and Tennyson. Whether it was his own conjecture or a fact conveyed to him later, he speaks in "Years of My Youth" of one of his earliest poetical offerings to "The Atlantic", when Lowell was the editor, as not having been heard from by him for some time, because it was so Heinesque that the editor was searching to discover of what particular poem of Heine's it was a translation. Howells, almost as persistently as Hardy, was constant in his devotion to poetry and, though the art of fiction claimed him more and more in his maturity, never more than a few years passed without the publication of some fresh volume of his poems. In these there is scarcely a trace of any tributary assimilation; he had achieved his individual form, though no less loyal to the guild whose impress upon his early verse he had gloried in.

There was one stamp upon his work as journalist, editor, and author that early circumstances repudiated for him—that of the academic university; but they substituted for that the severe and, in many ways, more valuable graduation from the university of life. Whatever this course lacked—the conscious academic atmosphere, the class *esprit*, the emulous and gen-

erous rivalry of fellow aspirants, and the personal inspiration of such college presidents as Mark Hopkins and Theodore Woolsey—he has since confessedly keenly regretted; but he had his compensations. In the years when the contemporary young men of his age were at college, or in their post-graduate course of special preparation for professional life, he was already a fully-equipped journalist, at a time when the question of slavery was rapidly reaching its moral and economic crisis; and in Columbus, the capital city of Ohio, where he was in the active exercise of this profession, the question was uppermost in public consciousness.

Hitherto he had, following his father's nomadic newspaper enterprises, covered in his wanderings portions of nearly every quarter of Ohio, from east to west and from south to north. Going from Martin's Ferry where he was born, before he reached his 'teens he had sojourned at Hamilton and at Dayton, doing his share in his father's printing office; then, his father having been obliged to recur to his earlier trade of miller and so moving to a point on the Little Miami, the boy had a year or two of country life, enjoying to the liveliest degree its youthful sports. Then his father, called to report the legislative proceedings at the state capital, had moved to Columbus, and at thirteen the boy was again at the compositor's desk, first in the office of the "State Journal" and afterward in the book room, where he made the acquaintance of John James Piatt, with whom years later he was to be joint author of "Poems of Two Friends". When the legislature adjourned, his father received a call to a new journalistic undertaking in Ash-tabula, and the boy's first visit to Columbus came to a sudden close.

Thus he was transferred to the "Western Reserve".

Soon an agreeable change came in the removal of the newspaper plant to the neighboring county-seat at Jefferson, which was more of a village, on the lake shore. Howells was then in his fifteenth year and, notwithstanding the village gayeties in which he took his full share, he found time to pursue his studies in the continental languages. During the next four years his literary tendencies deepened and crystallized, his predilection for poetry becoming stronger during this adolescent period, though he often, but with less success, made adventures in the field of prose fiction. Certainly he had enough mastery of prose for journalistic purposes—so that when, in 1856, he returned with his father to Columbus, his news articles and sketches were eagerly sought by the Cincinnati "Gazette", and he even accepted, tentatively, the offer of the position of city editor of that paper, which he soon gave up.

When he resumed work on the "State Journal", it was as a member of its editorial staff. Such work as his father had done in preparing news letters from the capital for other eminent city journals he very soon had wholly committed to the son, who had very much extended the scope of this correspondence; while the father gave himself entirely to his Jefferson newspaper, assisted by the elder brother who finally became quite prosperous, his good fortune greatly increasing the comfort and happiness of the family household.

In the meantime, Howells's editorial work on the "State Journal" had brought him into closer intimacy with society at the capital than he had enjoyed in the winter of 1856-7, when his acquaintances had been wholly

political. His self-culture had prepared him to make the most of the new field opened up to him in a way so agreeable. His extensive reading of all that was best in English or continental literature made companionship easy with both the younger and older members of a society unusually appreciative of literary values. It was the heyday of such authors as Tennyson, Bulwer, Dickens, Thackeray, and Charles Reade, and their books were topics of general social comment.

His migrations through the state had brought him into contact with all sorts and conditions of western pioneers. But here and now, this Ohio epic, which was also the epic of his youth and early manhood, was reaching its culmination in the midst of a cultivated urban society that had for him a novel fascination. In Jefferson he had met such national figures as old Senator Ben Wade and his law partner, Joshua R. Giddings. He had even given a month to the study of law in their office—but that had sufficed. Here, in Columbus, he was a welcome guest in the home of Salmon P. Chase, who had won distinction as a United States senator and was now governor of the state. He had had a glimpse of Whitelaw Reid on his way to take the place he had himself so suddenly abandoned on the editorial staff of the Cincinnati "Gazette". Horace Greeley, too, with whom Reid was subsequently to be associated on the New York "Tribune", once visited the office of the "State Journal"; and Howells had, in common with the other editors, to listen to a scolding lecture from the veteran journalist on the conduct of their paper. Garfield, who had graduated at Williams in 1856 and was then a teacher in Columbus, came in one day and entertained the

members of the staff by his readings from Tennyson.

I have spoken of Howells's youthful career in Ohio as an epic. It now, at the epoch of its maturity, became a tensely interesting personal drama. About this time he was chosen to speak for his fellow journalists as their poet at the annual Ohio convention of editors. The poem, while assuming the serenely classic form and atmosphere of Tennyson's "In Memoriam", was wholly worthy of these qualities in its burden, and in its exaltation of the illusions of dawning manhood.

I am not attempting to write a biography of Howells. Fortunately he has lived long enough to do that himself, and more attractively than anyone else could. Such allusions as I have made to his early career have been offered merely to serve as a prelude to what seems to me the most interesting period of a literary man's life—that of his entrance upon his chosen field, when suddenly, as it seems to him, the gate is opened to the royal highway, though he soon discovers that he has been upon it all his years. The surprise gives place to a sense of an old familiarity—hitherto hardly registered in his own consciousness, and of course not at all in the consciousness of any others beyond his closest intimates.

A young publisher in Columbus who had brought out "Poems of Two Friends" soon afterward published his "Life of Abraham Lincoln", a campaign biography. It was in connection with some business project of this publisher that about this time an opportunity was offered to Howells to visit Boston, where he met and talked with James T. Fields, at the same time making his first personal acquaintance with Lowell, Holmes, and others of

that brilliant coterie. That trip included also New York, when the Bohemian Club which frequented Pfaff's was at the height of its renown, with Walt Whitman as its chief outstanding figure. Though so brief and abrupt a flight from the Ohio circle of youthful memories, what a tremendous episode this Atlantic tour was—a prophetic prelude to how vast an epic of travels!

From that time the sequence of dramatic events in Howells's life is very rapid. Returning to Columbus, he met there the woman whom the next year he was to marry. The "Life of Abraham Lincoln", though so occasional, was so much more sympathetic in its narrative of the man's career and in its portraiture of the great pioneer than the other campaign biographies issued, that it naturally led to his appointment to a foreign consulship. Thus nearly the whole of the Civil War was spent by him in Venice.

The literary result of this Italian sojourn was "Venetian Life", followed in 1867 by "Italian Journeys". The possibilities of prose writing as an exquisite art were more fully disclosed to him in the quiet but stimulating atmosphere of those Italian days. He had not abandoned and never has quite abandoned the Muse who had commanded his early devotion.

But his main aim in literature had been greatly affected by his new contacts with life—by an experience and observation which, in a man of his deep imaginative sensibility, were more closely human than projectively imaginative, and gave him a new and more real view of life and the world. While Howells on his return from Venice had cheerfully resumed his journalistic connection at Columbus, we may be sure that he gladly em-

braced the opportunity soon offered him to become editorial contributor to "The Nation" (1865-6), and still more gladly responded to the call to the editorship of "The Atlantic", which then seemed to him the most enviable of all positions—one which he retained for fifteen years, a period outlasting that of the brilliant galaxy which had originally made that periodical illustrious, and the personal association with whose members had so strongly attracted him.

The field of daily journalism, already interrupted by his European sojourn, was now left wholly behind him. Though he now had to devote so much of his time and attention to the writings of others—both old and new contributors—the fact that during his editorship he wrote a score of books—two of which were volumes of poems and nearly all the others fiction, including that remarkably eminent novel "The Rise of Silas Lapham"—shows how completely he had, from the beginning of his Boston career, been launched upon the free field of pure literature; and how rapidly he had developed a new type of fiction—which we have learned to characterize as realistic—creatively such, because its mask veils and reveals the reality of life, while the mask itself is identical with the very stuff of life as it is lived.

Howells is of all writers the most difficult to associate with any theory about writing. Though so excellent a critic, he never makes a point of analyzing the writings of others; at least his analysis never comes eruptively to the surface—it is creative. Therefore he aims to give any argument concerning life or literature the dramatic form of a dialogue, preserving the separate mask of each interlocutor as carefully as if he were writ-

ing a novel of dramatic characterization.

In its maturity his style, in essay or in story, has been charmingly modulated to the tone of conversation—partly for companionable intimacy of communication, but chiefly as indicating the modesty and tolerance generated by profound and pervasive human sympathy. Out of his heart, truly, are the issues of his life; and his feeling of life is so real as to exclude sentimentality and romanticism, though neither sentiment nor romance.

His impressions derived from his early readings in Spanish, French, and Italian, confirmed by his later travels, have led him to keep in close touch with the best of contemporary foreign fiction, and our literature is deeply indebted to him for appreciations, especially of Spanish and Russian fiction, such as it could have had from no other.

Though his disposition toward direct and companionable communication with contemporary readers has been so strong as to make the living world of the present the very texture of the work by which he is best known, Howells is a real humanist, in that his sympathetic appreciation includes far more of the sense of ancient and mediæval life than is retained by university graduates generally. From three universities he has received offers of professorships—the most enviable of them being that formerly held by Longfellow and Lowell at Harvard. Fortunately for literature he declined these honors.

New York is to be congratulated in that it has had the benefit of Howells's literary association with it for a considerably longer period than Boston—the riper period, too, and if not so buoyant, yet more fertile, and richer

in the humor and in the fine, free play of his rare artistry. In these thirty-five years, which he has been able to devote entirely to his own literary expression rather than to editorial functions, literature has had the whole possession of him and has been enriched by his varied resources in poetry, fiction, farces, travel sketches, essays, and criticism. Yet no living writer has been so generous in the quick recognition and encouragement of young writers who are beginning to show distinctive worth in poetry and fiction—for which he has paid dearly in time and attention exacted of him by literary aspirants as inconsiderate as they are often unworthy.

In these later years he has been freer to indulge in wanderings to familiar haunts abroad and at home—haunts usually known to his readers as “revisited”. However nearly associated with him in the literary sense, those situated as I am have only occasional glimpses of him personally in these days. I remember him far more vividly in years past, when his family household was still unbroken. Reminiscences of that time seem almost too sacred to be talked of or written about in these so different circumstances. Any one privileged to have at any time enjoyed his acquaintance must have been so impressed by his magical personal charm as to envy such comrades as Mark Twain their longer and closer intimacy. To express that charm—“he was so human!” which Lowell applied to Agassiz, would be inadequate. It baffles speech. One might interpret it, if one could see him smiling upon his grandchildren and their mother. The readers of his writings quite fully comprehend his humanness.

FRENCH LITERATURE OF TODAY

BY MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES

I

How far will what the French are already beginning to call "La Grande Tourmente" affect the lighter side of French literature? Probably for far less long than most of us would think possible. Partly because, just as there is so much truth in the cynical old saying "the price of a thing is what it will fetch", so any kind of demand always provokes a considerable supply. And also because all over the world there are thousands of readers who delight in the type of witty and *risqué* story for which French writers have been famed since printing was first introduced into Europe.

As I think I observed in one of my earlier articles, the war so far has produced extraordinarily few humorous books. Even "Les Heures de Guerre de la Famille Valadier", which has already become a classic, had its laughter ever very near to tears; and most of the French war books were completely lacking in even the fleeting "sense of fun" to be found in the majority of English volumes of the same kind. The war brought far too heavy a burden of grief, indignation, and anger to every Frenchman and every Frenchwoman for there to be room for any lightening of the cloud while the awful storm lasted. But now that the cloud is dispersed, M. Maclair is sure to find plenty of readers for "La Magie de l'Amour", and that in spite of his protests that he is dealing with the subject of love from a very serious, and not at all from a

frivolous, point of view. As a matter of fact, this expert on the master passion analyzes with remarkable subtlety and power the various types of love which may exist, and do exist, between a man and a woman—indeed, it is not too much to say that only a Frenchman, and a very intelligent Frenchman at that, could have written certain passages of this curious book, for everything concerning the art of love is intellectually interesting to the French mind. To the student of French literature the most interesting chapter is that in which M. Maclair analyzes the part which the passion played in the life of Baudelaire.

He considers the poet of "Les Fleurs du Mal" to have been the absolute type of Don Juan—the man who is ever seeking love and never finding it. Incidentally there is a charming account of Madame Sabatier, the delicious Parisienne whose friends called her "La Présidente", and who acted Beatrice to Baudelaire's Dante. What was passionate in their affection lasted but a little while; but she remained his faithful friend to the end, and when he became paralyzed she let no day go by without going to see him.

It is curious to pass from such a book as "La Magie de l'Amour" to M. Guillou's "La Française dans ses Quatre Ages".

This is a thoughtful essay on the Frenchwoman of today—as little girl, as demoiselle, as married woman, and as old lady. Like all thoughtful

French moralists, he deprecates an admixture of passion in marriage, and quotes with thorough approval Voltaire's lines which were, oddly enough, written by way of epithalamium on the Duc de Richelieu of that day:

Ne vous aimez pas trop, c'est moi qui vous
en prie,
C'est le plus sûr moyen de vous aimer tou-
jours.
Il vaut mieux être amis tout le temps de la
vie,
Que d'être amants pour quelques jours.

Again following in that the now universal opinion of the men of his class and age, M. Guillou would like to go back forty years, to the happy (?) days when France had no divorce laws.

For a long time there has not been a more interesting election to the Académie Française than that of the novelist, René Boylesve. Edmund Gosse, who always keeps in very close touch with contemporary French literature, lately wittily observed: "If you have been splashed by the chemical mud of M. Barbusse, the sensibility and grace of M. Boylesve may wash you clean, as with the perfumes of Arabia". M. Boylesve first made a real mark with his "Médecin des Dames de Néans". Perhaps he is now rather ashamed of that original, early book, but I hope he is proud of what was to be his last essay in that earlier manner, "La Leçon d'Amour dans un Parc". His later books—those which have made him known to the English-speaking world—began with "L'Enfant à la Balustrade", and the best known of them is the quaintly named "La Jeune Fille bien Elevée". The young girl is playing a far greater part in French fiction than ever before—though the French novelist does not make the mistake of thinking that a woman's emotional life

comes to an end with her marriage.

I hear that the enormous sum of one million francs is being asked for the French rights alone of Ludendorff's forthcoming war memories. Oddly enough, Ludendorff was never as much thought of in France as he was in Great Britain. Every Frenchman is something of an amateur strategist, and one could quote the names of at least three German commanders who are regarded in Paris as having been far greater soldiers than the somewhat mysterious individual who was at one time said to be the "brain" of Hindenburg.

A book which is already arousing the keenest discussion and controversy in Paris is the war book of Field-Marshal Lord French. He has wisely made up his mind that a considerable measure of frankness is due to his readers; and he does not disguise his opinion of at least one French general to whom at the beginning of hostilities Joffre gave a misplaced confidence. But for generations to come, all that occurred during the August and early September of 1914 will give rise to controversy and discussion. A new book well worth the study of the student is General Berthaut's curiously named "L'Erreur de 1914". In its pages the distinguished military writer boldly faces the critics who consider that the French government made a fatal mistake by ordering that early advance into Alsace. The same writer has also just published a more general work on the war called "De la Marne à la Mer du Nord".

War memoirs are in a class by themselves, but the French, unlike the English, have never taken very kindly to contemporary biography or autobiography. The average Frenchman has a horror of discussing his pri-

vate affairs in public, and that even if they are, as the French so quaintly put it, "all to his honor", not to say glory. As for collections of published letters, they are almost unknown. This was one reason why that moving and wonderful family chronicle "*Le Récit d'une Sœur*" made such a sensation some forty years ago. It was, as all those familiar with modern French literature are aware, a most intimate account, mainly made up of diaries and private letters, of the De la Ferronnays family. One of the most attractive figures in the book was Eugénie, who became in due course the Comtesse de Mun and the mother of the distinguished thinker and statesman who was once described as "the most brilliant champion of liberal Catholicism on the continent of Europe". Fine personal character tells even more in France, where simple brilliancy and cleverness are always at a discount, than in any other country in the world. Though Albert de Mun belonged by birth to the unpopular and old-fashioned Legitimist party, and though he was too liberal for some and too conservative for others, he yet became, when the war broke out, one of the men to whom the whole country turned instinctively for advice and guidance—and was not disappointed. Years before he had founded the remarkable association of working men which he called the League of the French Fatherland; for he was a patriot in the biggest and finest sense of the word, and his death, two years ago, was a real misfortune for his country. It is good news that a life of him is shortly to be published. Many years ago I had a long talk with Albert de Mun about the then state of France. He was an idealist rather than a positivist, and at that time he

was being sneered at as "*l'inventeur du socialisme chrétien*". But it was not of socialism, Christian or other, that we talked that day; it was of the war of 1870, for though little more than a schoolboy at the time, he had served both in the armies of Metz and of Versailles. The events he described might have happened the day before; and even now there lingers in my mind his terrible account of what he saw when he came into Paris in the May of 1871, and witnessed the lugubrious, horrible, and yet grotesque finale of the Commune—that outburst of savagery which cannot but make one feel that what we now call Bolshevism is no new thing.

II

If there is something in the French character which makes a famous Frenchman's widow or son shrink from giving his letters and diaries to the public within a few years of his death, there is no country in the world where the truth about a noted person is more pitilessly told after a certain time has elapsed, and when widow or son is no longer there to guard a cherished memory.

Thus I hear that there will shortly appear yet another book dealing with the private life and loves of Alfred de Musset. A whole library has been written round the poet and his relations to George Sand, and now we are going to be given something of an infinitely slighter nature, and yet something which should appeal to all those interested in simple human nature. The heroine of the forthcoming book was, when the story began, a pretty young needlewoman employed by Alfred de Musset's devoted mother. Even now the trained nurse is an unknown figure in French domestic life; and when Adèle Collas

became a member of the Musset household, there was no such thing as a private hospital or nursing home in Paris. The poet had a terrible illness, and he was nursed through it by the young needlewoman. She soon grew devoted to him; and when he started living by himself, he took her off as his housekeeper. This was in 1850, and for seven years Adèle remained as servant, friend, nurse of the erratic genius (one may whisper, of her suffering lover) who made all those about himself suffer, and who finally drank himself to death. As an old woman—she lived till comparatively lately—she made no secret of the fact that she had loved him deeply, and had suffered acutely during his many passing love affairs. His mother, from whom nothing seems to have been hidden, constantly wrote to Adèle for news; and among the curious letters which the book will contain is one in which Madame de Musset suggests that Adèle should try for and obtain a temporary situation in the house of the lady who at that moment was Musset's "love of his life", in order that if he fell ill when staying there, she, the unfortunate Adèle, might be there to nurse him! Adèle was with him through his last illness, and closed his eyes in death; and yet, though dozens of books have been written about him, only now has the existence of this woman, who played a considerable and not ignoble part in his last years, been revealed to the world.

III

I sometimes wonder when Maurice Barrès will ever come into his own with the great races which speak and read English. The finer French critics will tell you that Barrès is just as great a thinker and as great a

writer as Anatole France. Perhaps were he only a writer his fame outside France would be greater than it is; but at twenty-six he was already a *Deputé*, and, oddly enough, for a man who is a poet as well as a novelist, who took up with ardor the grievances of Paris tradesmen, and for a while was the hero of the ladies of the Halles!

My own favorite among his books is the strange and original "*Le Jardin de Bérénice*", which for long years was out of print. But he first became widely known through a trio of metaphysical romances. This was nearer forty than thirty years ago, for Barrès published his first book when he was about twenty. In those days Verlaine, Mallarmé, and Bourget were his gods, and with the last named he formed a close personal, as well as literary, friendship.

George Eliot once observed, "Wit is an exquisite product of high power"; and the work of Barrès was always illumined by brilliant, sometimes rather cruel, wit. "*Un Homme Libre*" is written in the form of a diary, and relates the metaphysical experiences and experiments of a French youth in the company of a quaint friend. This book has been compared—wrongly I consider—to "*Tristram Shandy*". It was in "*Un Homme Libre*" that Barrès first revealed to the reader his passionate love and admiration of his native land, Lorraine. And thus all at once Barrès the romancist, the thinker, the philosopher, became an ardent patriot! His noble "*L'Appel au Soldat*" was written nearly a quarter of a century ago, but became during the late war the field breviary of many a young French soldier. Then followed "*Les Déracinés*", "*Au Service de l'Allemagne*", and the infinitely pa-

thetic, "Colette Baudouche"—which story seemed almost prophetic of certain phases of the coming war.

M. Barrès, being the manner of man he was, had no great love of the British. He regarded them during his stormy and eager youth, as the hereditary enemies of France; but when England "came in" during those terrible early August days of 1914, Barrès wrote some imperishable lines of welcome and of gratitude, and he paid some memorable visits to London in 1915 and 1916. He has always had the gift of choosing striking titles, and this is proved again by the title of his new book, "Le Suffrage des Morts".

The life of the mind frequently outlives, as regards vigor and power of expression, the life of the body. This is certainly the case with that veteran woman of letters who is at once politician and *salonnière*, Madame Juliette Adam. Madame Adam is one of the very few people still living who were on terms of devoted friendship with George Sand. In some ways the early life of these two remarkable Frenchwomen had intimate points of resemblance and contact. Like George Sand, Madame Adam when little more than a child was sadly mismated; and, again like the greatest of French women writers, she left husband—though not child—and came up to Paris to try and make a living. She has written in her memoirs a delightful account of how she first came into touch with George Sand, and how they soon became like devoted mother and daughter. After the death of her husband—there was no divorce law in those days—Juliette Lamber, as she called herself, became the wife of Edmond Adam, a well-known liberal politician, who, immediately on the close of the Franco-Prussian war, accepted

the difficult position of mayor of Paris. During his term of office his beautiful and brilliant wife endeared herself to Parisians of every class and condition. Her salon was open to "all those who feel, fight, and suffer". Her husband left her a large fortune, and she became an increasingly important and interesting figure in literary and political life. She was the first friend and Egeria of Gambetta; it was even thought at one time that they would marry.

All the writers who made their début in the 'eighties and 'nineties of the last century owed Juliette Adam an overflowing stream of sympathy, kindness, and appreciation. She founded and edited for many years the "Nouvelle Revue", wherein not only Loti but innumerable noted authors made their literary début. In her new book, "La Vie des Ames", she has written a touching and beautiful war book.

IV

As long as the world endures, human beings of every class and age and sex will take a close interest in the spy and the secret agent. In this connection I have rarely read a more thrilling book, or one more likely to provide the novelist and the romancer with valuable material, than "Nos Fusillés", which has as subtitle "Recruteurs et Espions". Though little more than a pamphlet, it gives careful and accurate accounts of what may be called the great Belgian spy cases of the war. Of these the only one with which most of us are familiar is that of Edith Cavell. Even more interesting, in a sense, is the trial of her avenger, the curious, quiet, timid-looking Louis Bril, who for long months tracked down, and finally shot, the traitor Nels who betrayed the

British nurse to the German authorities. The writer, M. Tytgat, tells in a moving introduction what life was like in Brussels; and these pages, also, are full of a painful interest and contain many new facts. A book by the same writer that is sure to be memorable and worthy of inclusion in any war library is to be called "Bruxelles Sous la Botte Allemande".

One wonders how many of the innumerable Americans who know and love Paris realize to what extent that cherished city suffered under the appalling bombardment which for many months made life in the city an almost intolerable ordeal. Few of the after war books have interested me, personally, so much as "Paris Sous les Bombardements". Not only is there a plan showing the different places in which bombs fell—a plan which makes one realize as nothing

else can do what the war-worn town was made to suffer, for no reason save that of shaking the nerves and the morale of the inhabitants; but the compiler of the book, M. Branger, gives a series of photographs showing the effect now produced on those buildings struck by the Zeppelins, the Gothas, and the super-cannon "Big Bertha". As most of us are aware, the bombs did not injure, in any real sense, the great literary shrines of the city. As to the Bibliothèque Nationale, it was as though a magic circle had been thrown round it; and the same may be said of that other library, dear to all literary lovers and students of old Paris, the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal. It is also a curious fact that Versailles, so comparatively unprotected, had only one serious raid—during which no bombs fell on the huge palace which is the one landmark of the old-fashioned town.

THE RISE OF MELISANDE MERINGUE

BY DON MARQUIS

The basis of Melisande Meringue's fortune is an interior decorating business. It brings her in eighteen or twenty thousand dollars a year. But she doesn't say a great deal about it any more. During the last four or five years she has become known as an author. Her plays, her poems, her stories, are in the very van of the forward-going literary movement. . . .

Her one-act plays, especially, demonstrate that it is possible to be æsthetic as well as advanced. Her latest play, which is also a poem, was written, so the press notices said, in a sort of lunar spot-light. That is to say, when the moon streamed in

through the skylight window of her studio, filling her apartment with just the proper shades of gold, Melisande's soul functioned, and she wrote. It took her months to write the play, because the moon was so seldom just right. Melisande's genius for interior decoration appears in this . . . she has the heavenly bodies on her staff, so to speak. . . .

This play, also, introduces another innovation. It is produced in a very little theatre, and the audience occupies the stage. The actors perform in the auditorium. The play, Melisande explains, is a Criticism of Human Life. The audience symbolizes life.

The play, that is to say Melisande and her actors, look at the audience, brightly illuminated on the stage, from the gloom of the auditorium, and say things about it. The audience is vivisected, and made to pay for it.

* * *

Melisande, before she was an author, was, as I have said, an interior decorator. Before that, she was something else. The tale of how she became a successful writer is the tale of how she happened to become an interior decorator. One incident of her beginnings reveals that rare presence of mind in the face and onset of an æsthetic problem which has made her what she is.

I admire Melisande Meringue. And I admired her when she was Melly Moran, years ago, in a little town back in Illinois. Mrs. Moran, her mother, was a music teacher, and had actually named the girl Melody.

Melody Moran, when I knew her first, was probably the most æsthetic person, outside of Chicago, who lived within thirty miles of either bank of the Drainage Canal. The first time I saw her she was reclining in a barrel-stave hammock of her own construction. The slats she had wonderfully jigsawed. She had done more. She had painted them. Rather, she had painted things upon them. Pictures. Pictures of flowers and kittens. The bulky stone with which the door of the Moran house was propped open was painted over with wonderful white and green and golden pond lilies, with interesting green frogs, and with kittens.

As many persons in the village said, Melly "hand-painted". I took tea with the Morans, and the cups and plates showed evidences of her handiwork. As Mrs. Moran said: "Yes,

Melly china-paints, too!" Melly, in fact, painted nearly everything. There was no fireplace in the house; nevertheless Melly had imported from Chicago and decorated a couple of fire-screens, one with flowers and fairies and the other with kittens with the most extraordinary eyes. Melly rather ran to kittens, at that time. She painted kittens on glass, she painted them on velvet, she painted them on wood, she painted them on tin pie-plates. If Melly had had a grandmother so vulgar as to smoke a clay pipe, she would have gilded it. If she had had an uncle with a wooden leg, she would have painted kittens on it. Even the possibilities of the vegetable kingdom had not escaped her; a large pumpkin which decorated the sideboard displayed on its curving surface a representation of an English Harvest Home, and there was a kitten in that picture, too . . . a kitten cuddled by a little girl who sat upon a horse that pulled a wain. Melly carved wood and burned leather, and burned wood and carved leather.

Melly was plump, perhaps a bit too plump, in those days. She was placid and suave. She liked a great deal of butter on her bread. Her lips were moist and red and full. She was fond of chocolate creams and of lying in the jigsawed hammock. The color in her cheeks was bright and high. Her hair was very black and glossy. And she moved with a sort of studied undulation, as if she were saying to herself: "I will *not* bustle. I am not the type that can afford a bustling gait." She was not. If Melly had bustled, she might have been called buxom. And Melly, even then, would rather have died than been called buxom. Now she wears Greek Things, and is farther than ever from bustling.

Melly came to New York, and in the region of Washington Square fell in with a young woman who was doing something in the way of writing about interior decoration for the women's magazines, and who hoped in time to be an interior decorator herself.

Inside of ten days you wouldn't have known Melly . . . within a week she knew all about spaghetti, Maeterlinck, psycho-analysis, socialism, eugenics, and all the new movements in art. She had thought of being a Greek dancer, but the professional teacher to whom she confided her aspiration told her kindly that nature had decided otherwise for her.

And while she was still wondering what New York had in store for her, occurred the incident that launched her upon the wine-dark seas of interior decoration. The girl, her new chum—let us call her Hatty, as she would loathe that negligible name, and she never liked me—Hatty, then, took Melly with her one morning to the studio apartment of Mrs. Wolf-Cuffer, one of the latest converts of Greenwich Village, who had just gone in for Art and Living Her Own Life, near Sheridan Square. Mrs. Wolf-Cuffer was a long, middle-aged, chalky widow, with a great deal of money, exceedingly good social connections, and no hope of another husband, in spite of her wealth and position . . . or, at least, of the sort of husband she wanted.

When Hatty and Melly appeared Mrs. Wolf-Cuffer was in the actual process of hanging her studio walls with quantities of white and cream-colored material . . . she wanted to do something different and original, and she really had Expressed Herself, for the place looked like a chalk-pit. But she was worrying about it.

Something was wrong. She appealed to Hatty.

Hatty hesitated, which an interior decorator must never do, and was lost.

Melly, with a slow smile spreading over her lips, looked around as if in a trance. Then she removed her hat, on which was a remarkable cluster of bright red flowers. While Hatty and Mrs. Wolf-Cuffer stared at her, aware that her soul had gone into the silences, and would probably emerge (if I may be permitted) bringing home the æsthetic bacon, Melly slowly tore the bunch of flowers apart. And then, moving as if to unheard music, she undulated about the room and pinned three of the bright red flowers in just the places they had been ordained to go when God first thought of the world, æons and æons ago . . . at least, that is what Mrs. Wolf-Cuffer told me.

"It was", said Mrs. Wolf-Cuffer, describing the astonishing effect of the red flowers against the cream-colored hangings, "as if a Creator had said: 'Let there be light!'"

There was silence for a moment, and then Mrs. Wolf-Cuffer rushed upon Melly and took her to her heart.

* * *

And Melly was made. The details of the interior decoration business are so largely commercial that they would not interest this literary audience. She keeps it going, but she has become a Force in Literature . . . one of the Younger Prophets, with her Face Toward the Dawn. Mrs. Wolf-Cuffer is building her a theatre. It was Mrs. Wolf-Cuffer that suggested Melisande Meringue, some years ago, as a better name than Melody Moran.

I admit that I am a little bit peeved

at Melly, even though I cannot but admire her. I sent her a play for her theatre, and she turned it down. And yet, I have had part of my revenge already. Melly had a birthday not long ago, and it was made the occasion of a soul-fight in Mrs. Wolf-Cuffer's studio. I sent her a present, and

the package was opened up right in front of all the other æsthetes. It was a tin pie-plate, on which was painted a kitten, and above it was the legend: "For Auld Lang Syne". Many of those present seemed to get what I meant.

Melly hasn't spoken to me since.

RUBÉN DARÍO: THE MAN AND THE POET

BY ISAAC GOLDBERG

I

Although it is but two years since his death, Rubén Darío is beginning to be looked upon not only as the greatest poet that Spanish America has produced, but as perhaps the greatest poet that has ever written in the Spanish tongue. Superlatives such as this always carry with them a trail of suspicion and mistrust; yet it is significant that they should be uttered at all, and doubly so when the utterance proceeds from a critic jealous of his standing, careful of his words and carrying conviction not only with the weight of his assertion but with the accumulation of his past services to letters. To Vargas Vila, the noted Colombian critic, Darío is even more: "One of the first in the world, if the world possesses another like him".

Assignment of rank, however, if it be one of the functions of criticism, is hardly the most important. What matters it if Darío be the greatest poet that ever wrote in Spanish, or merely the second or third, when we have the concrete and undebatable evidence of the immense influence he exerted upon the Spanish world of his time? To us of this nation Darío is

important in more than one sense: not only is he the poet who summarizes an epoch and speaks for a continent; he is the man of the world who epitomizes a racial culture that we must surely understand better than we do now if we are to cement those ties with our Spanish-American neighbors which commercial relations only initiate but never fully tighten. Were it only from purely material motives we should know the cultural background of our prospective customers better, for it has become a platitude that in order to do business with our Southern neighbors we must be able to meet them socially and intellectually as well. But the war has emphasized another fact, one more fundamental to our present purpose: intellectual intercourse between different peoples leads to beneficial fertilization of one nation by another. In the past mere difference has too often been dismissed as inferiority; an increase in knowledge of one another must inevitably work toward a friendship that is founded on something more firm than a profitable interchange of commodities. Is there not something of silent reproach in the fact that North American poetry has

nothing to match with Darío's "Salutation to the Eagle", written in 1906 to welcome our delegates to the Pan-American Congress held that year in Brazil—a poem in which the proud fear of the United States as an invader of South America (expressed in his ode "To Roosevelt") gave way to a more optimistic view? Such a note, which is more or less casual in Darío, is fundamental in the labors of José Santos Chocano, his successor. Yet did the completion of the Panama Canal elicit from our poets such a pæan as Chocano's "Isthmus of Panama" or the same bard's "Song of the Future"? The war has done much to dissipate the atmosphere of distrust that is characteristic of certain of Darío's poems, but it is questionable whether Chocano's Pan-Americanism yet reflects the spirit of Spanish-America as a whole. Those of us who give thought to the matter at all cannot feel that we as a nation are totally blameless. Fortunately the situation, far from being hopeless, grows brighter every day.

II

Some inner unity between Darío the man and Darío the poet there doubtless existed; it was of the kind, however, that is little apparent outwardly. Yet the man is as lovable as his work is perfect; it is as if the beauty of his childlike character were transmuted by some subtle, spiritual alchemy into the beauty of his godlike poesy. His autobiography, written about four years before his death, is a book of engaging candor, revealing the man behind the poet. He assumes no airs, no rôle of an inspired prophet; nor does he, on the other hand, impart to his frankness any suspicion of parading pose, of sensational confession. His prose here is

simple, unpretentious, even conversational, yet rich in colorful words and felicitous phrases. He is aware of his faults, but takes them for granted, and wastes no time in futile repentance or ostentatious *peccavis*. He is generous in his appraisal of others, generous to a fault, and charitable toward those who have sought to do him harm. He is the possessor of a deep sense of humor which, like all deep humor, plumbs the well of sorrow. He is a cosmopolitan spirit, a wanderer, and one whose essentially human attributes accord him citizenship wherever he comes.

From him we learn that his real name should have been Felix Rubén García Sarmiento, but that his parents early separated, whereupon he fell under the protectorate of a colonel, Ramirez, whose name he adopted for some time. From a great-grandfather, however, who was of sufficient fame in Leon, Nicaragua, to have all his descendants grouped generically by his Christian name as "the Daríos", the future poet took the name which he was eventually to enshrine in the history of Spanish letters. An infant prodigy, he could read at three; local fame first came to him as a skilful versifier of epitaphs(!) and before long he was known in Central America as "the child poet"; he was first "published" at the age of thirteen. Already he had tasted the bitter sweets of love, the most burning of his flames being a North American circus performer whose name, ever after, remained in his mind—Hortensia Buislay.

Ever since he could remember, Darío was of a neurotic temperament; his childhood nurses filled him with tales that developed in him a religious strain more superstitious than theistic; with the coming of adolescence

his innate melancholy was accentuated. There is something at once humorous and pitiable in the spectacle of a man like Darío, grown to imposing stature, being tormented by his friends because of his well-known weakness: a fear of the dark, which the poet attributed directly to the nursery tales upon which he was early fed.

At the age of fourteen Darío was already engaged in journalistic pursuits, an occupation that was to become a lifelong companion, a passion as well as a financial necessity. Journalism has always devoured much of the best in literary men; this has been particularly true of journalism in Spanish America; yet when one thinks of some of the pages that it produced from Darío, he is ready enough to forget much else. From now on, the poet was to be busy almost continuously with one venture after another into the realm of reviews and periodicals, as well as with journalistic duties, whether in South America, (where he early became known in Chile) or in Europe, where he deceived himself into thinking that he was an important diplomat. There was a strain of the sybarite in Darío; he loved spectacle, luxury, the concourse of crowds; but in these, as in all else, he saw beyond the merely outward, and was able to discern a beauty hidden to the common eye. He had a childish weakness for the diplomat's uniform; it is such a photograph of him that adorns the cover of his autobiography. Yet there was always about him a certain enigmatic silence in company, rarely broken.

Here is a picture of the great poet as he appeared at the Paris Exposition, 1900, given by his friend, Vargas Vila, in the book on Rubén Darío:

"He was still young, well built, with

a genial glance and a sad air. It seemed that all the races of the world had placed their seal upon that countenance, which was like a shore that had received the kisses of all the waves in the ocean. It might have been said that he had the countenance of his poetry—Oriental and Occidental, African and Japanese, with a perpetual vision of Hellenic shores in his dreamy pupils. And he appeared, as always, sculptured out of Silence; he was his own shadow."

It was at this exposition, by the way, that Rubén Darío met Oscar Wilde. He has left us, in his autobiography, an interesting portrait of the great Englishman, presenting him as a "somewhat robust, shaved gentleman, with an abbatial air, very engaging in manner, who spoke French with a marked English accent. . . . Rarely have I met a person of greater distinction, a more elegant culture, a more genteel urbanity. He had lately come out of prison. His former French friends, who had showered him with adulation in his days of wealth and triumph, now ignored him. . . . He had even changed his name at the hotel where he stopped, calling himself by a Balzaquian title, Sebastian Menmolth. All his works had been placed under the ban in England. He was living with the aid of a few London friends. For reasons of health he needed a trip to Italy, and with all respect he was offered the necessary expense by a barman named John. A few months later poor Wilde died, and I was unable to go to his burial, for when I learned of his death the unfortunate fellow was already under the sod. And now in England and all over the world his glory begins anew."

Vargas Vila's commemorative work on Darío, written shortly after the

death of the master, is remarkable in more ways than one. Here, too, Darío's life seems a thing apart from his poetry; his poetic fire struck a deep response in his noted friend, resulting in a poet's account of a poet—a lyric biography. Vargas Vila's tribute is moreover a daring example of orthographical idiosyncracies; there are no paragraphs in the book, or rather, every sentence is a paragraph by itself. There are no periods, for this function is usurped by semicolons; this, however, is not half so irritating as the author's habit of placing a comma after a simple pronoun-subject. Yet despite these external examples of free punctuation (and why not free punctuation if we already have free verse and free music?) the lyric biography is well worth reading. No one who wants to know the whole Darío will omit it from his list. Darío himself openly avowed his weakness for alcohol; Vargas Vila tells us that the poet had one "sacramental phrase"—that phrase was "Tengo sed" (I am thirsty). There is no doubt that Darío's unquenchable thirst hastened his death, as it has done for more than one Spanish-American genius before him. It was his anæsthetic for Life.

III

The Modernista movement in Spanish poetry, which Darío definitely established in 1888 with the appearance of his volume of mingled prose and poetry called "Azul" ("Blue"), had precursors in other Spanish-American countries. But Darío did more than merely crystallize the movement; he rapidly became the leader and path-blazer, finally carrying the revolution to Spain itself. The "modernistas" received their inspiration from France, the beloved renovator in all

ages of Spanish letters. The revolution originated, under the influence of the Parnassians, decadents and symbolists, in a reaction against the cold formalism into which Spanish verse had fallen. That Poe and Walt Whitman should quickly have become favorites with the new Spanish school is hardly surprising; we learned really to appreciate these compatriots from the same source—France.

In a larger sense Darío is of no school but that of beauty. His technical innovations are numerous, and naturally receive much consideration from the Spanish critics; to foreigners, especially non-Latins, this phase of his work must remain subordinate. It is interesting to point out that the "modernistas" are not really so much innovators in this respect as they are revivers. They rescued Spanish verse from a slavery to a few meters by resuscitating others that had long lain dormant and by introducing French forms; one of the Iberian critics even avers that for free verse there was a prototype in old Spanish poetry. This same attitude of reviver rather than innovator is noticeable among the new poets of our own country, as interpreted by Harriet Monroe in the introduction to the anthology issued not long ago by her and Alice Henderson.

It is easy, too, to make of Darío a worshiper at the shrine of art for art's sake. Yet his poems are by no means sterile models of flawless technique. In his progress from the earliest exemplifications of his powers—in his autobiography he tells us that "I never learned how to write verses. It was organic, natural, inborn"—he makes a vast curve from the chiseled lines of classicism to the prophetic strophes of a Whitman. He was a classic by temperament, one writer

tells us, and a modern by culture. His work exhibits the solidity of the classic style, with all the restlessness of the modern spirit. Yet his numerous critics agree in one thing, that his chief attribute is grace and delicacy rather than power. There is power in Darío, and plenty of it; he is by no means the poet of graceful swans and languid swains that a poem read here and there might make us imagine; but that power, for the most part, has been distilled into vibrant beauty. It is not the vigorous, self-confident, continental trumpeting of a Chocano; there is a classic repose about Darío's work that seems coldly perfect at first, like the cold perfection of a marble statue. Yet that statue has substance and solidity as well as grace; look at it long enough and it comes to life like a new Galatea under the loving caress of her Pygmalion.

At the very appearance of Darío's first significant volume, "Azul", Juan Valera discerned in the youth a new spirit, and a "mental Gallicism" that was all the more surprising in that Darío had at that time been no nearer to France than Valparaíso, Chile. When his "Prosas Profanas" were issued eight years later, in 1896, it was seen that a great stride forward had been taken; in "Cantas de Vida y Esperanza" ("Songs of Life and Hope", 1905) the singer stood forth in all the confidence of full maturity. The vitality of the poet's productions is indirectly attested by the criticism he has evoked. José Enrique Rodó's analysis of the "Prosas Profanas" ranks with the finest pages that South American criticism has produced. Gonzáles-Blanco's "Estudio Preliminar" of Darío's work is an exhaustive (and exhausting!) treatise by a Spaniard whose mania for citation cannot mar the thoroughness of

his investigation and the general validity of his conclusions. I may be excused for pausing for a moment upon Gonzáles-Blanco, for no student of Spanish-American literature will go far in his investigations before coming upon that critic's valuable and voluminous studies. Page upon page of quotations from the most recondite and varied sources submerge the bark of his commentary in an ocean of allusion. What other critics are content to read, ponder and silently assimilate, he must needs place in formidable foot-notes that bristle with Latin, French, German, English and Greek, until the reader has stored up all the sensations necessary for a well-defined polyglot nightmare. And as if this were not sufficient, Gonzáles-Blanco annotates himself and deserts the subject of his study time and again in order to prove that he is justified in his multifarious quoting and to air his views upon the functions of criticism. Nevertheless, as I have said, he is a man that must be known, and has contributed valuable services to the cause of Spanish letters in the old world and the new. If only he had learned from Darío the art of writing Castilian prose! Rather the punctuation of a Vargas Vila than the plethoric citations of a Gonzáles-Blanco!

From these critics it is possible to make a composite photograph, so to speak, of what the great poet looks like to the cultured Spanish reader. In his varied manifestations he is called a Christian Olympian, a pantheist garbed in the Catholic liturgy, endowed with "Nipponism", "contemplative Asiaticism", and fundamentally pagan. Another terms him Greek in his cult of beauty and Hebrew in his strain of prophecy—a cosmopolitan lyrist, Catholic in sentiment only. The artist, however, is too expansive,

too all-inclusive, to be included in any narrow hoop of classification. The genius of Darío lies largely in the circumstance that he so identified himself with an epoch that the epoch may now be identified with him. Many were the influences that he absorbed from his changing environments, yet he made them completely his own. He was a poet rich alike in harmonious responses to the past and the present, and in pregnant previsions of the world to come.

Darío's importance to modern Spanish prose is only less than that to poetry. His volumes of criticisms and chronicles are significant not only for their manner but for their matter. As early as 1893 his book "Los Raros" ("Rare Spirits") elicited from William Archer the comment that from what he could half make of the work he would learn Spanish so that he might read it. Some of the prose in this volume actually sings itself into the ear. The poet's mastery of prose was discernible as early as "Azul"; "Prosas Profanas" is, in reference to the revolutionary effect it produced, to Spanish poetry what its predecessor was to prose. There was early promise of a novel by Darío, to be called "La Carne" ("Flesh"). Whether this was to be of the erotic character that so frightened Juan Valera none can say; the novel was never finished. The

erotic element in Darío's poetry is treated by him with that same touch that transmuted everything else he laid hands upon. Barring the crude misogyny of some juvenile verses, the erotic in Darío is cleansed by the very flame of his art.

What of Darío's meaning to us? I do not refer to his political fears and hopes. I mean what has his poetry to bring to our spiritual life? Poetry has the great disadvantage of being much evaporated in the transit from one tongue to another; if it is at all possible, by all means read Darío, of all poets, in the original. Once granted, however, that the happy poet may be found who can render this genius's music into our language, poetry has this advantage: that it deals with fundamental, universal emotions and reactions only less directly than music itself. To know Darío is to look differently upon men and women and the world about us after we have read him; to see a new beauty in an old theme; to discover new aspects of our inner life; to breathe a new atmosphere. It is not given to many men in any land to accomplish this so fully as did this noble spirit who was "not only the first among the great, but the first among the good", as Vargas Vila puts it; or, in the similar words of a lesser-known critic, Alberto Tena, "a saint of goodness and a priest of beauty".

WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE

NEW YORK, *June*, 1919.

What effect will Prohibition have on the publishing of new editions of the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam"? Our wags and jesters in the press have for some time been treating facetiously the idea of, so to say, literature under the lid. Here, however, is a perfectly ponderable thought. If this coming Christmas sees not five or six new editions of "Omar", this will be (in the book trade) a thing as epochal, without parallel, as Prohibition itself. As, however, the manufacture and sale of volumes of the Omarian quatrains is not mentioned in President Wilson's War Measure or in the eighteenth Constitutional Amendment, it is not easy to say that they will not be on tap in their usual quantity.

Indeed, there is something altogether mysterious about this Omar business. There is not, I believe, available a complete bibliography of the editions of "Omar Khayyam". Thomas B. Mosher used to keep one brought down to date for inclusion as a feature in an edition of his own. But some nine years ago this feature had attained to such length that it threatened to swamp the boat, so to put it, and was abandoned. Mr. Tompkins, you know Mr. Tompkins—bookseller, tall, bald, pale. . . . However, no matter. Mr. Tompkins regards it as a modest computation that there are some one hundred and fifty distinct editions now before the American public.

The copy of one of these editions which I hold in my hand (a superior

edition on Van Gelder paper) is of the tenth printing. This little volume is printed in unassailable taste. It is bound in three-quarter crushed levant morocco. Copies of "Omar" have doubtless been bound in every material that ever enclosed a book, and some (I have seen) have been bound in substances which, I fancy, no one before ever thought of putting on a book. In size there is (so far as I know) no elephant-folio "Omar"; but it is a perfectly safe bet that there are "Omars" of every other size. Narrow perpendicular oblong, narrow horizontal oblong, square—in any shape in which a book is made there is an "Omar". Schools of illustration have arisen, and flourished, and illustrated "Omar", and passed away—gone by the board to such an extent that even to allude to them brings a happy smile of derision at their ideas and methods. And other schools of illustration have arisen, quick with the new day—and have illustrated "Omar". Think of Elihu Vedder and think of Frank Brangwyn!

I knew a man (he was called "the vice-chancellor") who made a hobby of collecting "Omars"—why, heaven only knows! He was esteemed a just judge, and he was a charming gentleman who lived on intimate terms with much literature. He warned the bookseller (of whom I have just spoken) to let no "Omar" escape him; he sought him to scent out queer "Omars" (!!!), to capture early "Omars", to import all English "Omars". He (the vice-chancellor) wanted his "Omar" com-

plete. Perhaps his pleasure was in the thought that, as long as he lived, there never would be any end to such a toy—his “Omar” would never be complete: there would probably be two new “Omars” awaiting him on his next Saturday call at the bookseller’s.

But the funny thing is that by no other system of gathering books (than by collecting “Omars”) could one possibly get together a more worthless lot of volumes. It is highly probable, indeed nothing is more likely, that the first full-fledged “gift book” was a volume of “Omar Khayyam”. There are, of course, editions of the “Rubaiyat” just as presentable in effect as if they were editions of any other book (a few, a few); but there never was any other work of literature which ever got itself into anything like as many queer, odd, strange, and peculiar costumes as our old Persian friend of the now discredited jug.

One of the reasons, doubtless, why the “Rubaiyat” has been so successful (almost, I should say, without parallel) as a gift book is that it is so altogether appropriate to all seasons and occasions. For Christmas there has been, for years amany, no better staple in the book trade than the poem containing the lines:

And that inverted Bowl we call the Sky,
Where under crawling coop’t we live and die,
Lift not thy hands to It for help—for It
Rolls impotently on as Thou or I.

Nothing certainly can be pleasanter for a young lady on her birthday than for her to open an embossed cardboard box and take out a dainty little volume bound in, presumably, ooze mouse, and have her eye light upon the lines:

Oh Thou, who didst with Pitfall and with Gin
Beset the Road I was to wander in,

Thou wilt not with Predestination round
Enmesh me, and impute my Fall to Sin?

And anyone who has forgotten until the last moment an Easter greeting to, say, an aunt, knows instinctively that an excellent makeshift is a dainty volume which includes this quatrain:

Oh, come with old Khayyam, and leave the
Wise

To talk; one thing is certain, that Life flies;
One thing is certain, and the Rest is Lies;
The flower that once has blown forever dies.

And so on. Decoration Day, Independence Day, Hallowe’en, Labor Day, the birthdays of Columbus, Washington, and Lincoln, for weddings and commencements, etc., etc., etc.—if you want to give a book (and know nothing whatever about books) you light, by some happy instinct, on some fancy get-up of the “Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam”. More different kinds of people, doubtless, have bought copies of “Omar” than of any other book going.

* * * *

Funny job—working for a publishing house. I knew a man who worked for a publishing house. He came to a tragic end. Brooded on the thing. Unsettled his mind. Went off his top, clear off, finally. I saw him during his last days. It was very sad. He couldn’t place me. (I’d known him for twenty years.) Thought I was an author. Every little bit he would leap up and cry out at me: “Don’t tell me the plot! Don’t tell me the plot!” Then, shaking and gibbering, he would fall back into his chair, and, covering his face with his hands, moan: “Don’t tell me the plot. No, no, no, no!”

It had been, among other things, this man’s business to see persons who called to submit manuscripts. I took down some of his ravings, for the weird light they threw on human

nature. I find, however, that in the main they are too harrowing to print.

It is an occupation, that of my unfortunate friend's, in which one is continually exposed to one of the most rampant of human perversities—that is the demoniac passion, apparently universal today, to get something or other “published”. What talismanic virtue there is about having something or other published it is not, from the inside it would seem, exactly easy to say. Of course there is the idea, doubtless rather prevalent, that to publish a book is instantly to find the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

There was that gentleman who came to see my friend, and was what Mr. Herford calls “intensely intense”. He fixed my friend with his glittering eye—that eye lit by the delirious fire of being on the quest of getting something published. He pounded his palm with his fist. In a rushing torrent came his words. The novel he had written (in long hand) made him, himself, laugh; it made him cry. It brought out (he declared) all that was best in human nature; that, he believed, was the way to write—to do the world good. It was a religious book, this. Wholesome! Full of real human beings! It was “founded on fact”. It was. . . . It was. . . . It was. . . .

Now about the “terms”. How many copies would “we” sell? My friend ought to know about a thing like that. And what would be his, the author's, return? When told that, if accepted, the novel might, luckily, sell out an edition of two thousand copies, within perhaps a year, and that the author would get a royalty of from ten to fifteen per cent on each copy sold—when told these things a ghastly glaze came over this

gentleman's popping eyes; his mouth, arrested on the point of speech, hung agape; and altogether he looked as if he might be about to suffer an apoplectic stroke. Then, rallying a bit under the blow: “Why!” he stammered, “I heard that Harold Bell Wright sells into four million!”

The only peaceful memory at all which my friend seemed to have in his poor brain was that of a remarkable lady (remarkable, that is, in this) who apparently regarded any discussion whatever as superfluous. She called one day and, without any preceding negotiations, delivered a large cardboard box containing, presumably, her “complete poetical works”; withdrawing with the single comment: “I suppose you will send me the proofs”.

He was, however (my friend), very frightened of the army, of the armies of all the allies. First the English army and the Canadian army had been dribbling in, such of them as had been gassed, or wounded, or were repatriated prisoners, or something like that, all with their “personal narratives”. There was a little cockney; because of his being, it seems, an immense hero and—being inspired by his consciousness of the popular recognition of this—having suddenly acquired an extraordinary ability for publicly rattling off cockney like a machine-gun, he had become much in demand as a shining speaker at Liberty Loan meetings, and so on. He had doubtless rendered in this way, as well as in the field, highly valuable service. But I fear that, alas! he also had much to do with finishing my friend. On the numerous occasions on which he called, quite unsolicited, to see about his manuscript, he addressed my friend, at the range of something like two feet, as though he were en-

gaged in firing a great audience. You could edge him toward the elevator door bit by bit, and this for the instant seemed to take his mind from the innumerable reasons why his manuscript should be published; but at every third step he stalled and laid down another barrage, so that when finally he was got off, my friend was left with shell-shock for the rest of the morning. His book, by the way, was—just as you would expect. Or perhaps worse.

The English and Canadians, however, were comparatively nothing at all; as, after all, they didn't all get over here. When the American army began to return, it came back a whole race of writers, or rather potential writers. Not exactly writers either, but, as you might say, potential collaborators—as bunches of them frankly confessed that they had never written anything, and knew no more about writing than a goat; but (they insisted) all that was needed for the greatest story ever was just for my friend to whistle back somewhere into the office for a trained journalist to come out with his pad, take down their stuff, and then fix it up right.

So with a young woman who was in my friend's thoughts night and day toward the last. She was a homesteader, or something like that. Or said she had been. Staked a claim away off. Lived alone with a bulldog two hundred miles from nowhere. The eyes of the world today, she declared, were turned toward nothing so much as toward homesteading. He didn't see it! Of course, he wouldn't see it! "That is exactly the trouble", she exclaimed, "with you people! Oh, if only you had the vision to see the things!" All she asked was for him to give her the use of an office there for several months at a fair salary,

and a couple of stenographers, and she would go fifty-fifty with him on her story. She would want, too, some editorial assistance on the job, dressing up the manuscript. And *he* (my friend) was just the man for that. Oh, yes; she had *heard* that he was the very man; and that was the *reason* she had at once come here instead of going to some other house. Such a proposal could not be considered? And she would have to submit her manuscript before any decision on it could be undertaken? Why, she was living in a *furnished room*! The bills were mounting up. She would soon have *no place* to go. She was facing the prospect, facing it right now, of taking an underling job. She hated, *hated* it! Then she blazed up and told my friend where he got off as to intelligence. Then she collapsed again, and the weight of her unfortunate destiny again fell upon my friend like a ton of bricks. This call was the opening of an intensive series of communications which this young woman carried on with first my friend and then other members of the staff by letter, by telephone, by messenger, and in *person*.

Then there is that very natural nervousness which so many persons have that their manuscripts will not receive an effective reading. That is they have called to explain, to insist, or to entreat (as the case may be), that the first chapter should not be read first, or the first three chapters. But the fourth, or the fifth, chapter must be read first. Then several chapters should be skipped, and the reading taken up again at chapter nineteen. Otherwise the publisher's reader will receive a totally wrong impression of the book.

Many are apprehensive, too, of their

book's going for first consideration into the hands of an unsympathetic person. They want to *see* and *explain* to him all about it. And they want to tell how many copies of the book they themselves can sell, because of their prominence in certain clubs, Sunday Schools, charitable organizations, and so on. Or they want to hire the house to publish the book. They are (smiling cheerfully) quite ignorant as to how such things are done, and would like to inquire the cost of a small edition. Or they are the browbeating type, the lady or gentleman who was wont to say, with a sneer, to my friend: "Of course, I understand that you have no interest in the merit of a book, only in its popular, commercial, success. There is no appreciation, no comprehension, nowadays of the finer things. It's the trash that gets boosted." And, very witheringly indeed, much more to this effect.

And so on, and so on.

One type more, however, I should not omit to mention, and then I am done, for, as I've said, the worst cannot be told. That type is the bribing

character. Let him be illustrated in the case of the gentleman who called on my friend the last day before he was taken away. This gentleman was a minister, an army chaplain; submitted a book of poems. He was very effusive. He said, "Tell the young lady who does the most work on it that I'll give her a box of candy." I do not know exactly what his idea was, but I fancy that he confused the matter of reading a manuscript for acceptance or rejection, with the business of proof-reading. And why a young lady, I cannot say. But he probably saw in his mind rows upon rows of such persons somewhere in a large room carefully scanning his book.

He disappeared. While my friend was out at lunch he returned and left at the information desk a small parcel addressed to him. My friend undid a layer of wrapping paper, and then several layers of tissue paper; and he held in his hand a small copy of the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam", bound in undressed mole, or something like that.

MURRAY HILL

NOVELS OF VARIOUS MOODS

BY H. W. BOYNTON

W. B. Maxwell is never afraid to be serious. His latest book is primarily a story of the religious nature trying vainly to make itself content, first with religion as a thing apart, and second with human love as a thing apart. "For perfect peace", his young parson has said, "the mirror of the mind should show nothing but the steady flame of the contented soul." But the soul turns out to be in itself an unruly member, yielding itself, without devastating sense of sin, to the violation of a sacrament. Without devastating sense, for the marriage into which Edward Churchill has broken is a mockery if any marriage can be, a brutal prison for the woman who is fitted to be his true mate. He is able to throw his whole creed overboard after the abandoned article, and thinks he has thrown his faith with it. He hasn't; but since to his type faith and creed are both dependant upon harmony with the body of the church, he cannot, as it were, permit himself to believe anything till the church takes him back. In the hour of his revolt against her laws he has thrown off the "devil's livery", swearing never again to bear that "ugly yoke of superstition"; but he cannot be really happy till he has once more assumed, or been given the right to assume, the clerical garb of his order. "The flame was leaping high; the mirror was crystal clear", are the words with which the book ends.

Not the least part of the story's merit is that, sympathetically as the

facts have been presented, we are by no means sure of the author's own interpretation of them. Is his mood reverent, or ironical? Does he think of his Edward Churchill as a rather fine sort of prig? Or as a fanatic helpless without his fetish? Or as a child of the church bound to be miserable under the displeasure of his mother? . . . A matter of curious interest rather than primary importance, after all; since here is a true picture, and it is our affair to get at its meaning, or to give it up as doubtful among a few other things in life.

"The Mirror and the Lamp" was written by a man who had been in the thick of the fighting on the Somme and elsewhere, and it is written as if the war had never been. Very few current novels can be said to be even nominally unconscious of what has been happening to the world during the past few years. And for the most part we have been so much occupied in keeping high-hearted that we haven't had time to be merely high-spirited. Our laughter has been mainly of the semihysterical, oh-that-Bairnsfather kind. We have sniggled and we have roared, and we have "smiled" to order, as a mode of carrying on. But we haven't been merry. Therefore a book like "While Paris Laughed" gives us a strange and half-guilty sense of release.

It isn't jaunty, cheer-up stuff, turning its back deliberately on the inconvenient present. Nor does it affect anything strikingly quaint or

novel in theme or texture. Goodness! what don't we know about the Latin Quarter and her attics and her young geniuses and her cocottes, whatever those are, and all the rest? The Greenwich Village of Paris, as somebody has recently said—and what more remains to say? Nothing, to be sure—but plenty remains to sing. And who but Mr. Merrick is its gayest songster: from his seasoned but joyous throat the old melody ripples forth fresh and free, full of delicious whimsy and sly laughter. Which is to say (abandoning in some confusion our own little warble) that he has a delightful instrument of his own, knows what to play and how to play it, and doesn't care in the least how many other people happen to have squeaked or rumbled the same ditty. And above all things the melody of youthful Bohemia is surely the dismalest unless it be played perfectly. But this is Mr. Merrick's particular little trick—to do with nonchalant perfection the very things of which a lot of clumsy hands on all sides are making a bore and a nuisance. The less a reviewer says of the poet Tricotrín and his friends and his exploits the better. The reader would have the right (for once) to complain of him as the fellow who tries to paint the lily, or to get us its perfume by braying it in a mortar.

This volume should serve as an excellent advance agent for the new "uniform edition" of Merrick's novels—there are only thirteen volumes in all—with its remarkable series of prefaces by such writers as Barrie, Pinero, Howells, Wells, and Hewlett. I do not look for much critical enlightenment from most of these prefaces, since the novelist praising his contemporary is about as judicial as the publisher's blurb-monger. But it

will be a remarkable tribute of admiration and affection from the other headliners on the circuit.

Mr. Beresford's "The Jervaise Comedy" is another warless performance, a very English affair based on the persistence, in English country life, of the old feudal relations between the aristocratic landowner and the yeoman on the land. The twentieth-century story-tellers have been a good deal occupied with this phenomenon. They can't quite accept it as Trollope did. They believe there is something quite provably wrong about it, and go to work rather nervously, subjecting it to the sweetly acid test of romantic convention. That is, they make it turn on the question of class intermarriage, and this in its most ticklish form. Cophetua "took a chance" with his beggar maid; but it was the lady of high degree stepping up to the altar with her lowly squire who shook the foundations of society. Nevertheless we had, as much as a dozen years ago, a "Richard Baldock" by so confessedly Victorian an author as Archibald Marshall. More recently the thing seems to be getting down almost to a formula.

There was an example of it in Harold Bindloss's "The Buccaneer Farmer", which I was speaking of last month. In this kind of story, the son of the head gamekeeper or chief tenant-farmer, whose family has been on the land for generations, is destined to win the hand of the squire's or baronet's daughter. This is the right thing, it is what ought to be happening for the good of the country. But you can't be expected to swallow it raw, no matter how worthy the gamekeeper's son may be, and how nobly he may figure in contrast with the

Percys and Lord Reginalds who are his more or less perfunctory rivals for the lady's hand. Therefore we take him fairly young and ship him across the Atlantic, and permit him to make his fortune there, which is, of course, the thing all good Americans do. Then, when the ladyship is old enough, we just bring him back again, pretty well fumigated by wealth and Americanism, and let him go to it, with a real look-in for his money. Thus Mr. Bindloss, Mr. Beresford in "The Jervaise Comedy", and Mr. Oppenheim in "The Wicked Marquis". In the two later instances we have an added and effective item, in the past hidden scandal linking the two families most involved in the action.

I think if you try mentioning the names Beresford and Oppenheim in polite literary circles, you will find the former greeted with vague respect and the latter with a condescending smile. Mr. Beresford's name belongs to the lot which, Mr. Swinnerton complains, have long "been used as pegs" by writers on the modern English novel. He did a thumping long piece of realistic narrative in the "Jacob Stahl" series. He is one of the poor souls whom critics lay on one side "to be reckoned with". One might almost fancy him setting his present little affair as a kind of trap for these reckoners, baiting it with the sophisticated style, affecting a grave concern with its structure. It is in fact a moderately amusing variation, in the current mode, upon one of the most ancient of romantic themes. The writer has not sublimated it as Merrick sublimated his old matters; he has merely thrown an elaborate but by no means opaque veil of disguise over it. Here are the Jervaises and the Bankses, lords of the manor, and age-long tenants of the Home Farm. The Jer-

vaises have never been of much account but for their "birth", their property, and their complacency. The Bankses have always been honest, thrifty, and subservient to the Jervaises. Two young Jervaises, boy and girl, two young Bankses, the same: the latter being in different ways above their class. Anne Banks is educated and charming. Her brother has been more or less purified by America, but has complicated his chances by returning to become the Jervaises' chauffeur. . . . However, the shock of Brenda Jervaise's misalliance is tempered by our eventual discovery that she has no legal right to the name. Old Jervaise has begotten her wantonly (upon a helpless young person of the Banks connection) and his wife has chosen to acknowledge her in order to "keep her in sight of her father as a reminder of his sin"! Oh, dear, what sad fustian it is, if we let ourselves take it seriously even as comedy.

As for E. Phillips Oppenheim, I have never been able to dismiss him with a smile of condescension. I have a notion that he does as well as he chooses to, and that what he does is never contemptible, though always amusing. Certainly "The Wicked Marquis" makes at least as good a job as "The Jervaise Comedy", of very much the same materials. There is a marquis, now about sixty, not much farther on in point of view than the marquis in the "Tale of Two Cities". This imperturbable aristocrat has, twenty years ago, carried off the (beautiful and intelligent) daughter of his head gamekeeper. He is a widower, and there are ample precedents. "A few hundred years ago", says his sister the Duchess to the recalcitrant gamekeeper, "it would have been your duty to offer your womenkind to your

master when you paid your rent". According to his lights the Marquis does handsomely by the gamekeeper's daughter, educates her, and is faithful to her for twenty years. Then back comes gamekeeper Vont from his American exile, bringing his nephew—one of those multimillionaires. R-r-revenge! Vont has lived for it all these years, and has sworn the nephew to do his part. Vont camps down before the baronial hall and sits there making faces; the nephew has the real job. He has been taken up by the Duchess on shipboard, becomes a guest of the wicked Marquis, and readily gets that pretentious pauper into his financial clutches. There is another item in the plot which our nephew does not know till the last moment. But meanwhile he loves the haughty Lady Letitia; and of course it is she and her high-nosed father who are to make a volte-face and accept him with enthusiasm as husband and son-in-law, in the somewhat melodramatic finish.

The point is, granting the artificial and even conventional nature of the kind of thing, Mr. Oppenheim's handling of it is by no means markedly inferior to Mr. Beresford's. His style is as good, if less deliberately "finished". The Mrs. Banks of "The Jervaise Comedy" stands by herself as a fresh if slightly sketched bit of characterization; for the rest there is not much to choose between the two sets of characters.

"Crater's Gold" is a comedy of the land, that does not begin and end by reminding us of a certain kind of thing. It is American and Eastern-American, but though family and property come into it, they don't pretend to be dominating features. They supply the atmosphere and setting,

and are handy enough for that purpose. The young man and his unexpected inheritance yield a sufficiently familiar take-off for romantic action, and by the third page we are beginning to say to ourselves, a trifle patiently, "Oh, yes, now the fellow is going to find the chest of gold under the hearthstone", when we discover that we are off on a very different hunt.

In a village community not too far from New York, young Stiles, hitherto a hard-working newspaper man, finds himself possessed of a hundred acres of neglected land and the wreck of a terrible house of the eighteen-forties: "The blistered piazza, the yellow clap-boarded walls, the sagging green blinds, and the atrocious veneered front doors with their malarial, colored panes set around central panes of ground glass. There was certain to be a cupola on the roof". He camps down there for a week or two, with the aid of a woman who "comes in", and then languidly puts the property in the market. Suddenly there is an incursion of would-be purchasers: one Baumgarten, Broadway magnate and theatrical backer; Erzberger, a famous manager from the same district; and later an agent for certain local interests. The fact is, our rural community has a sort of threefold character. It is a place of run-down farms and shabby survivals, among them a remarkable native or two, Mrs. Fields and Judge Tyler. It is in the nearer motoring zone of New York City. And it possesses a colony of nice people who have a quiet society of their own, and cherish somewhat jealously their well-kept estates and unvulgarized seclusion. A Baumgarten or an Erzberger settling down among them would mean the end of all things. Add to these elements the leaven of a

charming young actress with the accessories of an abandoned mine, a stream that swallows a motor-car, and a general mystification very pleasantly resolved when we get the clue. Here again, romantic and extravagant as the action is, we find quite as clear a gift of characterization as in many conscientiously dull chronicles of "real life".

Spanish fiction means just now, to a very large public, the author of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse". Pío Baroja is a different sort of writer, but equally well worth knowing for those of us who like to get the skeptical point of view now and then, to offset the prophetic. "Caesar or Nothing" has a good deal in common with "The City of the Discreet" by the same author, which appeared in English a year or two ago. There, you may recall, was a young Spaniard educated in England, and returning to Spain with disillusioned eyes. The discovery of his illegitimacy does not move him toward optimism. But he is a youth of good enough intentions, and what we pity him for is not his difficult adventure in pursuit of an ideal, but the final abandonment of the enterprise. The same thing is true of Caesar Moncada. In a way he is an eccentric young egotist, without reverence for conventions in religion or anything else; but beneath all, an eager idealist, who stakes everything on the alternative of "Caesar or Nothing", which to him means winning the fight for humanity or throwing up the sponge altogether. There is to be no compromise: either the world, his little world of the Spanish city hitherto ruled by venality and clericalism, must be set straight, or there is no use in anything, for him. Spanish superstition, and inertia, and negative

individualism are easily too much for him. He surrenders with a shrug; and traces of the battle are soon rubbed from the scene:

To-day Castro Duro has definitely abandoned her intentions of living, and returned to order, as the weekly Conservative paper says; the fountains have dried, the school been closed, the little trees in Moncada Park have been pulled up. The people emigrate every year by hundreds. To-day a mill shuts down, to-morrow a house falls in; but Castro Duro continues to live with her venerated traditions and her holy principles, not permitting outsiders devoid of religion and patriotism to disturb her existence, not spotting the most holy rights of the Church, our mother—enveloped in dust, in dirt, in filth, asleep in the sun, in the midst of her grainless fields.

A finishing touch is given to the quiet but savage irony of the picture by the excerpt from a "society column", reporting the later Caesar at home with his rich wife—a dilettante and gentleman of leisure:

At Don Caesar's house we had the pleasure of greeting the learned Franciscan Father Martin, to whom the population of Castro Duro owes so much. . . . At a halt in the conversation we asked Senor Moncada: "And you, Don Caesar, have no idea of going back into politics?" And he answered us, smiling: "No, no. What for? I am nothing, nothing".

And so to the "Jimmie Higgins" of Upton Sinclair, which the author admits is his best book. Like everything he writes, it is a book of carefully selected fact, determined protest, and vague prophecy. And yet I have a feeling that in this tale the spontaneous story-teller and the conscious artist almost succeeds in ousting the socialist and reformer altogether. We come very near getting interpretation here, instead of propaganda. By way of Jimmie Higgins, the dingy little socialist worker of an obscure American town, we observe the America of the past five years; its social tyranny, its political corruption, its "industrial

unrest" in which union labor and socialism and the I. W. W. forces work, more or less at cross-purposes, against a pretty thoroughly organized "capital". Jimmie Higgins does not believe in violence or sabotage or revolution; he believes in the orderly conquest of the world by the socialist idea. He shares Mr. Sinclair's belief in the inherent virtue of those who toil with their hands, and the inherent viciousness of those who toil merely with their brains. You remember how in "The Jungle" and "King Coal" and the other novels, all laborers are noble conquerors or hapless victims, while all capitalists and underlings of capital are sneaks and thugs and hogs. The author's representative of the dominant class in this book is one Lacey Granitch, son of the mill magnate of "Leesville", a heartless profligate. One feels it as a sign of special favor that Jimmie Higgins is permitted, as it were, to assist at the scene of his not quite speakable punishment.

But this class-hatred does not dominate the book so strongly as its predecessors. We have a feeling (until near the very end, when the propagandist seizes the tiller as if to prevent us from making any sort of comfortable mooring) that we are upon a real voyage of inquiry. Through the bewildered, seeking eyes of Jimmie Higgins we see the conflicts of peace overwhelmed, for a time, by the conflict of war; German socialists forsaking their vows, American socialists torn apart by racial sympathies, American labor succumbing to the bribes of the war-wage. We see Jimmie's own little family horribly wiped out by a chance explosion of munitions which socialists have helped aim at their comrades overseas. We see Jimmie himself giving in to the call of patriotism and

democracy, valiantly serving at Chateau-Thierry . . . and then shipped north to Archangel, there to perceive the mockery of his position, and to be wantonly tortured to insanity by an American officer, a brutal ex-detective, for attempting to circulate Bolshevik handbills among the American troops. Always the wicked at the top!

Mr. Kauffman is also a writer who attacks, but more in the spirit of special muck-raking than from such a burning zeal for a changed order as honestly animates Mr. Sinclair. In this instance his experience as a journalist abroad during the early part of the war has supplied him with a handy animus against the American censorship. His villain is a mercenary and cowardly ex-newspaperman who has achieved an important post among the official coddlers of American opinion. More particularly, he is in the pay of a cheerfully unscrupulous guardian of the American aeroplane industry. The game is to suppress the facts of the inadequate supply and handling of our forces abroad, in the interests of the administration and the profiteers. Characteristically having got this special scunner off his chest, our chronicler proceeds with his business of spinning a romantic yarn. Andy, the hero, a young war correspondent who has received his billet through a frankly preposterous arrangement between the author and an old war-horse of the press, is finally disgusted with the hopelessness of his task, enlists as a fighting man, and dies, rather surprisingly, with the word of faith upon his lips: "The Cause is bigger than its mistakes". Unlike Mr. Sinclair, this novelist believes in the justice and necessity of our recent enterprise. If only the war correspondents had been

permitted the running of the enterprise!

Two books with the ironical title of "Civilization" have appeared almost at the same moment. Miss La Motte's stories express the feeling that emerged in the earlier notes and sketches collected as "Peking Dust". This is a bitter sense of the hypocrisy and frequent malignancy of the part now being played by Europe in the Far East, especially in China. She gives America a clean bill of health, one is relieved to see. But to the part played by France and Germany and above all, England, with their "spheres of influence", their indifference to native customs and native laws, their impositions of "indemnity" for the Boxer rising and of the opium trade for nothing but self-interest, she gives no quarter. Above all she is unsparing in her arraignment of the self-asserted superiority of the European morale and the European civilization. This is not pretty reading for the white man who has been brought up to pride himself on his "burden" in far and benighted lands—a burden of loot it looks like, from this point of view. We can only comfort ourselves with the reflection that these stories express, in their uncompromising insistence on the shortcomings of the westerner in the East, the other half of that truth which Kipling sings, or used to sing. What is behind these bitter tales is the feeling that the doctrine of "East is East and West is West" must cease to be announced with the complacent emphasis of the past. The "Civilization, 1914-1917" of Georges Duhamel, which received the Goncourt prize for 1918, is a book of deeper and more creative irony. The author was a surgeon for four years at the front. These are sketches, outlines, frag-

ments out of his experience. The extraordinary thing is that they seem not merely jotted down, but wrought out of that experience. They do not so much arraign the institutions of civilization, as brood upon that extraordinary constitution of things, intricate and sophisticated beyond belief, equipped with the safeguards of reason and religion and science, yet ready to turn upon itself at the sound of a trumpet, and destroy, destroy without ruth or rest. To the army surgeon, doomed to his (in a way) silly task of continually patching at the ruin deliberately contrived by his fighting associates, the brutality of the paradox must often be nearly unendurable. Without committing himself to any catchword of the world-doctors, Dr. Duhamel records with profound sadness his impression of the pass in which the world finds itself:

Believe me, Monsieur, when I speak with pity of civilization I know what I'm talking about; and it's not the wireless telegraph that can make me change my views. It's all the sadder, because there's nothing one can do about it: you can't climb back up a slope like that down which the world is going to roll from now on. And yet! . . . Civilization! the true civilization—I often think of it. It is like a choir of harmonious voices chanting a hymn in my heart, it is a marble statue on a barren hill, it is a man saying "Love one another!" and "Return good for evil!" But for nearly two thousand

The Mirror and the Lamp. By W. B. Maxwell. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

While Paris Laughed. Being Franks and Passions of the Poet Tricotrín. By Leonard Merrick. El. P. Dutton and Co.

The Jervaise Comedy. By J. D. Beresford. The Macmillan Co.

The Wicked Marquis. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Little, Brown and Co.

Crater's Gold. By Philip Curtiss. Harper and Bros.

Caesar or Nothing. By Pio Baroja. Translated from the Spanish by Louis How. Alfred A. Knopf.

Jimmie Higgins. By Upton Sinclair. Boni and Liveright.

Victorious. By Reginald Wright Kauffman. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Civilization. By Ellen N. La Motte. George H. Doran Company.

Civilisation, 1914-1917. By Georges Duhamel. Translated by E. S. Brooks. The Century Co.

years people have done nothing but repeat these things over and over, and the princes and the priests have far too many interests in the age as it is to conceive other things like them. . . . I have taken a good look at the monstrous autoclave on its throne. I

tell you truly, civilization is not in that object any more than it is in the shining pincers that the surgeons use. Civilization is not in all that terrible pack of trumpery wares; and if it is not in the heart of man, well! it's nowhere.

COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT

Getting Material

The other day a young woman of Spokane, Washington, wrote me and asked how I get the material for the stories I write. Every once in a while some young woman who wants to be a great author writes to ask me that. They usually say: "The characters in your stories are so quaint and odd and yet so true to life. They seem so real. How do you get the material?" I am so well established in the author business now, and have such a steady trade, that at last I feel it is safe for me to give the secret to the world.

I get the material for my stories by putting on my hat and poking around until I find a queer-looking character, and then I ask him the story of his life. For example, I look in a window and see an old, gray-headed shoemaker sitting on a bench, working away at a pair of shoes. I go in and speak to him.

"Good afternoon", I say. "Are you a shoemaker?"

"Yes", he says. "What did you think I was doing? Think I was painting a flagpole on a submarine? What do you ask fool questions for?"

"I'm an author", I say. "I write short stories and books. I'm getting material for a short story now, but if you turn out to be interesting enough

I may make a whole novel of you."

This always pleases. It puts the subject at his ease, too. Sometimes I give him a cigar. That helps. It shows I am friendly and mean well.

The first thing I have to do after the introduction is to get the local color of the man and his business. It doesn't do to say, "A shoemaker was making a pair of shoes", and let it go at that. You must get the proper atmosphere. You must mention the tools of his trade by their correct names. So I take a seat and take out my note-book and a pencil.

"The smell I smell in here is leather, I suppose?" I say. "I have to get the smell right in my stories."

"Yes, that's it", he says. "Tanned leather. It smells like that. That's the way it smells."

"And that thing that holds the shoe—that leather strap you put your foot through. What is that?"

"That's the surcingle. Every shoemaker has one. It isn't to hold the shoe. It is to keep the palm of my foot warm."

"I see. And that wooden thing there, shaped like a foot. What do you call that?"

"That's a micrometer, a shoemaker's micrometer. We use it to measure micros with. If leather has more than forty-eight micros to the ruble, it is not good leather."

"I think I understand", I say. "I

can begin my story like this: "The old shoemaker sat on his bench measuring a hunk of leather with his micrometer, while his well-worn surcingle warmed the palm of his aged foot'. Does that sound all right?"

"Sounds fine."

"But is it true? If you read that would you see an aged shoemaker, sitting in his shop?"

"Yes. Only you ought to mention his last. Every shoemaker has a last."

"Of course! I'll mention the last. Where is it?"

"That's it—that wad on the box there. It's a sort of wax. 'A shoemaker should stick to his last', you know. That means his wax—if he sat down on it he should stick to it. He should be a coarse, rough fellow so the wax would stick to him, and not a slick, oily fellow that the wax would slip off of."

"I see. And what do you use the last for?"

"To wax my mustache. All shoemakers wax their mustaches with their lasts. It is an old custom. The mustaches used to be long—long and thin—so the shoemakers waxed them and turned them up and tucked the ends behind their ears. If they didn't do that, they were apt to thread their needles with them and sew them into the sole of a shoe. It was a pitiful sight to see a shoemaker walking around the street with a shoe dangling from the end of his mustache."

"I should think it would be. I wonder if I couldn't make that my story—the story of a shoemaker who sewed his mustache into a shoe—"

"And it was especially pitiful at meals", the shoemaker would say, "when there was soup—bean soup. The shoe would get into the soup and get full of it, sometimes; full of bean soup. And the shoemaker would won-

der why his mustache was so heavy. He would go back to his work with his shoe on the end of his mustache splashing bean soup down the front of his coat. And if it was chicken soup! Dogs and cats! Thousands of them! Following him to lick up the soup he spilled. I remember, once, when I got one shoe that was on the end of my mustache full of fish—cod-fish. And the other shoe—the one that was on the other mustache end—full of tea."

"That's interesting. A pair of shoes—"

"No, not a pair. Odd shoes. One was a brogan and the other was a gaiter."

"Hold on. What is a brogan? I have to get the local color right, you know."

"A brogan? A brogan is a coarse, heavy shoe."

"I see. And a gaiter?"

"A gaiter is a light shoe. I made three kinds of gaiters. I made a very light one for wear in the house—that was a house-gaiter. Then I made a heavier one, for wear in the street. That was a street-gaiter. Then I made one heavier than a street-gaiter, but not so heavy as a brogan. It was to wear in alleys. That was an alley-gaiter."

"An—what did you call it?"

"An alley-gaiter."

"Oh! Were they cloth or leather?"

"Leather. The house-gaiter I made of kid, but I made the street-gaiter of calfskin. It was tougher. Better for outdoor wear."

"Yes, I've got that down. And the alley-gaiter? What sort of leather did you use for the alley-gaiter?"

"Crocodile."

You see how easy it is to gather material for your stories. All you have to do is to go to the man and ask

him, and he will tell you. I have never known it to fail. As soon as he knows you are a story-writer he is anxious to oblige, and he will simply smear you all over with atmosphere and local color, and rich, ripe facts like these.

—ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

The Book Addict

"Restful inebriety" Mr. Galsworthy characterizes reading, and the author of "Trivia" writes of it as "this polite and unpunished vice, this selfish, serene, lifelong intoxication". Thus those who know! Yet the man in the street, the man who does rather than dreams, humbly cherishes the delusion that there is something meritorious in the reading of books.

Psychologists tell us that the common aim of drugs, spirits, vices, hysterias, epilepsies, and insanities is escape from an unendurable reality, a world that is too much with us and fails to adapt itself to our nature, a mountain that refuses to come to Mahomet and obstinately remains a mountain when all we ask for is a molehill. To the natural-born weakling and those victims of temperament whom "conscience hath made cowards of", the only escape from unbearable matter of fact is in flight to the realm of fancy. Castles in the air are easier to build than model tenements, and pleasanter to live in. Hence the arts.

Books, like drugs and spirits, offer a refuge from the actual, and have the advantage not only of cheapness but also of less obvious and rapid demoralization of those addicted to their use and abuse. The book habitué has learned how to read himself into the dreamy state of the opium eater, even into the unconsciousness of the "dead

drunk", and yet remain "polite and unpunished".

There are, of course, those amateurs who read books to make the acquaintance of the world rather than to escape from it, but these are not the bookish, the professionals. Books may, indeed, be food—as some consider alcohol—to those of competent digestion, but such do not feed upon them after the meal is finished and satiety attained. There are those who read to learn and remember things rather than to forget themselves, and for these worthies reading is doubtless a good thing. But too much of a good thing is the essence of vice, however "polite and unpunished".

The advantage of the book addict over the victim of the drug or liquor habit is in his better success in keeping up appearances. Like his less fortunate fellows he is afflicted with nervous irritability, and his normal activities are "sicklied o'er"—it does not so much matter whether with "the pale cast of thought", the morbid pallor of the doped, or the flush of the alcoholic. But through not having been shown up to himself and the world he is able to maintain a specious self-respect, and thereby avoid the rapid physical, mental, and moral deterioration that comes from the paralyzing sense of inferiority. Vice, we are now taught by the psychologists, becomes more vicious in its effects on those who practise it when accompanied by a sense of sin. Hence the poorer outlook of the drug fiend and the drunkard, as of the sin-convicted Puritan, compared with the conscience-free pagan. Innocence and ignorance are, it appears, in the last analysis identical, and the only recipes for bliss.

With the approaching season of enforced abstinence from the spiritual

solace of alcohol, is it not reasonable to suppose that the vast amount of human energy hitherto diverted into the channels of more or less legitimate inebriety will seek an outlet in the forms of intoxication that are not as yet publicly condemned and legally prohibited? As the reformed alcoholic turns to the intemperate consumption of candy to appease the cravings of his stomach, so he who seeks in inebriety the higher satisfactions of mental relaxation and spiritual rejuvenation will learn to achieve his

desideratum of forgetfulness by the cultivation of the unnatural vice of reading.

It is perhaps not without significance that professional writers, editors, and publishers are usually to be found ranged on the side of temperance, if not abstinence. Like brewers and saloon-keepers they, too, know their business. Now at last they see the dawn of their prosperity, when the book shall replace the bottle, the library the saloon, and the bibulous shall become the bibliophile.

—MARY VIDA CLARK

TO DO OR HOW TO DO

BY HENRY WYSHAM LANIER

"I don't understand Smith, somehow", said little Barton. There was a puzzled look on his honest, literal face.

My curiosity began to pringle a bit. Not that there could ever be any gossip about Smith. But I suddenly realized that his name belonged at the end of a conversation, not at the beginning.

For Trelawney Smith has the best-informed library in our town. In fact, if comparison were held on this one quality, those princely Pierpont Morgan and Henry Huntington collections would soon hide their gilded faces in abasement. When I look at Smith's overpowering shelves, the only miracle greater than the existence of this prodigy is that its creator is still adding, almost weekly, with never-diminishing enthusiasm, to its bewildering resources. His steady diet for reading is new- and old-book catalogues.

I do not allude to what are known

as reference works. Heaven knows, those are there, too: general encyclopædias, culminating in the latest India-paper revision; lists, digests, summaries, handbooks, yearbooks, almanacs, indexes, concordances, anthologies, dictionaries—from Greek, Latin, Persian, Chinese, and Scandinavian to Argot, Slang and Thieves' Patter, even Archaic and Obsolete. Millions of facts there are on these particular shelves, but they are embalmed, or at least static, beside the mass of the collection.

This main body is a "working" library if ever there was one. There is hardly anything within the scope of a modern restless imagination which some volume or volumes on those shelves can't do—be it trapping skunks by the most individual and carefully guarded secret devices, making flower-gardens, prospecting for minerals, binding books, carving, painting, "sculpting", building scien-

tifically correct farm outbuildings, weaving baskets, installing and repairing plumbing fixtures, playing billiards like Morningstar himself—even Dumas and Brillat-Savarin, to tell one how to cook and how to eat—all classified, arranged, indexed, and cross-indexed, instantly available in response to an inner urge.

And to fill in the chinks of this crannied wall, there smiles alluringly upon you a whole section of such works as "Ten Thousand Tested Recipes"—for doing whatever any human could ever want to do, not to mention many things he couldn't want, if in his right mind.

All his friends admire Smith's forethought, and profit by it on occasion; for he is generosity itself in laying these treasures of how-to knowledge at our disposal. When we confront any novel practical problem, such as laying out a golf course or installing a septic tank, the discussion invariably closes with the agreement that someone will "get the exact dope from Smith".

That's why I say that it seemed a bit topsy-turvy to have Barton start a talk with him instead of ending, as usual.

"It really is queer", the little man went on.

"What's queer?"

"Well, my boys are at boarding-school up in the country, and they've taken to trapping in their spare time. Since they found out they can get a dollar apiece for muskrat skins, and enough for skunks to bountifully perfume the prize, I've been receiving reports from them on their daily catches instead of their marks in class. Then they learned that mink furs are worth ten dollars apiece and red fox twenty-five dollars. So along came a special delivery the other day, in-

structing me to ship them a dozen large steel traps and something that would tell them how to catch mink and fox. Finding my education had been neglected on these points, of course I went over to Smith's last night.

"There was the dope all right: three separate volumes on these critters, not to speak of several works on trapping in general. So I borrowed 'em, as usual.

"But what I started to say was that I was looking over the bookcases, and had just reached the *P* section—you remember, there's half a shelf-full of plumbing manuals—when I heard Smith at the telephone. He was raising Cain with Moriarity because he hadn't sent a man to put a new washer on the kitchen faucet. He got quite excited:

"The water's been leaking out there for ten weeks', he yelled finally, 'and I've sent you three messages about it, and it's getting worse all the time.'

"Now I learned to put in a washer out of one of those very books; and I do it all the time since the plumbers got to charging three dollars for five minutes' work and five cents' worth of materials.

"What I don't quite see is why Smith didn't do the job himself. On his own showing, he'd spent a lot more time and energy than the work would have required in trying to hire a man to do it. And there were the instructions, right in his own library.

"Of course, under the circumstances I didn't just like to ask him. But what's the answer?"

"It was odd", said I. "Of course, though, lots of people can use their tongues more effectively than their hands."

I was far too grateful to him, for the sudden illumination he had shed

upon Smith, to unsettle his orderly mind by hinting at the truth. For I perceived for the first time the perfection of our book-collecting friend's philosophy. Naturally such a sybarite would not mar his exquisite enjoyment by anything so crude as actual doing. He does not draw his satisfaction primarily from that jackdaw habit of "collecting"—whose insidiousness oft betrays the strongest. No: Smith has an imagination. He basks in the luxurious sense of being able, by virtue of his manuals, to do anything manual he might wish to. And he has the rare reverence for a providence dispensing such riches so cheaply, which forbids the tempting of that providence.

It is unanswerable. Power is what humans crave. As long as you're sure you could—whatever may come up—you have the subtlest essence of the pleasure. There's something material about going further. It reminds one of that old chap who always resisted a temptation—until he got the moral glow; and then having sniffed that aroma—did the deed he had abjured.

If one can be a mental Leonardo da Vinci, what folly to descend to the reality of being a most indifferent carpenter. No doubt about it, Trelawney Smith should be known as a benefactor of the race. As for the publishers, if they were as foresighted as the horse-racing fraternity, they'd start eugenically to breed a future race of demanders for their particular supply: and they'd start with Smith. What a few centuries might do! Just think of the Godolphin Arabian. (The idea is offered to the Eugenics Section of the Selling Methods Division of the Publishers' Association without royalty.)

This alluring Barmecide feast of skilled handiwork lies open to all who

frequent city bookshops. (Of course those Boeotians who dwell in parts where all have to do hand-work are debarred from such refined joys; and these omniscient volumes are not there spread abroad for sale.)

It is good to reflect, too, that only mute old-fashioned books can adequately perform this miracle. Your correspondence courses will guarantee to make you a Cartoonist or a Powerful Personality by mail. But there seems to be peril that they may succeed, judging from the report of the man who recently described his conversion by correspondence into a Memory Prodigy—writing from a sanitarium for forgetting. And anyhow, by this plan there is always an alert and relentless person somewhere using Uncle Sam's minions to check you up, asking for reports, flaunting examination blanks to be filled out, insistent that you shall get your money's worth, after his kind.

This instills doubt, yet all manuals of self-culture assert self-confidence as a basis. And it disturbs serenity to refuse to answer earnest letters. Also it is difficult not to answer back to the language-lesson phonograph demanding information from you in choice Castilian.

But how-to books are friendly, well-bred, unobtrusive, silent save when appealed to. They are ever-ready but non-insistent, like a companionable setter dog. They will down-charge motionless on your shelves for days, weeks, or months; yet the instant you're in the mood, all they have is at your disposal.

The more I think of it, the more respect I have unto Trelawney Smith.

However, there may be those who are not for such gourmet fare. Let them consider clearly the relation between possessing such information and doing.

Most primitive peoples were assured that by eating the heart of a brave and mighty enemy one might acquire his qualities. There is just about as much basis for the assumption that reading how to do some special craft-work will supply you with the power and impetus to perform it.

You get a notion you'd like to carve wood, say. You procure books on the subject. They are clear, perhaps, written by a craftsman, possibly—the instructions are all there. Yet always will a large proportion of us exhaust our impulse in the reading how.

Once in a generation or so comes a personality so vital and compelling—like William Morris—that even in cold black type it weaves the “magic of the necessary word”, so those who read find themselves galvanized into action and actually attempting the feats he celebrates. But one may gather a formidable library of craftsmanship without running into any such danger.

So, premising this possibly beneficent limitation, let us glance at what recent months have added to the literature of practical instruction. If you are really interested, you should come out and study Smith's library: these are but a handful of this season's leaves from Vallombrosa.

Smith's word for it—there is a satisfying sense of power in having them around. A sufficient assortment is like acquiring Aladdin's bottle: the omnipotent Djinn is there, ready to perform whatever is demanded—certainly so long as he isn't called upon.

The earnest author of one of these new volumes opens his *vade mecum* with the adjuration to all readers:

“Don't do anything until you have read this book!”

Rest assured that if you follow this modest counsel you'll be little tempted

to do anything afterward, either. In time—who knows?—you might even become a Trelawney Smith.

Adopting the admirable principle of “catching 'em young”, Ann Macbeth in “The Play-Work Book” starts with instructions for making a woolen ball, such as the littlest kindergartner could manage; from this she works up through skipping-ropes, leather “suckers”, dolls and toys to pop-guns, catapults, whistles, drums, clappers, buzzers, crossbows, kites, and model aeroplanes. It's a practical little book, well worked out; and its use would surely help to relieve Santa Claus's overburdened pack.

Also for the littler ones is Patten Beard's “Jolly Book of Funcraft” with suggestions and “working details” for home-made games, favors, and entertainment devices for every kind of party and festival.

The boys in their 'teens as usual get the lion's share of attention. If a boy were to be confronted with all the manuals of carpentry and mechanics aimed at him since the days of Dan Beard's pioneer “American Boys' Handy Book”, he'd certainly decide that life didn't offer enough time to read and use tools both. The indefatigable A. Frederick Collins adds two volumes to his lengthening list: “Handicraft for Boys” and “The Amateur Mechanic”. Both are earnest, apparently by a man who knows what he is talking about, and with many useful hints and facts the beginner is often falsely supposed to know. But both volumes suffer somewhat from the attempt to be encyclopædic in limited space. It really seems doubtful if an ambitious youngster would get much of a grip upon the theory and practice of wood-carving, for instance, from eight pages of rather sketchy text and pictures. Candor compels

one to add that if the result were to be such products as the "carved watch-case holder" and the "repoussé candlestick" shown as rewards of industry, the ineffectiveness is something to be devoutly thankful for. Surely our department store "art products" are busy enough at the task of perverting youthful taste without inciting the reader to construct such hideous trivialities.

One of the most workmanlike of all these books is "Carpentry and Mechanics for Boys", by A. Neely Hall, who has already written several similar works and who conducts handicraft departments in various periodicals. The present volume has not much unity—indeed it seems like a somewhat heterogeneous collection of magazine articles; but the diagrams are infinitely clearer and better than those usually given; the things to be made are generally articles really needed about a home and apparently serviceable when made; and there are few of the customary atrocities of design.

One must ask, however—why, oh, why a chapter on spool gifts? Better, much better, that all the old spools in the world should be burned or lie and rot rather than that a boy should feel proud of having turned them into such aggressive stupidities as "spool pen-racks" and "spool candlesticks". After all, there is such a thing as taste and fitness even in the simplest articles of every day. The whole world seems to have known the fact and acted on it up to a century ago, when we decided to "let the machine do it" all. And the way back is through hand-work, but not such hand-work as "spool desk-blotters".

Very inclusive is "The American Boys' Engineering Book". Mr. Bond tells his readers about machine tools,

how to find the stars (!) and mounting a telescope, surveying, sounding, dredging, signaling, road building, dock and building construction, water power and electric power—even the instruments of weather observation. Inevitably some of the ground is not covered practically for younger readers; yet the boy who is interested in building docks, dams, making roads, and signaling will get some help here.

Floyd L. Darrow approaches his subject in rather an unusual way in "The Boy's Own Book of Great Inventions". After a close description, for instance, of the gyroscope and its applications to practical industry, he gives a number of experiments which the reader can make himself, to drive home the principles involved. The telegraph, telephone, wireless, aeroplane, submarine, electric light, telescope, and many other every-day scientific marvels are similarly treated. The idea is in this way to stimulate and guide latent inventive powers—and for older boys who have a turn for invention the book ought to be distinctly valuable.

We get down to fundamental reasons for hand-work in "Home Labor-Saving Devices". This is not concerned with knickknacks or fancy products, but with such homely matters as dish-drainers and 'fireless cookers for the kitchen, a roller-tray wagon for the servantless dining-room, iceless refrigerators, dustless mops, a backbreakingless "scrubbing chariot", and a score of other ingenious devices for home, dairy, and chicken house. Not only are most of these home-made comforts necessities in attacking intelligently the problem of living simply and not spending one's whole time and strength at the job—but interestingly enough, being constructed with a sole eye to utility,

they all look attractive, with a fitness and dignity rare enough in elaborate and expensive furnishings.

The outdoor, camping, and woodcraft manuals have always been in a class by themselves among the practical books. A man in the woods on his own resources has to do something; and the difference between doing it right and wrong is often that between success and failure; always between comfort and discomfort. From Frank Forrester and the revered "Nessmuk" down we've had in America a long succession of keen sportsmen, nature lovers, trappers, wanderers who have counseled their fellows from years of accumulated lore upon these weighty matters.

Probably nobody of this generation has pursued more avidly or imparted more stimulatingly all facts relating to man's "natural" activities than Ernest Thompson Seton. As might have been expected, such a vivid and picturesque personality could not be absorbed into a Boy Scout movement working along some lines which seemed to him less important than those he was neglecting; so Mr. Seton in 1916 transformed the woodcraft movement he has conducted for fourteen years into the Woodcraft League of America, Inc. A revision of this league's Manual is just out, and it would be hard to find a more informing or delightful little book. It's for the youngsters, yet there are not many men or women one meets in the course of a day who could pass an examination on the central 200-page section of "Things to Know and Do". And they are all things the knowledge of which makes every-day life richer and more interesting. Whether members of the Woodcraft League or not, every boy and girl ought to have a copy of this admirable volume.

The intending camper will find a lot of valuable hints in Warren H. Miller's "Camp Craft". There is a real science, as well as an art, of getting the most out of a journey into the woods or wilderness; and the wise novice will save himself much discomfort by taking advantage of others' experience. Mr. Miller discourses of tents, bedding, equipment, cooking, emergencies, family camping, packing, comforts, organization, and many other things that are vital to a successful trip.

For the real craft worker, young or old, there are three volumes each in two sets, whose superior artistic quality at first glance (alas, that it must be said!) stamps them as of not American but English origin. Not that they are ideal books, or any better than our own (frequently not as good) in clearness and practicality. But they have a craftsmanlike quality. The illustrations of bookbindings, for instance, were selected by somebody who knew what a beautiful design is, and thought it none too good for the eyes of youth. God forbid that a child or friend of mine should ever aspire to produce some

The Play-Work Book. By Ann Macbeth. Robert M. McBride and Co.

The Jolly Book of Funecraft. By Patten Beard. F. A. Stokes Co.

Handicraft for Boys. By A. Frederick Collins. F. A. Stokes Co.

The Amateur Mechanic. By A. Frederick Collins. D. Appleton and Co.

Carpentry and Mechanics for Boys. By A. Neely Hall. Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Co.

The American Boys' Engineering Book. By A. Russell Bond. J. B. Lippincott Co.

The Boy's Own Book of Great Inventions. By Floyd L. Darrow. The Macmillan Co.

Home Labor-Savings Devices. By Rhea C. Scott. J. B. Lippincott Co.

The Woodcraft Manual for Boys. By Ernest Thompson Seton. Doubleday, Page and Co.

Camp Craft (new edition). By Warren H. Miller. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Bookbinding. By J. Halliday; Lantern Making. By H. A. Rankin; Scissors Stories. By J. E. Tolson. E. P. Dutton and Co.

The Art of Polychromatic and Decorative Turning; Artistic and Decorative Stenciling; Amateur Joinery in the House. By G. A. & B. Audsley. Small, Maynard and Co.

of the chairs and stands shown in the work on polychromatic turning: they're suitable only for a turnverein. Yet the books do make a patriotic American wince a bit by a comparison with the average book of our own along similar lines.

These two series are Putnam's Handwork Series—in which are issued "Bookbinding as a Handwork

Subject", "Lantern Making", and "Scissors Stories"—unusually good cut-out designs for little scissors; and one by two English architects, George Ashdown Audsley and Berthold Audsley—the present volumes being "The Art of Polychromatic and Decorative Turning", "Artistic and Decorative Stenciling", and "Amateur Joinery in the House".

THE PERTURBATION OF THE MISINFORMED

BY FREDERICK PALMER

President, Palmer Photoplay Corporation

In recent issues of THE BOOKMAN there have appeared articles headed "The Movies—A Colossus That Totters", written by one who has chosen to present his arguments from the ambush of anonymity, and who artlessly reveals the enlightening information that his statements are based upon "several months' experience as a scenario editor for a large picture corporation".

In the creation and production of photoplays there is much that must be mended, and all critical and analytical discussion of these matters is exceedingly valuable, provided it is based upon accurate observation and truthful premises. The art of making photoplays is a young one and every producer will admit that there are still many crudities to polish or eliminate. The anonymous article to which I refer contains some useful facts and some interesting theories, but there is so much that is misleading that the value of the whole is greatly weakened.

The following is quoted from the first instalment:

To begin with, the editorial department of a picture concern has an outer room where a clerical staff of young women opens and files incoming mail and correspondence. When manuscripts come in, they are handed over to the reading department. This is a room where half a dozen or more young women, at an average salary of \$10 a week, without the competence of a stenographer or salesgirl, sit all day making first choice of the material the editor is to see.

I have no means of knowing to what particular scenario department this reference is made, but I am prepared to state authoritatively and with emphasis that if any producing company has paid its readers so little as \$10 a week at any time during the past three years at least, it must have been the one with which Mr. Anonymous was connected and that one alone. If he during his "several months' experience" as a scenario editor employed a staff of readers at an average wage of \$10 a week, I believe that he enjoys the unique distinction of being the only one on record to have done so. Regardless of the matter of salary, whatever first readers are employed by any studios serve merely to eliminate the utter impossibilities, and under no

circumstances do they have any part in the actual choosing of stories.

Glancing over the list of producers, we find that stories submitted to Famous Players-Lasky are considered by Robert McArlarney, Blanche Lasky, Frank Woods, Mary O'Connor, and Cecil B. DeMille. I do not think that anyone will venture to accuse this group of either incompetence or dishonesty. At the D. W. Griffith Studio, S. E. V. Taylor, a cultured and discerning gentleman of recognized ability, passes judgment on submitted stories. If space permitted, I might go on through the list of clear-brained men and women usually possessed of culture and attainments, frequently brilliant and almost unanimously sincere and capable. Mr. Anonymous mentions "the usual routine of graft and theft", but makes no specific accusation. If he knows of concrete instances of graft and theft, he will be doing a very valuable service to the motion-picture profession and to the creative writers of the world, if he will come forward with his evidence in a manly, straightforward manner and make direct charges. Throughout the history of literature there have been cases of plagiarism, yet it would be quite unfair to say that the profession of writing or the business of publishing is based upon a "usual routine of graft and theft". Promiscuous, anonymous, and proofless slander is neither useful nor nice.

Mr. Anonymous accuses "the young ladies in sub-editorial chairs" of stealing scenarios and giving them preference over "outside submitted material". He goes further and says that "the camera man, the vast majority of extra people, the studio manager and indeed everybody on the lot, by no means necessarily excluding the editor-in-chief", suppress valuable

story material in order to undersell "legitimate" authors. He says that "the editor falls back on outside submitted material as a last resort", and when his "lady friend" has nothing on hand, or when none of "the professional writers who go the rounds of the studios" has presented a manuscript over the "nearest bar". All of this may be more or less autobiographical on the part of Mr. Anonymous, but fortunately it is not the rule. There is no more favoritism shown in the purchase of photoplays than there is in the selection of magazine stories or novels. And most scenarios are bought and paid for in Los Angeles where there are no bars.

On the sixth page of lamentation over the consistent rejection of "outside submissions", we find the keynote of the complaint of the successful author of printed fiction whose photoplays are rejected. It is set down in italics to avoid any possibility of its being passed unnoticed—*and his name means nothing!* Right there Mr. Anonymous hit the nail squarely on the head. Unless the author be capable of writing a producible photoplay, his name means *absolutely* nothing. The name of a sculptor on the cover of a novel means nothing unless it is a good novel. The name of an ace aviator means nothing on a grand-opera program unless he can sing. When successful authors of short stories and novels recognize the fact that the photoplay is a new and distinct art, and not a lame brother of the speaking stage or of written literature, then and not before will those authors become successful photoplaywrights.

In supervising the activities of the Manuscript Sales Department of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, I am constantly in close touch with scenario

editors and producers, and with very few and infrequent exceptions I find nothing but courtesy and honesty among them. No influence nor peculiar quality of salesmanship is necessary if a manuscript contains material for a successful photoplay. If it does not contain such material, neither influence nor salesmanship will sell it.

I thoroughly agree with the summing up of the second instalment of

the anonymous articles in which the author says:

In other words, I see no way of overcoming the existing difficulties except for the authors who are interested in writing for the screen to become willing and able to learn the technique of picture-making, exactly as they learned to read, write, dictate, or type-write, proof-read and construct.

The author who takes the screen seriously and accepts it as a new and separate art will have no difficulty in selling the creations of his brain.

THINGS

BY ALINE KILMER

Sometimes when I am at tea with you
I catch my breath
At a thought that is old as the world is old
And more bitter than death.

It is that the spoon that you just laid down
And the cup that you hold
May be here shining and insolent
When you are still and cold.

Your careless note that I laid away
May leap to my eyes like flame
When the world has almost forgotten your voice
Or the sound of your name.

The golden Virgin da Vinci drew
May smile on over my head
And daffodils nod in the silver vase
When you are dead.

So let moth and dust corrupt and thieves
Break through and I shall be glad
Because of the hatred I bear to things
Instead of the love I had.

For life seems only a shuddering breath,
A smothered desperate cry,
And things have a terrible permanence
When people die.

A BOOK-SHELF FOR THE MONTH

THE KINGDOM OF THE BLIND

By Frank Dilnot

Sir Arthur Pearson, the English newspaper proprietor, became totally blind just before the war began, and it was thus his own affliction which, as the casualties began to come in from the battlefield, led his thoughts in the direction of a special relief never before attempted for those who had lost their eyesight. Sir Arthur Pearson though sightless retained the energy, initiative, and courage which had taken him to high success in business. He turned the whole channel of his efforts into the work for those stricken like himself. "I pictured these men after their discharge returning to their own homes, where, for all the love that might surround them, they would probably slip into hopeless and useless lives, and the idea developed itself of a Hostel where they could 'learn to be blind'." That is how he describes in his book the scope of his new work. He was helped almost at once by Mr. Otto Kahn who placed at Sir Arthur's disposal St. Dunstan's, his residence in Regent's Park, London, a spacious and splendid house with fifteen acres of grounds. The once beautiful gardens of St. Dunstan's are now almost covered with workshops, classrooms, offices, storehouses, chapels, and recreation rooms, and the whole establishment is a nucleus of special institutions attached to it at the seaside and in other parts of the country.

"Victory Over Blindness" is Sir Arthur Pearson's story of how the

blinded soldiers temporarily crushed by tragedy have been shown that life was worth while after all. Occupations have been taught—a dozen of them: stenography, poultry farming, mat- and basket-making, joinery, shoe-making, and other things. Leading business men have been to the institution, and by the training they have received there they have been enabled to resume the charge of great commercial operations in spite of their blindness. That is the practical side. All would have been in vain, however, if the underlying motive had not been the cultivation of an attitude of mind; and this book, tersely and cheerily written, with a studious avoidance of sentimentality, is the record of a brave soul imparting its bravery and forcing it on others who sorely needed it.

In the introductory first chapter there is given in a sentence the motive governing Sir Arthur's new work. Blindness he says was to be,—

... regarded as a handicap only, a little world very much in touch with the big world around it. As the blind man finds himself increasingly self-reliant, taking something like his accustomed place in the world, astonishing himself even more than he astonishes others to whom he seems something of a miracle, the sense of happiness grows.

Sir Arthur tells of how men walk about the streets avoiding vehicles as if they had their sight; of how at a dinner party of blind men a visitor was surprised to realize that it was a sightless gathering; of how the blind have put aside the help of friendly relatives and servants, shaving themselves, dressing themselves, moving

about the house with freedom, and in all essentials behaving exactly as they did when they had their vision. He makes a reference to the sweethearting at St. Dunstan's, how girls fall in love with the men and marry them gladly and happily. Throughout there is emphasis on the fact that blindness is but a handicap and a handicap to be conquered, conquered not with the sense of affliction but with determination and cheeriness. To Sir Arthur Pearson more than to any other single person that conquest is due. The British government, witnessing his work, placed under his care every British soldier blinded in the war.

Radiating throughout all the pages of this book is an unquenchable fire of energy and decision. Sir Arthur tramples underfoot suggestions of pity. He will not hear of maudlin sympathy. The narrative unwittingly becomes the record of a big heart and soul, the reflection not merely of a big brain but of that Anglo-Saxon spirit which knows no defeat and fears no terrors.

It was my privilege in New York a few months ago to be the chairman at a dinner at which Sir Arthur was the guest. Stone-blind, a slim, well-dressed figure in evening clothes, he came in with the alert, decisive, nervous tread of a young man, and handled his food and drank his glass of wine and lighted his cigar with the assurance of a man having sight. He made a sprightly, factful, intensive speech with resolution and instruction in every sentence. A stranger would never have known that he was blind—which was exactly the effect he desired to produce. He strove then in his speech as now in his book to avoid any word of sorrow or pathos; and in that very matter-of-factness, in those determined

phrases, in that steady cheerfulness, there came to all his hearers as there must come to all his readers an exaltation such as can only be produced by a great soul. He made light of the tragedy—for a tragedy it remains when all is said and done. And it is that same tendency in his book which adds poignancy to the whole story. Nevertheless quite unconsciously he reveals in one passage all that blindness means. He describes how in his sleep he enters again the world of sight. "In my dreams I am never blind. Then I see as I used to".

The indirect effects of the book are even greater than those for which it is purposed. Bent on a special project and heedless of other results, Sir Arthur has produced a work which will help to ennoble men and women all over the world.

Victory Over Blindness. By Sir Arthur Pearson. George H. Doran Company.

A MAKER OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

By Wilbur Cortez Abbott

It is probable that no two men in the world, of equal intelligence and independent judgment, would quite agree on the names of twelve "makers" of the nineteenth century; but it is certain that the name of Bismarck would undoubtedly be included in any such list made by any man with any knowledge of that period. For, whatever we may think of the product, there is no question that the fame of the maker of Germany is secure. It is, therefore, the more surprising that until now there has been no adequate, nor even satisfactory, biography of Bismarck in English, nor indeed, in any tongue; and it is a peculiarly appropriate and sig-

nificant circumstance that at this moment there should appear such an appreciation—from the pen of an Englishman. It is the more remarkable because, as the author declares and his pages witness, this study was begun and very largely completed, so far as its investigation and conclusions are concerned, before the outbreak of war. And though it is inevitable that the great conflict should point the moral and adorn the tale, though that result is perhaps no less desirable than inevitable, it has not, so far as one may judge, done anything to prejudice the case. For one may say, at the outset, that Mr. Robertson has written an admirable book, clear, penetrating, well-informed, judicious, and interesting, a book to be read and to be reckoned with, and one which deserves a multitude of readers—which it will doubtless have.

The long and active life of the great German leader is a peculiarly attractive subject for biography. It coincides almost precisely with the period which we have agreed to call the nineteenth century, for he was born in 1815 and died in 1898. It was concerned with one of the two great forces which moulded the politics of the period just past—the force of nationality. It was devoted to a single task, the unification of Germany. And it has therefore a certain unity like that of a Greek tragedy, which at this moment is the more conspicuous—not only in that the fabric which he built has for the time been wrecked by the incompetence of his successors, but in that its downfall has been accomplished by the states which represent the force which he so long and so successfully opposed in his own land, that of democracy. And as one reads that long and fascinating tale of how this Prus-

sian Junker grew to be the dominant force in Prussia, then in Germany, and finally in Europe—as he contemplates the will and the ability which enabled this individual to compel his king, his country, and his contemporaries in all lands to follow his ideals and his policy, and considers how he altered the face of Europe and the world,—he is well-nigh constrained to say of Bismarck what was said of Voltaire—that he was less a man than a movement, like the Reformation or the Renaissance.

The problem to which Bismarck addressed himself was threefold—to unify Germany, under Prussia, and make her an autocracy. This involved two principal factors: first that of external politics—the exclusion of Austria from Germany, the ascendancy over France; and the establishment of Germany as a factor in the European diplomatic and military system. That series of events is familiar to most reading men. What has been by no means so evident is the second factor with which he had to do—the conquest of the German liberals. The first part of the problem is now a classic of the old diplomacy; and to this Mr. Robertson has addressed himself with clarity and intelligence. He has told, or retold, well that long and complicated story of the various steps which led to the triumph of the blood and iron policy. To that he has added but one judgment contrary to the accepted tradition—his denial of the legend that Bismarck falsified the Ems telegram. Yet that judgment is based upon a mere difference of interpretation of the word *falsified*; and each reader may judge for himself whether or not this more moderate conclusion is not too lenient. Where his book especially shines is in its careful evalua-

tion of the Germany which preceded and followed the advent of Bismarck. It is probable that such an appreciation would have been impossible without the clarifying process of the war, which by its very nature has compelled us to study Germany, to discover what it was that produced this great catastrophe. To this there is no clearer answer to be found than in these illuminating pages; for to evaluate Bismarck it has been necessary to understand his fellow countrymen even more than the methods and circumstances of the old diplomacy.

For Germany has been a mystery. To the non-German mind it has till now been difficult or impossible to find a way through that complex of politics, science, and philosophy which animated its people. Its army and its industry, its education and its social activities, its government and diplomacy we have seen; but its mind and heart, the impelling force which lay behind this infinite activity, we have but dimly apprehended if at all. And this has clouded our appreciation of this great figure, a figure greater than the times on which it fell, greater than the people whence it sprung, yet partaking of its people and its times. This then is the great service of Mr. Robertson, that he has now interpreted not only Bismarck but Bismarck's Germany; and that, though written in the light of the world conflagration which Germany kindled, his pages do not reflect the lurid glare of controversy but are illumined with that clear and detached flame of scholarship which is inspired not alone by knowledge but by the rarer gift of wisdom.

Bismarck. By C. Grant Robertson. Henry Holt and Co.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

By Maurice Francis Egan

Doctor William Draper Lewis's "The Life of Theodore Roosevelt" is a book that no self-respecting reader ought to romp through. In the making of many books about this many-sided man of genius there will be some to suit all tastes, but none of these can have any value, except for purposes of reference, that do not touch on the personality of the ex-President, irrespective of what may be called his political activities.

Doctor Lewis does not choke us with documents, although he offers one of the most interesting documents possible—the introduction by William Howard Taft. To this, the reader will naturally turn with expectancy and interest. When one remembers how different in training and temperament Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt are, one must turn eagerly to this appreciation. There was no man for whom Mr. Roosevelt had a greater respect than for Mr. Taft, or a deeper affection; and, notwithstanding the differences of political opinion which afterward arose, this regard remained. And yet it is hard to imagine that Mr. Taft, with his legally trained mind—which would have been hard and rigid if it had not been for his cordiality and sense of humor—could always be in strict accord with another extraordinary man who believed, in the best sense, in the unwritten law; still, the hooks of steel which bound them together might be hidden for a time, but they still held. This introduction shows how sincere was the deep respect, which, added to affection and a long period of team-work, held these men together. No man about Mr. Roosevelt when he was President knew better than Mr. Taft the es-

entials of his character; and none of course knew better the meaning and motives that actuated him in the great moments of his life in the White House.

Mr. Roosevelt was President of the United States both by vocation and avocation; he liked the work; and he was perpetually "on the job" with all the energies of his will and temperament. One of the many interesting passages in the introduction is Mr. Taft's characterization of Speaker Reed and Roosevelt:

Roosevelt was a supporter of Thomas B. Reed for the presidency when Mr. Reed and Mr. McKinley were rivals for the nomination. Roosevelt and Reed were great friends. They were different. Reed was a brilliant epigrammatist, a man of great personality, a master of trenchant speech, a conservative and not a reformer of the enthusiastic type, a believer in good government, a strong Protectionist, a partisan Republican. I have said Mr. Reed was not a reformer. This does him injustice. He was a fine parliamentarian and he saw the absurdity of a procedure that enabled the minority in a great legislative body like the House of Representatives to block the action of the majority long after there had been given a full opportunity for debate. By his personal rulings and against riotous opposition and bitter abuse, he ended forever the ridiculous anomaly that a man might be present in the House and yet prevent his being counted as part of a quorum by refusing to answer to his name. Roosevelt interested Reed and Reed interested Roosevelt, and they were great friends. Each poked fun at the other, and the other enjoyed it.

So Roosevelt supported Reed. Reed was beaten. There were those who were friends of McKinley, Reed, and Roosevelt. They thought that it might bring two great Republican leaders closer together if McKinley should appoint Roosevelt to be Assistant Secretary of the Navy. When the matter was pressed upon McKinley, he hesitated and replied, "But Roosevelt is always in such a state of mind", but he nevertheless appointed him. This remark, if properly understood, reveals the temperamental difference between McKinley and his successor.

Roosevelt's interest in the navy had begun with his college days when he began the preparation of the Naval History of the War of 1812, a book which Senator Lodge, no mean authority, declares to be the best and most reliable history extant of that war upon

the sea. Roosevelt's chief was Secretary Long. Secretary Long was a Unitarian of Quaker proclivities and not urgent in respect to preparation for a war. The differences between them because of this difference in attitude toward naval preparation were numerous. Roosevelt, however, did succeed in putting on the Pacific station a squadron of warships under the command of a real commander like Dewey, with ammunition enough to fight a battle.

Mr. Taft adds:

The Spanish war Mr. Roosevelt saw coming before either his Secretary or his President. As soon as it came, he determined to be in it. There were many reasons of a personal and family character that would have held other men, but not Roosevelt. It was characteristic of him that he got to Cuba, that he was in a fight the day he landed, and that he was in all the land fights there were in that war. He had a real soldier's ambition, but he was never able to gratify it. No death would have satisfied him as well as death in battle. He longed for such an epic ending of his career.

Doctor Lewis carefully covers Theodore Roosevelt's whole career, in much more than historical outline; and, in spite of the labor necessary to the accuracy of his work, these pages do not smell of the lamp. This is largely due, not only to great skill, but to that sympathy with Mr. Roosevelt which evidently induced the author to write. While this "Life" has a characteristic charm and flavor, yet no important episode, political, sociological, or diplomatic, of Mr. Roosevelt's career is left out; and any writer who has ever attempted to cover such varied ground, must marvel at the art with which Doctor Lewis has managed to do this. And in spite of the necessity of touching with high light the important events which seem to crowd at every time and everywhere around the subject of his biography, Doctor Lewis finds time to soften these high lights by what the artist in painting might possibly call the use of values. For instance, how characteristic is the anecdote touch-

ing on the relations between the Kaiser and the Czar of Russia. The incident occurred at a luncheon at Windsor Castle. Mr. Roosevelt was talking with the Czar. The Kaiser very roughly interrupted the conversation; he said: "My friend, Roosevelt, I wish you to meet the King of Spain. He!" (turning his back directly upon the Czar, but looking at him over his shoulder with a most contemptuous expression) "is a king worth knowing!" The Czar at times disliked the Emperor almost as much as King Edward detested his Prussian nephew; but he was never able to keep this hatred consistent. If he had been more consistent in his dislike, he might have saved his country.

This "Life of Theodore Roosevelt" is easy to read; it is modestly told, carefully edited, and a valuable contribution to a literature which bids fair to fill a long shelf in our libraries.

James Morgan's new edition of "Theodore Roosevelt, the Man and the Boy" is a delightful book. One of the most attractive of its pages is a rather rare photograph of the young Roosevelt, just entering manhood; and the spirit of youth pervades all this volume. We know from Mr. Taft's introduction to Doctor Lewis's book that Secretary Long was temperamentally opposed to what Conservatives considered the undisciplined energy of "T. R."; but we see here how Long himself was carried away by the patriotism of the maturer Roosevelt when the Spanish War broke out. "Now he must throw himself into the strife of arms, for this man 'with the dash of Henry of Navarre', as Secretary Long said, 'but without any of his vices', must obey the sage,—

Go put your creed into your deed,
Nor speak with double tongue."

James Morgan, and Hermann Hagedorn in a recent book, seem to have left little to be said about the boyhood and youth of Roosevelt; but they see him from different angles, and each with intense sympathy for his character. Neither Doctor Lewis nor Mr. Morgan nor Mr. Hagedorn stands if at the feet of a great man and looks up. This is an attitude which no biographer of the great President could have taken and been true to his subject. In regarding Mr. Roosevelt one must have acquired something of his own spirit to appreciate him, which means a reflection of his own *camaraderie*. Mr. Morgan's book is full of this spirit.

One of the most interesting chapters is that which deals briefly with the descent of the Roosevelts, who came to New Amsterdam in 1649 or 1650. The family name was at first Van Rosenvelt; then Rosenvelt, then Rosavelt, and finally in 1750 Roosevelt. Mr. Roosevelt generally wore a ring, the seal of which was a rose tree on a gold field, symbolical of the name. One of Roosevelt's ancestors bought a tract of land for five hundred dollars, through which Roosevelt Street was cut; his grandfather lived in Union Square; his father's house is in Twentieth Street, and he himself, lived in Fifty-seventh Street.

The early Roosevelts were honest burghers and farmers, but in 1760 they had acquired the title of "Esquire" and their progress in general esteem, their sturdy honesty and devotion to the civic virtues, as well as the constant use of the virtue of prudence, placed them gradually among the most distinguished families of New York. On his mother's side Mr. Roosevelt was descended from the notable family, the Bullochs of Georgia. His sympathies and those

of his family were entirely with the North, but one of his uncles was a navigating officer in Alabama, and it is certain that his nephew was very proud of his courage. "My uncle", he said, "always struck me as the nearest approach to Colonel Newcome of any man that I have ever met in actual life". If one wants to study in a very skilfully condensed form the great events of Roosevelt's life, one must go to Doctor Lewis's volume; but for the flavor of Roosevelt's daily life, Mr. Morgan's volume is a veritable treasure.

It is amusing to notice the kind of things that irritated the President. The Brownsville incident he seemed to take rather calmly. At great moments, even when the unexpected happened, he acted as if he had expected it. He was tremendously exercised over the newspaper story of the elaborate meals served at the White House. He was not accustomed to reveal the intimacies of his domestic life; but he rushed into print at once and announced that his family were quite content with very simple things. He, himself, very often took a bowl of bread and milk for luncheon, while the children had cold meat if any had been left over. As for the sixteen courses at dinner, they existed only in the imagination of the journalist. Unless it were a gala occasion, he and his family habitually ate either a three-course or a two-course dinner. The President's wrath was moderated, however, by the admission of the chronicler that the manners of the Roosevelt children were good. "It must be admitted", he said, "that all my children do know how to use their knives and forks; they do keep their elbows off the table; and they bow their heads during the saying of grace."

Mr. Roosevelt was on very good terms with the son of his rector, the pastor of Grace Reformed Church in Washington, as he was with all decent boys. Coming back from his summer vacation, the clergyman's son asked after the Roosevelt boys. "I don't know how they are", the President answered, "for when I saw them last they were eating green apples." Mr. Morgan's description of Mrs. Roosevelt is very true and charming, and marked by a delicate reticence which is a sign of the good taste that endears Mr. Morgan to us. Mr. Morgan stresses one fact, not sufficiently marked in the existing biographies. Under no President had the United States so far acquired such prestige as it did under President Roosevelt. Before the Spanish War, ambassadors and ministers had taken the Washington post as rather a penance; but the countries of Europe began very soon to see that the new President was not a local politician, or the provincial "accident", good enough for a new and uncultivated country but not the equal of their rulers and statesmen at home. Mr. Morgan well says: "All the leading governments suddenly dropped their old habits of neglect toward Washington and have studied to select for their ambassadors at that post the strongest available men."

The change was actuated as much by fear of the growing power of the United States, and of the fearless courage of the President, as by respect for his knowledge of the intricacies of foreign affairs. To anybody living in Europe with the power of contrasting the attitude of foreign governments in the '80's and their attitude in 1913, it was very apparent that the old cynical scorn or amused tolerance of the great republic of the West had disappeared. In

1914, a new phase began; but if Europe learned to respect us, the foundation of that respect was laid by Theodore Roosevelt.

There is a good index to this book; it is clearly printed; it is written with much sympathy and good taste,—a quality not always remarkably evident in such books,—and it has a certain simplicity of statement which ought to make it especially profitable to the young, though it is not specially written for them. At the end, Mr. Morgan says: "To Americans Roosevelt's death was like a death in the family. Even in their bursts of anger with him, his people were immoderately proud of him as the very embodiment of America."

The Life of Theodore Roosevelt. By William Draper Lewis. The John C. Winston Co.
Theodore Roosevelt, The Boy and the Man. By James Morgan. New edition with new chapters, illustrated. The Macmillan Co.

THE ETERNAL VOLTAIRE

By Benjamin De Casseres

Many years ago I had a vision. A superbeing stood atop Mont Blanc and wielded a tremendous scimitar. The flashing blade struck in all directions. It cut and hacked everywhere. It beheaded kings, judges, and priests. It split gallows and went through the walls of Bastiles and churches. The face of the superbeing always grinned—the eyes flamed with ironic benevolence. The dead broke their tombs to look at the astounding spectacle, and from the arcana of the unborn came tempests of roses, which drowned him up to the navel. This man of my vision was Voltaire.

Voltaire was the champion of humanity. He was the Don Quixote of France—a Don Quixote who knew how to get away with it. He was a perfect marriage of will and imagina-

tion. He was a perfect balance. His orbit was his own—eccentric, but governed by immutable laws. His prestige is today undimmed because he was the universal man—like Walt Whitman, he "contained multitudes". There were in him the germs of our modernity. He was the forerunner of three or four centuries. He was the spokesman of the dead, the living, and the unborn. His gestures are immortal. The real gods are hopelessly and imperviously human. Not cloud-begot, but mud-begot, Voltaire was a demigod. He was, in a word, Progress in the flesh.

I have read no more fascinating collection of letters than "Voltaire in His Letters", by S. G. Tallentyre. Here are eighty-four letters from the voluminous correspondence of the great satirist that are a perfect mirror of his mind and heart and life. Voltaire painted himself with his pen. Every feature and psychic crease is in this biography. If you have imagination you can hear his voice and look into the fire of his eyes and hear the pounding of his cane on the flag.

Voltaire corresponded with the world. He had something to say on everything, and he said it to everybody. Kings and princes, priests and mistresses, geometricians and innkeepers, novelists and jail wardens, ladies-in-waiting and astronomers, Protestants, Catholics, and Jews—he had something to say to them all, and when he could not say something to them, he did something to them.

Next to Leonardo da Vinci, he was alive at more points in his physical, mental, and moral peripheries than any man we know. In these letters all subjects are covered. That vibrant, electric, Gallic pen spat out opinions that landed him in the Bastille, in a Prussian court, in a mis-

tress's boudoir, in England, and finally in Paris, where he was celebrated and fêted into the tomb, literally.

Mr. Tallentyre has not given us a biography; he has given us a great epic centered around one of the most tremendous, vital, pulsating, human, right-wrong men with whom it has been our privilege to live on the same star.

Voltaire in His Letters. By S. G. Tallentyre. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ESSAYS—LAMBLIKE AND BLAND

By Edward N. Teall

"Journeys to Bagdad", "There's Pippins and Cheese to Come", and now "Chimney-Pot Papers": Charles S. Brooks invents teasing titles for his collections of essays. As a motto for the series these sentences from one of the papers in the newest volume might with fitness be selected: "A book at its best starts the thought and sends it off as a happy vagrant. It is the thought that runs away across the margin that brings back the richest treasure."

As to whether these are vagrant thoughts—some persons would say the crux was in the noun. They wander from chimneys to the Lost Digamma; from John Timbs, whom the encyclopædists have let slip from the place he ought to occupy between timbrel and Timbuktu, to umbrellas in the gale. They go walking in the country, and they make literary pilgrimages. They notice dentists and plumbers, children (not The Child!), wit and humor, youth and age, holidays, college memories, and almost everything else. And when a man talks about so many things, the question is

not so likely to be, "What does he say about them?" as "How does he say it?"

Mr. Brooks says things with a rather careful inconsequentiality. He is unconventional in the conventional (literary) way. And he is so good-natured, so pleased with himself, and so sure of the gentle reader's pleasure, that to puncture his pretense would be to match the coarseness of the chap who, seeing the parlor magician slip the egg into his pocket, *must* step up, slap the egg, and spoil the pocket—and the fun.

Brooks's egg is crammed full of the meat of temptation.

Is the language of "Chimney-Pot Papers" strange to us because we have lost the taste for English undefiled? Does the author anachronize deliberately, to save us from the American Language revealed by Professor Mencken? Mr. Brooks doesn't use quaint words, or obsolete words, or words that can be recognized only through the lexicographer's goggles. He doesn't employ the tricks of grammatical distortion, or prestidigitate paradoxically, or spread his pages with the condensed milk of epigram, to command uncritical acclaim. We find him guilty of good English.

The egg isn't even cracked.

Perhaps it's an artificial egg.

Essays are the safest kind of writing. The writer has a movable solar plexus, in his first premise. It isn't fair to criticize him for not doing what he hasn't tried to do. And when essays are meant only to give pleasure, they disarm criticism by the quality of their purpose: there are none too many honest attempts to give pleasure. Also, any kind of entertainment will please some of the folks. Those who don't care for the circus or free verse can go to church or read

Longfellow. Mr. Brooks's papers are distinctly the sort of thing that you will like if you like that sort of thing.

Brooks plays fair. You can infer the book quite accurately from the title. And the publishers have put it up in characteristically good form.

We have reached the limit of our allotted space, and (since the headline, at least), we have not mentioned Lamb. It is time to stop.

Chimney-Pot Papers. By Charles S. Brooks. Yale University Press.

HUNTING DOGS

By Walter A. Dyer

Warren H. Miller's "Airedale, Setter, and Hound" was one of the very few books, out of many dealing with dogs, which treated the subject of training the hunting dog with anything like adequacy. But there was still room for a more practical and comprehensive volume, and Mr. Miller has now written it. It is not especially a book for the sentimental dog lover, nor for the bench-show fancier either. It is a specialist's book—a book for the sportsman.

With a book of this sort, a brief résumé of the contents is, perhaps, the most helpful sort of review. Mr. Miller begins with history, and outlines the interesting development of the hunting breeds—the pointer from a dog of the hound type and the setter from the spaniel. He tells of the rise of these breeds to popularity, and explains the significance of the Laverack and Llewellyn strains of setters. The notes on the origin and development of the greyhound family, the foxhounds and beagles, and the spaniels are of equal interest.

A chapter is devoted to the leading strains of bird dogs—chiefly the

pointers and setters. These strains have been carefully bred for many generations, for special uses such as work on grouse, quail, water fowl, etc., and for the great sport of the field trials. English, Irish, and Gordon setters and pointers are characterized and the genealogy and pedigrees of famous strains are offered, until the uninitiated reader might be bewildered by the loftiness of their aristocracy.

The chapter on hounds is perhaps even more enlightening. The basset and harrier are not popular in America, but we have the foxhounds, the beagle, and the coonhound. I am glad Mr. Miller devotes so much space to the coonhound, for thus far the breed has enjoyed neither stud-book nor recognition by the American Kennel Club, and very little has been written about it. Yet it is a perfectly good American breed, distinct and useful. Originating from a cross of bloodhound and foxhound, the coonhound of the Southern States has been bred for over a hundred years for performance rather than for quality, and has won for itself a permanent place in the esteem of the sportsman if not of the fancier. Mr. Miller also touches upon another unrecognized breed, the old trailing hound of the North. The chapter includes the lengthy and complex history of the two types of foxhounds—English and American—and their smaller cousins, the beagles.

Another chapter is devoted to special field dogs: the wire-haired pointing griffon, recently imported from France and already winning its way with us; the Chesapeake Bay dog, another native American with an unsurpassed reputation as a water-fowl retriever; the quaint Irish water spaniel; the retrievers, English and Labrador; the field and cocker span-

iels; and the Airedale terrier, not usually rated as a hunting dog, but capable of learning almost anything and a wonder on bear and other big game.

Perhaps the most valuable chapter in the book is the one giving in practical detail successful methods of breaking and training the sporting dog. There are also chapters on the rearing, feeding, and housing of puppies, on breeding, on kennel construction, and on canine diseases and their treatment.

Many of the dog books on the market are hack jobs. This one is not. Mr. Miller contributes to the subject much original research and the results of personal experience. It is authoritative and well put together, and is not lacking in that sympathy for the four-footed huntsman which will appeal to every man whose ideal of sport is a dog and a gun and a day on marsh or heather.

The American Hunting Dog. By Warren H. Miller. George H. Doran Company.

A FABRE ROLLO BOOK

By Walter Prichard Eaton

Do you remember "Sanford and Merton", or the Rollo books? Like the late J. Brown's, their souls go marching on. They bob up, too, in unexpected places. Who, for instance, would suspect dear old Fabre of writing like Jacob Abbott? Yet the style of "Our Humble Helpers; The Domestic Animals", at least as translated by Florence C. Bicknell, has a painful similarity to that with which our poor little papas and mammas were afflicted. As early as chapter one, in which Uncle Paul is telling Emile, Jules and Louis all about the

cock and the hen, we find the following:—

"These curious particulars of the hen's habits", said Jules, "are quite familiar to us; we see them every day with our own eyes. Only one is new to me; hens, you say, swallow little grains of sand which take the place of teeth for grinding the food in the gizzard. I don't know what the gizzard is, and I don't see how little stones that have been swallowed can be used as teeth."

"A short digression on the digestive organs of birds", replied Uncle Paul, "will give you the information you ask for."

Of course, this may be in part the fault of the translator; but it cannot be wholly so. We are driven to conclude that French children are still a complaisant and long-suffering lot.

But this style is merely the clumsy shell which, when cracked, discloses the rich meat of simplified scientific information, arranged with precision, set forth, when Uncle Paul is fully launched on one of his "short digressions", with enthusiasm, quiet humor, and none of that sentimental squeamishness which would have caused Jacob Abbott to make a wide detour around the dung hill and studiously avoid the subject of capons. Indeed, there are few parents who could not learn a great deal about eggs, horses, ducks, dogs, milk, butter, cheese, the mysterious processes of birth and growth, of evolution and dissolution, from this book. Take the mere matter of eggs. Do you know how to tell whether an egg is fresh or not, by touching the shell with your tongue? It is a useful knowledge to possess, and this work imparts it. The shell of the book, the scheme of narration, is old-fashioned, stilted, clumsy, and will probably at first make an American juvenile reader actively hostile. But its inner spirit is ingratiating and its information at once profound and easily intelligible. The wise parent, perhaps, will read the opening chap-

ters aloud, improvising a somewhat livelier and more colloquial dialogue. After that, the book may safely be trusted to make its own way with intelligent youngsters. For mere movie-fed children, it will doubtless never have much appeal. A movie-fed child cannot long remain intelligent.

Our Humble Helpers: The Domestic Animals. By Jean-Henri Fabre, translated by Florence Constable Bicknell. The Century Co.

WHO BUYS ABANDONED FARMS?

By Martha Plaisted

Not the rich, certainly. The very quality of brain which enables the millionaire to get and to hold makes an inhibition against such a leaky investment of time and money. He prefers to limit himself to the economies of his marble mansion.

Nor the poor either. This is due not so much to the slum-dweller's lack of capital—the need for which, the prospectuses assure him, is negligible at the start and can always be realized immediately on the profits of the farm—as to the activities of the philanthropists, who have accustomed him to the pleasant luxuries of the model tenement, where he always has a porcelain bathtub ready in which to keep his winter's supply of coal.

Who, then, buys abandoned farms? I had already suspected the answer before I read Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine's book. It is the author. The first inkling of this truth dawned on me when I myself was seized by the lure of possessing such a place. If Mr. Fogarty had illustrated the catalogue which I so radiantly studied, as he did the "Dwellers in Arcady", I should have capitulated without the formality of a personal investigation.

Unprejudiced by the magic of his fancy, however, I made the tedious journey to Abandoned Land. But after I had glanced at the gat-toothed shoring of the house, at the leprous walls and the oozing well, I knew that the person whose trickle of sustenance depends on juxtaposition to an office desk cannot make common cause with the spit and the crane.

The confirmation of my suspicion about authors came when I accumulated two friends who owned abandoned farms. Both were of the writing guild. I took a few days off to visit them in the halcyon summer season. But something was wrong. Neither of my friends was obviously glad to see me. Jaded and uncommunicative, they allowed me to pick beans in the garden and rake hay in the meadow. I became very hot. They were hot, too. There was no ice to make a cooling drink; there was no hot water for refreshing ablutions. The task of preparing supper after the day's fag went spiritlessly; the subsequent "redding up" more so; and the shadow of tomorrow's canning loomed.

I felt depressed. I wasn't sure then what was the matter, but I see now that these two friends didn't know exactly how to go about things. I shall take pleasure in sending them each a copy of Mr. Paine's book to explain away their difficulties.

Things never went wrong with the author-dweller in Arcady. He moved in a mist of pink and green, purple, gold, and white—according to the season. His wife never became tired or cross or unreasonable. When she needed "help" in the kitchen, he retired to the little study he had fitted up for himself behind the chimney and "wrote"—which produced a maid. When he himself got the "callithumps"

from weeding the asparagus bed in the hot sun, he went behind the chimney—and hired a man. When he needed seeds and more seeds to satisfy his springtime intoxication, when he wanted a furnace, or an automobile, or a trip abroad, or an education for his children, the Monte Cristo cavern always proved adequate.

Perhaps my two friends had neglected to provide themselves with this necessity to success in their life work. In that case I hope with all my heart that they will profit by the simple formula set forth in "Dwellers in Arcady".

If Mr. Paine is to be accused of applying an inverse method of air-castle architecture in this tale of abandoned bucolic joy, it must be said in fairness that Mr. Fogarty is entirely convincing. Out of the many Americans who put pen to paper for line sketches, Mr. Fogarty emerges for his vigorous, nervous stroke—the stroke of a creative and individual artist. His touch is unmistakable.

Dwellers in Arcady. By Albert Bigelow Paine. Harper and Bros.

STEPHEN LEACOCK PROPOSES VARIOUS IMPOSSIBILITIES

By Constance Murray Greene

Like the sudden thoughts of clever things you might have said but didn't, Stephen Leacock's clevernesses always leave you with a dazed and regretful feeling that if you weren't terribly stupid, you might at least have had a go at them yourself. We have in mind such of his masterpieces as the character study of A, B, and C, which is, so far as we know, the only excursion that those famous arithmetical creations have made into literature. And yet we have all, or most of us, mar-

veled at A's magnificence, remained cold in the face of B's good, plodding ways, and wept for C's general delapidation. We have hated A for the diplomacy with which he invariably secured the cistern without leaks, the bicycle which made innumerable revolutions a second; and sorrowed with C over the sieve-like affairs that served him as cisterns, and the utter depravity of his bicycles; but somehow in the scheme of things it has been left for a professor of political economy to discover the rare fun to be had over this and a thousand other subjects.

"The Hohenzollerns in America and Other Impossibilities" is so timely a volume of humor as to leave us marveling at the good chance which has led less skilful humorists to leave the subject-matter untouched for Mr. Leacock's expert hand. Nothing could be more gratifyingly amusing at this time than that the Kaiser, the Crown Prince, Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, and the rest of the Hohenzollerns should be discovered as immigrants staggering up the steerage gangplank, their backs bowed down with trunks and boxes and their hands full of bundles. And nothing more fitting than that the once imperial demand, "Let wine be brought; I am faint", should be met with shouts of laughter and jeers of "Yes, let it" from the crowd.

The immigrant experiences of the German royal family are given in the form of a diary written by the Princess Frederica, niece to the Kaiser, and they follow the moulding of their characters under the hand of fate. Uncle Henry, brother to Wilhelm, finds work on board ship as a common sailor, while Cousin Ferdinand develops a taste for fine clothes and a business career through association

with two Jewish clothing merchants. Frederica writes on the day of landing:

Uncle Henry is going ashore just as he is in his blue jersey. But Cousin Ferdinand has put on a bright red tie that Mr. Mosenhammer has loaned to him for three hours. . . .

After Uncle William's offer to take over the presidency of Columbia had been refused, he debated whether he should accept the presidency of Harvard. Cousin Ferdinand looked up the salary in a book and told him not to take it.

"With the Bolsheviks in Berlin" records the author's observations on a tour of inspection during the recent revolution, conducted by his good friend, Count Boob von Boobenstein, whose spying days were spent as a waiter in Toronto. "Afternoon Tea With the Sultan" is of a similar nature. The fourth section of the book, "Echoes of the War", includes among other delights a series of complaints about the war as related by a tailor, an income taxpayer, a celebrated French contralto from Missouri; and best of all a barber:

Last week I saw where a feller said that all the barber shops ought to be closed up (will I singe them ends a bit?) till the war was over. Say, I'd like to have him right here in this chair with a razor at his throat, the way I have you! As I see it the barber business is the most necessary business in the whole war. . . .

And so through a delightfully Leacockian conversation.

"Other Impossibilities" is a browsing about among irrelevant subjects and includes a dissertation on "The Art of Conversation" with valuable hints on introducing two people to one another, and kindred difficulties. Mr. Leacock has observed that people tire of the empty phrases of society and look back wistfully to the simple, direct speech of savage life.

Such persons will find useful the usual form of introduction (the shorter form)

prevalent among our North American Indians (at least as gathered from the best literary model):

"Friends and comrades who are worthy,
See and look with all your eyesight,
Listen with your sense of hearing,
Gather with your apprehension—
Bow your heads, O trees, and hearken.
Hush thy rustling, corn, and listen;
Turn thine ear and give attention;
Ripples of the running water,
Pause a moment in your channels—
Here I bring you,—Hiawatha."

The last line of this can be changed to suit the particular case. It can just as easily read, at the end, "Here is Henry Edward Eastwood", or "Here is Hal McGiverin, Junior", or anything else. All names fit the sense. That, in fact, is the wonderful art of Longfellow—the sense being independent of the words.

The Hohenzollerns in America and Other Impossibilities. By Stephen Leacock. John Lane Co.

MASEFIELD PLAYS

By Walter Prichard Eaton

For something like ten years preceding the war, Masefield gave a goodly portion of his energy to dramatic composition, as one of the brave and talented band working for a renaissance of the British theatre. His plays—nine of them—are now collected in a single volume. It is significant that, with one exception, these plays are practically unknown to our stage, and that one—"The Tragedy of Nan"—is known only by special performances. The first two or three plays, especially "The Campden Wonder", were written to give a certain neighborhood dramatic self-consciousness. They may have done so—but as drama, they are unpersuasive and quaintly naïf. "The Tragedy of Nan" is a heart-breaking piece of grim realism, too much on one key, rather overdrawn, but powerful. "Pompey the Great" is an attempt at a modern treatment of the Roman scene, and suffers by comparison with Shaw's incomparable "Caesar and

Cleopatra". "Philip the King" is hardly a play at all.

"The Faithful", next to "Nan", is, on the whole, the most dramatically effective. But, in spite of "Nan", the total impression of these plays is quite different from the vivid, biting, stimulating impression of imaginative power gained from "Dauber", "The

Everlasting Mercy", and other of the poems. "Nan" is a better stage play than any Tennyson or Browning wrote, but even it does not efface the impression that Masefield turned to the theatre rather from social duty than divine impulse.

Collected Plays. By John Masefield. The Macmillan Co.

JEREMY

BY HUGH WALPOLE

(Continued)

CHAPTER XI

Mary

§ 1

Mary Cole had been, all her life, that thing beloved of the sentimental novelist, a misunderstood child. Had she been good-looking as Helen or independent as Jeremy, she would either have attracted the world in general or have been indifferent as to whether she attracted it or no. She might have found consolation in books or her own highly colored imaginings, had it not been for the burning passions which she formed, at a very early age, for living people. For some years now her life had centered round her brother Jeremy. Had the Coles been an observant family they might, perhaps, have found some pathos in the way in which Mary, with her pale, sallow complexion, her pear-shaped face with its dull grey eyes, her enormous glasses, her lanky, colorless hair and thin, bony figure, gazed at her masculine and independent brother. Uncle Samuel might have noticed but he was occupied with his painting.

Mary was only seven years of age

but she had the capacity for being hurt of a person of thirty. When somebody said, "Now, Mary, hurry up. You're always so slow", she was hurt. If Helen told her that she was selfish, she was hurt and would sit wondering whether she were selfish or no. If Mrs. Cole said that she must brush her hair more carefully she was hurt, and when Jeremy said anything sharp to her she was in an agony. Her devotion to her brother grew with every month of her life. She thought him, in all honesty, the most miraculous of human beings. There was more in her worship than mere doglike fidelity. She adored him for reasons that were real and true—for his independence, his obstinacy, his sense of fun, his sudden unexpected kindnesses, his sudden helplessness, and above all for his bravery. He seemed to her the bravest hero in all history, and she felt it the more because she was herself compact of every fear and terror known to man—it was not enough for her the ordinary panic that belongs to all human life at every stage of its prog-

ress. She knew that she could do everything twice as fast as Jeremy and Helen, that she was often so impatient of their slow progress at lessons that she would beat her foot on the ground in a kind of agonized impatience. She knew that she was clever, and she wondered sometimes why her cleverness did not give her more advantages. Why, for instance, should Helen's good looks be noticed at once by every visitor and her own cleverness be unnoticed? Certainly on occasions, her mother would say: "And Mary? I don't think you've met Mary. Come and say how do you do, Mary. Mary is the clever one of the family!" But it was always said in a deprecating, apologetic tone that made Mary hang her head and hate both herself and her mother.

She told herself stories of the time when Jeremy would have to depend entirely upon the splendor of her brains for his delivery from some horror—death, torture, or disgrace. At present such a time was, she was bound to confess to herself, very distant. He depended upon no one for anything; he could not be said to need Mary's assistance in any particular. And with this burning desire of hers came, of course, jealousy. Had you told Mrs. Cole, good mother though she was, that her daughter Mary, aged seven, suffered tortures through jealousy, she would have assured you that it was not in reality jealousy but rather indigestion, and that a little cod-liver oil would put it right.

Mary, with a wisdom greatly beyond her years, realized very quickly that this was some sort of horrible disease with which she must wrestle alone.

Jeremy was, of course, sublimely unaware of the matter: he knew that

Mary was silly sometimes, but he attributed that to her sex: he went on his way, happily indifferent whether anyone cared for him or no. . . . Mary suffered agonies when, as sometimes happened, he sat with his arm round Helen's neck and his cheek up against hers. She suffered when, in a mood of tempestuous affection to the whole world, he kissed Miss Jones. She even suffered when he sat at his mother's feet while she read "The Dove in the Eagle's Nest" or "Engel the Fearless". Most of all, however, she suffered over Hamlet. She knew that at this present time, Hamlet was the one creature for whom Jeremy passionately cared. Matters were made worse by the undoubted truth that Hamlet did not care very much for Mary—that is, he never gave any signs of caring and very often walked out of the room when she came into it. Mary could have cared for the dog as enthusiastically as Jeremy did—she was always sentimental about animals; but now she was shut out from their alliance and she knew that when she came up to them and began to pat or stroke Hamlet, Jeremy was annoyed and Hamlet's skin wriggled in a kind of retreating fashion under her fingers. Wise people will say that it is impossible for this to be a serious trouble to a child. It was increasingly serious to Mary.

Jeremy was not, perhaps, so tactful as he might have been. "Oh bother, Mary!" he would say, "you've gone and waked Hamlet up!", or "Don't stroke Hamlet that way, Mary! He hates it!", or "No, I'm going for a walk with Hamlet. We don't want anyone". Or Hamlet himself would suddenly bark at her as though he hated her, or would bare his teeth and grin at her in a mocking, sarcastic way that he had. Her

jealousy of the dog grew apace, and with that jealousy unfortunately her secret appreciation of his splendors. She could not help admitting to herself that he was the most attractive dog in the world. She would look at him from under her spectacles when she was supposed to be reading, and watch him as he rolled, kicking his legs in the air; or as he lay stretched out, his black wet nose against his paws, his eyes gleaming, his gaze fixed—like the point of a dagger raised to strike,—upon some trophy, or enemy, or spoil; or as he sat, solemn and pompous, like the Lord Mayor holding a meeting as Jeremy said, up against his master's leg, square and solid as though he were cut out of wood, his peaked beard supercilious, his very ears at a patronizing angle; or, as Mary loved best of all to see him, when he was simply childish, playing as though he was still a new-found puppy with pieces of paper or balls or string, rolling and choking, growling, purring, staggering and tumbling. At such times, again and again, her impulse would be to go forward and applaud him, and then the instinct that she would be checked by Jeremy stayed her.

As this year grew toward summer, Mary had the feeling that Jeremy was slipping away from her. In the old days he had asked her opinion about many things, he seemed to enjoy the long stories that she had told him—at any rate he had listened to them very politely,—and he had asked her to suggest games or to play with his toys. Now, as the summer drew near, he did none of these things. Was he growing very conceited? Was it because he was going to school and thought himself too old for his sisters? No, it was rather as though

he lately had thoughts of his own, almost against his will, and that these shut him off from the people round him.

At last just before they all moved to Cow Farm, Mary made a silly scene. One evening she was sitting deep in Charlotte Mary, and Hamlet, bunched up against his master's leg, stared at her. She had long ago told herself that it was ridiculous to mind what Hamlet did, that he was not looking at her and, in any case, he was only a dog—and so on. But tonight she was tired and had read so long that her head ached—Hamlet was laughing at her, his eyes stared through his hair at her, cynically, superciliously, contemptuously. His lip curled and his beard bristled. . . . Moved by a sudden wild impulse she picked up "The Chaplet of Pearls" and threw it at him. It hit him (not very severely) and he gave the sharp melodramatic howl that he always used when it was his dignity rather than his body that was hurt. Jeremy looked up, saw what had happened, and a fine scene followed. Mary had hysterics, stamped and screamed and howled. Jeremy, his face white, stood and said nothing but looked as though he hated her, which at that moment he undoubtedly did. It was that look which more than anything else in the world she dreaded. . . .

She made herself sick with crying, then apologized with an abjection that only irritated him the more—finally she remembered the smallest details of the affair long after he had forgotten all about it.

§ 2

During the first weeks at Cow Farm Mary was happy. At first Jeremy was kind and considerate. He was so happy that he did not mind what any-

one did and he would listen to Mary's stories quite in the old way, whistling to himself, not thinking about her at all perhaps, really, but very patient. But after the first fortnight he slipped away from her again—and now more than ever before. He went off for long walks with Hamlet, refusing to take her with them; he answered her questions so vaguely that she could see that he paid her no attention at all; he turned upon her and rent her if she complained. And it was all, she was sure, that horrible dog. Jeremy was always with Hamlet now. The free life that the farm gave them, no lessons, no set hours, no care for appearances, left them to choose their own ways and so developed their individualities. Helen was now more and more with her elders, was becoming that invaluable thing "a great help to her mother", and even, to her own inexhaustible pride, paid two calls with Mrs. Cole on the wives of neighboring farmers. Then Barbara absorbed more than ever of Helen's attention, and Mary was not allowed to share in these rites and services because "she always made Barbara cry".

Hamlet began to be an obsession with her. Mary told herself that if it were not for the dog Jeremy would always be with her, would play with her, walk with her, laugh with her as he used to do. She acquired now an awkward habit of gazing at him with passionate intensity. He would raise his eyes and find the great moon-faced spectacles fixed upon him with a beseeching, reproachful glare in the light of them. This would irritate him intensely. He would say:

"You'll know me next time, Mary".

She would blush crimson and then with trembling mouth answer:

"I wasn't looking".

"Yes, you were".

"No, I wasn't".

"Of course, you were—staring as though I were an Indian or Chinaman. If my face is dirty, say so".

"It isn't dirty".

"Well, then—"

"You're always so cross".

"I'm not cross—only you're so silly—"

"You usen't always to say I was silly. Now you always do—every minute".

"So you are". Then as he saw the tears coming, he would get up and go away. He didn't mean to be unkind to her, he was fond of her—but he hated scenes.

"Mary's always howling about something now", he confided to Helen.

"Is she?" Helen answered with indifference. "Mary's such a baby".

After the affair of the sea-picnic Jeremy, having nearly drowned poor Charlotte Le Page on that occasion, was for some time under a cloud. It was felt that he was getting too big for anyone to manage. Being a little in disgrace he went off more than ever by himself, always appearing again at the appointed time, but telling no one where he had been or what he had been doing. Mary longed with feverish longing to share in his adventures. If only he would tell her what he did on these walks of his. But no, only Hamlet knew. Perhaps, if he did not go with the dog he would go with her. When this idea crept into her brain she seized it and clutched it. That was all he wanted, a companion! Were Hamlet not there he would take her. Were Hamlet not there. . . . She began to brood over this. She wondered. . . . She considered. She shuddered at her own wickedness, she tried to drive the thoughts from her head, but they

still came, they came, they came. . . .

After all no one need know. For a day or two Jeremy would be sorry and then he would forget. She knew the man who went round selling dogs . . . selling dogs and buying them. . . .

§ 3

She shuddered at her wickedness.

The last days of August came and with them the last week of the holiday. Already there was a scent of autumn in the air, leaves were turning gold and red, and the evenings came cool and sudden, upon the hot summer afternoons. Mary was not very well; she had caught a cold somewhere and existed in the irritating condition of going out one day and being held indoors the next. This upset her temper and at night she had nightmares in which she saw clouds of smoke crawling in at her window, snakes on the floor, and crimson flames darting at her from the ceiling. It was because she was in an abnormal condition of health that the idea of doing something with Hamlet gained such hold upon her. She considered the matter from every point of view. She did not want to be cruel to the dog; she supposed that after a week or two he would be quite happy with his new master and, in any case, he had strolled in so casually upon the Cole family that he was accustomed to a wandering life.

She did not intend that anyone should know. It was to be a deep secret all of her own.

Jeremy was going to school in September and before then she must make him friendly to her again. She saw stretching in front of her all the lonely autumn without him, and her own memories of the miserable summer to make her wretched. She was

an extremely sentimental little girl. . . .

As always happens when one is meditating with a placated conscience a wicked deed, the opportunity was suddenly offered Mary of achieving her purpose. One morning Jeremy after refusing to listen to one of Mary's long romances lost his temper:

"I can't stop", he said. "You bother and bother and bother. Hamlet and I are going out. And I'm sick of your silly old stories. . . . Look here, Mary, what's been the matter with you lately? You're always crying now for something. And you look at me as though I'd done something dreadful. I haven't done anything".

"I—never—said you—had", Mary gulped out. He rubbed his nose in a way that he had when he was puzzled—

"If it's anything I do, tell me. It's so silly always crying. The holidays will be over soon and you've done nothing but cry".

"You're—never — with me — now", Mary sobbed.

"Well, I've been busy".

"You haven't—you can't be busy all—by yourself".

"Oh, yes, you can". He was getting impatient. "Anyway you might let Hamlet and me alone,—you're always bothering one of us".

"No, I'm not". She choked an enormous sob and burst out with: "It's always Hamlet now. I wish he'd never—come. It was much nicer before".

Then he lost his temper. "Oh, you're a baby. . . I'm sick of you and your scenes", he cried and stamped off.

In Mary's red-rimmed eyes, as she watched him go, determination grew.

It happened that upon the afternoon of that same day Miss Jones announced that she would take Mary

for a walk: then, just as they passed through the farm gates, Hamlet, rushing out, joined them. He did not often humor them with his company, despising women most especially when they walked; but today his master was busy digging for worms in the vegetable garden and, after a quarter of an hour's contemplation of this fascinating occupation, he had wandered off in search of a livelier game. He decided to join Miss Jones; he could do what he pleased, he could amuse himself with her ineffectual attempts to keep him in order and he could irritate Mary—so he danced along, with his tail in the air, barking at imaginary rats and poking his nose into hedges.

Mary, with a sudden tightened clutching of the heart, realized that her hour was upon her. She felt so wicked as she realized this that she wondered that the ground didn't open up and swallow her, as it had done with those unfortunate people in the Bible. But no, the world was calm. Little white milky clouds raced in lines and circles across the sky, and once and again a leaf floated from a tree, hung for a moment suspended and then turned, slowly, to the ground. The hedges were a black-green, high and thick above the dusty road: there had been no rain for weeks. Truly, a stable world—Mary, glaring at fate, wondered how it could be so.

Miss Jones, who was happy and optimistic today, talked in a tenderly reminiscent tone of her youth. This vein of reminiscence Mary, on her normal day, loved. Today she did not hear a word that Miss Jones said:

"I remember so well my mother saying to my dear brother, 'Do what you like, my boy. I trust you.' And I remember his saying, 'Don't ask me

to tell a lie, mother, I cannot do it.'"

"Like George Washington", said Mary, suddenly catching the last words of Miss Jones's sentence.

"He was like many famous characters in history I used to think. Once I remember reading about Oliver Cromwell. . . . Where is that dog? Hamlet! Hamlet! Perhaps he's gone after the sheep. Ah! there he is! Hamlet, you naughty dog!"

They were approaching one of their favorite pieces of country, Mellot Wood. Here, on the wood's edge the ground broke away, running down in a field of corn to a little green valley with clustered trees that showed only their heads, so thickly embedded were they, and beyond the valley the sea. Mary looked about her. It was here on the edge of the Rafiel Road that skirted the wood that she had once seen the dog-man eating his luncheon out of a red pocket handkerchief. There was no sign of him today. All was silent and still; only the little wood uttered sighs of content beneath the flying clouds. Hamlet, tired with his racing after imaginary rabbits, walked quietly by Mary's side. What was she to do? She had once again the desperate feeling that something stronger than she was had swept down upon her, and was forcing her to do this thing. She seemed to have no will of her own but to be watching some other commit an act whose dangerous wickedness froze her heart. How could she? But she must. Someone was doing it for her.

And in very truth it seemed so. Miss Jones said that now they were here she might as well call upon Miss Andrews, the sister of the Mellot farmer. Miss Andrews had promised her some duck's eggs. They pushed open the farm-gate, passed across the yard and knocked on the house door.

Near Mary was a large barn with a heavy door, now ajar. Hamlet sat, gazing pensively at a flock of geese, his tongue out, panting contentedly.

"Wait here one minute, Mary", said Miss Jones. "I won't stay".

Miss Jones disappeared. Mary, still under the strange sense that it was not she, but another, who did these things, moved back to the barn, calling softly to Hamlet. He followed her, sniffing a rat somewhere. Very quickly she pulled back the door; he, still investigating his rat, followed into the dark excitement of the barn. With a quick movement she bent down, slipped off his collar which she hid in her dress, then shut him in. She knew that for a moment or two he would still be pursuing his rat and she saw, with guilty relief, Miss Jones come out to her just as she had finished her evil deed.

"Miss Andrews is out", said Miss Jones. "They are all away at Liskane Fair".

They left the farm and walked down the road. Hamlet had not begun his cry.

Miss Jones was pleased. "Such a nice servant", she said. "She had been with the family fifty years she told me and had nursed Mr. Andrews on her knee. Fancy! Such a large fat man as he is now. Too much beer I suppose—I suppose they get so thirsty with all the straw and hay about. . . . Where's Hamlet?"

Mary, wickeder than ever, stared through her spectacles down the road. "I don't know, Miss Jones", she said. They had left the wood and the farm, and there was nothing to be seen but the long white ribbon of road hemmed in by the high hedges.

"Perhaps he stayed behind at the farm", said Miss Jones.

Then Mary told her worst lie.

"Oh no, Miss Jones. He ran past us just now. Didn't you see him?"

"No, I didn't. He's gone on ahead I suppose. He runs home sometimes. Naughty dog! We shall catch him up".

But of course they did not. They passed through the gates of Cow Farm and still nothing of Hamlet was to be seen.

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" said Miss Jones. "I do hope that he's arrived. Whatever will Jeremy say if anything has gone wrong?"

Mary was breathing hard now as though she had been running a desperate race. She would at this moment have given all that she possessed or all that she was ever likely to possess to recall her deed. If she could have seen Hamlet rushing down the road toward her she would have cried with relief; there seemed now to be suddenly removed from her that outside agency that had forced her to do this thing; now, having compelled her, it had withdrawn and left her to carry the consequences. Strangely confused in her sentimental soul was her terror of Jeremy's wrath and her own picture of the wretched Hamlet barking his heart out, frightened, thirsty, and lonely. Her teeth began to chatter; she clenched her hands together.

Miss Jones went across the courtyard, calling:

"Hamlet! Hamlet!" The family was collected, having just sat down to tea, so that the announcement received its full measure of excitement.

"Has Hamlet come back? We thought he was ahead of us".

A chair had tumbled over; Jeremy had run round the table to Miss Jones.

"What's that? Hamlet? Where is he?"

"We thought he must be ahead of

us. He ran past us down the road and we thought—"

They thought! Silly women! Jeremy, as though he were a challenging God, stood up against Miss Jones hurling questions at her. Where had they been? What road had they taken? Had they gone into the wood? Where had he run past them?

"I don't know", said Miss Jones, to this last. "I didn't see him. Mary did".

Jeremy turned upon Mary: "Where was it you saw him?"

She couldn't speak. Her tongue wouldn't move, her lips wouldn't open; she could but waggle her head like an idiot. She saw nothing but his face. It was a desperate face; she knew so much better than all the others what the thought of losing Hamlet was to him. It was part of the harshness of her fate that she should understand him so much better than the others did.

But she herself had not realized how hardly he would take it. . . .

"I didn't. . . . I couldn't. . . ."

"There's the dog-man", he stammered; "he'll have stolen him". Then he was off out of the room in an instant.

And that was more than Mary could bear. She realized, even as she followed him, that she was giving her whole case away, that she was now, as always, weak when she should be strong, soft when she should be hard, good when she should be wicked, wicked when she should be good. She could not help herself. With trembling limbs and a heart that seemed to be hammering her body into pieces, she followed him out. She found him in the hall, tugging at his coat.

"Where are you going?" she said weakly.

"Going?" he answered fiercely.

"Where do you think?" He glared at her. "Just like you". He broke off, suddenly appealing to her. "Mary, can't you remember? It will be getting dark soon and if we have to wait until tomorrow the dog-man will have got him. At any rate he had his collar—"

Then Mary broke out. She burst into sobs, pushed her hand into her dress, and held out the collar to him.

"There it is! There it is!" she said hysterically.

"You've got it?" He stared at her, suspicion slowly coming to him. "But how—? What have you done?"

She looked up at him wild-eyed, the tears making dirty lines on her face, her hand out toward him. "I took it off . . . I shut Hamlet into the barn at Mellot Farm. I wanted him to be lost. I didn't want you to have him. I hated him—always being with you and me never".

Jeremy moved back and at the sudden look in his eyes her sobbing ceased, she caught her breath, and stared at him with a silly fixed stare as a rabbit quivers before a snake.

Jeremy said in his ordinary voice:

"You shut Hamlet up? You didn't want him to be found".

She nodded her head several times as though now she must convince him quickly of this,—

"Yes, yes, yes, I did. . . . I know I shouldn't but I couldn't help it—"

He clutched her arm, and then shook her with a sudden wave of fierce physical anger that was utterly unlike him and therefore the more terrifying.

"You wicked, wicked. . . . You beast Mary!"

She could only sob, her head hanging down. He let her go.

"What barn was it?"

She described the place. He gave

her another look of contempt and then rushed off, running across the courtyard.

There was still no one in the hall: she could go up to her room without the fear of being disturbed. She found the room, all white and black now with the gathering dusk. Beyond the window the evening breeze was rustling in the dark trees of the garden and the boom of the sea could be heard, faintly. Mary sat, where she always sat when she was unhappy, inside the wardrobe with her head among the clothes. She had a fit of hysterical crying, biting the hanging clothes between her teeth, feeling suddenly sick and tired and exhausted with flaming eyes and a dry-parched throat. Why had she ever done such a thing, she loving Jeremy as she did? Would he ever forgive her? No, never—she saw that in his face—perhaps he would—if he found Hamlet quickly and came back. Perhaps Hamlet never would be found. . . . Then Jeremy's heart would be broken.

She slept from utter exhaustion and was so found by her mother when the room was quite dark and only shadows moved in it.

"Why, Mary?" said Mrs. Cole. "What are you doing here? We couldn't think where you were. And where's Jeremy?"

Jeremy! She started up, remembering everything.

"Hasn't he come back? Oh, he's lost and he'll be killed and it will be all my fault!" She burst into another fit of wild, hysterical crying. Her mother took her arm. "Mary, explain—what have you done?"

Mary explained, her teeth chattering, her head aching so that she could not see.

"And you shut him up like that? Whatever . . . oh, Mary, you wicked

girl! and Jeremy—he's been away two hours now. . . ."

She turned off leaving Mary alone in the black room.

§ 4

Mary was left to every terror that can beset a lonely, hysterical child—terror of Jeremy's fate, terror of Hamlet's loss, terror of her own crimes, above all, terror of the lonely room, the waving elms and the gathering dark. "Ah! you're the little girl", they seemed to say, "who lost Jeremy's dog and broke Jeremy's heart". Ridiculous pictures passed before her, of Jeremy hanging from a tree, Jeremy lying frozen in the wood, the faithful Hamlet dead at his side, Jeremy stung by an adder and succumbing to his horrible tortures, Jeremy surrounded by violent men who snatched Hamlet from him, beat him on the head and left him for dead on the ground.

She passed what seemed to her hours of torture under these horrible imaginings. After endless ages of darkness and terror and misery she heard voices—then *his* voice! She jumped out of the wardrobe and listened. Yes, it *was* his voice. She pushed back the door, crept down the passage and came suddenly upon a little group with Jeremy in its midst crowded together at the top of the stairs. Jeremy was wrapped up in his father's heavy coat, and looked very small and impish as he peered from out of it. He was greatly excited, his eyes shining, his mouth smiling, his cheeks flushed.

His audience consisted of Helen, Mrs. Cole, Miss Jones, and Aunt Amy. He described to them how he had run along the road "for miles and miles and miles", how at last he had found the farm, had rung the bell, had in-

quired, and had finally discovered Hamlet licking up sugary tea in the farm kitchen; there had then been a rapturous meeting and he had boldly declared that he could find his way home again without aid. "They wanted me to be driven home in their trap—but I wasn't going to have that. They'd been at the Fair all day and didn't want to go out again . . . I could see that". So he and Hamlet started gaily on their walk home and then, in some way or another, he took the wrong turn and suddenly they were in Mellot Wood. "It was dark as anything, you know, although there was going to be a moon. We couldn't see a thing and then I got lost and lost. At last we just sat under a tree—there was nothing more to do!" Then apparently Jeremy had slept and had, finally, been found in the proper romantic manner by Jim and his father.

"Well, all's well that ends well", said Aunt Amy with a sniff. In spite of that momentary softness over the defeat of the Dean's Ernest, she liked her young nephew no better than of old. She had desired that he should be punished for this, but as she looked at the melting eyes of Mrs. Cole and Miss Jones, she had very little hope.

Mary was forgotten, no one noticed her.

"Bed!" said Mrs. Cole.

"Really, what a terrible affair", said Miss Jones. "And I can't help feeling that it was my fault".

"What, Mary—" began Mrs. Cole. And then she stopped. She had perhaps some sense that Mary had already received sufficient punishment.

Mary waited, standing against the passage wall. Jeremy, who had not seen her, vanished into his room. She waited, then plucking up all her courage with the desperate, suffocating

sense of a prisoner laying himself beneath the guillotine, she knocked timidly on his door.

He said, "Come in", and, entering, she saw him, in his braces standing on a chair trying to put the picture entitled "Daddy's Christmas" straight upon its nail. The sight of this familiar task—the picture would never hang straight although every day Jeremy who, strangely enough, had an eye to such matters, tried to correct it,—cheered her a little.

"Won't it go straight?" she said feebly.

"No, it won't", he began and then suddenly realizing the whole position stopped.

"I'm sorry, Jeremy", she muttered hanging her head down.

"Oh, that's all right", he answered, turning away from her and pulling at the string. "It was a beastly thing to do all the same", he added.

"Will you forgive me?" she asked.

"Oh, there isn't any forgiveness about it . . . Girls are queer I suppose. I don't understand them myself. There, that's better . . . I say, it was simply beastly under that tree—"

"Was it?"

"Beastly—there was something howling somewhere, a cat or something".

"You do forgive me, don't you?"

"Yes, yes . . . I say is that right now? Oh, it won't *stay* there. It's the wall or something".

He came down from the chair yawning.

"Jim's nice", he confided to her. "He's going to take me ratting one day!"

"I'm going", Mary said again and waited.

Jeremy colored, looked as though he would say something, then in si-

lence presented a very grimy cheek. "Good night", he said with an air of intense relief.

"Good night", she said, kissing him.

She closed the door behind her. She knew that the worst had happened. He had passed away, utterly

beyond her company, her world, her interests. She crept along to her room and there, with a determination and a strength rare in a child so young and so undisciplined, faced her loneliness.

(To be continued)

THE VANISHED YEATS, THE NEVER-VANISHING KIPLING, AND SOME OTHERS

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

What has become of the old—or, rather, of the young—Yeats? Where are all the fire and magic of those early years; where the almost divine flame of his genius which George Moore has so often spoken of? What has happened to the Irish poet who, of recent years, has remained so aloof from us? If his marriage late in life has caused us to lose the artist, what a tragedy it is for the world of letters! But one does not like to think that; and much as Yeats moons now about his vanished youth, we hope he has not lost all sense of proportion. Yet in his new book—a thin volume containing some thirty-eight pieces and called "The Wild Swans at Coole", there is a lack that terrifies and appals; and in reading it one can scarcely believe that this is the voice of the man who wrote, in his vigor, not so many years ago, "The Lake Isle of Innisfree", and those rare lines—

Who dreamed that beauty passes like a dream?

For these red lips, with all their mournful pride,

Mournful that no new wonder may betide,
Troy passed away in one high funeral gleam,
And Usna's children died.

Next to that place the quatrain, "The

Balloon of the Mind", and then sit down and think on Yeats. Listen:

Hands, do what you're bid;
Bring the balloon of the mind
That bellies and drags in the wind
Into its narrow shed.

So far has Yeats, who charmed us all in the past, wandered away from reality that we find him, on being asked for a war poem—who was foolish enough to ask him for one, by the way?—writing this bit of drivel:

I think it better that in times like these
A poet keep his mouth shut, for in truth
We have no gift to set a statesman right;
He has had enough of meddling who can please

A young girl in the indolence of her youth,
Or an old man upon a winter's night.

And while the Irish bard was thus excusing himself, great poets were not merely writing stirring songs of the world cataclysm, but were shedding their blood in the cause of justice, and a great artist like Paderewski was trying to save Poland. Even Le Gallienne came from his high dreams of butterflies and rainbows, and walked the earth with us while he put down some fine lyrics. But Yeats has seen fit to go his own way, while the world rocked beneath his feet. That,

I take it, is why his new songs are so fragile, so reed-like. A poet can be a man of action, too. The ambassador of the fairies may have been all right in the eighteen-nineties, and in the early part of this century; now, frankly, he seems a little out of date; and if he had no place for a suffering world in his exalted heart, perhaps a revived world will have no place for him now that the turmoil is over.

This insistent separation of art from the war is all nonsense, anyhow. For art must be an interpretation of life, and the war became a definite part of life, unpleasant as it was; and those who failed to take heed of it cannot be true exponents of the age in which they live.

Turn to Lady Gregory's remarkable collection, "The Kiltartan Poetry Book", and you will see what Yeats ought to have been doing during the past two or three years, since he would not think of the war. Here is a mine of beauty, in prose as uplifting as the Psalms of David. Ancient Irish folklore has been reawakened for us with infinite skill, and the loveliness of the rich past shines again at the windows of the world. No more thrilling volume has come to us in the past decade. It is indeed a treasure house, and in a wonderfully sympathetic introduction Lady Gregory tells us of the place many of these old legends have occupied in her heart since her girlhood. She missed learning the Irish language by a mere accident; but later, with the help of her son, she dug enough out of it to enable her to read in the original and to understand the talk of the peasants, old men in work-houses, and beggars along the rough roads of Ireland. She has kept all the wonder of the old folk-songs. The heartbreak and beauty are preserved for all time, and there is no library

that should not have the result here set down. Lamentation and grief are the predominant notes, as of course they would be, in these outpourings which are a veritable cascade of sorrow. "The Hag of Beare", crooning of her early days, says:

When my arms are seen it is long and thin
they are;
Once they used to be fondling, they used to be
Around great kings . . .
Amen, great is the pity; every acorn has
to drop.
After feasting with shining candles, to be
in the darkness of a prayer-house.
I was once living with kings, drinking mead
and wine;
Today I am drinking whey-water among
withered old women.

But there is no use in starting to quote from this great book. I would fill this number with nothing but the loveliness from its pages if I let myself go. It is a volume to be treasured and passed on to understanding friends.

If Yeats has died, artistically (the comma after *died* is important), Kipling has come into his own for the second time. Nothing irritates me more than to hear the ignorant whisper that Rudyard Kipling is "written out". The war, which engrossed all thinking men and women for four long, horrible years, simply gave him his second wind, and in "The Years Between" he has collected all those poems which he wishes to preserve, the output that covers a decade perhaps. To my mind it is the strongest, most vital volume of verse from his pen. In it you will find "Zion" with its haunting lilt, its unforgettable cadence; and "The Sons of Martha"; and those verses which to me are among the best of the war, "For All We Have and Are", no matter what the multitude may say. Kipling is still the Roosevelt of poetry, and there isn't a line he has written, just as

there never was a word T. R. said,
that isn't of sharp interest to us all.
Dynamic man! what a joy it is to have
him back with this ringing book, no
banjo-strummer now, as he was once
accused of being, but a full orchestra,
with every instrument under his com-
mand. Who, writing today, could
match "The Benefactors", with those
agate opening stanzas?

Ah! what avails the classic bent
And what the cultured word
Against the undoctored incident
That actually occurred?

And what is Art whereto we press
Through paint and prose and rhyme—
When Nature in her nakedness
Defeats us every time?

Written out? Sometimes I think
Kipling has just begun his career, so
full of fire is his pen, so fraught with
young surprise his latest lines.

We have not heard much from
Laurence Housman lately; but now he
is with us again. "The Heart of
Peace" is uneven; but it contains some
lines of rare power and beauty. The
war poems are the weakest of all; it is
in the light, careless lyric that Hous-
man excels. It is in a piece like "Con-
cerning Kisses" that he is happiest;
but by far the chief distinction is at-
tained in the lines on "Henri Pol:
Bird-Lover". They cannot be matched.
This is how they begin:

Bon soir, bon soir, Monsieur Pol!
For they tell me now you are dead.
Go, then, and peace to your soul,
And warm like a nest be your bed—
A warm, well-feathered, well-weathered nest,
To give rest to the bird-wise head!

And then he goes on:

O gentle lover of birds,
Out of your place of rest
Throw to the world a crumb
Of the love that was in your breast,—
The love you bore for the dumb,
The compassion you had for the weak,
The broken, the frail, the meek,
When dally you used to come!

I wish more elegiac verse might be
written in this spirit!

Corinne Roosevelt Robinson's latest
volume is packed with good things.
The sonnets are extraordinarily fine.
"We Who Have Loved" is the perfec-
tion of that difficult form; and the
poems on her brother, Theodore
Roosevelt, are not mere lines written
on the occasion of his death, but real
poetry gushing from a bereaved heart.
Let me quote the two concluding
stanzas from one of the poems:

I loved you for the radiant zest,
The thrill and glamour that you gave
To each glad hour that we could save
And garner from Time's grim behest.

I loved you for your loving ways,—
And just because I loved them so,
And now have lost them,—thus I know
I must go softly all my days!

In her nature poems Mrs. Robinson
becomes the sympathetic interpreter.
So simple a song as "The Path That
Leads Nowhere" will find a place in
many anthologies. The last stanza is
enough to give the feeling of the whole
poem:

All the ways that lead to Somewhere
Echo with the hurrying feet
Of the struggling and the striving,
But the way I find so sweet
Bids me dream and bids me linger,
Joy and Beauty are its goal,—
On the path that leads to Nowhere
I have sometimes found my soul!

There are many lighter pieces that de-
serve mention, too, and the whole col-
lection will stand the test of time.

Another woman's voice, and the
voice of a woman recently bereaved,
is heard in a quiet little volume called
"Candles That Burn". Mrs. Joyce
Kilmer has her name on the title-page,
and one finds her brave in her grief,
singing tenderly to the children that
she now seems to love with an even
keener devotion since their father,
Sergeant Kilmer, was killed in France.
Mrs. Kilmer has technique, and

though she is always charmingly feminine, she never indulges in oversentimentality. Take a poem like "In a Hall Bedroom", and you will see how deftly she reaches her climax, and how much pity she has for her subject:

"In the long border on the right
I shall plant larkspur first", she thinks.
"Peonies and chrysanthemums
And then sweet-scented maiden pinks.

"The border on the left shall hold
Nothing but masses of white phlox.
Forget-me-nots shall edge this one,
The one across be edged with box.

"The sun-dial in the centre stands.
There morning-glories bright shall twine.
And in the strip at either end
Shall grow great clumps of columbine.

"There is no garden in the world
So beautiful as mine", she dreams.
Rising, she walks the little space
To where her narrow window gleams.

She gazes through the dingy pane
To where the street is noisy still,
And tends with pitiable care
A tulip on the window-sill.

"To Two Little Sisters of the Poor"
marches also to a fine climax—

Quickly you came and went, you two,
But the Grace of God stayed after you.

The poignant note in "When You Had Been Dead" strikes home; one cannot read it without tears. But Mrs. Kilmer is never sorry for herself. You get the sense, after reading her lines, that she is indomitable, and that she will go on writing "with a high heart and a level head". I shall watch for her second book with a great deal of interest. This first one is well worth having and keeping.

I am not quite so enthusiastic about Babette Deutsch, whose "Banners" is also, I believe, an initial appearance between covers. Miss Deutsch is too deadly in earnest with some sort of "message"—I haven't been able to find out what it is yet; but she has great

possibilities. In the sonnet "Redemption" she can cry—

We crave the long blind void of being dead,
and all through her pages there is the single line or the couplet that reveals the authentic poet. For one thing, Miss Deutsch is intense, and her sonnets are like cameos. And she can draw a sharp picture, as in "Distance" where she shows two old men bending over a chess-board:

The old heads nod;
A parchment-colored hand
Hovers above the intricate dim board.
And patient schemes are woven, where they
sit
So still,
And ravelled, and reknit with reverent skill.
And when a point is scored
A flickering jest
Brightens their eyes, a solemn beard is raised
A moment, and then sunk on the thin chest.

Scudder Middleton is growing fast. His first slender book "Streets and Faces", published about two years ago, held out great promise; and in his second volume now before us, "The New Day", he strikes a deeper note. The opening lines, "1919", are rich and vibrant, revealing all an artist's love for peace, his almost passionate joy in the final redemption of the world. He tells us that he has

. . . heard the clear, new bugles blow
Over the English lanes and Russian snow!

In such marginalia as "Interlude" Mr. Middleton is at his very best. Here it is:

I am not old, but old enough
To know that you are very young.
It might be said I am the leaf,
And you the blossom newly sprung.

So I shall grow a while with you,
And hear the bee and watch the cloud,
Before the dragon on the branch,
The caterpillar, weaves a shroud.

But by far the best poem in the book (all too small, by the way) is "The

Secret of John Doe". How the young do rejoice in revealing their innermost selves! But how simple and direct the lines are, how fearlessly beautiful, as though he said to the world, "You can't conquer me! See! I am unafraid!" Let me give the poem in full. It is too good to reprint only in part:

I do the task for little coins,
I rise and eat and lay me down.
I am the undistinguished slave,
Like millions of this dusty town.

No one would guess that I have seen
Young Jesus on the burning cross
That shines electric on the Square
And turns the golden stars to dross.

No one would guess that once I walked
With slim Diana of the Tower,
And searched the crannies of the paves
And found, with her, the hidden flower.

They cannot know that I have sat
With Edgar Poe till dawn came up,
And heard him weep for his Lenore,
And seen the raven on his cup.

No one would say, to look at me,
That once I loved a woman here,
Or that this clerk, tied down to books,
Could touch the lips of Guinevere.

I do my daily tasks for coins,
I wake and eat and lay me down—
Yet I have been the man who lives,
A poet in this dingy town.

Yet there are those who say there is no poetry to be extracted from New York!

"Victory" is the title of an anthology edited by William Stanley Braithwaite, and thirty-eight American poets have celebrated it in sonnets, odes, lyrics, and vers libre. It is a mighty good collection; but it is curious and amusing to see the pacifist bards coming out strong now that the armistice is signed! Many of them were as mute as the little bugs under a stone for four long years; but of course they must join now in a scream of exultation—they who would lift neither voice nor finger for their country in her hour of need. The Star

Spangled Bynner, as no doubt he would now like to be known, waxes passionate and almost hysterical over "The Day", and is eloquent now about "justice" and "the dawn". Perhaps he is trying to put a permanent wave in the flag. Who knows? Even Ridgely Torrence comes forth and pipes in the chorus. No one wanted peace more than the fighting man. But it was the right kind of peace he dreamed of, no patched-up affair made in Germany. It takes very little courage to speak now; it took a great deal when we were technically "neutral". I wish the pacifists and internationalists, or whatever they are calling themselves this season, would remember this when they rush into print now. They have lots to say about peace; but there is never a word of recrimination against Germany, I notice.

Mr. Braithwaite deserves much praise for his labor of love. George Sterling, whose sonnets in 1915 were among the best the war evoked, is represented by a splendid poem, "Altars of Victory", and other contributors include Josephine Preston Peabody, Amelia Josephine Burr, Percy Mackaye, Wilton Agnew Barrett, Dana Burnet, Margaret Widdemer, Richard Butler Glaenzer, and a host of others too numerous to name. But why wasn't a table of contents provided for reference?

I find in "Dreams and Jibes", by Edward Sapir, rather an original note struck. There is deft and ironic humor now and then, and the free verse is far better than the rhymed measures. "The Old Maid and the Private" is delightfully amusing from the soldier's point of view—the stupid, elderly woman who had no use for even a single Boche and who could not see the war beyond her own nose. To

the private who had been through it all she was merely ludicrous in her narrowness, and he covertly told her so. "Monks in Ottawa" is in the same whimsical vein; likewise "The Clergyman" and "The Learned Jew". One can't call this poetry; but it is far better than much of the free verse Miss Monroe publishes every month, for instance, in her magazine of "Poetry". Mr. Sapir may be heard from. He has a feeling for words and phrases, and his sense of humor will save him from many pitfalls.

A young man named George Rostrevor comes forth with a tiny volume called "Escape and Fantasy", and the jacket announces that "the war in Europe has served to bring forward a group of young poets of whom the author of this book is one of the more notable." Yet in its pages one searches vainly for some reaction showing a contact with the struggle. The book might just as well have been written in 1913 as now, for all the light it throws on Mr. Rostrevor's feelings concerning Europe and the fighting

men there. On the contrary, if "Canteen Classics" is the best that emerges from a close-up experience on the other side it is perhaps just as well that Rostrevor held his tongue and let Alfred Eggers do the talking—one cannot call it singing. "Balder's Death and Loke's Punishment" by Cornelia Steketee Hulst is another volume that leaves little to be said.

O Poetry, what crimes are committed in thy name!

The Wild Swans at Coole. By William Butler Yeats. The Macmillan Co.

The Kiltartan Poetry Book. By Lady Gregory. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Years Between. By Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday, Page and Co.

The Heart of Peace. By Laurence Housman. Small, Maynard and Co.

Service and Sacrifice. By Corinne Roosevelt Robinson. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Candles That Burn. By Aline Kilmer. George H. Doran Company.

Banners. By Babette Deutsch. George H. Doran Company.

The New Day. By Scudder Middleton. The Macmillan Co.

Victory. Compiled by William Stanley Braithwaite. Small, Maynard and Co.

Dreams and Jibes. By Edward Sapir. Richard G. Badger.

Escape and Fantasy. By George Rostrevor. The Macmillan Co.

Canteen Classics. By Alfred Eggers. Richard G. Badger.

Balder's Death and Loke's Punishment. By Cornelia S. Hulst. The Open Court Publishing Co.

CANADIAN POETRY

BY PELHAM EDGAR

If to have written none of it, and to have read it all—or all of it that is readable—establishes one's right to deal with Canadian poetry, I may claim that I have at least the preliminary qualifications for the task. The reasonable reader will demand credentials of more extensive scope and would wish to be assured that the critical opinions, which in a brief essay must seem so peremptory, proceed neither from too charitable a regard for the efforts of an adolescent art, nor on the other hand from too harsh an estimate of the value of minor poetry. I would rather satisfy the demands of such a reader than tickle the vanity of a multitude of expectant poets. Consequently, at the risk of being thought ungenerous and unsympathetic, I will discuss the work of our better writers with reference to standards of absolute rather than of relative merit. The question, therefore, will be not "Is Robinson a better poet than Jones?" but rather, "Are Jones and Robinson poets?" Whether they are or not they will continue to write in spite of my opinion, and in the present debauched condition of the public taste they need not fear diminished sales.

The word *absolute* as I glance back has a cold, repellant, metaphysical look. Even the few major poets of the ages have their endearing imperfections, and I use the term therefore merely to mark my intention of measuring our Canadian poets by the same standards of value as would apply to

any poets of the modern time whose medium of expression is the English language. Banality achieves no virtue by being colonial, and no varnish of local color can mask a structural defect from the discerning eye. I ask that you shall be a poet first, and then be as much as you will a Canadian.

Our poetry is of course not a natural growth. In its origin it was not, so to speak, a rivulet from the hills that gathered volume as it flowed, but rather a sluggish diversion from the main stream with no current or impulse of its own. Our early writers are primitive enough, but their primitiveness is mere ineptitude. The first vital work I find dates from so late a period as 1884. In that year Miss Isabella Valancy Crawford published her verses under the unattractive title of "Old Spookses' Pass, Malcolm's Katie, and Other Poems". She died three years later at the age of thirty-six. The volume of her "Collected Poems" contains additions culled from the corners of casual newspapers. Miss Crawford wrought "with the shaping spirit of imagination", and her verse abounds in sudden felicities of phrase and subtleties of thought. Unequal though her work is, it is incontestably superior to that of her contemporary, George Frederick Cameron, whose poetry has all the merits usually found in skilful undergraduate verse.

Within a year or two of one another, and about 1860, the five poets who were the destined founders of our

national poetry were born—C. G. D. Roberts, Bliss Carman, Duncan Campbell Scott, Archibald Lampman and Wilfred Campbell. Of this group, the two last named are dead. Roberts and Carman lived and worked much together at one time, and were subjected to the same shaping influences. The same thing is true of Lampman and Scott, and so it is that a healthy element of rivalry, friendly emulation, and stimulating sympathy enters into our poetry for the first time. These men wrote not only for themselves but they wrote for one another, and it was the ambition of each to have his verses commended by his friend. The comment was usually frank, and the result was always healthy.

Mr. Roberts was the first to announce himself, and since 1880 he has been prolific of prose and verse which is rarely without distinction, and which so far at least as his poetry is concerned is frequently marked with elements of power. No poem, and no group of poems stands out preeminently, but everywhere there is competency and the skill of the efficient craftsman.

Miss Crawford's talent is incontestably greater, but since the themes that Roberts chose and the methods he employed became largely the themes and methods of his fellow poets, a brief discussion of these will serve better as an introduction to the subject of Canadian poetry than an examination of "Spookses' Pass".

In the 'seventies and 'eighties Canadian youths of imagination were reading Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Tennyson, Rossetti, Swinburne, Matthew Arnold, and Browning, and it seems clear that the initial direction of Roberts's art was determined more particularly by Keats, Rossetti, and Tennyson. He began as a Canadian

pre-Raphaelite, and was clearly dominated by the "æsthetic" tendencies of contemporary English poetry. We can see now that this was in a sense a dangerous ancestry. "Alexandrianism" was in its decline in England, and our nascent poetry was attaching itself therefore to a dying tradition. Less and less was mere literature to be held in esteem, and more and more was vital imaginative contact with life and reality demanded of the poet. Even in the Irish diversion where "actuality" was despised, the effort to escape rhetoric and phrase-making was unmistakable.

I am not asserting that new fashions (and poetry is curiously a creature of fashion) are necessarily better than old, but merely that Mr. Roberts started his journey as a fifth wheel to a beautifully modeled but rickety coach. One of the legacies bequeathed to him was classical myth, a legitimate poetical theme like any other but demanding the deftest imaginative treatment. Miss Marjorie Pickthall has the trick of vitalizing these old-world stories, whether classical or biblical. She makes a picture for the mind's eye by touches, never too emphatic, of local color, and satisfies our human sympathies by importing into her theme as much emotion as it is capable of bearing. But the classical work of Roberts and of Lampman is academic, as that of Carman is monotonous and cold, and we are relieved that they did not expend themselves more freely in that direction.

Independent of English influence our poetry would undoubtedly have been preeminently a nature poetry. What our writers gained from their models was the romantic method of visualizing and the romantic method of spiritualizing scenery. Nature is

approached with reverence and delight. Energy, beauty, power are hers. All virtue resides in her, and intimations of divine significance shine in upon the mind that has been initiated into her mysteries. Roberts has certainly less of the religion of nature than his fellow poets—less mysticism than Carman, less simple rapture than Lampman, less intelligence than D. C. Scott. But if he does not surpass Lampman, he equals him in his power of giving us the salient aspects of a scene, and with the essential details also, though not invariably, the emotional reaction. It is a sort of impressionistic realism, and it demands for its success close powers of observation, and the same skill in selection and representation that the landscape painter possesses. The general effect in a large body of poetry where there is such scanty human interest and such an exiguous fund of ideas is monotonous, and to find relief from this monotony we must turn to the "habitant" sketches of Drummond or to Service's northern yarns, the authors of which were too sensible to imagine that their wide popularity established their claim to high poetic distinction.

A sonnet from Mr. Roberts's "Songs of the Common Day" must serve to represent a typical subject and his way of treating it:

THE MOWING

This is the voice of high midsummer's heat.
 The rasping, vibrant clamour soars and shrills
 O'er all the meadowy range of shadeless hills,
 As if a host of giant cicadæ beat
 The cymbals of their wings with tireless feet,
 Or brazen grasshoppers with triumphing note
 From the long swath proclaimed the fate that smote
 The clover and timothy-tops and meadow-sweet.
 The crying knives glide on; the green swath lies,

And all noon long the sun, with chemic ray,
 Seals up each cordial essence in its cell,
 That in the dusky stalls, some winter's day,
 The spirit of June, here prisoned by his spell.

May cheer the herds with pasture memories.

Of Carman one best remembers the early pieces from "Low Tide on Grand Pré" to the "Vagabondia" songs he wrote with Richard Hovey. We may have thought him better than he was, for his latest work has belied the early promise; but in the 'nineties I rated him as the most spontaneous and exquisite of American lyrists. He had then a distinct vein of originality, not much passion but a kind of fitful intensity that simulated it, a discreet touch of Bohemianism that was not more than mildly bacchanalian and erotic, a sense of the mystery of life and death, a sunny courage that served him as philosophy, and above all the gift of naming things beautifully. He has now beaten out his philosophy very thin, and he names too many things beautifully and always in the same way. It is the penalty that age pays for being too exclusively sensuous, for being too little interested in events, in character, and in the general movement of ideas. He cannot run out of material, for he has still all the seasonal changes to draw from, but we await not too hopefully the renewal of his early inspiration. Many memory-haunting lines return to me as I think of those first books of his:

Was it a year or lives ago
 We took the grasses in our hands,
 And caught the summer flying low
 Over the waving meadow lands,
 And held it there between our hands?

How delicate too and tender was the inspiration of "Pulvis et Umbra", and how sure and sympathetic the lines that commemorated the life whose wanderings closed in Samoa. In the "Vagabondia" volumes, too, there was God's plenty, and the late Francis

Thompson told me once that of Canadian poetry these songs were all he knew and cared for.

Wilfred Campbell did not start with so rich a poetic endowment as either Roberts or Carman. These poets never lose their artistry, but Campbell's sense of form was fitful at the best and at the worst was non-existent. He will live by a few beautiful things in which his habitual vehemence did not betray him into incoherence. To his credit be it said that at least he tried to think.

Lampman had many solid virtues, and was developing power to the end. He and his friend Duncan Campbell Scott most nearly fulfill our conception of what Canadian poetry should stand for, and what it might attain. They lived always in our country, and for many years in Ottawa, its political center, a town set in the midst of most enchanting scenery at the confluence of three great rivers that draw down from the highlands of the north. At the gateway of the wilderness their escape was easy into regions of untamed nature, and they were both devoted woodsmen. The love of wild things was in their veins, but each was vitally interested also in the problems of the modern time, and in their poetry we might expect to look for refutation of the charge that our Canadian poets are lacking in human interest. The one impulse gave us Lampman's "Woodcutter's Hut", and a score of poems in which wild things find a voice; the other gave us his "Land of Pallas" and that grim piece of a hopeless hour, "The City of the End of Things". But his chief concern was to register his impressions of nature in her quieter moods. He is the poet of the April forests and the midsummer fields, and a snake fence or a cluster of withered mullein stalks

serves his purpose supremely well.

The most significant of our Canadian poets is Duncan Campbell Scott, and no contemporary work in Canada or elsewhere interests me more. He has a securer sense of form and more musical variety than is possessed by any of those I have named, as rich a fund of emotional energy, and more of the "fundamental brainwork" upon which Rossetti asserted that great poetry must necessarily rest. His output is slender, and this we may attribute either to fastidiousness, which is the euphemistic term for laziness, or more charitably to the demands of his official duties, or more truly perhaps to a defect in the creative impulse. If Carman is too voluble Scott is too reticent, but it is possible that if he received any encouragement from the appreciation of the public his production would be more ample. He has still a great deal to say, and one of the most remarkable things about him is that increase of years brings not only more power but more freshness to his work. His latest volume is always his best, and there is so much in the "Lundy's Lane" book to note that one is perplexed in the selection of poems for special comment.

I should like to dwell on the songs, were it not that I think that Mr. Scott's originality is more fully exhibited in two poems—"The Height of Land" and the "Lines in Memory of Edmund Morris". In the former he sketches in vivid, revealing phrases a journey he once made with Indian canoe-men over the height of land that divides the Great Lakes from the Hudson Bay watershed. The summit levels become for him a peak of vision, a spiritual height of land whence in the watches of the night he envisages the poet of the future and the burden

of his message to the race. The metrical movement of the poem is very skilfully devised, and the variations of the theme are bound together by dominant phrases which have the recurrent richness and significance of a leading motive in a musical composition. The Morris lines have not the recurrent phrases, but they, too, have the emotional complexity of a sonata, and pass through all the intervals from the light scherzo to the grave adagio mood. There are interesting passages of free verse rhythm in the poem, and quite the best blank verse that any of our poets have used. I am not sure whether one recalls with most delight the meditative passages or the narrative episodes which relate themselves also to the theme of death and immortality. In the way of narrative description there is nothing finer in our poetry than the vivid lines which recount the death of Akoose.

Were it possible for me here to comment on the verse of those who began to write shortly after the work of these poets first appeared, it would be a pleasure to speak of such competent craftsmen as the Reverend F. G. Scott, Miss Machar, Miss Pauline Johnson, Miss Helena Coleman, Seranus, Mrs. Virna Sheard, Mr. Alan Sullivan, and not a few others. But it is preferable to conclude with the poets who have more recently announced themselves, even if mere mention must suffice for commendation.

The best known of these is Miss Marjorie Pickthall, who was born in England, grew to maturity in Canada, and who recently has returned to the country of her birth. We can reasonably claim her as a Canadian poet, and many of her admirers would claim her as our finest. She has a teeming fancy and she is yet young enough not to have shown the full extent of

her imaginative range. She is capable of doing superb work in the song lyric, but her predilection seems to be for carefully wrought studies of oriental or biblical themes with sufficient antique color to produce the desired illusion, and enough modern emotion to enlist the sympathies of the reader. I would not have it understood that she ever loses control of her pathos so far as to become sentimental, but she skirts the shore of that danger in even so fine a poem as "The Mother in Egypt".

How her talent is being moulded under the pressure of the unescapable issues of today we are curious to learn. The immediate reaction from these great world events will multiply the number of our singers, but the significant results will be garnered only in later years. The most popular Canadian poem of the war was "In Flanders Fields", written by the late Lieutenant-Colonel McCrae, and it is certainly a great achievement to have written stanzas of so poignant an appeal. It is to be regretted that they served to win an election and to launch a victory loan, but the results in each case were a tribute to their effectiveness. Another Canadian poet, Bernard Freeman Trotter, died on the field of action and left us a volume of much promise, "A Canadian Twilight". Mr. Wilson Macdonald is an alumnus of the same university—McMaster—and his volume that has just appeared, "A Song of the Prairie Land", announces a poet of very genuine talent. The poem of shortest compass that I can choose to give an indication of his value is the following fine sonnet, "France":

My heart goes out to France, the Queen in
war,
In carnival and love; the gay, the brave.
To that young blue-eyed Breton who would
save

A dance for Death or for his Belle Aurore.
 Who keeps so purely in his neart the lore
 Of love and honor while the tyrant guns
 Spume at his wisp of flesh their flaring tons,
 While hot from maddened ages gone before.
 The world's barometer is in that lad—
 That Breton peasant against whom is hurled
 The wild, down-leaping chariot of Mars.
 When France is laughing all the Earth is
 glad,
 And when she weeps the windows of the
 world
 Are darkened to the sun and to the stars.

Among many other recent publications I have been most interested in a first volume, "Spun-Yarn and Spin-drift", by Miss Norah Holland. The art of poetry is the art of self-discovery, and I am not quite sure that Miss Holland has yet found herself, so suggestive are her verses of the methods of Moira O'Neill, Noyes, and Miss Marjorie Pickthall. But it is withal

exquisite work, albeit in a minor key, and she has the singing voice. Whether Mr. Tom MacInnes in his Villonesque and Vagabondia verses, "The Fool of Joy", has found himself, or has adapted himself to a borrowed vogue, is again a question. The cleverness is there and he will give us his measure at a future time. Father Dollard writes fluently and well on Irish themes, but until he frees himself from his Firbolgs, his Fomors and his Sluagh-Sidhe, we must remain in the dark as to his powers. To mention Mr. Theodore Roberts, the Reverend Robert Norwood, and Miss Isabella Ecclestone Mackay as mere items in an enumeration is a scant tribute to their value, but already I have exceeded my apportioned measure.

FICTION IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The following lists of books in demand in May in the public libraries of the United States have been compiled from reports made by two hundred representative libraries, in every section of the country and in cities of all sizes down to ten thousand population. The order of choice is as stated by the librarians.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

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|--|------------------------------|------------------|
| 1. The Tin Soldier | <i>Temple Bailey</i> | PENN |
| 2. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse | <i>Vicente Blasco Ibáñez</i> | DUTTON |
| 3. The Desert of Wheat | <i>Zane Grey</i> | HARPER |
| 4. A Land-Girl's Love Story | <i>Berta Ruck</i> | DODD, MEAD |
| 5. Dawn | <i>Eleanor H. Porter</i> | HOUGHTON MIFFLIN |
| 6. The Secret City | <i>Hugh Walpole</i> | DORAN |

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

- | | | |
|--|------------------------------|------------------|
| 1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse | <i>Vicente Blasco Ibáñez</i> | DUTTON |
| 2. The Desert of Wheat | <i>Zane Grey</i> | HARPER |
| 3. Dawn | <i>Eleanor H. Porter</i> | HOUGHTON MIFFLIN |
| 4. The Tin Soldier | <i>Temple Bailey</i> | PENN |
| 5. The Undeclared | <i>J. C. Snaith</i> | APPLETON |
| 6. A Land-Girl's Love Story | <i>Berta Ruck</i> | DODD, MEAD |

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

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|--|------------------------------|------------------|
| 1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse | <i>Vicente Blasco Ibáñez</i> | DUTTON |
| 2. The Desert of Wheat | <i>Zane Grey</i> | HARPER |
| 3. The Tin Soldier | <i>Temple Bailey</i> | PENN |
| 4. Dawn | <i>Eleanor H. Porter</i> | HOUGHTON MIFFLIN |
| 5. "Shavings" | <i>Joseph C. Lincoln</i> | APPLETON |
| 6. The Sky Pilot in No Man's Land | <i>Ralph Connor</i> | DORAN |

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

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| 1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse | <i>Vicente Blasco Ibáñez</i> | DUTTON |
| 2. The Tin Soldier | <i>Temple Bailey</i> | PENN |
| 3. The Desert of Wheat | <i>Zane Grey</i> | HARPER |
| 4. An American Family | <i>Henry Kitchell Webster</i> | BOBBS-MERRILL |
| 5. Patricia Brent, Spinster | <i>Anonymous</i> | DORAN |
| 6. Dawn | <i>Eleanor H. Porter</i> | HOUGHTON MIFFLIN |

WESTERN STATES

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|--|------------------------------|-----------|
| 1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse | <i>Vicente Blasco Ibáñez</i> | DUTTON |
| 2. The Desert of Wheat | <i>Zane Grey</i> | HARPER |
| 3. Joan and Peter | <i>H. G. Wells</i> | MACMILLAN |
| 4. The Texan | <i>James B. Hendryx</i> | PUTNAM |
| 5. A Daughter of the Land | <i>Gene Stratton-Porter</i> | DOUBLEDAY |
| 6. The Sky Pilot in No Man's Land | <i>Ralph Connor</i> | DORAN |

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

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|--|------------------------------|------------------|
| 1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse | <i>Vicente Blasco Ibáñez</i> | DUTTON |
| 2. The Desert of Wheat | <i>Zane Grey</i> | HARPER |
| 3. The Tin Soldier | <i>Temple Bailey</i> | PENN |
| 4. Dawn | <i>Eleanor H. Porter</i> | HOUGHTON MIFFLIN |
| 5. Joan and Peter | <i>H. G. Wells</i> | MACMILLAN |
| 6. The Secret City | <i>Hugh Walpole</i> | DORAN |

GENERAL BOOKS IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The titles have been scored by the simple process of giving each a credit of six for each time it appears as first choice, and so down to a score of one for each time it appears in sixth place. The total score for each section and for the whole country determines the order of choice in the table herewith.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	<i>Henry Adams</i>	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
2. The New Revelation	<i>A. Conan Doyle</i>	DORAN
3. Joyce Kilmer: Poems, Essays and Letters	<i>Robert Cortes Holliday</i>	DORAN
4. Letters of Susan Hale	<i>Caroline P. Atkinson</i>	MARSHALL JONES
5. A Writer's Recollections	<i>Mrs. Humphry Ward</i>	HARPER
6. A Minstrel in France	<i>Harry Lauder</i>	HEARST'S

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	<i>Henry Adams</i>	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
2. The New Revelation	<i>A. Conan Doyle</i>	DORAN
3. Joyce Kilmer: Poems, Essays and Letters	<i>Robert Cortes Holliday</i>	DORAN
4. A Writer's Recollections	<i>Mrs. Humphry Ward</i>	HARPER
5. Out of the Shadow	<i>Rose Cohen</i>	DORAN
6. A Minstrel in France	<i>Harry Lauder</i>	HEARST'S

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	<i>Henry Adams</i>	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
2. The Village	<i>Ernest Poole</i>	MACMILLAN
3. Power of Will	<i>F. C. Haddock</i>	PELTON
4. The Betrothal	<i>Maurice Maeterlinck</i>	DODD, MEAD
5. Echoes of the War	<i>J. M. Barrie</i>	SCRIBNER
6. Yashka	<i>Maria Botchkareva</i>	STOKES

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	<i>Henry Adams</i>	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
2. A Minstrel in France	<i>Harry Lauder</i>	HEARST'S
3. A History of the World War	<i>Frank Herbert Simonds</i>	DOUBLEDAY
4. With the Help of God and a Few Marines	<i>A. W. Catlin</i>	DOUBLEDAY
5. A Writer's Recollections	<i>Mrs. Humphry Ward</i>	HARPER
6. Ambassador Morgenthau's Story	<i>Henry Morgenthau</i>	DOUBLEDAY

WESTERN STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	<i>Henry Adams</i>	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
2. The Seven Purposes	<i>Margaret Cameron</i>	HARPER
3. "And They Thought We Wouldn't Fight"	<i>Floyd Gibbons</i>	DORAN
4. A Minstrel in France	<i>Harry Lauder</i>	HEARST'S
5. The New Revelation	<i>A. Conan Doyle</i>	DORAN
6. Ten Days That Shook the World	<i>John Reed</i>	BONI AND LIVERIGHT

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	<i>Henry Adams</i>	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
2. The New Revelation	<i>A. Conan Doyle</i>	DORAN
3. A Minstrel in France	<i>Harry Lauder</i>	HEARST'S
4. Joyce Kilmer: Poems, Essays and Letters	<i>Robert Cortes Holliday</i>	DORAN
5. The Seven Purposes	<i>Margaret Cameron</i>	HARPER
6. Power of Will	<i>F. C. Haddock</i>	PELTON

THE GOSSIP SHOP

It may be that in general the readers of **THE BOOKMAN** are not constant readers of that long established and widely celebrated journal, "The Police Gazette". The Gossip Shop can only speak for itself. Once there was a small boy—this was some little time ago. He was an omnivorous reader. He did not, however, at that time, patronize booksellers. He dealt, in his purchase of literature, at the shop of a newsdealer. The works he read, in such quantities, were not psychological. They were not erotic. Nor æsthetic. Not sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought. They were simple and direct. Tales of mystery and adventure. For some reason or other (never very clear to him) these productions did not have the approval of the governing members of his household. However, as to that there is a long story. Certain incidents in it are not agreeable to contemplate. The point is that these works of fiction were in cost well within his reach. They were displayed in great numbers in the window of the newsdealer mentioned. The frontispiece, so to say, of each tale was presented face outward on the front of the paper cover. The way you chose which novel you would read next was to stand for a long time before the newsdealer's window and study these illustrations. In this way you carefully estimated which story was the most exciting.

Well, in this window there was also always displayed the latest number of our old friend, "The Police Gazette". In the way of giving your

mind a recess from the problem upon which you were engaged, your gaze would now and then rest upon the pictures upon the cover of this journal. After awhile the shades of the prison-house closed about this boy. And the type of literature here mentioned, and the newsdealers where it was to be had, and the latest copy of this standard journal in the window, faded from his mind. But, as Barry Lyndon observes, it is doubtful whether one ever altogether forgets anything that one has known. Coming, in a trade paper, on the announcement that there has been a change in the editorial staff of "The Police Gazette", the long gone past comes back in a vivid, throbbing flood, and, for a moment, "The Police Gazette" is more real than **THE BOOKMAN**. William A. Rafter, for twenty years sporting editor of the Brooklyn "Standard Union", is now, it is announced, in charge of the magazine. Good luck to Mr. Rafter! The paper is said to be vastly improved under his management. And, we are told, it has been demonstrated that the paper has been and is tremendously popular among the soldiers, and is recognized as such by the Red Cross and Knights of Columbus who are distributing hundreds of copies in the hospitals here, in the camps abroad, and on the returning transports. The result is that the circulation of "The Police Gazette" has increased twenty-five per cent since January first, and the publishers expect before the first of the year to more than double this circulation.

Although it is more than sixty years since the first edition of Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" appeared, it is proper to ask such questions as these: How well are Walt Whitman and his writings popularly understood? How far has he progressed in popular esteem?

The extent to which the centenary of his birth has been celebrated ought to help toward answering these questions. It was recognized throughout the country in a general way by references in the newspaper press, and special meetings of the elect. The chief commemorative gathering was that held in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, under the auspices of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, the date, for convenience of the greatest number, being May 9th. Later, on May 31st, the exact anniversary date, some scores of those interested in the "good gray poet" went on a pilgrimage to his birthplace at West Hills, Long Island, under the direction of Dr. Richard Burton, of the University of Minnesota, and Dr. Edward Hagaman Hall, of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society.

At the Brooklyn gathering, there were reminiscences by John Burroughs, a friend for more than a generation; Thomas B. Harned, one of Whitman's executors, and Hamlin Garland and Joseph Pennell, also friends of Whitman; Professor William Lyon Phelps of Yale, Samuel McChord Crothers, Louis Untermeyer, and Clayton Hamilton, contributed estimates from various angles.

The Brooklyn gathering helped materially toward an estimate of the growth of Whitman's popularity and the general understanding of his message. The addresses were largely descriptive of the man and his habits,

appearance, and attitude toward life. There was discussion of his motives and objectives. One felt, however, that even those who had lived most closely to him were unable to make his portrait a living personality. Many interesting anecdotes were told, particularly by Mr. Harned, who took pains to answer some of Bliss Perry's unfavorable comments. For instance, he declared it to be untrue that money was ever given to Whitman for his support, or that it was sought from young men, ill able to give it. On one occasion, however, when Whitman was ill and required day and night nurses, Mr. Harned said a few of Whitman's friends, including such persons "unable to give" as Andrew Carnegie, George W. Childs, and Howard Furniss, did make up a purse for the payment of expenses connected with the poet's illness.

Whitman purchased his Camden home for \$1,750, Mr. Harned said, of which amount \$1,250 consisted of royalties from "Leaves of Grass", which had a considerable sale following public denunciation of the work as indecent. The remainder was a loan made by George W. Childs, which Whitman repaid. The stories of character so commonly passed about under the breath about important men, in Whitman's case—picturing him as a man down whose long gray beard streams of tobacco juice traced their way,—Mr. Harned said must be greatly exaggerated, as Whitman did not use tobacco.

Notwithstanding many such living links, it was difficult for the writer of these paragraphs to obtain from them any clear portrait of Whitman, the man. There were many curious and contradictory sidelights thrown upon his personality. Although a poet of nature, yet he did not care to

live in the country. The visitor to his Mickle Street home in Camden would find it difficult to imagine it the home of a nature lover. It is one of a row of cheap houses, joining one another, and unfortunately typical of many American tenement districts. There are no trees in the street. A wavy, depressing brick pavement and a poorly paved street are the playgrounds for the children of the neighborhood. "Could anyone with poetic instinct live in such a hole?" one asks. An historian and interpreter of the spirit of democracy, a lover of men, he was not a voluble man. He is chiefly attractive to the cultured. One felt that the key to Whitman had not been well cut. It would not unlock the door. It only started the bolt. Why was this?

Whitman is one of the unclassifiable men. He was grouped by Professor Phelps of Yale with Ibsen, Browning, and Wagner—men of the last century who differed from others because their task was not alone that of supplying a demand. They, also, were forced to create the demand. An apostle of democracy and freedom of expression, it may be that the coming of his interpreter must be awaited until a later date as one awaits the historian of a great epoch—because causes have not fully revealed themselves in effects, and of the tale only the half can be told. In other words, Whitman is increasingly recognized as one of America's great literary leaders, but his importance and greatness have not been fully measured.

The meetings were not attended by such a throng as would indicate popular acceptance of the prophet. Whitman, preacher of democracy as he was, did not expect his message rapidly to become popular. There was too much that was new and strange

about it for it to be quickly accepted. It must pass through a period of assimilation and interpretation. Indisposition to accept new things is not readily overcome. Whitman is still the poet of the thinker and literary man rather than a popular poet, but he is making headway. The general attention given to the anniversary, and the noise created at forum gatherings where Whitman has been discussed by the unthinking as well as the thinking, will greatly stimulate interest, and study of Whitman's work. His place in world literature will be strengthened.

Several months ago (to be precise, in the December number) *THE BOOKMAN* ran an article, "George Horace Lorimer: The Original Easy Boss", by Irvin S. Cobb. This was designed to be the first of a number of somewhat similar articles about famous American editors, the papers to appear at intervals throughout the year. In the next article of the series James Lane Allen will write about Henry Mills Alden, the dean of American editors. Mr. Alden became editor of "Harper's Magazine" in 1861. Quite a time to hold down one job!

Perhaps because the price of what are called *objets d'art*, and especially old furniture, has gone up preposterously in England of late, books are coming more and more into their own as wedding presents. This was strikingly shown in the case of Miss Asquith. This brilliant young lady, now Princess Antoine Bibesco, has always been a great reader, and numbers many writers among her friends. Bernard Shaw broke a lifelong rule and was present at her wedding; and it may be said with certainty that no girl of her age—she is just twenty-two—possesses a more interesting au-

tographed collection of novels and serious books. Among her wedding gifts were many first editions—that of “David Copperfield”, given by Hugh Walpole; that of Sterne’s “Sentimental Journey”, the gift of Margaret Rane of Sarawak—forming a quaint contrast to certain superb modern editions de luxe, notably to that, illustrated in colors, of Barrie’s “Quality Street”, given by a famous actress.

The Gossip Shop is having some fun in the matter of the series of causeries recently begun in THE BOOKMAN under the head of “The Londoner” and signed Simon Pure. They were announced, we remember, as being by “a distinguished English novelist”. The celebrated Henry Blackman Sell, literary editor, etc., etc., etc., of the Chicago “Daily News”, prints in his paper the guess that the author of these papers is Frank Swinnerton. At lunch the other day with John Bunker, poet, journalist, and so on, Mr. Bunker remarked to the Gossip Shop, “I suppose, of course, Simon Pure is Arnold Bennett”. Why doesn’t somebody else guess something?

It is no new thing for a man (or for the matter of that for a woman) to win material success with work vastly inferior to his best. Those who care for genuine literature will agree that this has been the case with W. Somerset Maugham, whose new novel “The Moon and Sixpence” has just been published in London. To the great majority of people Mr. Maugham is known only as a dramatist, but to the select few he remains one of the really noted novelists of his time, and that from the far-away day when he published that powerful,

disagreeable book, “Mrs. Craddock”. This study of a woman is unlike any other English novel; indeed at the time it was brought out it was unique, for it dealt not only with subjects but also with a special class which British novelists had hitherto carefully avoided—the country-life middle class which dwells remote from cities, in big and small farms scattered through the length and breadth of England. Long years were to go by before Mr. Maugham published anything to compare with “Mrs. Craddock”. Then came the far longer and more elaborate “Of Human Bondage”—a full-length portrait of a man—that is what Thackeray always said he longed to do, and dared not do, in the England of his day! Mr. Maugham—who, though entirely English, spent a great deal of his youth in Paris—has based “The Moon and Sixpence” on the life story of a well-known French painter. Taken of course from a very different angle of vision, he deals with much the same world as did Du Maurier in “Trilby”. The fact that part of the story is laid in the Pacific Islands gives a clue to the French painter the English novelist has had in mind when planning out this curious and original book.

The Gossip Shop has found much interest in, and is very glad to print, the following letter:

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN:

“The Publishers’ Weekly” for May 10th contained an item of much interest, not so much for the actual facts in it as for their implication. The passage I refer to was as follows:

The recent announcement of Harold Kinsey’s assumption of the management of the Hearst book business and of the new enterprises of E. Byrne Hackett, reminds the book-trade that Doubleday, Page and Company have been a training school for much of the book-trade talent.

Alfred A. Knopf started with them; Eu-

gene F. Saxton now occupies an important editorial position with George H. Doran Company; John G. Kidd is vice-president and general manager of Stewart and Kidd Company; T. R. Smith, editor of "The Century Magazine"; Christopher Morley, now of the Philadelphia "Ledger"; Walter V. McKee, now general manager of the John V. Sheehan bookstore at Detroit; Howard W. Cook and J. H. Apeler, now in the Moffat, Yard business; Maxwell Aley of Holt's and for a brief stay Robert Cortes Holliday, editor of *THE BOOKMAN*—all were at one time with Doubleday.

Accustomed as I am to a teaching life and a college atmosphere, it is perhaps natural that an academic analogy should come to my mind. It is the usual thing for colleges and universities to train their men for work in other institutions. They expect their ablest and most promising to leave their halls and take up important work elsewhere. I do not mean to say that college presidents and faculties watch this dispersal without regret. Far from it. But at least this carrying of the torch is their chosen work. They accept it as part of the job. In a way it is their pride—if also their sacrifice.

But what I want to point out is this: how seldom do we find any such spirit among business houses? The one idea in the great successful commercial organizations seems to be to train their men and women and *keep the best all to themselves*.

I have met only one person connected with Doubleday, Page, and that was a number of years ago (Stenger,* I think, was the name), and I was much interested in what he told me of this remarkable firm. Indeed in the light of the quotation from "The Publishers' Weekly," one can easily imagine that their nature magazines and books (they publish "The Red Cross Magazine" too) are really public benefactions rather than sources of profit.

I know what the retort of the "practical folk" is to this: that I express the woman's typically sentimental attitude. But let me tell you, dear Editor, there will be more of this self-sacrificing idealism, as displayed by Doubleday, Page in giving up its best men, when women have more power in the world. Male business is selfish and predatory. That is why it is such a cheering thing for a woman to see a big publishing house like the Doubledays foregoing chances of making money and allowing its best men to go

to other firms for the greater good of all.

One can only hope the example will not be wasted in a selfish world—or be too costly to those who had the courage to set it.

R. DEV. M.

The editorial department of the Gossip Shop put on its new straw hat the other day and went out to lunch with Francis Hackett, formerly of Chicago, now of "The New Republic". This was a mistake (wearing the hat, that is) as the weather was damp. Mr. Hackett is soon to become a *BOOKMAN* contributor. The gentlemen discovered that chicken pot-pies had gone up in price considerably.

Booth Tarkington recently discussing *The Players* said: "I'm rather thinking you'll like that club. I do, and could never get over it. It changes—though little in outwards—and is haunted (for me) by dead laughter; it's a place of many ghosts, my own youth among them. I have a feeling for it that's somewhat the species of feeling I have for my own elderly house here and for some of the old buildings at Princeton. Such houses get to be in your family. What an old uncle the house of *The Players* is! Incarnated that house would wear a hat a bit like Henry James's hat—and spats—and hushed, old-fashioned clothes, with a cornflower, a little rusty, in the button-hole, and smell faintly of ale".

Lyman Frank Baum, author of many plays and books, died in May at his home in Los Angeles of heart disease. He was born in 1856 and began newspaper work in 1880.

Mr. Baum was editor of the Dakota "Pioneer" at Aberdeen, South Dakota from 1886 to 1890, and from 1897 to 1902 he was editor of the Chicago "Show Window". It was dur-

*The late Harry Peyton Steger, editorial adviser of Doubleday, Page and Company.—ED.

ing the latter period that he began writing books and plays, his first effort being "Mother Goose in Prose".

He was the author of "The Wizard of Oz", "The Kingdom of Oz", and many fairy-tales. For twenty years he had written children's and other stories for "The Youth's Companion", "Harper's", "St. Nicholas", and other magazines.

Ever so many people have written in to THE BOOKMAN asking for the address of that celebrated bookshop of R. and H. Mifflin. These communications have been forwarded to Christopher Morley, who, apparently desiring to keep the place unspoiled from the onslaught of the curious horde, has made no reply. Mr. Morley, however, cannot hope to own Mifflin's. It belongs to us all; it is a national possession. And so it is with pleasure that the Gossip Shop prints in the following letter the happy results of an enterprising searcher:

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN:

DEAR SIR: Inspired by the desire to make the acquaintance of Mr. Morley's interesting bibliophile—he of the Haunted Bookshop of Gissing Street,—and browse as long as I liked among the "ghosts of all great literature in hosts", I spent a full day in October last ranging in vain the weird streets of Brooklyn, until the late hour reminded me that I was due to return to life the other side of the bridge.

I then wrote to a friend, once a real detective, who sleeps in the quiet portion of New York, to search out this same Mifflin man, to see if he could discover "Parnassus at Home", and forthwith send me his address. To assist him in his search I enclosed Mr. Morley's delightful article in last September's BOOKMAN.

After an interval of a few weeks he replied:

"Do you remember Mrs. Harris? She is the great aunt of your second-hand friend, Mifflin, who, as far as I can find, is but the shadow of a dream; at least, he is of the stuff that dreams are made of, and, like Coriolanus, merely 'dwells under the canopy'. I wore out two rubber heels, and gridironed the heights, article in hand, walking a mile

either way on our soporific thoroughfares, without finding the 'cure for malnutrition of the reading faculties', or a trace of 'Gissing Street'. The air was heavy with rain, and the 'delightful fragrance (!) of mellowed paper and leather surcharged with the strong bouquet of tobacco' (i. e., old boots and cigar stumps) was all pervasive—and I am now heavy with a cold. Mifflin—well, believe me, there ain't no such a person!"

"Oh, ineffectual and inefficient!" I lamented to my wife; "our sleuth says he cannot find this philosopher Mifflin of Egg Samuel Butler fame, he who created that 'pyramid, based on toast, flaked with bacon, wreathed with mushrooms and capped with red peppers'!"

"I should think his nose might have led him to the spot", she returned—"you're forgetting the 'warm pink dribble'!"

"If he had washed it down with honest Zinfandel, instead of that 'sweet brown California Catawba', I would have liked it better"—I continued musingly.

My wife was bitterly disappointed. Experiments in our kitchenette had resulted in a wonderful rival pyramid, based, it is true, upon the Egg Samuel Butler, but masonried with even more varied and savory layers, and she was anxious to meet this philosopher of bookery and cookery and get another of his suggestions:

"I can find that man—he cannot hide himself from me—and I will put him to the blush with my *Egg Samuel Weller*!" she exclaimed; "next time I will go with you".

So the following day we dove under the river to Brooklyn in a fresh search for the Haunted Bookshop. Only once during the process did she open her lips: "Mifflin says—'Always wash dishes immediately after meals—it saves trouble!' *Experientia docet*, evidently, while his wife's away; I wonder if he's learned also—'Never sweep the dust under the dresser—it *makes* trouble'. I'm dying to know this wise saw-maker!"

Emerging from the subway at Burrow Hall, we plunged into a maze of side-streets and, promptly losing all sense of direction and distance, began our search for Mifflin—philosopher, cook, bookseller, and expounder of character and books.

He was not in the telephone book, he was not in the directory, he was not in Who's Who, or the Social Register; and we wore out our nerves and imperiled our Christian dispositions trying to find Gissing Street, as, from Burrow Hall to Hamilton Ferry, we walked and walked and walked.

"I particularly wanted to ask him how he'd ever come to like Emily Dickinson—a shy woman, with poems to match", I said.

"And I am dying to find out how to make that dribbling pink sauce", she said.

Then we walked and walked and walked and walked.

It was in the late gloaming—Brooklyn's silent prayer-meeting hour—when, baffled and beaten, we retraced our steps, homeward bound, guided from corner to corner by purest instinct.

Attracted by a gleam in a trunk-maker's window, my wife halted me: "Look, here are books—plenty of books—can this be Mifflin's?—whole editions piled on the floor in vast quantities—do let us go in—what a queer old place!"—And we entered the dingy shop, where sat an aged Israelite in shabby gabardine, smoking a pipe. Besides the front window piled with new books, the shop contained many shelves with dusty rows of old tomes, and a sort of storeroom filled with new trunks and suitcases together with many handbags—all new and shiny. On nails over a rusty stove hung a few worn and battered cooking utensils.

The books, on closer inspection, proving to be chiefly new "best sellers"—poems, women's "Talks" on women's "Wants", old store ledgers and unsalable "plugs", we were about leaving, when the old man called after us: "Vat you vants, peoples? Books? I haf tons of fine sheep books—all vot a man don't haf to read—I haf tirteen hundred pounds of new poets a man don't haf to know even de name. In all, understand me, not vun ounce of common sense! How many pound you buy, mister? Today I sell dem to you sheep, for tomorrow dey go into my boiling vat for to make drunks".

I noticed a dozen pounds or so of richly bound gilt-edge volumes of vers libre on his counter. There were many well advertised names of our most famous living poets.

"I boll down two hundred pound of dem free verses yesterday—dey cost me nutting—I make clear profit out of dot free verse".

"So that is the end of free verse—free trunks!"

"Nein, understand me, free drunks do not come of free verse—if de verse is free I do not look a gift ottermobile in der injine,—I am glad dey make de verses free—can you blame me? So I make clear profit".

It certainly seemed very reasonable.

"As to 'greatest American novels'—'best sellers' and 'famous' short stories", I queried, "how do they go?"

"I dell you a segret—ven dey sell dem best sellers in ten million edition, dey don't do ut. Most come to me by de ton. Take it from me, best sellers make best drunks".

"How do the uplift books go? The high-brows?"

"Oh, vell, dem easies (doubtless he meant essays) by dem long-haired college brofessors, undt dem clergymen's sermons—vell, somedimes, it takes too long to boll dem oudt. I pay half a cent a pound sheeper for dot line o' goots"—

"And the emanations of our great statesmen?"

"Vell, I buy everyding by veight, so I get great quantitles of long speeches of Brine, undt dem human orations of Woodrow—undt dem long-vinded Congressional Reports, undt de Leagues of Nations drafts—dey are mostly vind, so I make much profit".

"How about newspapers and Sunday magazines?"

"No use to me, mister, dey all go down de bay as garbage".

"Tell me, oh scavenger of poets, why do authors exist?"

"For to make drunks—I see no udder reason".

"As to cook-books?" put in my wife, hopelessly, "have you not saved out one of Mr. Morley's?"

The old trunk-maker shook his head: "Each lady today, understand me, she is her own cook, and a cook-book never cooked a meal yet".

"All made into trunks!" sighed my wife.

"See dem handsome Saratogas undt dem vardrobes, lady?"

We hastily fled to the sidewalk, and left the old Jew grinning in his greasy gabardine.

"I remember", said my wife, "that Mifflin made use of 'a flake of bacon'."

"Alas, we'll have to give him up".

At the corner we turned and looked back. Above the shop door a sudden electric sign went up:

PARNASSUS AT HOME
R. AND H. MIFFLIN
BOOKLOVERS WELCOME!
THIS SHOP IS HAUNTED

J. S. WOOD

Hugh Walpole will be over here in the fall, probably some time in September.

Clement K. Shorter wears eye-glasses just like those of Gilbert Chesterton's, at any rate just like those Mr. Chesterton is described as wearing in one of the essays in "Walking-Stick Papers". Mr. Shorter is, like Mr. Chesterton, a large man—though not quite so large as G. K. C. He puts on his glasses catcornered across his nose, that is, with one lens much closer to one eye than the other lens is to the other eye. We know all of this because shortly after he got off

the boat Mr. Shorter honored the Gossip Shop by a call. Asked who was going to run his page in "The Sphere" while he was away, he replied that he was going to try to turn it in himself. His first letter from this side he thought would be one on "Forty-eight Hours in New York", or something like that.

Speaking of canes, Meredith Janvier, that excellent Baltimore dealer in first editions and rare books, remarked the other day in a communication to the Gossip Shop:

My two pet canes are both that now rare kind, made of solid tempered steel, covered with an infinity of leather rings or washers, rubbed down, varnished, and polished. One has a very pretty, thin, rapier-like straight handle with a copper plate in the top with my name engraved thereon. This cane, if tapped on the cement sidewalk, or upon a heavy stone step, will ring like a bell, nearly, in dry weather, and give forth but a dull sound in damp weather.

The other of this steel-leather breed has the crook handle, and the weight thereof entire is one pound. The leading surgeons in the city have instructed me as to how and where to strike possible footpads or Apaches with either of these canes so as to produce almost instant death. I carry this cane daily. Thus day after day and night after night Death and I walk hand in hand, as indeed do we all, and other passengers wot little of it.

One of the poems contained in Arthur Guiterman's book, "The Laughing Muse", has received a great deal of original publicity in London and New York owing to the fact that two people other than the author claim to have written it. The volume was published by the Harpers in 1915, and the poem in question is entitled "Strictly Germ Proof", the first verse reading:

The Antiseptic Baby and the Prophylactic
Pup
Were playing in the garden when the Bunny
gambolled up;
They looked upon the creature with a loathing
undisguised—
It wasn't disinfected and it wasn't sterilized.

Quite innocently "Punch" reprinted these verses as original. They were also offered to "Puck" in 1908, but their publication was stopped because someone happened to remember that they were Mr. Guiterman's. In May, 1908, they were likewise offered to the New York "World", but Mr. Pulitzer soon discovered that they had already appeared over Mr. Guiterman's name in "The Woman's Home Companion" two years previous. Having found out the name of the American plagiarist, Mr. Guiterman is doing a little detective work on his own, trying to locate the English culprit who sold the poem to "Punch". Mr. Guiterman's latest book of verse is "The Mirthful Lyre".

To a New York publishing house, accompanied by an order for a number of books published by the firm, recently came the following circular from the Casa Freire of São Paulo, Brazil:

I am not a candidate for the presidency of the Republic of the United States of Brazil, but if I were and were elected, my first act would be—to order every cinema to be closed.

How fine, instructive, and moral is a family reunion at night. It is only amidst the family that the character and natural dispositions of a nation can be known. The English, for instance, are severe and almost ferocious as regards to bills of exchange but when at home they are quite kind, witty and almost childlike.

The Casa Freire, Rue São Bento 34-B, has already created a fine collection of books in Portuguese and French, and is now forming a library with the best authors such as Rudyard Kipling, Shakespeare, Alice Hegan Rice, and many other authors of renown. Good ideas are always heartily welcome, so that I expect to get the sympathy of the English and American colonies.

It is when far from our dear mother country, in our room as a single man, or among our family and reading good books, that the recollection of our native place with all its natural and artistic beauties comes with greater intensity to our mind.

Reading requires a complement, and we find it in Fine Arts. We are going to have

also fine pictures and bronzes from the best English artists of renown.

Padaria Espiritual is the baptismal name of our library, and you, dear readers, are the patrons we chose to allow it a lasting existence.

One of the most interesting features attending the recent hundredth anniversary celebration of Whitman's birth, was the presentation of testimony of appreciation from very distinguished English men of letters. On the occasion of the pilgrimage of about two hundred to the birthplace of the poet at West Hills, Long Island, after the tributes of the speakers present, letters were read from guests who had been invited but who had not been able to come to the celebration. Among these was one from John Masefield, who wrote:

I wish that it might be possible for me to attend the centenary, but this I am sorry to say I cannot do. It is, however, a real pleasure to me to be able to write something "upon the value of Whitman". Roughly, he was your first real voice. You had had plenty of writers before him, but he was the first to speak out in a way that was American. He came out of a big, unmade, abundant new country (the republic wasn't a man's life old when he began to write), that was free of most of the shackles and the shams of the old countries. He spoke out just as though the country, such as I've described it, were speaking through him, in a way big, abundant and new. His value is that he liked men and women and made even the meanest of us feel that he or she was heartily welcome and good for something, "good enough, anyway, to be Walt's friend". That is a message which does the world's heart good. It is something honest and manly and kind for the wide world to fall back on in a bad time.

Arnold Bennett's summary was brief, but distinctly to the point. He said:

In reply to your letter of the 7th of April as to the centenary of Walt Whitman's birth, I can only say that in my opinion America has produced no greater writer than Walt Whitman, and that he is one of the greatest teachers that ever lived.

There appears in the office of the Gossip Shop a publication called "The

World of Books". It is published at Toronto, Canada, and is edited by one Donald G. French. There is a turn of considerable sprightliness to the gossip it carries. The May number printed the following ad:

WANTED: For limited time, additional reviewers to review novels by Vicente Blasco Ibáñez. Applicants must have read "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse".—This appears in the book review section of the New York "Sun". Is it a bit of gentle satire, or is the review department swamped by the sudden heavy crop of Ibáñez books?

Arthur Machen is the most prolific and enterprising supernatural reporter of the war. This English novelist revived and very much widened his fame when in 1914 he gave to the world, through the columns of a London newspaper, an account of the miraculous intervention of the English archers of Agincourt, at the time of the British retreat from Mons. In a recent number of the London "Outlook" Mr. Machen continues the legend of Drake's Drum, always heard, the navy believes, on great occasions. The article is said by the London "Standard" to be founded on the statements of officers who were present, as to how Drake's Drum was heard for hours on November 21st, when the German fleet surrendered to the British. It was soon after nine o'clock in the morning, when the German fleet appeared looming through the mist. Admiral Grant saw them and waited; he could scarcely believe, he says, that they would not instantly open fire.

Then the drum began to beat on the "Royal Oak". The sound was unmistakable; it was that of a small drum being beaten "in rolls". The commander himself made a special tour of investigation through the "Royal Oak". He found that every man was at his station. At about two

o'clock in the afternoon the German fleet was enclosed and helpless, and the British ships dropped anchor some fifteen miles off the Firth of Forth. The irrevocable ruin of the German navy was consummated. And at that moment the drum stopped beating and was no more heard.

Walter A. Dyer, author of frequent articles in *THE BOOKMAN*, and also of other writings, recently speaking of his hens said:

We got sixteen fine Rhode Island Reds this year, and after ten days of idleness they began to lay famously. Unfortunately, a new poultry disease has come to the front—a sort of paralysis that the experts haven't got at the bottom of yet. That carried off Ellen Glasgow and Frances Hodgson Burnett. The others, I am glad to say, are vigorous and busy to date. The smallest one is Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, but she understands her business. Mary Roberts Rinehart and Edna Ferber are rivals for the honor of being the handsomest. Alice Hegan Rice is, all things considered, the greediest, being particularly addicted to skimmed milk. The others are Gertrude Atherton, Dorothy Canfield, Margaret Deland, Eleanor Glyn, Kathleen Norris, Gene Stratton-Porter, Agnes Repplier, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Edith Wharton, and Kate Douglas Wiggin. Their works are proving very popular with us.

Really what else could have been done in the matter? The Pulitzer prize of \$1,000 "for the American novel published during the year which shall best present the wholesome atmosphere of American life and the highest standard of American manners and manhood", has been awarded to "The Magnificent Ambersons", by Booth Tarkington, Columbia University has just announced. The jury was composed of Robert Grant, chairman; William Morton Payne and William Lyon Phelps.

Théodore Stanton, reviewing in the "Mercure de France" the volumes "Joyce Kilmer: Poems, Essays and Letters", says:

His friend, Robert Cortes Holliday, gives us an interesting biographical sketch of Kilmer at the beginning of the first of these volumes. Several of Kilmer's poems exhibit striking qualities—"Trees", for example, being a veritable jewel. The short essays and letters, written for the most part from the north of France, will be read with a certain sadness, especially by the Frenchman, who will see in them the spirit of the Americans—those ardent admirers of this country. In the same volume I find the preface that Kilmer wrote for the American edition of the "Verses" of the brilliant Franco-British writer, Hilaire Belloc—a preface which is one of the best studies of that writer that I have read.

"The Arrow of Gold", published late in the fall and now in its fifth large printing, has already exceeded by over one-third the sale of "Chance", Conrad's next-best seller, which appeared five years ago, and by more than half again that of any of his other novels. Just before the appearance of this novel Conrad remarked in a letter to his publishers:

I am sufficiently a democrat to detest the idea of being a writer of any "coterie" of some small self-appointed aristocracy in the vast domain of art or letters. As a matter of feeling—not as a matter of business—I want to be read by many eyes and by all kinds of them, at that.

A friend of the Gossip Shop has sent in this communication:

Tell your Conrad fans to turn to the next to the last sketch in "The Mirror of the Sea", called "The Tremolino", where they will find a complete first sketch of the plot of "The Arrow of Gold". It is there told by Conrad as something that happened to him in youth. This is mighty interesting. The characters of "The Arrow" are all described in that earlier sketch—even Dona Rita, and the American who "lived by his sword".

Edmund Gosse tells us, in the introduction to a selection from Swinburne, that in 1879, in consequence of the state of his health, Swinburne was induced to take up his abode with "a friend at Putney"—that is, Mr. Gosse's old enemy at Putney, Theodore Watts-Dunton.

The celebrated banker of Flushing, Long Island, Ellis Parker Butler (also celebrated as an author), tells in this number of *THE BOOKMAN* how to get material for fiction. Apropos of this, a Southern book club asked William Johnston how his latest book "The Apartment Next Door" came to be written. Mr. Johnston, it is said, replied:

"It is the easiest thing in the world to write a story like 'The Apartment Next Door'. First you take a typewriter and some plain sheets of white paper, twenty-five if it is to be a short story, two hundred and fifty for a long one. You sit down at the typewriter and ask yourself, 'What shall I write about?' taking the first subject that comes into your head—a pretty girl, a dog, an old couple, or the apartment next door.

"Having adjusted the paper carefully you ask yourself, 'What happened?' and proceed to write it down. In a couple of minutes you stop and ask yourself, 'What happened next?' That's all there is to writing a story. It is simply a record of what happened next. If it's to be a love story, you make the happenings romantic. If it's to be an adventure story, you make them thrilling. If it's to be a mystery story, you make them puzzling. If it's to be a highbrow book, you don't even have to have anything happen. You just keep on writing."

A Canadian "BOOKMAN" has recently appeared. It is issued at a village twenty miles from Montreal—Ste. Anne de Bellevue, which has distinct literary associations, as it was in this village that Tom Hood lived when he wrote the Canadian boat song, "Row, Brothers, Row". Tom Hood's house still stands, and is now

BRIEF MENTION OF NEW BOOKS

Fiction

Love Stories, by MARY ROBERTS RINEHART [Doran].

A collection comprising seven love affairs.

Birds of a Feather, by MARCEL NADAUD, trans. by FLORENCE CONVERSE [Doubleday].

The escapades of four young French aviators.

Dwellers in Arcady, by ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE, illus. [Harpers].

The story of two city people who find their ideal home in the country.

The Romantic Liar, by LAWRENCE PERRY [Scribners].

The misfortunes of a young man involved in a series of lies.

The Moonlit Way, by ROBERT W. CHAMBERS, illus. [Appleton].

A romance of intrigue, spies, and secret service men.

The Second Bullet, by ROBERT ORR CHIPPERFIELD [McBride].

The tale of an investigator who solves a mysterious crime.

The Jervaise Comedy, by J. D. BERNESFORD [Macmillan].

The adventures of a young dramatist involved in an elopement.

His Wife's Job, by GRACE SARTWELL MASON, illus. [Appleton].

The problem of a soldier's wife who enters business.

Wooden Spill, by VICTOR ROUSSEAU [Doran].

The experiences of a man who inherits land in the Canadian lumber country.

Tales of Secret Egypt, by SAX ROHMER [McBride].

Stories of the mysteries of the East.

The Tale of Mr. Tubbs, by J. E. BUCKROSE [Doran].

The narrative of a man who begins to live at the age of forty-six.

Nurse Benson, by JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY [Lane].

A novel founded on the play of the same name.

Twelve Men, by THEODORE DREISER [Boni and Liveright].

Stories of men representing different phases of American life.

Victorious, by REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN [Bobbs-Merrill].

A tale of America's part in the war at home and abroad.

A Romance of Two Centuries, by KENNETH SYLVAN GUTHRIE [Alpine, N. J.; Platonist].

A narrative of the year 2025.

The Soul of Ann Rutledge, by BERNIE BABCOCK [Lippincott].

The story of Abraham Lincoln's romance.

The Red Signal, by GRACE LIVINGSTON HILL LUTZ [Lippincott].

The adventures of an American girl who saves her country.

The Bounder, by ARTHUR HODGES [Houghton].

A picture of bohemian New York life.

The Hills of Desire, by RICHARD AUMERLE MAHER [Macmillan].

The experiences of a writer and his wife who travel in search of health.

The Lady of the Night Wind, by VARICK VANARDY [New York: Macaulay].

A detective yarn involving a house of mystery and a secret service plot.

The Azure Rose, by REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN [Macaulay].

The romance of an American in the Latin Quarter of Paris.

The Toys of Peace, by H. H. MUNRO ("Saki") [Lane].

A volume of posthumous sketches and stories, with a memoir of the author.

The Golden Rope, by J. W. BRODIE INNES [Lane].

The narrative of an artist commissioned to paint a haunted castle.

The Shrieking Pit, by ARTHUR J. REES [Lane].

The story of a murder on the North Sea coast of England.

Rosy, by LOUIS DODGE [Scribners].

A tale of the Ozarks, in which the heroine hides a fugitive.

Travelling Companions, by HENRY JAMES [Boni and Liveright].

A collection of short stories hitherto unpublished in book form.

The Wind in the Garden, by HEWES LANCASTER [Stratford].

A story of French people in Louisiana.

The Shadow of the Past, by F. E. MILLS YOUNG [Doran].

An account of German intrigue in South Africa.

Travel and Description

A Year with a Whaler, by WALTER NOBLE BURNS, illus. [Macmillan].

The account of a trip into the Arctic in a whaler.

Blancs et Noirs, by PAUL REBOUX [Paris: Flammarion].

A study of negro life as seen on a trip to the U. S. and the West Indies.

Out and About London, by THOMAS BURKE [Holt].

Sketches of London in war time.

Peking Dust, by ELLEN N. LA MOTTE, illus. [Century].

Sketches of modern China.

Adventures in Alaska, by S. HALL YOUNG, illus. [Revell].

The experiences of a missionary in the North.

A Pilgrim in Palestine, by JOHN FINLEY, illus. [Scribners].

An account of journeys in the Holy Land after its recovery by the British.

Sociology and Economics

Foreign Financial Control in China, by T. W. OVERLACH [Macmillan].

An analysis of the activities of the six leading powers in China during the last twenty years.

The Tragedy of Labor, by WILLIAM RILEY HALSTEAD [Abingdon].

A discussion of the economic side of socialism and similar questions.

Women, ANONYMOUS [Knopf].

A study of modern women from a psychological point of view.

A Manual of Home-Making, compiled by MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER, FLORA ROSE, HELEN CANON, illus. [Macmillan].

Suggestions on house furnishing and managing, clothing and foods.

The Food Crisis and Americanism, by WILLIAM STULL [Macmillan].

A criticism of the treatment of the farmer by the government.

used as the branch office of the Bank of Montreal. The Canadian "BOOK-MAN" is a quarterly magazine.

An innovation in English-speaking lecture tours has been brought about by the war. Americans now are to lecture in England as well as Englishmen to lecture in the United States, according to James B. Pond, who recently sailed for England to complete plans for next winter's program both here and in England. Vachel Lindsay and Stephen Leacock are already listed for England, and there will probably be others. Not since Major James B. Pond, the father of the present head of the lyceum bureau, took Henry Ward Beecher to England in 1886 and Thomas De Witt Talmage in 1879, have lecturers from this country been toured in England. Maurice Maeterlinck and Lord Dunsany are two of the most interesting lecturers expected in America.

There is, apparently, a growing misconception about the real name of Vicente Blasco Ibáñez. So let's get the matter straightened out. You know that in Spain a man's name still clings to the old Roman custom of having the surname or family name in the middle. Therefore, this author's father's name was Blasco. But there is an additional custom which combines the name of his mother with that of his father, and the two are supposed to be used together. Thus Blasco Ibáñez—not just "Ibáñez". Furthermore, there is still another social distinction which rules that if any one calls a man by his mother's maiden name—e.g. calling this man only "Ibáñez"—the implication is that his father and mother were not married. It is a curious custom, but a fact.

The Brooklyn "Daily Eagle" commemorated the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Walt Whitman by publishing on May 31st, a Walt Whitman centenary number. Among the articles included were: "Reminiscences of Walt Whitman", by John Burroughs, his old friend and biographer; "Walt Whitman and His Publishers", by Thomas B. Harned, Whitman's friend and literary executor; "Whitman as an Editor", by Arthur M. Howe, editor of the "Eagle"; and "Walt Whitman, the Prophet Poet", by Roland D. Sawyer. In addition, the Whitman number contained editorials and other prose written by Whitman in 1846 and 1847 as editor of the "Eagle", which had not been reprinted. This included fiction, the existence of which seems to have escaped all the biographers and compilers of Whitman's works.

A portrait medallion to Rupert Brooke in Rugby School chapel was unveiled at an impressive ceremony on March 28th by General Sir Ian Hamilton, under whom Brooke served at Gallipoli. The medallion is a profile, executed in white marble by Thomas Harvard, from the well-known photograph by Sherrill Schell. Beneath it are the inscription "Rupert Brooke, 1887-1915", and his sonnet, "The Soldier", beginning,—

If I should die, think only this of me:

That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England.

Brooke's mother was at the service, in mourning for two lost sons, Rupert's only surviving brother having met death in action less than two months after the poet died at Lemnes. The photograph appeared in the 1914 volume of his poems, and at once created a sensation. The New York

The Business of Home Management, by MARY PATTISON [McBride].

A discussion based on experiments made by the Club Women of New Jersey.

The Taxation of Mines in Montana, by LOUIS LEVINE, Ph.D. [Huebsch].

A presentation of the economic principles involved in mine taxation.

Proposed Roads to Freedom, by BERTRAND RUSSELL [Holt].

An exposition of socialism, anarchism and syndicalism.

The Farmer and the New Day, by KENYON BUTTERFIELD [Macmillan].

A statement of the problems facing the farmer today.

The Little Town, by HARLAN PAUL DOUGLASS, illus. [Macmillan].

A study designed to show the opportunities of the small town.

The Whole Truth About Alcohol, by GEORGE ELLIOT FLINT [Macmillan].

A protest against prohibition.

The War Garden Victorious, by CHARLES LATHROP PACK, illus. [Lippincott].

A discussion of the value of the war garden in war and peace time.

World-Power and Evolution, by ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON, Ph.D., illus. [Yale].

An interpretation of economic and biologic conditions in terms of climate and health.

Government Ownership of Public Utilities, by LEON CAMMEN, M.A. [New York: McDevitt-Wilson's].

An exposition of the theme that government ownership of public utilities means autocracy.

He Made His Wife His Partner, by HENRY IRVING DODGE, illus. [Harpers].

The story of a farmer who introduced efficiency into his home.

Opportunities in Farming, by EDWARD OWEN DEAN, illus. [Harpers].

Suggestions as to how to achieve success in farming.

Rural Reconstruction in Ireland, by LIONEL SMITH-GORDON, M.A., and LAURENCE C. STAPLES, A.M. [Yale].

The story of the cooperative organization movement in Ireland.

The Forgotten Man, and Other Essays, by WILLIAM GRAHAM SUMNER, LL.D. [Yale].

Essays on protectionism, the money controversy, education, and similar subjects.

Money and Prices, by J. LAURENCE LAUGHLIN [Scribners].

A consideration of the principles involved in the regulation of prices, with illustrations from history.

American Business in World Markets, by JAMES T. M. MOORE [Doran].

A discussion of the means for protecting American business and trade.

How These Farmers Succeeded, edited by JOHN R. MCMAHON, illus. [Holt].

Stories of sixteen farmers representing as many agricultural states in the U. S.

Cotton, by GEORGE BIGWOOD; *Wool*, by FRANK ORMEROD, illus. [Holt].

Two volumes in a new series designed to convey a knowledge of the staple raw materials and manufactured products.

The American Year Book, edited by FRANCIS G. WICKWARD, B.A., B.Sc. [Appleton].

A digest of events in politics, science, art, etc., during 1918.

Facts About France, by E. SAILLENS, illus. [Stokes].

Information on French life, past and present, alphabetically arranged.

Jewish Contributions to Civilization, by JOSEPH JACOBS [Jewish Publication Society].

A survey of Jewish influence in matters intellectual and economic.

Biography

Georges Clemenceau, The Tiger of France, by GEORGES LECOMTE [Appleton].

The translation of a French writer's interpretation of the Premier.

Cervantes, by RUDOLPH SCHEVILL [Duffield].

A biography and a critique of the Spanish writer.

Christina Forsyth of Fingoland, by W. P. LIVINGSTONE, illus. [Doran].

The story of a missionary in southeastern Africa.

Rebels and Reformers, by ARTHUR and DOROTHEA PONSONBY, illus. [Holt].

Biographies of such men as Savonarola and Tolstol, written for young people.

President Wilson, by DANIEL HALÉVY, trans. by HUGH STOKES [Lane].

A Frenchman's interpretation of the President and his policy.

Arthur Machen, by VINCENT STARRETT [Chicago: Walter M. Hill].

A paper on the novelist reprinted in part from "Reedy's Mirror".

The Walk with God, by JULIA WARD HOWE, edited by LAURA E. RICHARDS [Dutton].

Extracts from Mrs. Howe's journals, verses, and an essay on immortality.

Dr. Elsie Inglis, by LADY FRANCES BALFOUR, illus. [Doran].

The story of the nurse who gave her life in the war.

A Short Life of Abraham Lincoln, by the HON. RALPH SHIRLEY, illus. [Funk and Wagnalls].

A biography adapted for class-room use.

The Life of Joel Chandler Harris, by ROBERT LEMUEL WIGGINS, illus. [Nashville: Smith and Lamar].

A study supplemented by short stories and other unpublished works by Harris.

The Life of Theodore Roosevelt, by WILLIAM DRAPER LEWIS, Ph.D., illus. [Winston].

A biography prefaced with an introduction by William Howard Taft.

The New Elizabethans, by E. B. OSBORN, illus. [Lane].

Memoirs of young men in the British service who fell in the war.

Drama

Dramatic Technique, by GEORGE PIERCE BAKER [Houghton].

An exposition by the professor of dramatic literature at Harvard.

The Great Conspiracy, by CHARLES V. H. ROBERTS [New York: Torch Press].

A drama of the war, with scenes laid in Europe and in hell.

Molière, by PHILIP MOELLER [Knopf].

The text of the play lately produced in New York.

The Gentile Wife, by RITA WELLMAN [Moffat, Yard].

A study of the problem of love versus family ties.

Without the Walls, by KATRINA TRASK [Macmillan].

The love story of a Jewish girl and a Roman soldier in Jerusalem.

"Evening Post" tells the story:

Persons who were not appreciative of the poetry wanted the picture. Booksellers said that not a few purchasers of the book tore the portrait out and left the volume on the counter. The original was exhibited in the London Salon of Photography, where it made a deep impression upon visitors. Mr. Schell's studio was besieged by persons clamoring to be taken à la Brooke, sans collar and sans shirt. When generals and admirals with double chins trooped in with the same demand, the artist concluded that it was time to call a halt.

John Ernest Hodder Williams, head of the firm of Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, London, and Vice-President of George H. Doran Company, New York, has been knighted. Sir Ernest is the eldest son of John and Mary Williams. His mother is the only child of the late M. H. Hodder, and his father is a nephew of the late Sir George Williams, founder of the Y. M. C. A., with whom he was connected in business for over forty years.

Sir Ernest has crossed the Atlantic many times, and before the war a trip to the States and Canada, where he has many friends, was a regular event of the summer. When the war broke out, Mr. and Mrs. Hodder Williams threw their whole strength into national service, but Mrs. Hodder Williams has not lived to share her husband's honors.

When the post of minister to Belgium was offered to Brand Whitlock, he accepted it because the surroundings would be agreeable and the duties light. Those are the bald facts, even though official documents, in their fanciful verbiage, might have much to say about the "call to duty", etc. He knew Brussels well in the old and happier days and liked the city, and he wished to enjoy a certain amount of quiet and repose so that

he might complete several novels that were clamoring within him to be put down on paper.

In his book "Belgium" Mr. Whitlock tells an anecdote which recalls Stanley's laconic remark, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume", made when the two men met in the African jungle. During the early days of the war, Mr. Whitlock was busy catching legations that were being tossed in his direction by the diplomats of various warring nations as they made their exits.

He says:

... Sir Francis Villiers came, formally to turn over his Legation. He wore the British calm—this distinguished gentleman, whose hair was grown white in his King's service.

"A most frightful bore!" was his only comment on the impending demenagement.

"He (Bernard Shaw) has succeeded in interesting us largely by inventing himself as a public figure, as Oscar Wilde and Stevenson did before him", is a line from an essay on "Mr. Bernard Shaw" in a volume of brilliant literary studies, "Old and New Masters" by Robert Lynd, which has recently appeared in England.

George Moore continues as the author of privately-printed books. His volume "A Story-Teller's Holiday" (reviewed by James Huneker in the Christmas BOOKMAN) is followed by a sequel entitled "Avowals", in which he relates his life in Paris. The book is published in England at two guineas, and if it is frank enough—and Mr. Moore makes considerable of a point of being frank—no doubt it will be worth double that money in a very short time. Mr. Moore is at present at work, it is said, on the story of "Abélard and Héloïse".

Allice Sit-By-The Fire, by J. M. BARRIE [Scribners].

A new volume in the uniform edition of Barrie's plays.

The Moon of the Caribbees, by EUGENE O'NEILL [Boni and Liveright].

A collection of seven plays of the sea.

Old Saws and Modern Instances, by W. L. COURTNEY, M.A., LL.D. [Dutton].

Illustrations of the treatment of "modern" questions in ancient dramas.

The Return of the "Mayflower", by RENDEL HARRIS, illus. [Longmans].

A play in which the Pilgrims meet Washington, Lincoln, and Wilson.

Three Tremendous Trifles, by FELTON B. ELKINS [Duffield].

Three comedies of English life.

History

The Fathers of New England, by CHARLES M. ANDREWS; *The Spanish Conquerors*, by IRVING BERDINE RICHMAN; *The Anti-Slavery Crusade*, by JESSE MACY; *The Cotton Kingdom*, by WILLIAM E. DODD; *Dutch and English on the Hudson*, by MAUD WILDER GOODWIN; *The Old Northwest*, by FREDERIC AUSTIN OGG; *The Boss and the Machine*, by SAMUEL P. ORTH; *The Age of Big Business*, by BURTON J. HENDRICK; *The Old Merchant Marine*, by RALPH D. PAINE; *The Day of the Confederacy*, by NATHANIEL W. STEPHENSON, illus. [Yale].

Further volumes in the Chronicles of America series, edited by Allen Johnson.

Constitutional Power and World Affairs, by GEORGE SUTHERLAND [Columbia Univ.].

A discussion of the external powers of the national government.

Essays

The New America, by FRANK DILNOT [Macmillan].

Sketches of American life as seen by an Englishman.

A Plea for the Familiar Essay in College English, by SISTER M. MADELEVA, M.A. [Notre Dame: University Press].

A paper designed to introduce to the young student the familiar essay.

In the Key of Blue and Other Prose Essays, by JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS [Macmillan].

Selections reflecting the author's work in the various fields of literature.

Art

Early Illustrated Books, by ALFRED W. POLLARD, illus. [Dutton].

A revised edition of a history of the illustration of books in the 15th and 16th centuries.

Art Principles, with Special Reference to Painting, by ERNEST GOVETT, illus. [Putnam].

A treatise on the principles underlying the fine arts.

Science

The Elementary Nervous System, by G. H. PARKER, Sc.D., illus. [Lippincott].

A description of the elementary nervous system as it exists in the simpler animals.

What We Eat and What Happens to It, by PHILIP B. HAWK, Ph.D. [Harpers].

Advice based on investigation at Jefferson Medical College.

"Busy", The Life of an Ant, by WALTER FLAVIUS McCALLER, illus. [Harpers].

An account, in story form, of an ant's life.

From Nebula to Nebula, by GEORGE HENRY LEPPER [pub. by the author at Pittsburgh].
An outline of the history and achievement of astronomy.

Field and Study, by JOHN BURROUGHS [Houghton].
Essays on out-door life.

Juvenile

Daddy Pat of the Marines, by LT.-COL. FRANK E. EVANS, illus. [Stokes].
Letters from a marine on active service abroad to his six-year-old son.

Rainbow Island, by EDNA A. BROWN, illus. [Lothrop].
A story of the Maine sea-coast, in which a patriotic boy figures.

Good Old Stories for Boys and Girls, selected by ELVA S. SMITH, illus. [Lothrop].
A collection of twenty stories and poems by a librarian.

The Wonder of War at Sea, by FRANCIS ROLT-WHEELER, illus. [Lothrop].
An exposition of naval warfare during the Great War.

When I Was a Girl in Mexico, by MERCEDES GODOY, illus. [Lothrop].
The narrative of the daughter of a former Mexican official to the U. S.

Dave Porter's War Honors, by EDWARD STRATEMEYER, illus. [Lothrop].
The concluding volume of the series, in which the hero is at the front.

Cornelia, by LUCY FITCH PERKINS, illus. [Houghton].
The story of a little girl who would improve the condition of her neighbors.

Miscellaneous

Report of the Librarian of Congress for 1918, illus. [Government Printing Office].
A report illustrated with plans of the floors of the Library.

The Salmagundi Club, A History, by WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON, illus. [Houghton].
The story of the growth of the New York art club.

Small Talk at Wreyland, by CECIL TORR [Putnam].
Personal reminiscences of a native of Devonshire.

Commercial Tests and How to Use Them, by SHERWIN CODY [World Book Co.].
The history and technique of the National Business Ability Tests.

The Higher Learning in America, by THORSTEIN VEBLEN [Huebsch].
A consideration of the forces responsible for the failure of our universities.

The Red Cow and Her Friends, by PETER MCARTHUR, illus. [Lane].
Sketches of farm life.

Mother Love in Action, by PRUDENCE BRADISH [Harpers].
Advice to parents on the bringing up of children.

Keeping Fit All the Way, by WALTER CAMP, illus. [Harpers].
Suggestions for the maintenance of good health, with illustrative exercises.

Model Making, by RAYMOND FRANCIS YATES, 1918 edition, illus. [New York: Henley].
An exposition of model engineering and the mechanical sciences associated with it.

Remaking a Man, by COURTNEY BAYLOR [Moffat, Yard].
A presentation of a method of "mental refitting" by a member of the Emmanuel Movement.

The anonymous novel of wartime life in London, "Patricia Brent, Spinster", the identity of whose authorship has never been revealed, has been translated into Swedish and Danish-Norwegian. It is now being translated for early publication in Holland and France, and is also to appear in a motion-picture version.

Faith Harris Leech, daughter of Corra Harris, who collaborated with her mother in "From Sunup to Sundown", died on May third at her home in Georgia after a very brief illness.

The author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden", and lately of "Christopher and Columbus", is a very eccentric writer. "The Sphere" of London recently printed what this paper says "is probably the first portrait of her that has ever been published". The author of "Elizabeth" was Miss Beauchamp, now the Countess Russell.

A recently published volume is "Behind the Motion-Picture Screen", by Austin C. Lescarbours. The book has been prepared by Mr. Lescarbours, who is one of the editors of "The Scientific American", with a view to answering the thousand-and-one questions continually being asked about motion-picture production. It is not technical; yet designs to be accurate, unbiased, comprehensive, and, withal, highly instructive. Every right-hand page is a picture page; every left-hand page is a corresponding text page. This seems to be a new departure in books of this kind.

Indiana has been protesting against a comparison between the verse of the late James Whitcomb Riley and the productions of the school pro-

claimed writers of "free verse". The free versifiers probably would join in the protest. And so, too, doubtless would Riley.

Brinsley MacNamara, author of a recently published book, "The Valley of the Squinting Windows", has, it would seem, received an unusual tribute from the Irish public. Copies of the book, it is said, were publicly burned after the best mediæval fashion, and the author was subjected to acts of lusty violence—many of the inhabitants of the section of Ireland portrayed by the author believing themselves to be originals of some of the characters.

The College of Mount St. Vincent has given the degree of Doctor of Literature to Miss Blanche M. Kelly, one of the younger poets whose versatility in prose also has been marked. Dr. Kelly has been an editorial associate and contributor on the staff of "The Catholic Encyclopædia" and the compiler of its Index volume; the editor of the late Dr. Emmet's lives of his illustrious grandfather and granduncle; the writer of an extended series of virile essays in "America", "Studies", "The Catholic World", and other periodicals, and a successful lecturer to literary audiences. In addition Miss Kelly has a volume of poetry to her credit, "The Valley of Vision". Of this, in a recent review, so keen a critic as Dr. Maurice Francis Egan said:

If poetry is the suggestion of the light that never was on sea or land; if it is the power of touching chords of emotion whose existence is unsuspected; if it is the evocation of fragile visions that seem to shine through breaks in the mists of the future, the verses in this book are poetry.

Education for Character, by FRANK CHAPMAN SHARP, Ph.D. [Bobbs-Merrill].

Suggestions for moral training in the home and the school.

The Pronunciation of Standard English in America, by GEORGE PHILIP KRAPP [Oxford].

A book designed to provide a rational method of guidance in punctuation.

Jewish Education in New York City, by ALEXANDER M. DUSHKIN, Ph.D., illus. [Bureau of Jewish Education].

A survey of the history, organization, and management of Jewish schools.

Natural History, Vol. XIX, No. 1 [Amer. Museum of Nat. History].

An issue containing articles by John Burroughs, Robert E. Peary, and others.

The Greatness of Quebec, by JOHN BOYD [Montreal: Librairie Beauchemin].

An address on the history, riches, and resources of Quebec.

The Training of a Salesman, by WILLIAM MAXWELL, illus. [Lippincott].

Talks on methods of approaching customers and getting orders.

Idealism and the Modern Age, by GEORGE PLIMPTON ADAMS, Ph.D. [Yale].

A consideration of the ideas which have found expression in modern social structures.

The American Hunting Dog, by WARREN H. MILLER, illus. [Doran].

A manual on raising and training the hunting dog.

The Social Secretary, by ELIZABETH MYERS [Brentano's].

A handbook to the profession of social secretary.

Handbook of Simplified Spelling, Part I [Simplified Spelling Board].

A survey of the reform movement in English spelling.

The Art of Photoplay Writing, by E. F. BARKER [St. Louis: Colossus Pub. Co.].

Hints on successful scenario writing.

The Business Man and His "Overflow", by WILLIAM E. SWEET [Association].

An appeal to men to continue unselfish services rendered during the war.

How to Live, by IRVING FISHER and EUGENE LYMAN FISK, M.D. [Funk and Wagnalls].

Rules for healthful living prepared in collaboration with the Life Extension Institute.

Courage, by JEANNETTE MARKS [Womans Press].

Talks on the right conduct of one's life.

Altruism, Its Nature and Varieties, by GEORGE HERBERT PALMER [Scribners].

An exposition of the stages of altruism: manners, gifts, mutuality.

The Third Book of Artemas, ANONYMOUS [London: Westall].

Further reflections on the affairs of men in war and peace time.

Barney Oldfield's Book for the Motorist, by BARNEY OLDFIELD, illus. [Small, Maynard].

Suggestions designed to help the motorist in increasing the service of his car.

Wit, Wisdom and Philosophy, selected by FRED C. MULLINIX [pub. by the author at Jonesboro, Ark.].

Selections from the utterances of former Chief Justice Lamm of the Supreme Court of Missouri.

Book Review Digest, 1918 [H. W. Wilson Co.].

A compilation supplemented by indexes to subject matter, authors, and publishers.

THE BOOKMAN ADVERTISER

The Adventure of Life, by ROBERT W. MACKENNA, M.A., M.D. [Macmillan].
Reflections on such subjects as heredity, suffering, and death.

Book Repair and Restoration, by MITCHELL S. BUCK, illus. [Nicholas L. Brown].
A manual of suggestions for repairing and preserving books.

The Mental Hygiene of Childhood, by WILLIAM A. WHITE, M.D. [Little, Brown].
An analysis of the mental life of the child, for the guidance of parents.

The American Language, by H. L. MENCKEN [Knopf].
A discussion of the origins and development of the American dialect of English.

Religion and Spiritualism

A Gentle Mystic, Being the Book of Ecclesiastes, by MORRIS JASTROW, JR., Ph.D., LL.D. [Lippincott].
A new interpretation of the Book of Koheleth.

The New Opportunity of the Church, by ROBERT E. SPURGEON [Macmillan].
A consideration of the dangers and duties of the present.

The Secret of Progress, by W. CUNNINGHAM, F.R.A., F.S.A. [Cambridge].
A sketch of the development of the spiritual consciousness in man.

The Southern Methodist Handbook, 1919, edited by THOMAS N. IVEX, illus. [Nashville: Smith and Lamar].
A digest of information concerning the activities of the church.

Prophecy and Authority, by KEMPER FULLERTON, M.A. [Macmillan].
A discussion purporting to be a study in the history of the doctrine of interpretation of Scripture.

Essays in Lent, by HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE [Dutton].
A series of short Lenten essays reprinted from "The Outlook".

The Country Church in the New World Order, by EDMUND DES. BRUNNER, Ph. D. [Association].
A consideration of the effect of the war on the country church.

Spiritualism, Its History, Phenomena and Doctrine, by J. ARTHUR HILL [Doran].
A history supplemented by a complete glossary and index.

Reunion in Eternity, by SIR W. ROBERTSON NICHOLL, M.A., LL.D. [Doran].
Essays on immortality.

The Making of the Church of England, by THOMAS ALLEN TIRRELL, D.D. [Stratford].
A series of lectures on the history of the English Church.

"Sapper", the author of "The Human Touch", "No Man's Land", "Michael Cassidy, Sergeant", and "Men, Women and Guns", is one of the few anonymous authors who have remained anonymous after repeated success. The other day an American officer telephoned to his publishers and asked to be told in confidence the name of the Englishman writing under the name of "Sapper". He asked this because an Englishman at his club was representing himself as the author of the "Sapper" books, and he suspected something not right. This incident encouraged the announcement of the real author. He is Lieutenant H. C. McNeile, M.C., and a novel by this author, entitled "Mufti", is announced for this autumn.

The Government Printing Office will have for publication soon "America's Munitions, 1917-1918" (the report of Honorable Benedict Crowell, Director of Munitions) written by Captain Robert Forrest Wilson, who before being commissioned was a magazine writer. The document departs from the usual style of official reports by attempting to set forth in clear, entertaining fashion something of the science and the human struggle involved in the effort to put America's resources in the field as munitions. Every phase of the war mobilization of materials is covered. Cloth-bound and profusely illustrated, the book will be on sale by the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, at cost, which will be low. The volume is to be the forerunner of others describing for popular consumption various historical phases of America's participation in the war.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice, who contributes to the July BOOKMAN the paper on "The Paris of Thackeray and Dickens", has long been an assiduous follower of the literary trail. His "New York of the Novelists", later is-

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sued in book form, ran through six issues of THE BOOKMAN in 1915 and 1916. He has sought out and described the Blue Grass region of the James Lane Allen novels; the Blackmore country in the west of England; the Ayrshire of Robert Burns; the Edinburgh of Scott; the London of a score of writers; and once his keen interest in Alphonse Daudet's Tartarin took him to Tarascon, and thence, by a tramp steamer on which he was the only passenger, across the Mediterranean to Algeria.

Once Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, the translator of Maeterlinck, wrote Mr. Maurice expressing astonishment that an American could write European scenes with so much easy intimacy. Mr. Maurice replied that it was probably because he had been "caught young". In other words, he was taken to Europe at eight years of age, lived there from nine till eleven, visited the old world every year during the impressionable 'teens. It was more than twenty years ago that he began to follow the literary trail in Paris, and he has gone back there to revisit the scenes of fiction every two or three years since. He was last there in the summer of 1917, having served behind the German lines with the American Commission for Relief in Belgium and the north of France since the preceding autumn. When the entrance of the United States into the war forced the retirement of the Americans, Mr. Maurice was one of seven men who, suspected of possessing knowledge of military value, were destined for a period of detention in the Black Forest, and were taken through Germany in way trains, with many stops. Eventually the party reached Swiss soil, thence going to Paris. In writing a forthcoming book dealing with the Paris and rural France of the novelists, Mr. Maurice found only two towns calling for description that he had not visited.

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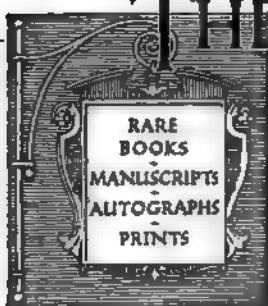
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THE COLLECTORS' GUIDE



In this section the readers of **THE BOOKMAN** will find the latest announcements of reliable dealers in Rare Books, Manuscripts, Autographs and Prints. It will be well to look over this section carefully each month, for the advertisements will be frequently changed, and items of interest to collectors will be offered here. All these dealers invite correspondence.

Those collectors who were fortunate enough to see the collection of Japanese color prints belonging to the late Frederick W. Hunter, which was dispersed at the Walpole Galleries in this city last March, gained a new idea of what careful selection in this line will accomplish. Mr. Hunter was one of the pioneer lovers of Japanese prints, and paid particular attention to condition, the result of the sale justifying his judgment in every particular. It is not difficult or expensive to secure Japanese prints, but this is a line of collecting in which study and experience count and the beginner should have expert guidance. A western collector who now has a very fine collection of Japanese prints explained to a friend one day the fascination of this field: "They are all out of drawing and they don't look pretty at first, but the darned things keep on growing better and better looking. You don't want too many of them around, but if you go after the right sort you needn't be afraid of getting too many." Mr. Hunter's collection numbered only one hundred and fifty prints. Yates Thompson limited himself to one hundred illuminated manuscripts. In neither case had the collector any reason to regret his limitations.

The copy of the "True Chronicle History of King Leir", the foundation play of Shakespeare's "King Lear"

which brought \$1,950 in the sale of Lord Mostyn's plays, now reappears on a London dealer's catalogue with the price of \$2,850 affixed. The Huth copy, the only other one in private hands (the British Museum having two), brought \$2,470. That copy was cut in two places by the binder, while the Mostyn copy had large margins. The same dealer has a copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare which probably was owned originally by Samuel Gilburne, one of the actors in Shakespeare's company, priced at only \$250. But there are more First Folios than "King Leirs".

Many of the important manuscripts and autograph letters which were in the great collection of the late Alfred Morrison, the final sale of which has been held at Sotheby's, will find their way into American private collections. Several London dealers made extensive purchases with a view to the American market, and some of the Morrison material may come into the American auction room. The "Album Amicorum" of Francis Segur, 1599-1611, which was in the Huth sale, cost Sabin \$380, which was \$300 more than it cost Mr. Huth in 1865 at the Wellesley sale. It made its appearance in the Halsey sale at Anderson's in New York this spring, when it brought \$2,960. Many items in the Morrison sale offered a still more promising field for the speculator in

THE COLLECTORS' GUIDE (*Continued*)

rare autographs, and the prices there indicated some speculative bidding.

A well-known book collector, whose library is to come into the auction room next season, announces to his friends that he is through with book collecting. "Broad-sides for me, hereafter", he declares. "They take up little room, and they are more interesting than books, most of which are repetitions of other books. A broad-side has something new to tell. But the main thing is that they can be tucked away in small space, and in these days room is a consideration to the collector."

There is little danger of a slump in the Thackeray market in spite of the large amount of material which is coming into the auction room relating to the author of "Vanity Fair". When it appears that the price for Thackeray drawings and autograph letters and books seems to have become standardized, and every dealer thinks he knows about what a Thackeray "item" will bring, somebody comes along with a Thackeray "find" and prices go soaring. The publication of a definitive Thackeray bibliography tends to awaken flagging interest and to draw new collectors into the field. Thackeray was an author whose manuscripts and corrected proof-sheets lead one into his literary workshop and reveal his methods. Much of his work was unsigned and the finding of it has occupied the time of many literary sleuths. Many of his publications appeared first in the United States and precede the English editions, and in some instances the first American edition differs from the first English edition. Henry S. Van Duzer's Thackeray bibliography attempts to define these differences, and will furnish joy to many Thackeray collectors, while

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America leads England in the matter of Thackeray collections, as it does in appreciation of Swinburne. Harvard University and the Drexel Institute have precious Thackeray manuscripts, and the Thackerayana collections of J. P. Morgan and Henry S. Van Duzer outrank similar collections in England. The great Lambert collection and those of Edwin W. Coggeshall and Samuel Henry Austin have been dispersed, but their treasures were eagerly taken up by other American collectors, while some have gone into public institutions from which they will never be released. The great Thackeray rarities, such as a perfect "Vanity Fair", are so few that there are not enough to go around, and even a small Thackeray drawing or an interesting autograph letter—and Thackeray did not write many dull ones—is a worthy acquisition in any man's library.

The invasion of the American rare-book market by English dealers is an interesting phase of book collecting. Of course the great London dealers, whose names are familiar to every collector, have been selling rare books in the American market ever since Obadiah Rich and Henry Stevens of Vermont showed them that there was such a thing. But the number of catalogues of the smaller and less-known English houses that find their way to the American book collector's table has increased greatly since the war started and is likely to increase. It takes time, but the keen collector soon learns how to go through many titles quickly, and the principal sufferer by a neglected catalogue is generally the one who neglects it.



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Prisoner of the U-90, by EDOUARD VICTOR ISAACS, Lieut., U. S. N. [Houghton].

The narrative of the only line officer of our navy captured during the war.

Save America! by FRANK PUTNAM [pub. by the author at Milwaukee].

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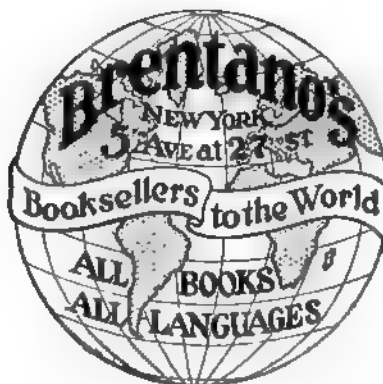
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A translation of the program of the leader of the Centrist party in the Reichstag.

The New Grand Army of the Republic, by LOREN C. GRIEVES, Lieut.-Col., U. S. A. [Doran].

A plea for an organization of the veterans of the Great War.

Parlor Bolshevism and the Other Kind, by EDWARD LEIGH PELL [pub. by the author at New York].

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THE BOOKMAN



HIGH POINTS ON A READER'S PATH

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

The late Henry Austen Clapp, in his pleasant book called, I think, "Recollections of a Dramatic Critic", has a chapter about the most memorable evenings he recalls in the theatre, the high points in his playgoing career. As we grow older, most of us, in conversation with a crony, fall naturally into the spirit of such a chapter, and swap recollections of great evenings in the past, which, no doubt, lose nothing of essential glamour in the process, but rather shine the brighter for the opalescent lustre of memory. But has it ever occurred to anyone to set down the memorable moments—or hours, or days—of his reading; not to tell of "books that have influenced me"—Heaven forbid!—but simply to recall the glorious zest of certain hours when the imagination has been fully caught up by an author and the experience has endured like a bit of vivid reality? I do not now think of any such attempt, except by the way, though it seems certain someone must have made it. At any rate, I have been thinking much of late of my own aureoled hours with books—perhaps because I have had so few in recent years. I find my memory far richer

than my present—which is, no doubt, a sign of advancing years. I have reached my anecdotage.

When I was a small boy, every book was an adventure, as Jacob Gordin, the Yiddish dramatist, said every "she" is. I was alike thrilled by juveniles about the Maine woods, by "The Boys of '76", and by "The Scarlet Letter", which I read one Sunday afternoon at the age of nine, because I was forbidden to. My reading then had no high lights, because it had no low lights. I had read all of Dickens, too, before I was fourteen, drawn to him at first by the Cruikshank and Phiz pictures, in our Chatto and Windus edition. My elder sister, myself, and my younger sister, between us, quite ruined that edition commercially, reading its old red bindings off, and dislocating the engravings. But though I knew my Dickens as I knew my schoolmates, still the peculiar thrill I refer to was yet lacking.

It came to me first, as far as I can recall, in bed one Sunday morning, when I was about thirteen or fourteen. I occupied a little bedroom over the front hall, in our ancient house, and my bookcase could be reached

from the bed. On Sundays, occasionally, my old gray cat was restrained from coming upstairs to wake me, and I was allowed to sleep as long as I chose. But I seldom slept. Rather, I loved to doze, half awake, and hear the church bells a mile away, and the soft rush of the wind in our big cherry-tree, the drone of domestic life under the floor. But this particular Sabbath I reached out and took down Scott's "The Lay of the Last Minstrel", in a "supplementary reading" edition. Poetry to me then meant nothing, or at most something tiresome we had to copy in blue "memory gem" books. A poet, par excellence, was Longfellow, whom I hated with an intensity that would have done credit to Penrod. The only poems I remember to have read with any pleasure up to that time were "Old Ironsides", Moore's "Go Where Glory Waits Thee" (which, for some inexplicable reason, made me weep, and I enjoyed weeping), and "Kentucky Belle", one of those ballads of the Civil War now happily extinct. I cannot say why, on this particular Sabbath, I selected a poem to read. There may have been some picture in the book which inveigled me.

The way was long, the night was cold,
The minstrel was infirm and old—

I was off on the galloping iambics, and I never stopped galloping till I fell, breathless and exhausted, off the last one into the prose of every day. I came down, in a kind of daze, to Sunday dinner (which I probably ate, however, with good zest), and from that day to this, perhaps you think I am going to say, I have read poetry by preference. But I am not going to say it. I cannot remember that I read any more poetry, even by Scott, with any increase of pleasure, till I reached college. This was a romantic

oasis in the desert of my adolescence. At any rate, I well remember detesting Shakespeare at prep school and being mildly bored by "The Lady of the Lake", as well, of course, as abominating the prose "Sir Roger de Coverley Papers" (I do still), and really enjoying only two books—"A Tale of Two Cities" (reread for an examination) and "The Prisoner of Zenda". The latter I read at a sitting, after my roommate had gone to bed. It was exciting, but not opalescent. Perhaps I should admit a certain interest in the novels of one "Albert Ross", which in those days were surreptitiously passed about among schoolboys, but it must have been a rather forced interest. I cannot recall a one of them now—which is, perhaps, just as well. His real name, by the way, was Porter, which seems to be the right name to have if you wish to die rich as an author.

I had just turned eighteen when I entered college, and had recently made two discoveries—women and authorship. I was in love, and I wanted to learn to write. One, at least, of those conditions is rather common, and it is rumored that both are. At any rate, they were responsible for my immediate immersion in English literature courses, and my astounding discovery of the "Golden Treasury".

I can still behold Professor Barrett Wendell parading up and down the lecture platform, twirling his watch-charm around and around by the chain, and reciting,—

Full fathom five thy father lies—

with appropriate comments on its beauties, while I sat spellbound, wondering how these beauties had escaped me when I studied Shakespeare in school. I flew to the bookstore for the recommended "Golden Treasury", and taking it to my room, curled up

on the window-seat and consumed Elizabethan lyrics while my heart sang to their daybreak tunes. Nor did I stop with them. I galloped ahead of the professor. I had reached Collins and Blake while he was still in the Restoration. Then I dipped into Book 4, and in very truth sat silent upon a window-seat in Weld. I didn't know whether I was happy or miserable. Some of the poems exalted me, but then would come one which stabbed. Lines sang in my ears, images swam before my eyes. And at length I reached,—

Bright star, would I were stedfast as thou art—

and without ever having heard of Matthew Arnold and his "Celtic magic", I knew I was in the very holy of holies of English poetry—I had come upon Keats!

His poems had always stood upon our bookcase at home, but I had never opened them. I did not wait now for the course to catch up with me; I did not wait to hear a lecture on the "Lyrical Ballads" and Wordsworth's "Preface" (which, by the way, expressed so admirably a century ago much of what the "new poets" today are trying to phrase). I hastened to the college library to read Keats. It was a rainy, dismal afternoon when I went, and I should have been at a four-hour session in the physics laboratory. But what was physics to me? I had but two objects in life just then. One was to read Keats till supper, the other was to rush to see my adored one immediately after. And I did both. While the nasty winter rain dashed against the windows, and the trolleys complained on the curve of the avenue outside, I sat oblivious, under a green-shaded lamp, and looked on the foam of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn, and saw the warm gules

on Madeleine's fair breast, while my thoughts, too, made purple riot in my heart. Indeed, I remember that afternoon far better than the ensuing evening. Neither, alas! can ever come again, but age and wisdom teach us that there is more permanence to a poem than a passion.

It is only natural, of course, that the aura of enchantment should attach to our reading more during college years than at any other time. I cannot now recall when or how I first read Fitzgerald's "Rubaiyat", but I cannot forget the night, cold, bitter, brittle, when I rode out from Boston on the front platform of a trolley-car (at that time unshielded) and declaimed quatrain after quatrain under my breath, my blood singing warm with the beauty of them. They must have come over me inside the car, and driven me out into the cold. Finally I got off and walked, through the snow and starlight, that I might declaim them aloud. Their fatalistic melancholy, their haunting beauty, filled me with a great elation, a joyous, robust sadness.

Stevenson and Kipling were the popular literary idols in my college days, but I don't remember ever encountering any profound adventures in reading either. Perhaps the nearest approach was the night I read "Weir of Hermiston", and for once forgot to note Stevenson's paragraphing methods and tricks of description. "Soldiers Three" bored me, and while, in his poems, Kipling sometimes seemed drawing near some kind of a new and more intimate poetic medium, they never moved me beyond the pleasures of mere tune or martial rhythm. I had progressed from Keats to Rossetti, and had lived an exquisite evening in "The House of Life"; Kipling seemed second-rate. I have

changed many a judgment since those days, but not that one. It was Mrs. Voynich and Thomas Hardy among the moderns who took me up on an exceeding high mountain.

Does anyone today remember "The Gadfly"? Immortality certainly was not in it; perhaps it was fantastic, turgid, overwrought. But it must have had a certain intensity of passion in it, or it could not have so roused us youngsters of the later 'nineties. To me it seemed to open many doors, and through them I heard idols crashing down, and reveled in the sound. But it was reserved for "Jude the Obscure" to move me as no book has ever done, before or since. It would seem as if I then had a penchant for the morbid!

I began "Jude", I remember, late one evening, just as my roommate, a sweet, joyous soul, who usually went to bed early and rose cheerful before breakfast, was retiring. Our sitting-room was heated by a coal grate, and I sat in the Morris chair before this fire, absorbed in the opening pages, and bade him a rather curt good night. I read on for some time, dozed an hour or two from sheer physical weariness, then woke and read again, the only sound being the occasional gurgle in my student's lamp. I had just reached the point where Sue goes to the closet and finds the dangling bodies of her babies, when my roommate suddenly emerged from his bedroom, whistling "Up the Street". It chanced that the iron poker was still in my hand, after a recent stirring of the coals. Half-hysterical, presumably, I let it fly at him. He ducked, and it smashed a panel in the door. Saint that he was, he picked it up, stood it by the grate, gave me a single reproachful look, and departed for breakfast.

I read on. He had not come back when I finished. I threw the book across the room, put on my stout boots and a sweater, rolled my pajamas into my pocket, got a cup of coffee and some eggs in a lunch-room, and ignoring all recitations and lectures tramped out into the country, as hard as I could walk. I tramped till dark, but still the dreadful tale tramped at my heels, and I could not return to my fellows. I could not bear cheerful association with my kind. I put up at a country hotel for the night. The next day I tramped back, by a round-about way—a full thirty miles. As I drew near the familiar buildings, the world looked, finally, almost right again. I could speak once more to my roommate. I entered our rooms.

"Going to dinner?" I asked.

"Got it out of your system?"

"Yes", said I.

"All right", he laughed.

That was all we ever said about it, but I am rather glad Hardy has written no more novels.

The books which have given us profound intellectual pleasure are, naturally, debarred from consideration in such reminiscences as these, unless the pleasure has been accompanied, or transfused, with spiritual and emotional glow. A first reading of Emerson's "Self Reliance" has probably given many a youth such transfused emotional and intellectual satisfaction. But it was not so much Emerson who thus affected me in my college days as Tolstoi. Pater's "Conclusion" of course we all read with vast interest, but Pater always obtruded his style so much upon our fastidious technical interest that we could not give his message undivided attention. Tolstoi, however, seemed to me then to have no style. I began "What is Art?"

scornfully, I who was a thoroughgoing, Paterian disciple of "art for art's sake". Though my interest was soon captured, it was not until I reached the description of a rehearsal of "Siegfried" that I suddenly saw a great vision, and fell before the book even as Paul on the road to Damascus. I must confess that my whole attitude toward art has been different since I read that book, though I had hoped to refrain from such sententiousness. However, I can in no other way convey the tremendous emotion of *revolution* within me which that book, and especially that section about the Siegfried rehearsal, evoked. I have never read the book since, and I have reread Pater many times; but the emotion of revolution did its work, none the less. I never again threw the bolt in my ivory tower, even when I entered it for a breathing spell.

"What is Art?" precipitated me into settlement work, volunteer night-class instruction, even Sunday preaching, and very nearly cost me my degree. I don't remember to have surrendered myself completely to a book again until some time after I was out of college. It happened on a summer vacation, after midnight on a hot night. The book—why I had never read it before, I cannot imagine—was "The House of the Seven Gables". I grew colder and colder as the tale gripped me. I closed the windows. I donned a bath-robe. I was swept along, upon the icy current of Hawthorne's sombre soul. A rooster crowed, the tale was finished—and I was suddenly in a furnace. But that is the way to read a book—unconditional surrender must be imposed, or stick to the newspapers!

Other memorable surrenders on my part have been to "The Hound of Heaven" and to Patmore's "The Un-

known Eros". Patmore has always peculiarly fascinated me, both as a man and a poet. There is something about him I don't like; his point of view has always seemed arrogant, aloof, egotistical, and his mysticism curiously flavored with sex. I cannot escape the impression that there was a taint of the sensualist in him. Yet when I first read "The Azalea", and "The Toys", for example, I experienced the joyous shock of finding poetry wrought out of unadorned speech, and attaining directly to the imaginative rendering of common things. The so-called "new poetry" of today has, as yet, never given me the same joyous shock—though it aims to do so—save in one or two poems by Robert Frost. Reading "The Hound of Heaven", of course, was an aeroplane excursion into the interstellar spaces. I have to add that, twenty years later, Francis Thompson rather bores me. I prefer the earthly excursions of Frost and Masters and Sandburg.

No doubt it is as inevitable as it is sad that the capacity for complete and joyous spiritual surrender to a book grows feebler with advancing years. Judgment, preconceptions, acquired tastes and habits, get between the author and his reader, and, of course, the lengthening "shades of the prison house" dim the aureole. We still surrender to whimsy and humor with much satisfaction, but that is not quite the same thing as the imaginative adventures I have tried to suggest. To "Seventeen", or "The Little White Bird", or "The Wind in the Willows" we have all given a response that is whole-hearted and unforgettable. But, after all, in no such case is it a spiritual adventure. Spiritual adventures are made of sterner stuff, or of stuff that touches more closely

the primal emotions. I am afraid I must confess to something very akin to a spiritual adventure when I read George Moore's "The Lovers of Ore-lay", in the London edition, of course. No doubt that tale is shockingly immoral, but it is none the less lovely. In it Moore speaks of the songs of Schubert and Schumann as "the moonlit lakes and nightingales of music". It is a moonlit lake and nightingale of fiction.

It is not, perhaps, so odd that in the latter years my spiritual adventures with books have been with play books; it is not odd because the authentic voices in latter-day literature are so often the voices of dramatists, in spite of the plays we see in our theatre. The day I first read "Riders to the Sea" will be always marked in red in the journal of my memory. Here at last was the new poetry—in prose. Here at last, after a full century, was a theory of Wordsworth's in his preface to the "Lyrical Ballads" justified by accomplishment: that is, the actual language of humble people, with its daring metaphor, and its innate imaginative lift when touched by strong emotion, was employed by an author with propriety, sincerity, and the most chastened art, to create an effect astonishingly moving, and astonishingly original.

Somewhat later an American poet, Robert Gilbert Welch, sent me a copy of Dunsany's plays, then unknown and unperformed in this country. The first one I read was "The Gods of the Mountain", and, like Paolo and Francesca, I read no more that day. Here again was a new, an authentic voice, a new vision—and an old, forgotten

language, the tongue of the English Bible, made flexible, alive once more, nervous, thrilling, splendid. And how perfect the art of the structure, the beginning, the middle, the end! How rare that sensation when the last word is read that no more *could* be said, that the perfect thing is perfectly completed! One puts on his dinner-coat and drags himself out to review the newest play on Broadway, with reluctant feet, after he has just come upon "The Gods of the Mountain" for the first time!

Whether the fault is mine or not, this has remained my last great adventure with a book, unless I except "The Education of Henry Adams", where, however, the adventure was primarily intellectual. I have read many excellent books in the past few years. I have had moments of exquisite enjoyment, as when I first read Walter de la Mare's "The Listeners" in a subway train; but no one has compelled of me that ultimate surrender, that complete yielding of the imagination, the emotions, the spiritual powers, which Aristotle long ago somewhat inelegantly but vividly described in relation to tragedy, and which always marks a milestone in one's æsthetic, and often in one's spiritual and practical life. If the fault is wholly mine, if it means simply that I am "chilly and grown old", I shall lock the cases in my library, and retire permanently to my perennials. I can still thrill to the immortal wonder of a painted trillium in the spring, and the tapestries of autumn. But I am going to cherish a little longer a faint hope of a new Dunsany, before my eyesight fails.

THE IDEA

BY WILLIAM McFEE

Dinner was over, and little glasses of red and green liqueurs were being carefully transposed by the stewards as they withdrew the cloth. Most of us were smoking, and a game of chess was beginning at the foot of the table. The gramophone was rendering an Irish jig, and the Chief Engineer, from Londonderry, was incommoding the wardroom servants in front of the sideboard with a *pas seul* of his own invention. It was a typical scene. Half a dozen men were laughing and talking together at the top of the table, when someone suddenly remarked:

"Oh, I don't think there's much in it, you know, if you only get a good idea."

I looked at the speaker, a young seaplane observer, known chiefly to me as a devoted reader of poetry. I found, to my surprise, that they were talking of literature. Some friend at home had "made a hit" with a story, I gathered, and the talk had focused upon the fascinating subject of an idea.

"I have read somewhere", remarked the surgeon, filling his pipe, "that there are only nine original ideas for a story in the world, and they were all discovered ages ago by the Chinese."

"You mean the nine muses," murmured the Flight Commander.

"Oh no", said the surgeon, "I mean what I say—nine ideas. I forget what they are, but the argument of the writer was that all plots fall into these nine categories. You can't get away from the nine original ideas."

"Like a cat with her nine lives," suggested the Flight Commander. "No wonder magazine stories are piffle."

"I have an aunt who lives at Nine Elms," interjected the junior watch-keeper, and was suppressed.

"I don't think you've got it right, Doc," I remarked, moving nearer. "The actual number of ideas is, in my opinion, immaterial. Even granting only nine original plots, the combinations of nine numbers is infinite, I am given to understand by the mathematicians. Facts prove that it is so. I myself have known men who had ideas to burn, as they say."

"That's all my ideas are fit for . . . to burn," muttered the surgeon.

"I am convinced", I went on, "that in the matter of ideas he who meditates is lost. I used to know a man who spent his life hunting for ideas." The young seaplane observer was watching me, and I preserved an aspect of bland abstraction. Without betraying any confidences, I was aware that he had secret ambitions toward literature.

"This man", I resumed, "had been for many years librarian at a college in London where I was a student. His knowledge of literature was as comprehensive as mine was sketchy. He had been at a German university and was familiar not only with books, but with the art and music of western Europe. He had written a short play on some historical subject which had had a short run in London years before I met him. Of course he was

much older than I, but we had in common a leaning toward a bohemian existence, which ultimately took the form of a flat in Chelsea, in the days when artists and authors lived along Cheyne Walk, and there was a sort of Latin Quarter to be found there.

"I had a job in an office in the city, and he, of course, had to be at the college till nine or ten o'clock at night. We used to go to a tavern in Knightsbridge and stay till midnight, when we would walk down Sloane Street and along the river-front to our flat, where the housekeeper had left a cold supper spread in our room overlooking the Thames. And all the time we talked. Whether it was brilliant talk or not, I am not prepared to say. The point is that this man, with whom I spent a great portion of my time, was consumed with a preposterous craving to discover what he defined as 'an idea for a play'. His puny little success with a one-act curtain raiser had thrown him slightly out of center and he had been wabbling ever since. And the curious thing about him was that this obsession kept company in his mind with the perfectly irreconcilable conviction that 'everything had been done'.

"He was an accomplished improvisator on the piano, and on fine summer evenings our open window on Cheyne Walk would be cluttered with quite a little crowd of home-going sweethearts and so forth, listening to him as he played in the darkness. But when I would say—'Why not write it down?'—he would make a gesture of negation and answer that it was no use; everything had been done. He would watch me scribbling away on Sundays, and assure me that it was all futile—everything had been done. Of course this was in his pessimistic periods. At other times he would

rouse up and discuss the possibility of hitting upon 'an idea'.

"He had what I call a typical misconception of the very nature of literature. He seemed to imagine that ideas were like nuggets of gold which anyone might stumble upon at any moment. He was preoccupied with the notion of *wealth* to be obtained from the idea. With all his vast knowledge of books this man was forever looking at literature through the wrong end of the telescope. He would turn over the most imbecile suggestions for books; for instance—a novel in which all the characters were wicked, or a novel in which all the characters were good and came to a bad end. His desire, you see, was not to evolve something out of himself, but to do something superficially different from some well-known success. To write because he had to, because he would enjoy doing it, never entered his head.

"Don't imagine that he was a fool. On the contrary he had an instinct for the genuine which was unerring up to the middle of the nineteenth century. Here he lost himself and got involved in all sorts of mazes. And it was this sudden failure of his critical insight to cope with his contemporaries which led me one day to compare a man's intellectual life with a projectile fired from a gun. Each follows a hyperbolic curve which reaches its maximum height at a certain period and then begins to decline. Some never reach the point where the man himself is standing. Some are still flying ahead and are not understood by us. Of course, I added, I spoke in hyperbole. He was a man of nervous and disconcerting movements, gray but not old, and his pale eyes had the peculiar glaze of the idealist who is also a failure. He made a

quick gesture and rapidly exclaimed:

"That's an idea! That's an idea! Now how can we work that out?" and he fell into a reverie which lasted till the saloon closed.

"It was the same when I told him that in a story I was writing a miser made the discovery that he could get his money back in the next world if his heirs squandered it in this. 'Now there's an idea!' he burst out, and began walking to and fro with his eternal cigarette. 'If I could only get an idea,' he would mutter. 'Something really original . . . there's a fortune in it.' He would bump into an idea and remain unaware of its proximity. I remember when he came down to join me in Chelsea, he was very much upset. He had been two years in lodgings in Bayswater, kept by a middle-aged widow, when suddenly she had come up to his room 'just as he was thinking out an idea for a play' and asked him to marry her. He was in a terrible state. He packed his portmanteaus and trunk, took a four-wheeler and came down at once to me. He had never heard of such a thing in his life, he assured me! He had never done or said anything that anyone could construe into an advance. It took him weeks to get over the shock and return to his hunt for an idea.

"He was like a traveler through a rich and pleasant land who is under the illusion of being in a barren desert. That is the point I want you to notice, for this friend of mine was typical of that period of thought in bohemian London. Oh dear no, he wasn't the only one by any means. I daresay there were thousands of well-meaning and cultured ladies and gentlemen in London in those days who were afflicted with the same peculiar perversion of vision. They were respon-

sible for the notion spreading through schools and colleges, suburbs and country towns, that an idea is a nugget of gold to be suddenly found in a heap of dirt. Now if you will permit me to say so, you are quite wrong. My friend was wrong. I don't wish to convey the impression that I was a sort of youthful Socrates who amused himself by studying the habits of an elderly failure. But I never could satisfy myself that his mania for an 'idea' or an 'original plot' was the right way to go about."

"Then how do you propose to go about?" inquired the surgeon.

"Well, we'll come to that presently. What I was going to say was this. If we go back a little way in the history of story-writing, we shall find that, following on the unique success of Dickens as a serialist, a number of other men achieved a somewhat similar success without the greatness. That is to say, these men followed what they conceived to be Dickens's method. They planned interminable serials with a central mystery which remained undivulged until the end, and was supposed to keep the reader's tongue hanging out with anxiety. But as a matter of fact the anxiety was more the author's than the reader's, for the former was often driven to the craziest shifts to maintain the agony and extricate himself from the difficulties in which he found himself. As Oscar Wilde shrewdly and wittily remarked of these writers, 'the suspense of the author becomes unbearable'. Now, while it is true that Dickens usually had a few mysteries in his novels, mysteries which somehow seem strangely unnecessary and clumsy to us today, his success was in spite of, not because of them. His followers could not see that, and spent their lives devising problems which,

to quote Wilde again, were not worth solving.

"If that were all, the evil would have died with them. Unfortunately some of these men became editors, and the evil that editors do lives after them, as well as the good. As editors these authors established a mandarinic control over the young men who were beginning to write. It gradually became impossible to sell a manuscript which did not conform to their conception of a story. Not only was the number of words fixed, but the whole business was reduced to a few rules. Every story had to have a 'plot'. By plot was understood either a love story, a ghost story, or a murder story. The story par excellence was one which combined all three. I am speaking now of the 'eighties and early 'nineties. If you want to know how they succeeded, turn over the old magazines in a second-hand bookstore and try to read the stories. You will discover, to your astonishment, many men who have since made their mark as originals, laboriously fitting together the sorriest hack-stuff at the command of some editor who had become famous in the same line. By virtue of their own genius they have escaped; but they are only a few out of the scores who lived and died in the grip of that highly organized convention.

"And the strange and terrible thing about it all was that every book produced at that time which is still alive broke every rule that the mandarins had made. Even that last infirmity of ignoble minds—the happy ending, was flouted on occasion. But I am not concerned either with the men who broke down the walls of this penitentiary, or with the men who saw their chance and followed out through the gap into freedom. What I want you

to remember is that the great majority believed that story-writing did go by rule, that you could learn to do it just as you learned to play the piano or ride a bicycle. They paid for this belief with their lives, some of them. They lived in garrets and wrote stories of beautiful young ladies of high degree in love with diplomats and landowners. They burst their poor heads looking for 'plots' and 'ideas'. They planned happy endings while their own hearts were breaking with failure. And it was all so futile, so stupidly wrong. The whole trouble lay in the fact that they were trying to write without in the first place getting any knowledge of life. They were so preoccupied with the technical details of a senseless conventionalism that they never became aware of the life around them. Do you remember the plaintive cry of one of them—'I could be a great poet if I only knew the names of things'!

"The man I have been telling you about was like that. New ideas were exploding all round him, and all he could do was to shrink into himself and mutter that 'everything had been done. All the ideas had been used.' It never entered his head to take hold and write about the first thing that came to hand, to go on writing. It never struck him that an idea was a living thing, which grows and develops and ultimately brings forth other ideas. He couldn't see that. I have often thought of the last time I ever saw him, early in the war. We had been to the terminal to get my baggage, for I was to spend the night at his place. He was talking of an idea he had for writing a series of articles on the dramatists of the seventeenth century. I applauded the notion, for he really knew more about the seven-

teenth century than he did about the twentieth. But imagine it! Conceive the mentality of a man who proposed such a thing, with Antwerp falling, with a British Fleet destroyed off Corone], with every heart in England on fire in one gigantic struggle with the powers of darkness! Nevertheless I applauded the notion, for he desired greatly to earn a few guineas. And as we came out of the terminal station into Liverpool Street, and he was complaining of the difficulty in getting a central idea for each essay, it seemed as if the whole world dissolved in a series of explosions. There was a sheet of green flame in front of us and the sound as of every window in London falling in shivers. We darted into the station and waited for death. It seemed impossible that we could escape. My friend collapsed into a fit of ague. Bomb after bomb fell and burst with its tremendous detonation and he sat there on my grip and muttered, 'My God! My God!' The mothers with children and the men who had collected with us on that stone stairway, looked curiously at him as he sat shuddering. I don't think he ever recovered from that little adventure. The twentieth century was too much for him. I often think of him, now that he is gone, wandering in the shades in his fruitless search for an idea. Or perhaps he has found one, and is spending eternity working it out!"

"Well", said the surgeon, ringing

the bell for the bartender, "that doesn't seem to get us any nearer to the solution. You don't propose that a man should die or commit suicide in order to get an original idea for a story, do you?"

"Not at all. My point is that a young man must let his ideas grow, and not be continually rooting them up to see how they are getting on. The broad difference between us and the old conventionalists is this—that while they constructed what they called a plot, something like a Chinese puzzle, and fitted their highly conventional characters into it, we prefer to conceive one or more characters evolved out of our own souls by their impact upon others, and leave these characters to fashion the story in their own way. Just as the realists who followed them were not real, so the romanticists themselves were not really romantic. The very essence of a romance is its fortuitousness, if I may say so. It may be succinct or it may be rambling. It may have the clear-cut beauty of a jewel or the shadowy elusiveness of a dream. It will depend for its authenticity upon the genuine quality of your mood. But in nine cases out of ten the idea, as you call it, is not clearly apparent to the author himself until he has gone too far to go back. He sees it in a glass darkly and then, perhaps, face to face."

"What'll you have?" asked the surgeon.

GUY DE MAUPASSANT'S PARIS

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

Until a few years ago at least, a conspicuous figure in the afternoon parade along the Avenue des Champs Elysées out to the Bois de Boulogne and back again was a fastidiously dressed man, who, from the seat of his victoria, surveyed the *piétons* on the sidewalks and the occupants of passing horse-drawn vehicles with eyes that were half intolerant, half supercilious. Toward the stream of motor-cars that year by year grew in volume, his glances were of almost malignant hostility. The mechanical vehicle he held to be an intrusion, and the plaything of the vulgar. But the steeds that conveyed him to and fro were of the finest breed and the last word in grooming; and to the end his attitude toward the world was the attitude affected by the penniless young clerk in a railway office, who, one evening, met the journalist Forestier in the Boulevard des Italiens, and gladly accepted the loan of two louis which he never repaid. For the man was the original of George Duroy, later Du Roy de Cantel, of Guy de Maupassant's "Bel-Ami".

There is said to exist a set of Maupassant's books on the margins of which he jotted down the real names of every person and place he described. Even further than Alphonse Daudet he carried this passion for personalities. The George Duroy of "Bel-Ami" has been mentioned. The real Boule de Suif was one Adrienne Legay, who lived in Rouen at the time of the War of 1870, and who died in poverty about two years

after Maupassant himself passed away in the *maison de santé* of Doctor Blanche. The heroine of "Une Vie" is said to have been drawn from his own mother, as Dickens put his mother in Mrs. Nickleby, and Thackeray drew upon his—together with his wife and Mrs. Brookfield—in the making of Amelia Sedley. It was about a year ago that a line from Paris told of the death of the man whom Maupassant invested with the complicated qualities of Olivier Bertin in "Fort Comme la Mort". The Madame de Burne of "Notre Cœur" is supposed to have been the mysterious lady—the "lady of the pearl-grey dress"—whose repeated visits to Maupassant, in the last years at Cannes, so distressed the valet François. The originals of the Comtesse de Guillery, of Forestier and Madame Forestier, later Madame Du Roy de Cantel, of Clotilde, and of M. and Madame Walter of "Bel-Ami" were perfectly well known to a score of Maupassant's personal friends. The chapters describing modern Parisian journalism were based upon his own experiences in the offices of certain papers, notably the "Gaulois".

For all practical purposes the Paris upon which Guy de Maupassant drew so freely in the course of his six novels, his fifteen or twenty stories, that range from twelve to twenty-five thousand words, and his innumerable *contes*, is the Paris of today, or, at least, the Paris that we knew prior to the 1st of August, 1914. It is the city of pleasure and industry that is

reflected in his pages—the great sweep of the boulevards, the offices of the bureaucracy, the hives of journalism, the bowered driveways of the Bois, or the Rond Point glinting in the afternoon sunshine, the humming activity of the great shops of fashion that line the Rue de la Paix and the Avenue de l'Opéra. But here and there a park plays its inevitable part, for when the warp of the story did not permit the author to carry his characters away, following his own inclination, to the waters of the Seine at Bougival or Malmaison, or to the Fôret de Fontainebleau, that love of the country that was in his blood turned him to the Parc Monceau, or the Gardens of the Luxembourg, or the Buttes-Chaumont, or the Cemetery of Montmartre or the Cemetery of Père Lachaise.

Among Maupassant's novels there is one that is blatant of modern Paris. There is Paris in "Fort Comme la Mort", in "Notre Cœur"; touches of it even in "Une Vie", "Mont Oriol", and "Pierre et Jean". But in these books the scenes are merely incidental; a home had to be found for Madame de Burne, André Mariolle, or Olivier Bertin—a background for this encounter, for that prearranged meeting. But the sweep of the city, its vastness, its complexity, its cruel energy, its pitiless struggle, throb in every page of "Bel-Ami". The book begins in the Rue Notre Dame de Lorette; it ends in the Madeleine. That tells a significant story.

From the Rue Notre Dame de Lorette, George Duroy—ex-trooper in Algeria, now a clerk in a railway office on a salary that barely permits him to exist—strolls of an evening down to the boulevards to watch enviously those more favored of fortune

taking their amusement. Crossing the Place de l'Opéra, he meets Forestier, a comrade of former days in the service, and the encounter changes his entire life. The forty francs that the journalist thrusts in his hand lead to an adventure that night at the Folies Bergères. The following evening he dines with the Forestiers and their guests in the Rue Fontaine. Given a footing as a reporter on the "Vie Française", he soon acquires an intimate knowledge of that surface scum Paris which, to the eyes of the stranger, obscures the clearer waters below. The soul of the city he never probes; but with its body and the sores of its body he is soon as familiar as any glazed-hat driver of a night flacre.

In the later years of his life in Paris Maupassant lived in the Rue Montchanin, a little street to the north of the Parc Monceau, near where the Avenue Villiers crosses the Boulevard Malesherbes. His was not the feverish physical activity of Balzac that sent the creator of the "Comédie Humaine" to every corner of Paris before selecting the edifice that was to serve as the setting for a projected tale. It was easier and it saved time to describe structures nearer at hand; so almost within a stone's throw of the house in the Rue Montchanin will be found the streets associated with more than half of the Maupassant tales. They lie along the line of what are generally known as the Boulevards Extérieurs, the Boulevard de Courcelles, the Boulevard des Batignolles, the Boulevard de Clichy, and the Boulevard Rochecouart.

To understand Guy de Maupassant's attitude toward Paris, it is necessary to consider his life in general, his heritage, his training, and his en-

vironment. He was born August 5, 1850, in the Château de Miromesnil, about eight miles from Dieppe, on the Normandy coast. Breathing deeply of the salt of the sea in his cradle, to the end of his days ever turning to its imperious call, there was always, in his bearing toward Paris, something of the hostility of the stranger. Maupassant's father, Gustave de Maupassant, belonged to a Lorraine family that had established itself in Normandy nearly a hundred years before the birth of the novelist. The family had been ennobled by the Emperor Francis—in fact, had the right to carry the title of marquis. Upon this right, Guy, even in the years when he was most assiduously courting Parisian society, never traded. In that respect he was no "Bel-Ami". In 1846 Gustave de Maupassant espoused Mlle. Laure Le Poittevain, of a family of the upper Norman bourgeoisie. As children, Laure and her brother Alfred had been comrades of Gustave Flaubert, a fact which may be accepted as explaining the ardor with which in after years the author of "Madame Bovary" devoted himself to Guy's literary training.

The marriage of Guy's parents did not turn out happily, and soon after the birth of a second son—Hervé, six years younger than Guy—an amicable separation was arranged, by the terms of which Madame de Maupassant took back her own fortune, retained the children, and, for their support, received from her husband the sum of sixteen hundred francs a year. She made her home in Etretat, between Havre and Fécamp on the Norman coast, and it was there that the boys passed the greater part of their childhood. Until he was thirteen Guy's education was of an ex-

ceedingly desultory nature, with his mother practically his only instructor. When he entered the seminary at Yvetot he found the discipline and the society of his commonplace schoolmates in unhappy contrast to the free life by the sea.

Then came the Lycée, in Rouen. There he was happier, and he worked diligently, winning his degree without trouble. He had already decided upon a literary career, and, as has been so usual with French men of letters, he began by writing verse. At that period of his life he seems to have been a creature of great gayety and bounding animal spirits. That splendid physical strength, which, outwardly at least, he always retained, and which enabled him as a swimmer, to buffet the waves for hours at a time—he once rescued Swinburne when the English poet was drowning—had, of course, not been impaired by excess or overwork. There are many anecdotes of that time that explain the formation of the writer, and particularly his methods of observation. An English maiden lady on whom the high-spirited youth played a practical joke, later served as the model for "Miss Harriet". All that he owed to Normandy, to the peasants, the sailors, the country priests, the keepers of taverns—all the vivid impressions that were to play so prominent a part in his life work—were then assimilated. Then, in the spring after the War of 1870, when he was in his twenty-first year, he went to Paris. He obtained a clerkship in the department of marine that paid him a yearly salary of fifteen hundred francs. Later he found a more lucrative place in the department of public instruction. As an employee of the state he was by no means overzealous. His leisure hours

he devoted to boating on the Seine; at the office he scribbled on the paper of the administration the verses and essays that on Sundays he submitted to Flaubert's criticism.

That criticism, supervision, and direction lasted for seven years—from 1873 till 1880. It consisted of developing the powers of observation, of impressing upon the youth the older man's arduous creed of style, of curbing with a firm hand the natural desire for premature publication. At the Sunday Flaubert table young Maupassant was a frequent guest. There he met on terms of easy equality the leading men of letters of France—Edmond de Goncourt, Zola, Alphonse Daudet, Catulle Mendès, Turgenev, and others. The apprenticeship came to an end in 1878 when "Boule de Suif" was included in the "Soirées de Médan".

Admirable as it unquestionably is as a story, "Boule de Suif" was essentially a *tour de force*. The more natural expression of Maupassant's talent was in the interpretation of the bureaucratic life about him, and of those Parisian scenes and streets with which his daily activities as an employee brought him in contact. The story of Maupassant's life from 1880 to 1890 is the story of his books. In the ten years he produced six novels, sixteen volumes of short stories, three volumes of travel, besides numerous newspaper articles that have not been included in the various editions of his works. His average was rather more than three books a year, a result that he achieved by the regularity of his work. He wrote every morning from seven o'clock till noon, turning out at least six pages a day. Flaubert, his master, revised and revised, sometimes spending days over a single sentence, groping furiously

for hours in the pursuit of the exact word. Maupassant, as fastidious as Flaubert in the matter of style, found expression so easy that he rarely erased. It was his habit, contrary to general opinion, to make a preliminary draft of a story. According to one of his friends he never went to bed without jotting down notes of all that had impressed him during the day. Precision in the matter of minute details was his creed. For example in "La Maison Tellier", over which he toiled for months, there is a scene introducing English and French sailors. Being entirely ignorant of the English language he went to Turgenev in order to inform himself exactly as to the words of "Rule Britannia".

Where it was a case of a Paris street or structure he was equally precise. In "L'Héritage", that sinister tale of a conditional inheritance, the information that the story conveys is that M. Cachelin lived in the upper end of the Rue Rochecouart, a street that may roughly be described as being not very far from the Gare du Nord. It is related that Maupassant made a careful study of every house of that street near its Boulevard Rochecouart end, until he found the one structure that fitted the purposes of his narrative. The little apartment in the Rue de Constantinople, just back of the Gare St. Lazare, where, in "Bel-Ami", Mme. de Marelle and George Duroy had their meetings, is said to have been drawn from an apartment associated with certain episodes in the author's own life as a man of gallantry. There was perhaps a generality in placing the office of "La Vie Française", where Duroy won his spurs in journalism, in the Boulevard Poissonnière; for locating a Parisian newspaper in that

neighborhood was something like ascribing the office of a New York daily to Park Row, or a London daily to Fleet Street. In its sweep, "Bel-Ami", more than any other novel of Maupassant, is compact of modern Paris. The very essence of the evening life of the great boulevard, with its sidewalk tables and its *flâneurs*, is in the opening scene, culminating with Duroy's encounter with his comrade of the Algerian army days, Forestier. In turn the narrative shifts to the Folies Bergères, to the home of the Forestiers, No. 17 Rue Fontaine, to that of the Marelles, to Duroy's own miserable dwelling, to the Bois, to the church into which the adventurer pursued Mme. Walter, to various restaurants and artists' studios, and finally to the stately Madeleine, where, with ecclesiastical blessing and admonition, George Du Roy de Cantel and Suzanne Walter were made man and wife.

The Paris of "Bel-Ami" is essentially the Paris of "Notre Cœur", of "Fort Comme la Mort", of "Monsieur Parent", of "L'Inutile Beauté", and "L'Héritage". It was touched in "Pierre et Jean", "Mont Oriol", and "Une Vie". But it was inevitable that the continual change and travel that was such a factor in Maupassant's own life after his first taste of success, should have been reflected in the most Parisian of his novels. Two journeys, one to Cannes and the other to Rouen, play parts in "Bel-Ami". The Norman Mont St. Michel and the Forêt de Fontainebleau are woven into "Notre Cœur". In his books as in his own existence Maupassant needed a diversion from the feverish turmoil of Paris. If he himself could spare time for summer weeks between the *falaises* of Etretat, for cruises in Mediterranean waters,

for voyages to Italy, Corsica, Sicily, and Algeria, he felt that his characters were entitled to a similar privilege. Then, too, despite a certain undeniable vein of snobbishness, which led him to profess a preference for the company of men and women of society over that of his fellow literary workers, Maupassant's liking for the *grand monde* was never thoroughly genuine. He became a man of fashion, he was sought after and welcomed in the most exclusive circles, to his talent even the doors of the old nobility were opened; yet his attitude was ever one of cold politeness and affected disdain.

The formal Maupassant biography is that of Maynial. But six or seven years ago there appeared the "Recollections" of Maupassant's valet. Major Arthur Pendennis's man-servant, Morgan, taking leave of his master in some dissatisfaction, debated whether he should go in for literature or politics. Had he chosen the former career, and become the historian of the grim old warrior he knew so well, the result might have been a book much in the vein of François's book. For to the valet the master was above all a dandy and an accomplished man of the world. It was very fine, perhaps, to have written "Bel-Ami", and "Fort Comme la Mort", and "Pierre et Jean". But what really stirred the pride of François, and made him assume airs over other gentlemen's gentlemen, was the position of Maupassant as a boulevardier, his friendships with aristocratic names, his successes with women. Yet now and then François condescends to throw light on Maupassant the craftsman. For example, the publication of "Fort Comme la Mort" in March, 1889, was a triumph for Maupassant, but brought him so many

visits from young writers that he began to complain. François quotes him:

They tire me to death. I want the mornings for my work, and really they are becoming too numerous. Henceforth I will receive them only by appointment. Of course I like to be of use to them; but very often what I tell them does no good. Now that young fellow who has just left me; it is a waste of time to give him good advice; he is so dissipated. He never thinks about his work, and yet imagines he will become a novel writer! It is impossible, impossible! You understand, in order to write a novel, you must think of it constantly, all the characters must be in their proper places, everything must be settled before you begin writing the first pages, otherwise you must begin every day all over again. Then there is a muddle, from which you can never come out successfully. It is not the work of one day, even for a practised writer, let alone a beginner.

François himself had some opinions on literary matters. An excursion into the environs once led master and man in the direction of Zola's house at Médan. François, in response to a question, acknowledged acquaintance with the "Rougon-Macquart" series, and added:

Since you really wish to know what I think of the books I will tell you. M. Zola exaggerates terribly when talking about servants. He puts all sorts of horrors in the mouths of the maids; in "Pot-Bouille" he makes them scream the nastiest expressions out of the courtyard windows. I repeat, sir, all this is exaggerated. Twenty-five years have I been a servant, and I have never heard speeches bordering in any way on those M. Zola puts in the mouths of his characters. M. Zola sought his documents on the very lowest rung of the ladder. I wonder where he got them. It is not fair to attack defenceless beings, who are very often interesting. How many times during a day does a poor maid-servant trample on her own self-respect so as to keep her place and remain an honest girl! And that, so as at the end of the month, she may pocket thirty francs, out of which she buys what she cannot do without, sending the rest to her old father and mother, who still are obliged to support young children, and are often helpless on account of their infirmities.

François was with Maupassant during the last, tragic years. The

trouble with the novelist's eyes, which so often interfered with his work, began as early as 1885. To repair excesses, and to soften suffering, he indulged in ether, cocaine, morphine, and hasheesh. The impending crash was foreshadowed in such tales as "Le Horla", "Lui", "Fou", and "Qui Sait?" The story of the actual breakdown has never been made quite clear. François hintingly attributed it to the "lady of the pearl-grey dress and golden waistband", and to a mysterious telegram from an eastern land. There was a journey to the Ile Sainte-Marguerite during which some weird and horrible thing happened. But what it was no one seems to know. A week later at Cannes, Maupassant made two attempts at suicide. Then he had the delusion that war had been declared between France and Germany. He was feverishly eager to go to the front and made François swear to follow him to the defense of the eastern frontier. "During our numerous journeys", recorded François, "he always gave me his military certificate to take care of, for fear this should be lost in the enormous quantities of papers he possessed."

Then again, and for the last time, Paris, or rather the outskirts of Paris; the *maison de santé* of Dr. Blanche, at Passy, where he was to remain till the end.

They are not pleasant to contemplate, those last days. There were periods of gibbering and violence. He imagined countless invisible enemies. Even against the faithful François he turned, accusing him of having taken his place on the "Figaro", and slandered him in heaven. "I beg you to leave me; I refuse to see you any more." In a savage moment he hurled a billiard ball at the head

of another inmate. Again his madness would take the form of belief in his own Monte Cristo-like wealth—the *folie des grandeurs*—when he would rush about calling to an imaginary broker to sell the French *rentes*, *en bloc*.

Now and then there was an hour of lucidity, of calmness, of comparative peace, when he was able to recognize friends, when, looking out of his window, he could see the glittering lights of the city, and imagine the Madame de Burnes, the Madame de Marelles, the Olivier Bertins, the George Duroys, going about their business and their pleasure as usual. Perhaps he

recalled the days of his lusty strength, when he had ever been so ready to *faire la noce*. But sparkling as had been the wit, loud as had been the laughter, there was always the undertone of bitter, weary sadness. Often his heart had leaped to fugitive joys, to the delights of the palate, to the glamour of woman's beauty, to the spectacle of snow-capped mountain peaks, to the surge and roar of the sea. But ever in that heart there was a deep cavern, locked tight against the world, and in that cavern there was gloom, infinite gloom, the gloom of a man alone, always alone, and gnashing in the darkness.

ENGLISH BOOKS IN THE NEAR EAST

BY EVELINE A. THOMSON

I can think of few more interesting things to do than to teach English at Constantinople College for girls. Picture to yourself four grey stone buildings standing on the heights of the Greek village of Arnaoutkeuy on the Bosphorus, and looking out over the sapphire strip of water toward Asia and the rising sun. Imagine these buildings fitted up with lecture halls, laboratories, reading-rooms, and dormitories; and seeming curiously western and American as they tower above the narrow, unpainted, wooden houses and quaint little mosques and churches perched on the steep slopes of the village. Into these buildings put groups of eager young students of almost every nation under heaven—Armenian, Greek, Jew, Turk, Bulgarian, Albanian, Arab, Persian, European, and American, living and learning, loving and hating, imbibing and im-

parting, and you have in some measure the physical aspect of this unusual American college for girls in Constantinople.

To teach your own language is always an alluring occupation. But teaching it to Near Eastern girls, gathered in the beautiful city which is the gateway from Asia in Europe, has a charm all its own. To begin with, you learn a very great deal about your rich, confusing, and altogether illogical mother tongue, and at the same time you catch fleeting glimpses of oriental and slavie minds and modes of thought that repay you a hundredfold for any drudgery that may be connected with the work. After a few years of experience, when you have caught the eastern methods of expression, when you have noted the likes and dislikes manifested toward your own literature, you try to picture

to yourself the background of books and letters which these girls have brought from their old-world ancestry and eastern homes to your modern American classroom. You grope for a long time in the dark and feel it would take a lifetime to discover all there is to know of the minds behind these eager foreign faces in front of you. You find that generalizing is almost impossible; that each nationality shows startling differences; that you, with your western training and direct manner of thought, must indeed have infinite patience and infinite sympathy to understand the devious workings of the oriental mind.

It was my good fortune not only to teach at Constantinople College but also to study there, so that in my student days I learned my own language side by side with Greeks, Armenians, Bulgarians, and Turks. Let me say that often, to my chagrin, their turn of phrase and mode of description were far more vivid than my own, although my grammar was more correct. From their enthusiasms and from our long conversations on the meaning of the universe, so dear to the hearts of all students the world over, did I learn what they had been reading before the door to English literature was opened to them, and what they understood and appreciated in that literature, once they were able to reach out and taste its sweets.

A few things can be said of Near Eastern literature in general. One fact never to be forgotten is that the ancient classic period is held in constant remembrance. These people live in past history, which has been kept alive and glowing by their ancient writers and poets. The Armenians remember the time when the great Armenian nation defeated the Persians hundreds of years ago. The

Greeks speak with familiarity of "our great writers", Euripides, Socrates, Plato; the Bulgarians turn to ancient Slavic, in which language is recorded the history of the one-time Great Empire of the Bulgars; and the Turks, if they have any pretensions toward education, are familiar with the Persian and Arabic poets, whose literature they consider a part of their own.

Another feature of present-day Near Eastern literature is its intensely nationalistic temper. For almost a hundred years, ever since the Balkan States began to be released from the paralyzing tyranny of Turkish oppression, when all national writing was ruthlessly suppressed, these liberated people have burst forth with extraordinary vigor into songs and stories of their freedom, their dreams of greatness, and their national aspirations. Every modern Balkan poet is a zealous patriot. A tragic strain as well as a fiery nationalism run through all their writings and the students at the college reflect and appreciate both.

It must not be forgotten that while Greece, Bulgaria, Roumania, Serbia, and Montenegro have all enjoyed political liberty for some years, the inhabitants of the Ottoman Empire, that is, Ottoman Greeks, Armenians, and Turks, have only since 1908 had freedom of speech and press. Before that time all writing bearing upon national or religious subjects was impossible, so it can easily be imagined what an outburst of fervent words—poetry and prose—there has been in Turkey in the last ten years. I am reminded of a certain inspired Turkish poet, who lived in an interesting house perched on the very edge of a cliff overlooking the Bosphorus. He was an idealist and an ardent member of the Young Turk party when it was a revolution-

ary society representing the best minds of the Empire. Of course he could not allow his real sympathies to be known, as in those days a Young Turk was in constant danger of his life. He did not dare to write or have published any of the many patriotic poems which he composed; so he and his wife, a lady of great charm and intelligence, learned them by heart, and when at last despotism in Turkey was crushed, the poems appeared in print.

I remember, too, a Greek fellow student's telling me how her father, shortly after the massacres of 1896, decided to burn all the books he possessed. "There was nothing revolutionary in them", she said, "but anything *written* is to a Turk dangerous, and who knows what they might have done to my father if they had searched our house and found many Greek books in it? So we had a bonfire, a great bonfire in the back garden, and all our beautiful old Greek books went up in flames!"

Another girl, an Armenian, told me how for years her mother had kept sewn up in her mattress copies of certain patriotic Armenian songs, which had been handed down from father to son and mother to daughter for many generations. It is small wonder that present Near Eastern folk cannot get their fill of patriotic verse and story. They have hungered and thirsted for it for years, and they are children in their naïve relish of sonorous battle songs and ancient epics.

The college library, which boasts some 6,000 volumes, has a fair sprinkling of books in the vernacular, for the students are urged to study their own language as well as English. All libraries are windows looking out upon new worlds, but this small collection of books, western and eastern, ancient and modern, in an American

institution in Turkey certainly holds a unique position in that respect. How many are the windows and how strange and interesting the outlooks which the eastern students can enjoy through the books there assembled. It is a popular place and its volumes are well worn. Here East meets West and strives to understand.

Many students, who have already had training in European schools, of which there are a goodly number in the Empire, often possess an astonishing familiarity with certain French classics. They are inclined to amaze the English professor by quoting Balzac, Dumas, George Sand, and Molière and to have at the age of seventeen or eighteen a complete acquaintance with the writings of Maupassant. Near Eastern girls develop much earlier than western girls and, while they are supposed to be sheltered and protected in every way that is physically possible, their knowledge of the world through books is often startling. Bulgarian girls are as a rule familiar with most of the modern Russian writers. While Russian and Bulgarian are different languages, an educated person knowing one can read the other easily. Also there are many Bulgarian translations of Russian books. Nearly all students before they come to the college can read one other language besides their own.

As to their appreciation of English literature, it is very real. They are good linguists and soon master the language. Poetry they are very fond of, having, as they do, an instinctive musical sense. They find, however, that English poetry is sometimes exceedingly difficult to understand, especially modern poetry. It must be read and interpreted to them slowly and with sympathy, but once they have caught the spirit of it, they are quick

to respond. They like to memorize poetry, though the effect of hearing an Armenian tongue declaim "Hamlet" or a Greek recite "In Memoriam" is often rather painful for the sensitive English ears of the professor. Stories and novels, especially about American life, interest and absorb them. They are quick to see dramatic values; and plays of any kind, the more tragic the better, make a direct appeal. It is more difficult for them to appreciate humor in literature, though even here their understanding is astonishing. I remember a classmate of mine, a most intelligent Greek girl, who was an ardent admirer of Dickens. She never could have enough of him and read and reread him. She was also in the habit of quoting Mr. Micawber and Sam Weller, with as keen delight and often with far greater accuracy than many English people. She once won a competitive prize for an essay on "Shakespeare's Jesters", which was incredibly good in its analysis of Shakespeare's humor.

I remember a Bulgarian student whose hero was Emerson. It is a long way from Concord to Sofia, but human aspirations are the same and the great American thinker touches the human chord in the east as well as in the west.

Now that the war is over and the way to Constantinople is open, I hope to return to my English classroom there. What is going to be the policy of the future? How much will the west contribute to the rehabilitation and regeneration of the Near East? Will the hostile nations of those troublesome corners of Asia and Europe ever work out a peaceful basis of cooperation? Will the East ever understand the West? It is impossible to prophesy; but I cherish the belief that the humble professor of English, with the help of the little nucleus of books in the Constantinople College library on the Bosphorus, can feel she has an infinitesimal share in answering these questions in the new era that is dawning.

THE LONDONER

LONDON, *June 1, 1919.*

I forget whether in a former letter I explained one curious thing about the London book market and the prevalence of the long novel in England. The facts are singular, and deserve recognition, so I will risk repetition and make the explanation now. The long novel is in England more profitable than the short one. That is, if the book has any quality at all. If it is a question of realizing profit upon a small sale, every publisher will give preference to the *conte*, such as Oliver Onions's "In Accordance with the Evidence" or Rebecca West's "The Return of the Soldier". But in general the books which have had the greatest vogue here are the long books.

The reason is easily made clear. We sell most of our novels to the circulating libraries, as I have certainly demonstrated in an earlier letter. The libraries take as few copies of every book as they can. No blame attaches to them for such economy. If the book "reads well"—a library phrase—more copies can be bought, and in any case it is evident that the quicker the books are read the sooner are the copies in circulation returned and once again sent out to eager readers. A short book is read in an evening. It comes back the next day. Fewer copies of a short book are needed to supply a demand than are required of a long book which takes several days to get through. The long book stays out longer. The ebb and flow of its circulation is slower. Therefore, more copies have to be obtained

if the libraries are to keep pace with the demand among their subscribers. It may be assumed, therefore, that a long book sells in a proportion of five to one against a short novel which attains the same circulation through the libraries. This is putting the case at its simplest. You cannot obtain for a short novel anything like the sale possible to a long one. The same copy is read over and over again.

There is another point in favor of the long book, and that is that many people read part of a book, like it, and are prevented from continuing their reading for several days. They pat the book, and say wisely, "I must go on with you another time". Opportunity for the resumed reading does not come for some days. The book remains unopened. Sometimes it is never taken up again, but remains out on the table for three or four weeks, and is at last sent back to the library because in the interval the reader's enthusiasm has cooled and his curiosity has been aroused about another book altogether. This is a remarkable fact, and it is well worth considering, because I believe that the same element does not affect success in any other country. It is a peculiarity of English literary conditions.

* * *

Let me give you an example of the point. In 1917 Norman Douglas published a most astonishing novel called "South Wind". It was in some ways a great work, but it was not written in a popular style, and anybody com-

ing across it in manuscript might have been forgiven for thinking that it had little chance of wide sale. As a matter of fact it had a notable run. It kept on selling. Yet I never met anybody who had read it all through. All who had attempted it acknowledged its quality, but all candidly confessed to having felt it too good to be read hastily. My own belief—it is a private vanity—is that I am the only person who has read the book throughout; and I did it because I received a personal request from a very good friend to read a chapter at a time in the copy he gave me. I have seen that book in all sorts of places, and I honestly believe that nine out of every ten people who began it said, in perfect good faith, "This is too good to be hurried over. I'll keep it until my mind's clearer". Meanwhile, of course, the demand continued, and more copies were put into circulation. I am very glad, for the book is a rich feast, and is the work of a man who has had, what so few of us have had, real experience of life in all sorts of extraordinary corners of the earth.

* * *

Douglas is a man of outstanding personality. He has done strange things, and thought strange original thoughts, and he is a natural wanderer upon the face of the globe. He does not care for authorship, and I think would rather starve than write another book. He is not wholly an Englishman. I believe his mother was Austrian, and a member of a family noted for romantic marriages. He is a linguist with a gift for style—which is a thing so rare as to deserve honorable mention. He has written in German a brochure* upon the rep-

*"Herpetology of the Grand Duchy of Baden."

tile life peculiar to a German Duchy. He has written of Italy, of North Africa, of Old Calabria, of saints and wrongdoers, of bishops and malefactors. He has been in the diplomatic service, has drawn the extra pay allowed to those in the diplomatic service for proficiency in Russian. I have been told that it was he who first drew up a memorandum regarding the Murman coast, a memorandum which, for all I know, may at this moment be the authority upon which the British Foreign Office is working in relation to the military operations now in progress. Is not that an astounding record for a man who cannot be more than fifty?

There is one bookseller in London who has been made to swear an oath to one of the most noted of our bibliophiles that he will never be without a copy of Douglas's book, "Old Calabria", and this book is already a rarity. It is, like Douglas's other work, a minor classic, and one day we shall have a collected edition which will be regarded as a fitting monument to a bizarre man of letters long secretly admired by the elect. There may even be a biography. Long may that biography be unneeded! But may the collected edition come soon! The books are not easy reading because Douglas's ironic allusiveness, and his diabolical Pyrrhonism, and his wit and individual outlook put obstacles in the way of any reader commonly fed by spoon; but for those who care for such ironic wit each of the books, picturesque as all of them are, is a feast.

* * *

I have been reading a book written by another man of strange experience—Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. The book is called "My Diaries", and the author is one of those Englishmen who

are looked at askance by conventional Englishmen as hopelessly wrong-headed in all political matters whatsoever. He glories in his originality of outlook, has been in prison for political reasons, is a poet and publicist, a breeder of blood Arab steeds, a landowner, a Radical, and all sorts of other things equally contradictory. His interest in international affairs is enormous. His acquaintance with the most famous of our politicians and social leaders is perhaps unsurpassed. His literary reputation is high, and his literary acquaintance has been wide and distinguished.

All these things give his book a curious personal value, but the book does not depend upon either the author's political views or his personality for its interest. It is chiefly interesting as a view of English life between the years 1888 and 1900; although at times it is hard to avoid the belief that Mr. Blunt is biased in his readings of character and of events. This matter is not one for a literary causerie, so I will not enlarge upon it. What I should like to do, is to quote one or two stories from the book which have a literary interest. Mr. Blunt belongs to the generation of Morris and Burne-Jones, and he knows all the anecdotes about the writers of his day. Morris was a particular love of his, but he candidly admits that he thinks the love was all upon one side, though Morris enjoyed his company. An entry in the "Diaries" for a day in August, 1891, is amusing:

Had supper with Morris and his wife and her sister, Miss Burden, and a Mr. Walker (Emery Walker) who helps in the printing work. . . . Morris was immensely pleased when I told him that I had read his "News from Nowhere", and that Anne also had read it. He gave an amusing account of an old house "that that fellow Watts (the painter) had been daubing over". "But a

coat of whitewash", he said, "would soon set that right." I told him in return about George Wyndham's visit to Swinburne at Putney, a few months ago, when the other Watts, Theodore Watts-Dunton, had insisted on talking politics with him instead of literature, to George's disgust, and how it had ended in Watts's reading out his own poems instead of letting Swinburne read his. Watts, George tells me, keeps Swinburne prisoner, as a keeper keeps a lunatic. He had explained to George that some years ago he had found Swinburne in bed, dying of what is called "drunkard's diarrhoea", and that having got him round, he now considers Swinburne as his own property, and treats him like a naughty boy, "a case", said George, "for police interference".

There are candid comments upon Alfred Austin and his laureateship which I should like to quote; but they are rather long. Mr. Blunt had personal acquaintance with Austin, "the most absurd little cock sparrow of a man ever seen", and once compared notes with him as to rival ideas of heaven. Mr. Blunt's own notion was somewhat oriental, of a garden with running water, and a sleep for a hundred thousand years, and birds singing, and so on. Alfred Austin's wish, on the contrary, was "to sit also in a garden, and while he sat to receive constant telegrams announcing alternately a British victory by sea, and a British victory by land". This seems to me a delightfully characteristic story.

* * *

Another poet who comes out amusingly in Mr. Blunt's pages is Francis Thompson. He visited Newbuildings (Mr. Blunt's beautiful home in Sussex) in company with Alice and Wilfrid Meynell. Mr. Blunt describes:

I had invited them to come for the night, but Meynell had explained that this was impossible, "the poet (Thompson) having an inconvenient habit of setting his bed on fire". They came down, however, for the day. I met them at the station, a very lovely day, and as we drove through the woods Meynell pointed out to me that the

"poet of nature" was wholly absorbed in the "Globe" newspaper he had brought down with him in the train, such being the way with London poets. Thompson, though born in Lancashire and speaking English with a broad provincial accent, is a true cockney. He is a little weak-eyed, red-nosed young man of the degenerate London type, with a complete absence of virility and a look of raptured dependence on Mrs. Meynell which is most touching. He is very shy, but was able to talk a little when the general conversation was not too loud, and he seems good-hearted and quite unpretending. . . . When we all went out after luncheon to the woods, I found him quite ignorant of the names of the commonest trees, even the elm, which he must have seen every day in London. I pointed one out to him, and he said, "I think, a maple".

I can just see that picture, and Mr. Blunt's courteous amazement!

* * *

Hugh Walpole tells me that he is going to America in September, so I suppose he will be with you within a few weeks of the appearance of this letter. When you meet him there is one book of his you must not mention. That book is "Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill"—in the American edition, called "The Gods and Mr. Perrin". It has been mentioned to Walpole too often. One fatality about writing a book that attracts a great deal of attention is that it always is mentioned by strangers as a passport to an author's heart. Wells, for example, is surrounded by people who demand another "Kipps". They say, "Oh, Mr. Wells, I *do* wish you'd write another 'Kipps'!" That happens with Walpole about "Perrin". Another fault readers have is the identification of the author with a particular character in one of his works. Again the case of Wells and Kipps occurs to me. And again there is appositeness in the reference to Walpole, for he has suffered from the assumption that Durward, in the two Russian novels, is Hugh Walpole. This is false, as anybody who meets Walpole will

realize. Hugh is a great big young man, who doesn't get any thinner, he tells me; and he is one of the best companions one could have. He is a most amusing talker, and he knows all about everybody. Recently I met a young man whom I could not "place". I asked the man who introduced us who this young person was, and he knew of no special identifying fact. I asked others, because it seemed to me that there was a familiarity about the name. Then, by chance, I mentioned him to Walpole. At once I knew all.

Another thing, Walpole really has a knowledge of what is being done in English literature at the present time. He *does* read contemporary books, which no other writer I know has the inclination or the patience to do. He is interested in what other men are doing, and he is very generous in praising their work. That is a very good thing, and a rare thing. Walpole has enthusiasm, and his talk, being full of personal knowledge, has unusual freshness. Let me make it clear that he has his own way of heightening the effects of his narrations. No genuine narrator is without this gift. But in Walpole there is such irresistible—not exactly malice, but—salt, that the effect is trebly heightened. I strongly suspect that Walpole will make Americans laugh by his tales of English literary society. I almost wish I could be by, so as to say, warningly, "Don't believe it all!" If I were to say such a thing, he would assuredly retort by suggesting that my own tales were no more veracious—but rather less; but that is his affair.

He has just been giving me a tabular statement of the qualities of various living novelists. They are amusing. They show that Walpole,

in spite of his air of innocence, which has already deceived one writer in **THE BOOKMAN**, has a fund of shrewdness not altogether common. I should like to emphasize the point I made just now, about his attitude to his contemporaries. He is not in the least afraid of friendship with those who might superficially be supposed his rivals. Unkind people say that he is barometric, but this is not true. I know only one other man who can admire his contemporaries (novelists) in a broad-minded fashion. That man is Bennett, who of all living men is the least prone to jealousy, and the most ready to appreciate the work of any author of any kind, so long as he really has gifts. Walpole knows them all. He is the friend of authors as diverse as Conrad, Bennett, Masefield, Swinnerton and May Sinclair. You could hardly have a more catholic taste. I can't pretend to it myself. And, in addition, Walpole keeps a quite special place in his heart for friends who are not in any sense public men. Make much of him. He will enjoy it. And appreciate his descriptions of character, without believing that they are the whole truth. One day I will come to the States and tell you that.

* * *

Walpole was at one time, I believe, at Epsom College—as a master. It is supposed to be Epsom College which figures as the scene of “Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill”, but as to that I can give no assurance. The point is of minor interest, however. What I want to say is that Brett Young's new novel, which is to be published in the autumn, deals with Epsom. Brett Young was there as a little boy, and the school appears at the beginning of “The Young Physician”. As Brett Young is a doctor the book promises

to be autobiographical. I hope it will establish the reputation of this very talented writer in America. He is of the Walpole generation, and has nothing like the position to which his gifts entitle him.

* * *

Mention of Walpole inevitably suggests thought of Compton Mackenzie, whose new novel, “Poor Relations”, is to be published here in September. The book is rather a new departure for Mackenzie, and, I understand, is a country-house comedy. Reference to that indispensable *vade mecum*, Who's Who, reminds me that Mackenzie gives there his recreations as “playing with toys and continual change of address”. The toys from which Mackenzie gets his chief pleasure are Dr. Richter's stone bricks, which must be perfectly well known in America. The bricks are in three colors, and with the aid of diagrams one may construct from them most elaborate buildings of a devotional or ornamental character. They have great attractions for any mind seeking an absorbing pastime.

The “constant change of address” is another matter. Mackenzie has lived in a house on the Victoria Embankment, in a Cornish vicarage (where he wrote his first novel, “The Passionate Elopement”), in another house on the north coast of Cornwall, where he spent hundreds of pounds stocking his garden with all sorts of subtropical plants, in a house in Westminster, and in two houses on the island of Capri. This of course leaves out of account his stays in foreign cities, and especially his war work on Mudros and in Athens, where he did secret service work in company with Edward Knoblock. His present home in Capri is beautifully situated on the south side of the island, looking out

toward what is eventually the African coast. Capri is the mysterious island of "Nepenthe" in Norman Douglas's "South Wind".

* * *

Enormous numbers of societies for the propagation of the arts are just now springing up like mushrooms in England. I wonder how long any of them will last. I am not very optimistic either about their utility or about their longevity. The other evening I attended (I don't know why I was invited, but I was) the first meeting of one of these societies. There were two addresses, one by Wyndham Lewis, and the other by W. L. George. George, who speaks with a French accent so far as the curious sound of the letter "r" is concerned, pleaded for Trades Unionism in art. Lewis was all for decentralization. Both wanted the public taste educated.

Now it is the easiest thing in the world to listen to such naïve speeches and to "know better" than the speakers, and I should not have said, as some subsequent speakers did, that the addresses were mutually contradictory. But I was certainly struck by the sense of futility in the proceedings. Lewis spoke like an artist, who was perfectly ready to take the remaking of the world in hand if only the world would come to him and pay him properly; George was apparently frightened of the economic bogey. Neither offered any constructive proposals. George was content to "stress" certain points, such as the need for common action. Lewis had evidently not thought anything out at all, but denounced Paris and London as the homes of fashions in art, without ever realizing that the reasons young artists crowd to towns is that only there can they secure satisfactory technical

instruction. Decentralize your teachers of the rudiments of drawing, and you may, or may not, get a development of local genius. As for George, although he was palpably in earnest, he did not succeed in doing more than set the ball of the meeting rolling. He was all for propaganda; Lewis was all for art. But *what* art, and what sort of propaganda, nobody at the meeting seemed quite to gather.

A doctor who was present rebuked the artists for not seizing the reins of government so far as decoration is concerned. He abused them roundly. As I am not an artist, but a writer of causeries, I listened to his rebuke with some enjoyment. It all seemed to me rather like the old fable about "belling the cat", and I cannot think that much will be done. The number of mediocrities who hang onto such movements is so great as to become in the end a sort of dead-weight, and so the good men tire and remain individualists, and go on following their own noses as long as life lasts. Artists all work alone, and when they gather together it is generally in order to be silly, or to quarrel, which is much the same thing.

* * *

I hear that Lascelles Abercrombie, the young poet, is making a collection of Dixon Scott's letters. Dixon Scott was a brilliant essayist and critic who died during the Gallipoli expedition. He wrote a good deal for the Manchester "Guardian", the Liverpool "Post", and the London "Bookman". Abercrombie, who has just been appointed to a professorship of poetry at Liverpool University, was Scott's friend (they were both, I believe, Liverpudlians), just as he was the friend of Rupert Brooke. The letters of Brooke have already been published. As Scott had such a vivid per-

sonality, his letters ought to contain some piquant judgments, so long as Abercrombie does not edit too "discreetly". I shall look forward to the book.

* * *

Apart from such monumental works as Lord Jellicoe's book on the naval war, which has certainly had a run of extreme controversial popularity, there is no question as to the most notable publication of the English publishing season. The book is the topic of the hour. It is Daisy Ashford's "The Young Visitors". Written at the age of nine years, this novel of high life is destined, unless I altogether misread the signs of the times, to immortality. It is a priceless piece of naïveté. From being a "mere" (the word is her own) person, Miss Ashford has become famous in a single night, so to speak. The book is to be seen everywhere. It is a perfect gambit in conversation: "Have you read 'The Young Visitors'?" Only this week-end, I met for the first time a celebrated novelist. With a charmingly ingratiating manner, he used the words just quoted. Do you know the reply I made? It staggered him. He drew his chair nearer. He beamed upon me. My reply was: "Yes. I had the author lunching with me on Saturday".

That was quite true. Miss Ashford, duly chaperoned by a mutual friend, had talked with me across a small luncheon table in a West-end restaurant. She was elated by her success; but she was as delightfully unspoiled by it as an author could possibly be. One would have thought that the hero of the occasion was Simon Pure. I am sure that Miss Ashford afterward described Simon as "a perfect lamb". She so described everybody who had recognized the

genius of "The Young Visitors". There was no suggestion that the world held any goats at all. When I instanced various sayings of famous authors about her book she did not regard me with assumed indifference. She said, "Oh, he *must* be a lamb!" I have never met so refreshing an author.

If in a few weeks from this moment of writing her book is not all over America, I shall be astounded. It appeals to all. I have yet to meet a single person who has failed to think it the finest joke of the century. English booksellers are ordering it frantically by the hundred. At first many of them were sceptical: now they are tumbling over each other to acclaim the masterpiece. One distinguished author had to ask his wife to leave off reading the book to him, because he found his laughter too exhausting to bear (he has recently been ill). Hostesses give it to their most gloomy guests, and find them human after all.

The truth about the publication is that this manuscript, with others less good, has been in circulation among Miss Ashford's friends for years. The writer never dreamed of publication. She was in Berne when a friend telegraphed the English publishers' offer (it was this friend, Margaret Mackenzie, who had taken steps to have it read). Immediately, noises of the book spread round London and about the land. Interviewers sprang up from behind every laurel bush and every street lamp. Excitement grew. By now the book has attained a sale such as only "best sellers" achieve in so short a time. And the author is still going each day to a city office, is receiving invitations (with the accompaniment of enormous bribes in the shape of sug-

gested fees) to read extracts at society parties, and has been besieged with offers of triumphs as a movie actress. Yet she is just as gleeful over the whole thing as a child would be. And she has no intention what-

ever of trying to write a mature work of fiction. She simply has no impulse to do this. The matter rests there. I hope it will continue to do so. I think it will.

SIMON PURE

SOME LITERARY REMINISCENCES

Second Paper

BY WILLIAM WEBSTER ELLSWORTH

The New York where I went to live in 1878 was a very different city from the one we know today. There were no skyscrapers, and by reason of that the city seemed more flooded with sunshine (or was that youth?); the peremptory tinkle of the telephone bell had not become an interrupter of confidences; no automobiles went about the streets; people were sometimes run over by cabs or trucks or horse cars, but in a more leisurely and less dangerous way. The horses drew the cars far off up-town where nobody lived, and you wondered where the cars went and why. The upper west-side streets were cut through great rocks, where goats dwelt and to the children seemed like the Swiss chamois which they read about. The first apartment house (it still stands in East Eighteenth Street) had only just been built. If you did not keep house in a brownstone front (it seemed as if there must be a law requiring every house to be faced with that gloomy surface), you boarded in one.

Fifth Avenue was all residences to Twenty-third Street; and beyond Fifty-ninth the east side of the street, now millionaires' row, was as great a

waste as the upper west side. I could have bought land there that would have made me a little Croesus. Others did.

We made New Year's calls—in tall hats and "Prince Albert" coats. We went forth, men only, at ten A. M. and worked till dark; then went home and changed into evening clothes and went at it again until midnight. The number of calls was incredible, unbelievable today—sixty, eighty and more. If the people were not receiving they hung out a basket, you dropped in a card and it "counted". You visited everyone you ever knew, and many you did not see again until another New Year came around. Of course I called on many women writers and writers' wives and artists' wives and other publishers' wives and the wives of the men in my office. When you went to bed you had eaten at least ten plates of salad, twenty ices, thirty pieces of cake, and had drunk—well, that depended upon yourself. If you were "strictly temperate", you might have consumed not more than five or ten glasses of wine through the day. Some drank all they could hold, and if they could hold a great deal and the *coup de grâce* did not come until

late in the festivities, they managed to get through with an untarnished shield. One may be glad that the day of the New Year's call passed long ago. When it passed it went out suddenly. One year you made calls, the next year you did not—nobody did, and you never heard of it again.

I felt a kind of connection in these days with the early writers, Bryant and Halleck and Willis, through Morris Phillips whom I knew. He must have been a grandson of General Morris, founder of the New York "Mirror". He was editor of "The Home Journal", a society paper founded by Willis and a successor to the "Mirror". Thomas Bailey Aldrich was once its assistant editor. I saw Phillips often at the Saturday evenings of Miss Mary L. Booth, editor of "Harper's Bazaar", in her home in the thinly populated quarter of Fifty-ninth Street and Park Avenue. Those weekly receptions with simple refreshments of lemonade, ice-cream and cake, attracted the literary people of the time—Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, Stockton, Stedman, Stoddard, Edgar Fawcett. The hostess's cousin, Edwin Booth, came in sometimes; a sad, gloomy man he was then—it was not long since his wild young brother had slain Lincoln. I remember his standing with folded arms in a corner, talking little. He told me that such a party was agony to him, for his hearing was so painfully acute that he could hear even a whisper across a room—and everybody talked at once at Miss Booth's. Later, I came to know him well and love him, in the days of his retirement at The Players, which he had founded and furnished to the last teaspoon as a place where men of his profession, who frequently knew few people in any other walk of life, should meet authors and artists

and men of various other vocations.

When Richard Harding Davis was elected to The Players a few men were asked to meet him, including Mr. Booth. Davis noticed that the walls were covered with old playbills which he was told had been presented by the members. Thoughtlessly but with good intention, he said, "Why, I have an interesting theatrical relic which I would like to give to the club. It is the playbill used at Ford's Theatre in Washington on the night that Lincoln was—" Mr. Booth threw up his hands and turned away.

I heard the end of that incident only a little while ago. I had told the story in a lecture before the School of Journalism in Columbia, and after it Talcott Williams, director of the school, told me that Lawrence Barrett had given him the rest of the story. When Mr. Booth went upstairs to his room, Davis followed him, to apologize for his thoughtlessness. "Do not apologize", said Mr. Booth—"I really took satisfaction in your forgetting. It shows that at last there are some people in the world who do not associate me with Lincoln's death."

I was present at the Academy of Music on the night that Booth played Iago to Salvini's Othello—the night that the illness first became apparent that caused Booth's death, a gradual loss of the power of locomotion. He stumbled over the chain which guarded the footlights. Salvini held the attention of the audience, while others gathered around Mr. Booth and helped him to a seat. It was a sad night for the friends of the great actor—the greatest actor that our country has ever produced.

Mr. Booth's most intimate friend for many years was William Bispham, and in his family my cousin, Katharine B. Wood, made her home. Miss

Wood, whose knowledge of Shakespeare and of the playwrights of his century was unsurpassed, was put in charge of the readers and the work of collecting quotations for the Century dictionary; and the result of her labors may be seen now in the many appropriate quotations with which the book abounds—quotations so good that in many cases they act as definitions. If Miss Wood had had her way, many more would have been included. Mr. Booth knew Miss Wood well through his intimacy with Mr. Bispham, and when I joined The Players in 1889 he was very kind to me because he thought I looked like my cousin. He made me feel that I was his guest in the beautiful club which he had founded and where he passed his last years.

Others besides Mary L. Booth who had "literary" receptions in those days were Dr. Holland, Mrs. Botta, and "Aunt Fanny" Barrow—she wrote children's books under the name of "Aunt Fanny". I remember an afternoon reception at Mrs. Barrow's to meet Ion Perdicaris, the Greek-American resident of Tangier, who, years after, was captured and held for ransom by the brigand Raisuli—Secretary Hay's famous dispatch, inspired by President Roosevelt, "Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead", will be well remembered. Perdicaris did come out alive, but it cost him a large ransom. His visiting cards were very cosmopolitan—in one corner "Tangier, Morocco", in the other "Trenton, New Jersey". When "Aunt Fanny" had her tea, Mr. and Mrs. Perdicaris had come to New York to give Mrs. Perdicaris's daughter an opening on the stage. Mr. Perdicaris wrote the play and painted an enormous allegorical picture, as large as

a drop curtain, which as part of the play was unveiled in the last act. He engaged a supporting company, hired the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and all literary New York went on Monday night. The play ran till Thursday and cost him \$30,000. I visited him later in Tangier; the great picture was installed in the house, running up through two stories.

Perdicaris did some work on an autobiography not long ago. It would have been more interesting if it had contained a full account of his experiences in Morocco; but he was so hurt by his treatment by Raisuli, a prominent native, whom he had long known (after he himself had spent a lifetime caring for the people of Tangier and its neighborhood, feeding the hungry, bringing comfort to the captives in the hideous prison pens), that he could not bring himself to write with any fulness of a land which had shown him such ingratitude.

I can go back vicariously in New York before the days of Dr. Holland and "Aunt Fanny" Barrow—back to the time when Edgar Allan Poe was editing a paper the year that he wrote "The Raven" and sold it for ten dollars. My father-in-law, Morris W. Smith, was a young man then, just beginning a business life in New York by sweeping out the store, and he lived in the same boarding house with Poe, who was in the depths of poverty. Each boarder had to heat his own room, and my father-in-law lent Poe a stove to keep him warm, and sometimes helped him out with his board money.

Had I been wise enough to keep a diary these recollections would be more worth while. How easy it would have been! Between 1882 and 1894 I lived in Yonkers, a suburb of New

York, and I could have spent the half-hour on the train every evening making notes of the interesting happenings of the day and of the people who came in—so many clever people! I have found that those who do things in the world, who write or who are men and women of action, are generally the best talkers. I shall never forget General Sherman, as he stood before Gilder's fire for two hours one afternoon—a tall, lank figure, his hands under his coat-tails—and "marched through Georgia". Why could we not have had a stenographer behind the door, or why did not some of us write down our recollections of that talk? I suppose because such happenings were frequent—it was all in the day's work. And Paderewski is another good talker, perhaps with a wider knowledge of the world than had General Sherman. He speaks seven languages with equal ease—"if one is a Pole any other language except Chinese is child's play". He can talk about breeding chickens or the curves of the Parthenon, and he is a capital story-teller.

As the years went on, Roswell Smith began to publish books as well as magazines—so many books grew naturally out of serial publication in his magazines; and the younger Charles Scribner, who had succeeded his father and an elder brother, feeling perhaps that his was the book house, made Roswell Smith an offer either to buy him out or to sell out to him. Mr. Smith instantly chose the latter. At the same time, Dr. Holland, feeling that his life would not be long, sold his stock to the younger men and to Mr. Smith. The name of the magazine was changed to "The Century" and the company to the Century Company. (It was Gilder's suggestion from the Century Club.) This was

in the autumn of 1881. To change the name of the magazine seemed at first a serious matter, but it did not create a ripple; the new name was printed in red several times across the old on the cover, and in a few months it took its place as the real name.

Five years later the Scribner firm started their own periodical "Scribner's Magazine", which has been especially strong in fiction and in the good work of the younger American authors. Its illustrations under Joseph H. Chapin's management have been admirable. Probably Theodore Roosevelt's African series has been its most noteworthy serial. I remember standing in the window of Robert Bridges's office—he was assistant editor of the magazine at the time, now the editor—and watching the procession pass up Fifth Avenue, Theodore Roosevelt the figure of honor. It was when he returned from Africa and he had begun to send the material of his African series to Bridges for serial publication. Bridges told me afterward that when Mr. Roosevelt was back in this country he never failed to return every proof sent to him the day it was received. When young people tell me they are not able to answer a letter until some days have passed because they are "busy", I think of Mr. Roosevelt and a few other "busy" men I have known, who manage somehow to answer their letters on the day they are received, barring emergencies.

For the first three years of my connection with the company the office was on the third and fourth floors of the building at 743 Broadway, the Scribner firm having their store on the ground floor. The stairs were hard for Doctor Holland, who devel-

oped heart trouble (he died of *angina pectoris* in November, 1881). His office was in the north front corner on the third floor, with Gilder and Robert Underwood Johnson, assistant editors, close by. The next room was the editorial quarters of "St. Nicholas", the children's magazine which had been started in 1873. Roswell Smith had a small room in the rear, and the rest of us including a number of women clerks were scattered about the large central room.

Roswell Smith was one of the first business men to employ women in nearly every clerical capacity. At that time there was hardly a woman in the financial quarter of New York. I was a young man in an insurance office in Hartford, Connecticut, when the first woman clerk known in the Hartford insurance business went to work in a near-by office. And if her brother had not been with her it would hardly have been considered respectable. Roswell Smith found that not only did women do good work—everybody knows it now—were careful and methodical, but that they were contented to stay in one place if it was a good place. Young men are apt to be more ambitious—and no blame to them—and want to move up; but a magazine office has some tasks, like keeping lists of subscribers, that it is very desirable to have people continue in for a long time, for their familiarity with the lists makes them valuable. I believe that "The Century", since it was established nearly fifty years ago, has had only three women, not including their helpers, in charge of its subscription lists.

A clerk in a publishing office does not always acquire a complete education, notwithstanding the somewhat rarified atmosphere in which he lives. "The Atlantic" printed recently an

amusing letter written to one of its readers by the publishers of "The Smart Set" regretting their inability to tell her whether there was such a magazine as "The Atlantic" or not—they had never heard of it. Doubtless that letter was the work of some young person in "The Smart Set" office, perhaps a little too young to be entrusted with the task of answering inquiries.

I recall the case of a young woman, a new clerk, who came to me and said, "I notice that 'The Century' prints considerable poetry each month". I complimented her on her keen observation. "I used to write pretty good poetry", she continued, "when I was in the high school, and I think perhaps I could furnish the magazine with all it wants, and then you could increase my salary. It might appear under different names." At that moment what Mr. Alden once wrote of an editor was applicable to a publisher: "When the unprecedented is presented to his mind, he is likely at first to be bewildered". She did not stay with us long, but sometimes as I pick up my valued contemporaries I say to myself, "Well, she got her job".

Another clerk, a young man, was behind the counter one day when a stranger called and asked if any stories were wanted. He was a rough looking stranger, who, it seems, had just come off an emigrant ship. Anything he cared to leave would be handed to the editors, the boy told him. The stranger turned and went out; "The Century" had lost Robert Louis Stevenson!

Years after, when it had won him back, Stevenson told Gilder of this call, and looking at him sharply from head to foot, said, "I don't know but it was you I saw. Yes, I think it was you, now that I look at you".

But Gilder wasn't the man, though he was properly frightened by Stevenson's well-feigned recognition. He proved an alibi, for he was in Europe at the time, but he said afterward that he would have made the same answer to Stevenson that the clerk made.

I never saw Stevenson. It was after we had moved to Union Square that one day meeting Henry C. Bunner, editor of "Puck", as I was on my way to luncheon, he hailed me with "Oh, Ellsworth, go over to Brentano's and get a book in the Seaside Library called 'The New Arabian Nights', by a new man named Stevenson". That was a happy meeting with "the new man named Stevenson".

In "The Century" for February, 1883, there appeared an article in the department "Literature" on Stevenson's "The New Arabian Nights", beginning:

A few months ago an English book made its appearance in this country, handicapped with the name of "The New Arabian Nights". It was, for a time, no more warmly welcomed than might have been "The New Rabelais" or "A Nineteenth Century Nibelungenlied" or "Robinson Crusoe" with all the modern improvements. Then, by and by, one or two of the chorus of indolent reviewers glanced at the first page, read the second, and of a sudden found themselves bolting the rest of the book, and finding stomach for it all. . . . This new feast has a fine, literary smack to it. . . . Anyone who reads the "Nights" and the four stories that are bound with them must be struck by the author's versatility, his power of picturesque description, his skill in drawing character with half a touch, and his all-pervading humor.

—which indicates that the writer of "The Century's" "Literature" department did not lack appreciation of quality.

With the issue for November, 1883, Stevenson's "The Silverado Squatters, Sketches from a California Mountain" began as a serial in "The Century".

Looking this up in the index to get the exact date, I find another contribution of Stevenson's—long-forgotten perhaps. It was in "Bric-a-brac", a department which printed the very best humor of the day (one recalls Bunner's classic fooling printed in that department—"Home Sweet Home" as Whitman and Swinburne and Bret Harte and others would have written it). In "Bric-a-brac" for March, 1885, appears the following:

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson writes to a friend who has just left England for America: "You will meet Stockton:

'If I my Stockton should forget,

It would be sheer depravity,

For I went down with the *Thomas Hyke*,
And up with the Negative Gravity.' "

Stockton was one of the assistant editors of "St. Nicholas" when I joined the office force, working under Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge and alongside William Fayal Clarke, who is now the editor and is carrying on the best traditions of Mrs. Dodge—with sympathetic comprehension, also, of the needs and tastes and especially the patriotic impulses of the American young folk of today. Stockton's "Rudder Grange" stories had appeared at odd times in "Scribner's Monthly", the first in November, 1874; and they were gathered into a book by the Scribner firm in 1879. It was about this time that Stockton left "St. Nicholas" to make authorship his profession. As to "Rudder Grange", it may be said that the author himself had never lived in a deserted canal boat (though he was always moving into odd suburban places), but he knew some people who did, and he made up "Rudder Grange" out of what might have happened to them. It has always seemed to me that "Rudder Grange" was an example of perfect humor, at least if the faculty of getting enjoyment from it by

repeated readings is a test. Pomona's "‘I was a lookin’ at the moon, sir, when pop! the chair bounced, and out I went’" is as funny to me now as it was when I read it for the first time. And the reading aloud of that remarkable serving maid: "‘Ha, ha!’ Lord Mar mont thun der ed." "‘My conscience’, said I to Euphemia, ‘can’t that girl be stopped?’"

As may be imagined from his works, Frank Stockton was a man of great sweetness, full of lovable qualities. He was slightly lame and never seemed to be in very good health, and it was a great delight to him and to Mrs. Stockton to go away on frequent trips to Nassau or to Europe, and to write up their experiences. He looked at life in a beautiful way; he was kind and everyone was kind to him, and he gathered only flowers as he went along.

Stockton's most famous story "The Lady, or the Tiger?" appeared in "The Century" for November, 1882. Heaven knows how many languages it has been translated into and how many solutions of the puzzle have been offered. Stockton himself never made or wanted to make a solution—he was satisfied to write the story. Its success was perhaps helped by the title, and for that Will Carey of "The Century" editorial room was responsible. Stockton had called it "The King's Arena" and had gone away to Europe leaving it to be published. The editors cabled, asking permission to change the name to Carey's suggested title, "The Lady, or the Tiger?"

William Carey was a very clever young man who died in his early forties—more than clever; Mark Twain called him the wittiest man he ever knew. He was a little inclined to stoutness, which usually makes for good humor but not necessarily for

wit. He had a face that always wore a smile, and he knew everybody and was universally loved. He had charge of proofs, sending them back and forth between author and printer, and seeing that the forms of "The Century" went to press on the proper date. His desk was near the door in the editorial room and few came in who did not stop there for a chat before going on to more serious business with one of the editors. Sometimes they remained a long time. A great general came in one day and stopped for a few light words—they were always on tap at Carey's desk. "What do you say to strolling up to Delmonico's for luncheon?" said the general. Carey was agreeable; luncheon was apt to be something of a rite with him, not to be abused by a bowl of crackers and milk in any cheap joint. At about half-past three they returned, and the great general was ready to attend to less important matters with the editors.

Carey would always remember to do the right thing, to get the right present, to send the right book for a "bread-and-butter" gift. If the wives of any of the office force were out of town and wanted shopping done, they seldom troubled their husbands, always Carey. I can see him now walking along Forty-second Street one hot summer day, piloting George W. Cable and his family to the Grand Central Station, a Cable child holding each hand and one or two following behind. It was when the Cables moved from New Orleans to Northampton, Massachusetts; and who so able to help in the migration as Carey? It was suspected at the time that Carey had been guilty of taking some of the younger Cables—who knew little of the frivolities of the world nor had possibilities of acquiring much fur-

ther knowledge—to a *matinée*. But I hesitate even now to make this known.

When an acquaintance of mine was growing deaf someone asked him, in Carey's presence, if he understood German. "Understand German", broke in Carey, "why, bless your soul, he doesn't understand English."

He was ill when a mutual friend was to be married, and for the third time: "Ah", said Carey, "I am so sorry I can't be there. I have always wanted to go to one of _____'s weddings". The cutting down of his vacation one summer was cheerfully met: "Ah, well, half a loaf, you know—" One day Brander Matthews came into the office wearing a very short overcoat which allowed some six inches of the tail of his undercoat to show. Being twitted, he explained that he had bought the undercoat in Paris and the overcoat had been ordered from London. "Ah", said Carey, "another 'Tale of Two Cities'."

The sale after his death of the autograph letters, autographed books, and manuscripts which Carey had preserved, will be long remembered by collectors. There were over seven hundred items in the collection. Few living American authors were unrepresented; for had not Carey been sending them proofs and getting back letters for twenty years? Among the volumes of letters from James Whitcomb Riley, which his nephew Edmund H. Eitel is now editing, are more than fifty to Carey—all of them whimsical, affectionate.

In London literary circles—and I think Carey was never in London but once and then only for a short time—he made lasting friends as easily as in New York. Austin Dobson wrote and dedicated a poem to him. On this same European trip Carey was to join me in Rome. My wife and I with

three children, the oldest then ten years of age, and a governess, had spent the winter in Mediterranean countries. At Naples the older little girl fell ill. We had made the ascent of Vesuvius on the day of a serious eruption, and in the climb from the funicular railway to the crater we were all more or less overcome by the sulphur-impregnated smoke from the volcano. We thought this was the cause of the little girl's illness, but as she did not grow better, we took the train for Rome, where there was an American doctor. On his first call came the shock of our lives. He was sorry to have to tell us that in all probability our daughter had contracted smallpox, but he could not be sure until the next day. The only cheer he left with us was the announcement that if his fears were realized he would take the patient at once to his own apartment (allowable in Rome, where the thought of a pest-house was torture) and give her back to us in a few weeks. Then came Carey, full of optimism, comforting. He took the other two children off for the afternoon, he was with us through the evening; at bedtime he made me go with him for a walk over Rome—from the Villa Borghese to the Colosseum, through the poor quarter, around St. Peter's, up the Janiculum—all over the city we tramped and he talked. And after the burden was lifted and the case proved to be only a rather serious form of measles, he was untiring in his efforts to keep us amused and the children happy.

If one analyzes the quality which William Carey possessed of conferring happiness as he went along, one finds,—beyond the bonhomie, the repartee which always satisfied and never hurt, the flashes of wit that were long remembered—the greater qualities of

kindliness and thoughtfulness, the going out of his way to give pleasure to others. All these he had to a degree which I have never seen so strongly developed in any human being.

The Boys' Club of Avenue A was one of the chief mourners when he died, and the summer camp of the club, paid for by Carey's friends and in his memory, is known as "The William Carey Camp".

WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE

NEW YORK, *July*, 1919.

William Makepeace Thackeray (if I correctly recall his name), William Makepeace Thackeray (to repeat) one time wrote a book described (in the subtitle) "A Novel Without a Hero". So, of course, you know. And so, too, of course you know that while the thing was a bit new at the time (in 1847, to be exact), that is today quite the correct way to write any novel pretending to any distinction. Indeed, the more unheroic your hero (or whatever you call him), the more distinction you may be said to have.

So much by way of leading up to this fact: there is an ancient convention regarding another, and an older form of literature, which still persists. And that is the notion that you should have an *idea* to write an essay, or what is now commonly called an article. Possibly this fact (as I have called it) is a fallacy. It may be that some (perhaps more than some) of the articles in our magazines do not turn on any idea. (I shall come to the subject of magazines presently.) Any idea, as I was saying, or at least any idea worth mentioning. However, if the writer of an article today does not have an idea what he does is this: he does the reverse of the novelist. If our novelist finds that he is getting a hero on his hands, he con-

trives to throw him into a bad light somewhere and so take away the taint. What the writer of the article (with no idea in it) does is to attempt to dress up his absence of thought so that it may look (to some) like a perfectly stunning idea. He wants it to, as we say, make a noise like an idea. I have such a bad name for—I mean I have such a bad memory for names, or I think I might be able to recall the titles and addresses of a number of such recent articles. And articles, we observe, are in this like people: it is not always so that a man is great, or wise, or even sensible because he lives in a smart house.

Anyhow the upshot of the whole matter is this: that I, Murray Hill, young and handsome, rich and famous, am now for the first time in the history of the world, according to the best of my knowledge and belief, writing an article (or essay) frankly and publicly announced by the writer thereof as being An Article Without an Idea. What I am writing is a paper containing a store of what a friend of mine refers to as glimpses into the obvious. It may become the fashion to do this. Things as curious have happened. There, for instance, is the case of contemporary book reviews. But we'll come to that subject presently.

It is said that essays are coming in again. Every once in awhile somebody says that. 'Tis like prophecies concerning the immediate end of the world. However, it (either one of these prophecies) may be so this time. Still, as to essays, in view of the economy of ideas now going, as hand in hand we have seen is the case, that likelihood does not seem so probable. Because, whereas you can write an excellent article about something with only one idea, and a pretty fair one (such as this) with no idea at all, to write the best sort of essay, which is about nothing much, you really need any number of ideas.

We are all very much indebted to the month of March. It was, as every child knows, in the month of March that the essay was invented. (I always write much better myself in the month of March than in any other month of the year.) The year (of the invention), it is hardly necessary to say, was 1571. Don Marquis it was who discovered—I mean a gentleman of the name of Montaigne it was who discovered the process of just putting down ideas, one after another, in such a fashion that they blended into what is called an essay. It is, by the way, when you come to think of it, a curious thing, the relation of the letter “M” to the essay—March, Marquis, Montaigne, and Morley (Christopher).

The reason Mr. Marquis's recently published volume, “Prefaces”, is so good a book (as essays) is that the instinctive essayist who purposes to write, say, on the Ten Commandments begins quite naturally with a disquisition upon the importance of a good shape of human ear. And he concludes, perhaps with some warmth, with a denunciation of shell spectacles. Perhaps I should remark in passing

that I recollect nothing in “Prefaces” about either the Ten Commandments, ears, or shell spectacles.

One word more as to essays. The mantle of the illustrious dead is always descending upon the peculiar cove who essays to write an essay. For a considerable spell in this country it was quite the thing to wrap anyone who announced that that which he had written was an essay in the mantle of Dr. Holmes. Now he is likely to get into the old clothes of Charles Lamb (Oh, Elia, of course!), of “R. L. S.”, of the author of “The Reveries of a Bachelor”, etc., etc., etc.

This may be said to bring us to the subject of book reviewing, and whether or not it is a good thing for reviews to contain any ideas. No, I'm getting on too fast. I'm quite out of breath. I meant to say, a few lines up, that if I had inadvertently given the impression of winding the mantle of Montaigne about Mr. Marquis I make all possible haste to unsheathe him. For in his own habit he is quite as he should be.

Peculiar thing about newspapers. That is, about their “book pages” and “literary supplements”. Lately, more or less lately, there have been popping up here and there about the country, at any rate in the two principal cities, pages and supplements of a good deal of brightness, affairs of something of a rollicking nature, things with some dash and go to them, with a *flair* for the cheer-o. In fine, with jazz. These sheets have apparently caught on considerably. They undoubtedly “get advertising”. They presumably “increase circulation”. Now the point is as follows: some seven or eight years ago there was in this town a like organ, except that it was much better than any of these later ones. Even

so. Or perhaps I think so because that was in my youth, or at any rate in my second youth. However, I refer you to the files. You'll see that it was a real doings, this. It failed. Nobody cared for it. Publishers themselves distinctly did not. Its editor was dropped. It changed its character completely. It is a thing most decidedly to reckon with now, probably the most powerful concern in its field. But it is an altogether different type of thing—and I take it that it couldn't go on at that time as it was. In those days we didn't know the word *jazz*, and it seems we didn't know jazz in the fine art of literary journalism when we saw it.

I used to think that editing a magazine was quite a trick. Fell in the other day with a man who edits a magazine. Learned there was nothing to it at all. The way you edit a magazine, it seems, is this: first, you find out who died month after next. Say it was Casanova. Very good. Then all you have to do is to get up a Casanova "number" for month after next. There are a combination of ways in which you do this. You hire a man to sit down and cook up something about Casanova. Not because there is anything new to be said about the great memoirist, nor because everybody is going to be interested exclu-

sively in Casanova throughout month after next. Not at all. But you have to get up a Casanova "number", haven't you? You sure have. That's the business of being a magazine editor. Then there are a lot of people going round to the library all the while looking up who died month after next. And they all cook up something about old Cas, and send it in to you because they know you'll be on the lookout for it in order to get up your "number". You get bunches and bunches of Casanova stuff. You take a few of these articles for your "number", such as will fit readily into the makeup. And there you are!

Now about these book reviews, and whether or not they should have ideas in them, and a sense of the value of the books they discuss, and style in the treatment of all this. I see no harm in it, if the ideas are light, and the sense and style good. I notice, however, that one of our leading magazines has taken up this matter of reviews; taken it up, as Mr. Montaigne says, in a serious way. And it, this magazine, holds that all entertainment of any kind, all interest whatever, should be taken out of reviews; and then what you have left (this is the great principle of the thing) is just the review, and that's what people want.

MURRAY HILL

CURRENTS IN CONTEMPORARY FRENCH LETTERS

BY MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES

I

How long will the world have to wait for the great Anglo-French novel? French history, especially the French Revolution, has always strongly attracted the British novelist, and the French have been fortunate in their English delineators. But even Victor Hugo failed hopelessly when drawing British character, and though there have been many touching and sincere accounts of the Englishman at war written in France during the last five years, the only French writer who has struck the absolutely true note is that fine new humorist, André Maurois, whose slender volume "Les Silences du Colonel Bramble" is already a classic. Even so, it may be doubted if any Englishman, unless he be a true cosmopolitan, sees the full, rich fun of the presentment. Only a Frenchman, dowered with that queer mixture of irony and tenderness, of stark reality and the passion for romance, which is so typically French, could have touched with so delicate and so sure a hand the absurdity, as well as the splendid heroism, of that typical "regular" of the old school, Monsieur le Colonel Bramble! M. Maurois is publishing a new story almost at once, but the title, "Ni Ange Ni Bête", does not somehow promise as well as did his famous war book.

There have been many tragedies as well as comedies, connected with the long stay of the British army in France and in Flanders. I hear that quaint, pathetic letters, written by

French girls whose British soldier—and even officer—friends have loved and ridden away, are being even now constantly received in London. The French have a pathetic belief in certain British figureheads. Thus the Lord Mayor of London is frequently approached by prudent demoiselles who desire to know a little of the worldly circumstances of a would-be English fiancé, and doubtless the same thing is now befalling President Wilson with regard to American Lotharios.

Perhaps the fact that every French male novelist was for so long either in the trenches or engaged actively in some form of war work, will mean a recrudescence of women writers. The world would welcome a novel from Marcelle Tinayre dealing with either the American or British occupation of France.

II

The war brought about a curious and pathetic literary and artistic revival of interest in 1870. This will lend a special value to the forthcoming life of that splendid man and admirable painter, Edouard Detaille. With all due respect to the latter-day delineator of battle-fields and battle scenes, the premature death of Detaille was a great misfortune for latter-day France. Perhaps because he himself went through when little more than a boy the bloodiest campaigns of 1870-71, one finds in even his most conventional military paintings something which seems curiously lacking in many of the clever, brilliant

sketches done by those modern painters who simply visited the front as artists, and not as combatants.

One of the most delightful afternoons in the present writer's early life was spent in Detaille's studio. He had but two interests in life—war and painting. He had walked and ridden over every great battle-field of Europe, and when engaged on a panorama of the battle of Champigny—where he had actually been a combatant some twenty-five years before—he worked, as far as was possible, from nature, for he had a horror of any photographic aid to art. Apropos of this panorama—the joint work of Detaille and de Neuville—so remarkable was this living picture of a great battle, that staff officers from every part of the world came to Paris in order to see it. The artists chose three o'clock in the afternoon of the day the battle of Champigny took place, and nearly two years of hard work have been needed to do even the preliminary studies of men and horses.

Though never rich in the modern sense of the word, Detaille had the most splendid collection of military accoutrements then in existence, and he had a great deal to do with the organization of the French Army Museum, which it is to be hoped has by now been visited by numerous American soldiers. He said to me:

I have often been tempted to do a realistic picture of the effects produced by modern fire. But I doubt if horror of so absolutely real a kind—I mean the shambles and the butcher's shop type of realism—is a legitimate form of art. Still I did make that attempt in "Un Coup de Mitralleuse". I actually saw the incident—and I remember it all as if it had occurred an hour ago. I see the hollow lane, shadowed with luxuriant greenery, containing a great heap of dead German soldiers—every corpse is horribly disfigured, legless and armless bodies lie in pools of blood.

That Detaille could show war at its most terrible was proved very early in his career, when his awful painting "The Conquerors" was refused admission to the salon of 1872 by order of the government.

I asked him some questions with regard to "the next war"—for at the time I saw him, no one—on the continent of Europe at any rate—doubted that there would be a next war. He told me that, unlike most Frenchmen, he thought a picked army of volunteers was likely to give much better results than one raised by conscription, and he declared that all the French staff officers with whom he had talked agreed substantially with him. Unlike most Frenchmen of his generation, Detaille was very fond of sketches of old British-army types. He adored the British army, and in the forthcoming book will be many sketches of old British-army types. He was, of course, also painfully interested in the German army. He told me that when he was working on the illustrations of a book dealing with Napoleonic types, he experienced the almost incredible good luck to come across, at a small sale, a huge collection of rough sketches, done with extraordinary minutiae, by a German artist who had sketched every type of French soldier who passed through the town in which he lived during Napoleon's Austrian and Russian campaigns. This collection is now, by the way, in the royal library—if there be still a royal library—of Saxe Weimar.

III

While it must be admitted that the French sometimes appear in daily life both narrow-minded and retrograde, they have a wonderful breadth of vision when anything literary, intellectual—and may we add sentimental?

—is in question. How amazing it is that a nation can hail as national heroes and heroines personalities as astoundingly different as were, say, Joan of Arc and Voltaire, Henri Quatre and Danton! Of the four I have selected, perhaps the most vital and real to most educated French people remains Voltaire. Much as we know of that extraordinary being—and no man was ever more self-revealing, and in almost everything typically French,—we still know curiously little of his sentimental life. Women played a great rôle in his existence but respecting his amorous adventures he remains properly but tantalizingly dumb. There has, however, just appeared a book entitled “Les Filles de Madame du Noyer”, and one of that lady’s daughters, Olympe du Noyer, had a passionate love affair with Voltaire. Madame du Noyer was, among other things, a blue-stocking, and the book contains many amusing and interesting passages from her memoirs. Rousseau, who enjoys an even greater following among modern French readers than Voltaire, and round whose enigmatic personality hundreds of books have been written, is once more the subject of a series of volumes, of which the first, published before the war, dealt with his youth, while the second and third, which are now appearing together, bring him within sight of the end, that is, to Ermenonville.

Emile Bergerat, most witty and amusing of Paris chroniclers, known to hundreds of thousands of readers as “Caliban”, has just been made a member of the Academy Goncourt. There are solemn people who give up their whole life to doing one thing well, and they reap their reward; there are others—and Bergerat is

one of them—who do a great many things very well, and thus they are too apt to be regarded with contempt as “Jacks of all trades”. Bergerat was the youngest author ever played at the Comédie Française, for he was only seventeen when a one-act play of his was accepted “with acclamations”, and not only accepted but acted. He has never given up playwriting, but the serious business of his life has been journalism. Almost alone among those of his contemporaries who have won a great place on the French press, he has a strong sense of humor. Sometimes his delightful articles recall Sterne—at other times one realizes that he is a fellow countryman of Rabelais! He was once described as *le paradoxe fait homme*. Thus he signs himself both “Caliban” and “Ariel”, also “The Man in the Mask”. Like most distinguished Frenchmen he is a devoted husband and father, and is exceedingly proud of the fact that he stands in the relation of son-in-law to that whimsical and lovable genius—who also gave to journalism what should have belonged to posterity, Théophile Gautier.

IV

I was talking the other day with the most acute and celebrated of the older French critics, and he was bemoaning the partial eclipse of Alphonse Daudet. It is strange indeed, that a writer who has added two immortal figures to the great pageant of French literature—“Sapho” and “Tartarin de Tarascon”,—should be so seldom mentioned when contemporary fiction is being discussed. Yet, as my friend truly said, using a delightful old French colloquialism, Daudet was *un fier monsieur*. One has to go as far back as Balzac to find so great and varied an imaginative creative artist. Daudet was

incomparably greater than Zola, his contemporary and sometime rival. Every bit of work he did was excellent and memorable; and yet he had no great opinion of the author's trade as a profession, and he must have put off many a young man who came to consult him from adopting a life of letters. Neither did he believe in journalism as a stepping-stone to higher things. He once told me, with a rather sad smile, that his real ambition had always been to become a successful dramatist. This ambition he never realized, though "Sapho" still holds the stage in many languages, and though almost every one of his books was dramatized. By the way, one odd thing remains in my mind apropos of Daudet's extreme conscientiousness and loving care over his work. When seeking a title for the novel now known as "Sapho", he considered seriously sixteen variants. These included "Thais" (afterward taken by Anatole France), "Psyche", "Circe", and "Le Monstre". His heroine, it must be borne in mind, was a daughter of pleasure.

To writers, at any rate, the methods of work of famous novelists are always full of interest. It surprised me to learn that, like Zola, Daudet depended a great deal on notes and jottings put down by him at odd moments, and in every conceivable kind of place. Even as a young man he always kept a careful diary, recording each day not only what he had seen and heard, but also what he felt. As time went on he found that this diary provided him with very valuable material. This was particularly the case when he was writing "The Nabab" which gives so vivid and mordant a picture of Paris life under the second empire, and when he was engaged on his terrible satire "L'Immortel".

I think there came a time when Daudet felt sorry he had written this book. It was a ferocious attack on the French Academy, and every character was a portrait—not even Renan being spared.

Daudet's methods of production were very peculiar. When starting a new novel he wrote what dramatists would call a scenario of the story. Then he started amplifying and enlarging almost every sentence, adding scenes and incidents as they occurred to his mind. Thus he produced an immense amount of matter, which was finally sorted out, joined up together, and divided into chapters just before being sent to the printer's. As was perhaps natural, Balzac was Daudet's master, but his favorite reading was Hugo's translation of Shakespeare. Those who would care to know something of Daudet's mind and mentality, apart from the many opportunities to this end in his novels, should read his son Leon Daudet's book on his father. It is perhaps the most perfect filial tribute ever paid. It is not a biography in the ordinary sense of the word, yet it gives an absolute portrait of the man, and many extracts from his note-book.

Apropos of note-books and of what it was once the fashion to call scientific fiction, poor Zola would have delighted in Dr. Apert's "L'Hérédité Morbide". While there can be little doubt that Zola pushed his theories much too far in the series of novels in which he told the whole of the life story of a French family during the nineteenth century, his system was much more worthy of respect than that of those modern novelists who take no notice of heredity. In real life disagreeable, bad-natured people do not as a rule have delightful, angelic-natured children; in novels they

constantly do so, and the fact used to make poor Zola almost ill with rage. But French novelists have never been as great sinners in this respect as are their British and American brothers. That doubtless is owing to the fact that heredity, morbid or other, plays an important rôle in ordinary French life. No marriage is arranged in any class in France without the parents of the contracting parties going to much trouble, and sometimes to much expense, in order to find out all that can possibly be discovered about the prospective bride and bridegroom's immediate forebears. Indeed, the stories which most French people could tell about this curious custom would be regarded as incredible in America and England.

V

One of the things which has always struck the imagination of the world has been the cutting off of early genius by death. Keats is the supreme example, but one can call to mind many others. It is dolorous to think of what the late war cost humanity in that respect—indeed, it is not too much to say that with regard to French letters, death has thinned the ranks of a whole generation of brilliant, sensitive, and accomplished writers. Among these a special tribute may well be paid to the memory of Emile Clermont, described by no less an authority than M. Barrès as *ce jeune génie frémissant*. Clermont had only published three comparatively short works of imagination—"Amour Promis", "Laure", and "L'Histoire d'Isabelle"—but they had given him, at any rate among the critics, and among those eager readers who are always searching for the new, the strange, the exquisite, and the unusual, a unique place. His "Life", which includes much of his corre-

spondence, as well as his war diary, has just been published by his sister, who seems to have been as devoted to him as was Eugénie de Guérin to her brother. Though every page of the volume is worth reading, those concerned with the French literature of yesterday, today, and tomorrow will naturally turn with special interest to that portion of the book entitled "The Novelist", for in it Clermont's theories as to the art of literature are very closely analyzed and displayed. He worked with difficulty, though now and again there came to him that inspired moment for which all writers long. So little did he think of the effect of his work on the casual reader that one of his favorite quotations was Lacordaire's splendid sentence, "Une seule âme est souvent un grand auditoire".

Like so many Frenchmen of his day, Clermont did not much care for the great figures of the past. Both Hugo and Renan irritated him—indeed, he went so far as to think Renan had had a very bad effect on his generation. On the other hand, he had an immense admiration for Sainte-Beuve. Infinitely touching are the few chapters devoted to his life as a soldier. He had none of the natural French instinct for war. He forced himself to be a good soldier. While quiet, shy, gentle in his manner, how thoroughly he realized the finer side of the great tragedy was shown by the noble words he wrote to his sister concerning his comrades: "Ils sont tous ainsi! Non point avides, convoitant, comme les races conquérantes, mais détachés, et sachant si bien mourir!"

VI

A French correspondent keenly interested in English literature tells me that to his mind the most remarkable book published in England for some

years is "The Journal of a Disappointed Man". He goes on to express amazement that any human being should have left such a document for publication. It is a fact, and a very curious fact, that French literature—so rich, so varied, so amazingly daring throughout the ages—is yet strangely lacking in "the human document" pure and simple. One can almost count on the fingers of one hand the French books which have set out to tell the truth and nothing but the truth. "Elle et Lui" is a famous example, but you have but to read it now, when the world possesses the real love letters and secret diaries of the man and woman concerned, to see how very "arranged" was that study of the human heart. Though written in poetic form, the "Livre d'Amour" of Sainte-Beuve is far more true and revealing than "Elle et Lui". In the "Livre d'Amour" was told, with a shocking absence of reticence, the true, intimate story of the writer's passionate love affair with Madame Victor Hugo. But though Sainte-Beuve sometimes showed manuscript copies of the poems to his friends, the book was never published in its entirety, and the "Livre d'Amour", as we now know it, was not printed until forty years later.

"The Diary of Marie Bashkirtseff" was the nearest approach to a French "Diary of a Disappointed Man", but the strange, unhappy girl had not a single drop of French blood in her veins, and no Frenchwoman could have written her book. There does, however, exist one French collection of letters which tell not only the truth but all the truth and nothing but the truth. These are contained in a little volume bearing the title "Lettres à Fanfan" published anonymously some thirty years ago. Even now only a

few people know that they are the genuine love letters of the great actress, Aimée Desclée, to a cavalry officer whom she loved not wisely but too well.

VII

What should form a very curious and valuable addition to every war library is just about to be published in Paris. "Le Poilu Tel Qu'il Se Parle" is a most elaborate dictionary of all the new and old words, popular expressions and sayings employed and uttered by those Frenchmen who fought, suffered, and triumphed in the armies of 1914-18. The author is a distinguished etymologist, and—this is very important—was himself on active service during the first thirty-eight months of war. More fortunate than most educated Frenchmen, he was able to pursue both his profession and his hobby when in the trenches. He took perpetual notes of all he heard said around him, and made a special point of the special slang of each regiment. After he had exhausted the infantry and artillery, he entered the air service, and made a special study of air language, blue and otherwise! The result should be a most extraordinary and valuable contribution to French war literature.

I am delighted to see that a French publisher has had the enterprise to bring out an adequate translation of F. W. Bain's exquisite story "A Digit of the Moon". Many wise people regard this still little known Anglo-Indian writer as likely to take as permanent a place in literature as Lafcadio Hearn has done. This does not mean that the work of the two men is in the least alike; but their writing has in common that rare, intangible quality which, even though it may never meet with wide popularity dur-

ing the lifetime of a writer, insures immortality.

Apropos of contemporary fame, it may be doubted if it has ever fallen to the lot of any woman connected with the arts to have paid her a greater compliment than that which has just befallen the lady whose professional name is Isadora Duncan. The Editions des Muses Françaises—a publishing house which devotes itself exclusively to the de luxe type of book—is bringing out a sixty-four-

page album, limited to one hundred copies, of which the subscription price is one hundred francs, entitled "Isadora Duncan, Fille de Prométhée". The text will celebrate the famous dancer in both prose and verse, and the illustrations will be both in color and in black and white. The piteous death, under peculiarly tragic circumstances, of Isadora Duncan's two children thrilled the whole of France with an intense sympathy, and she has never lost her hold on the supposedly fickle Paris public.

WHAT IS THE BEST "PSYCHICAL" LITERATURE?

BY HEReward CARRINGTON

In the British Museum, there is an Egyptian papyrus which contains an account of a psychical séance given by a certain Tchatcha-em-anekh before King Khufu, and said to bear the date *circa* 3766 B. C. Here we read:

He knoweth how to bind on a head which hath been cut off; he knoweth how to make a lion follow him, as if led by a rope; and he knoweth the number of stars (constellations) of the house of Thoth.

The literature of the occult is thus of considerable antiquity! Egypt was, par excellence, the home of ancient magic—though Chaldea, Assyria, Persia, China, Rome, Greece, India—all contributed in their own special directions. Throughout the middle ages, alchemy, astrology, and natural magic held the stage, until we come to the time of witchcraft, when a perfect deluge of books upon that subject was issued. Then, mesmerism came to the fore, and during the early half of the last century, a flood of works upon this subject appeared. In 1847, how-

ever, modern spiritualism appeared upon the scene; and from that date, the aspect of the "supernatural" changed: its literature now dealt almost entirely with revelations concerning, and communications from, the spiritual world. When, however, in 1882, the Society for Psychical Research was founded, a new and scientific aspect of these various problems appeared; and now the majority of books deal with the scientific side of the subject, more or less directly.

Since the inauguration of modern spiritualism, thousands upon thousands of books have appeared—good, bad, and indifferent. Unless one has endless time to devote to this question, it is almost a hopeless task to sift the wheat from the chaff; to discriminate between the books which are worth reading, and which are not. The average man or woman cannot afford the time to read *all* of them, and he is just as likely to hit upon those books which will give him an

entirely wrong impression of the subject, as upon those which will give him a sound, sensible, and scientific one.

I have been asked many hundreds of times which books I would "recommend" for the average beginner—books that aim to furnish accurate and sensible information, neither unduly credulous nor unduly sceptical. There are relatively few books of this character—probably two or three dozen of the many thousands published. I shall endeavor to indicate as impartially as I can those books which in my estimation are worth the reader's first consideration; and those which, should he be sufficiently interested to follow up the subject further, would be most profitable for him to read.

The headquarters of all the important information concerning scientific research, of course,—the great mine of information, to which writers must go for their actual facts, and their information as to what has been actually accomplished—is the Society for Psychical Research. In the thirty volumes of the English "Proceedings", and in the twelve volumes of the American "Proceedings", will be found a perfect wealth of material of minute and scientifically sifted evidence—which constitutes a veritable fountain of knowledge and information upon this subject. The "Journals", issued to members only, are also replete with interesting data.

Aside from these publications the standard text-book, so to say, is F. W. H. Myers's "Human Personality", which summarizes all the important evidence in psychical research up to the year of its publication (1903). Myers was a classical scholar of the first rank; his literary style was considered by his contemporaries second to none; while his original presenta-

tion of the problems involved gained for him wide distinction in the scientific world. Myers was the first man to study, extensively, the subconscious mind; he advanced original theories of genius, hysteria, sleep, dreams, and in fact nearly every topic discussed. Myers was the first to show that all forms of messages from the subconscious mind are but varied expressions or externalizations of the underlying self; and he it was who first synthesized psychic phenomena, showing the relationship between sensory and motor automatisms, and the connections between normal, subnormal, and supernormal psychology. Myers it was who coined the terms telepathy, subliminal, and many another in common use today, as well as numerous others less well known such as telergy, telæsthesia, psychorrhagy, etc. Myers died before the completion of his great work, which was completed under the able editorship of Dr. Richard Hodgson and Miss Alice Johnson.

Early in the history of the society, when "cases" began to accumulate, it was discovered that apparitions coinciding with death were very numerous—so numerous, in fact, that some casual factor was evidently at work. What was its nature? Gurney, Myers, and Podmore set out to discover this; and, as the result of several years' effort compiled and issued a monumental work, "Phantasms of the Living", which records seven hundred and two cases of such "coincidences". The theory put forward by these authors was that the majority of the phantasms were "telepathic hallucinations",—not objective "ghosts", but nevertheless originating in the brain of some distant person. "Phantasms" was the first book which sought to establish this connection on statistical grounds—a work which was after-

ward carried out at greater length by the society,—when thirty thousand such cases were published in the great "Census of Hallucinations".

One of the acutest books dealing with the analysis of psychic cases is Professor Flournoy's "Spiritism and Psychology". This I consider a very excellent book, and because of that fact, I translated it from the French. "From India to the Planet Mars" is also a standard work, a study of subconscious phenomena. Here we might also mention Morton Prince's "The Unconscious", and Jastrow's "The Subconscious". Prince's "Dissociation of a Personality" is, of course, a standard work upon this subject—other valuable books being "Multiple Personality" by Sidis and Goodhart, and "Alterations of Personality" by Binet.

Hypnotism has an extensive literature of its own, most of it out of date, and only of historic interest. Probably the best all-round book is Bramwell's "Hypnotism"; then Moll's "Hypnotism"; Severn's "Psychotherapy", and Dubois's "Psychic Treatment of Nervous Disorders". The student should also consult the chapter on hypnotism in Myers's "Human Personality".

Modern spiritualism has inspired many thousands of volumes. From the negative side, Podmore's "Modern Spiritualism" (two volumes) is doubtless the most inclusive; while an excellent summary of the early history of the movement is contained in Britain's "Modern American Spiritualism". J. Arthur Hill's recent book "Spiritualism; its History", is a very fair and impartial summary. Sir William Crooke's "Researches in Modern Spiritualism" is standard—and oft-quoted. Wolfe's "Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism" will give the reader an idea of the beliefs of the

early spiritualists. The writings of A. J. Davis (the virtual founder of spiritualism), are very voluminous, running into thirty odd volumes. David P. Abbott's "Behind the Scenes with the Mediums" and my own "Physical Phenomena of Spiritualism" study, exhaustively, the fraudulent side of the subject. Dr. Horace Leaf's "What Is This Spiritualism?" may be consulted for a fair presentation of the spiritualistic point of view.

Regarding good books upon the general subject of psychical research, I might mention the following, among others: Barrett, "Psychical Research" and "On the Threshold of the Unseen"; Lang, "Cock Lane and Common Sense"; Hyslop, "Science and a Future Life" and "Life after Death"; Flammarion, "The Unknown" and "Mysterious Psychic Forces"; Joire, "Psychical and Supernormal Phenomena"; Maxwell, "Metapsychical Phenomena"; Holt, "On the Cosmic Relations"; Boirac, "Our Hidden Forces" and "The Psychology of the Future"; Hill, "Psychical Investigations"; Crawford, "The Reality of Psychic Phenomena"; Wallace, "Miracles and Modern Spiritualism"; Miss X, "Essays in Psychical Research"; Fournier D'Albe, "New Light on Immortality". Perhaps I might be permitted to suggest my own books—"Psychical Phenomena and the War", "The Problems of Psychical Research", and "Death: its Causes and Phenomena".

As to "communications" from the other side, a flood of books have appeared of late—"Raymond" by Sir Oliver Lodge; "Patience Worth" by C. S. Yost; "Letters from a Living Dead Man" and "War Letters" by Elsa Barker; "After Death" (Letters from Julia) by Stead; "I Heard a Voice" by "A King's Counsel"; "The Seven Purposes" by Margaret Cam-

eron, etc. Some of these must be read with caution. Allen Kardek's "Spirits' Book" is a standard in this "question and answer" class,—defending reincarnation, after the French school!

Theosophy now has an extensive literature of its own. Madam Blavatsky's "Isis Unveiled" and "The Secret Doctrine" are standard. The writings of Annie Besant, Leadbeater, and Rudolph Steiner should be consulted. Occultism and magic likewise have several authoritative representatives. Eliphas Levi's "Transcendental Magic" is a standard work. A. E. Waite has published "The Mysteries of Magic", "The Occult Sciences", "The Book of Black Magic and of Pacts", etc., which contain some very curious matter. Hartmann's "Black and White Magic" and Papus's "What is Occultism?" might be consulted by the student. The ten volumes of "The Equinox", edited by Aleister Crowley, contain a veritable mine of occult lore, and real knowledge. These books are about to be reissued in this country. Those who may be interested in Rosicrucianism might consult Waite's "Real History of the Rosicrucians"; Max Hendel, "The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception"; Jennings, "The Rosicrucians, their Rites and Mysteries", etc.

There are many other topics, in this connection, which have not been even touched upon, but upon which many dozens of books have been written. Such subjects as telepathy, clairvoyance, ghosts, haunted houses, oriental magic, the development of one's psychic powers, second sight, dreams

and dreaming, death, Yoga philosophy, trance revelations, psychical fiction, etc., etc.,—these topics cannot even be mentioned here in the prescribed limits of this article, though an extensive literature exists upon all of them. I have merely endeavored in this brief review, to enumerate a few of the standard works upon the topics mentioned; and I should advise the reader to read these before branching out into other fields,—and perusing a host of books which contain erroneous information, or which are likely to lead the reader off into a maze of speculation and side issues in which he might easily become lost. If the student of psychism is fortunate enough to obtain a sane point of view on the subject, *in the first few books he reads*, he may safely be trusted to read anything thereafter, as he now has a standard by which to judge them. But if he is unfortunate enough to get hold of two or three fantastic books at the beginning of his reading career, his viewpoint is likely to be biased thereafter. Therefore, I should strongly advise the reader to follow the lines I have indicated above; if he does so, he will find that he will acquire a gradually progressive knowledge of the subject in all its phases and aspects—without at the same time losing his balance and sane point of view. I can only hope the reader will find, in these few suggestions, some degree of help and guidance for his future reading; a further and more detailed study can, perhaps, be supplied at some time in the future.

COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT

*Literary
Furniture*

A strange turn of fate once made me editor of a furniture magazine. Not that I knew anything about furniture. I wanted to get a square meal, or to get married, or something like that. Now, as the years pass and I keep on being more and more married and better fed, I find furniture utterly coloring my vision of life. Quite unconsciously I look at my friends with a measuring eye, criticize the contour of their legs, and place people according to periods.

This would be a terrible affliction did it not have one advantage: know furniture and you know authors. Between authors and their chairs there is a striking similarity. The same national expressions can be found in both furniture and literary styles. As the author conforms himself to a chair, so does his writing.

The author apparently doesn't give a tinker's blank who makes a country's laws, much less who writes its songs, so long as he can sit in its chairs. The chairs that authors have sat in almost equal the number of beds in which Washington slept. In fact, if we were to judge authors by their chairs preserved in museums, we'd be inclined to believe that they spent most of their time sitting. This literary furniture is, as I have suggested, a delicate indication of the literary output. As the chair inclined, so the author wrote. As furniture lost its style, so did the author.

When the Grand Rapids of Greece began to fake its inlay and run to cheap Babylonian reproductions, Greek authors neglected to wax their tablets. Pergamos and Alexandria thereupon set up competition, the workers at Sicyon perfected their bronze furniture—and so the glory of Greece faded. When Nero cared so little for furniture as to burn up a whole cityful of it, Roman authors began making of their parchments paper wads which they bandied at the pretty Roman maidens, thereby sparing future generations of sophomores and producing a lot of hothouse, scented-bath poetry that no one would read today if it had been preserved. Lucan alone tried to lift up a he-man voice in this chaos of decadence, and was promptly put to death. When good, solid Jacobean furniture lost its character and began to dwindle into the Gallic-legged affairs of Anne, and of William and Mary, the drama just naturally got thin and spindle-legged too. For the same Italian and French influences that were evidenced in the literature of those days, changed the contour and character of the furniture. And it is a wise man who can say which changed first—writing or chair legs.

This analogy can be carried, if one wishes, from the hard-bottomed, stiff-backed chairs of Shakespeare's time to the decadent day-bed of the French Empire, when the literature of that epoch attempted to repeat the corruption and effeminacy of the Roman era which had produced the day-bed's

own forerunner, the Roman couch.

This, however, is not a disquisition on furniture styles. It is intended to be, as the title suggests, a few hints on how to know the authors from the furniture. Such knowledge is not superfluous. For it would be an egregious blunder, a fatal *faux pas*, if, at some select gathering such as the annual banquet of the Authors' League or a soirée of the Poetry Society, you should mistake Irvin Cobb for a bombé-front secretaire, or turn on a switch in Bliss Carman's back and expect him to light up like a floor lamp, or take Miss Amy Lowell for a settee, or accidentally stuff Thomas Walsh, Lit. D., behind your back for a pillow. They might resent it. Such errors can never be made if one has a working knowledge of furniture. The following simple suggestions may be of assistance in determining the difference between furniture and authors:

(1) Most furniture is made to sit on. It is quite difficult to sit on an author. A few brave souls have tried it, and invariably they came off worsted. No one ever successfully sat on Mr. Untermeyer, for example. Therefore, when you enter a room, look around for what appears to be a chair. If you can sit on it, then it is a chair. If not, it is likely to be an author.

(2) The second class of furniture is the sort you put things in, such as a cupboard. It is not easy to put anything into an author except food and drink. He may accept a little flattery but he refuses to entertain suggestions. He has what he calls his Inner Consciousness, a sort of chest-like cavity inside himself, which is always full and from which he extracts his Works. If he is a successful author, such as some we might men-

tion, he can get away with this inner consciousness gag. But if he is merely an incipient writer, such as some others we might also mention, the critics will rend him to bits. This really is not the fault of the author—he should be a different kind of furniture.

(3) Which brings us to the third and last major group—that which is merely to be looked at as something beautiful or curious. Oddly enough, the authors that are merely to be looked at are what furniture dealers refer to as “imported pieces”. They come from Russia and England. Authors from Russia and England are always great authors. They are always above criticism. You mustn't try to sit on them or put things into them; they are merely to be admired and passed on with approval.

Quite a neat little volume could be written on these imported authors. Some day I hope to write down, for the guidance of my fellow countrymen, rules and suggestions for their entertainment. For the present and until our appreciation of home-made literature is quickened, we must rest satisfied with the knowledge that no author is great in America save he come from a foreign country. Congress might do something about this—pass a law to protect the infant industry of American writing or lay an embargo on the importation of great authors—but then, you know Congress.

Apropos of this, one might mention those accessories, those mantel garnitures of our mental households, the imported poets. They also are always great. Once on a time imported poets weren't permitted past the immigration officials unless they could present evidence of great physical beauty or an inclination toward exotic decadence

or the capacity for mauve love affairs. And how we Americans took them in—and they us! We had them about the place, casually, incidentally, the way we used to scatter those small boxes of fragrant sandalwood around the parlor. That sort of poet doesn't "furnish" nowadays. Today no foreign poet is permitted north of Ellis Island unless he has a war record or is allied with a revolutionary movement. We especially prefer Sinn Feiners and Bolsheviks. They are not half so pleasing as the exotic, sandalwood-box variety; in fact, they remind one of these vases made from torn shell-cases, or those cuspidors fashioned from German helmets that one finds today in smart homes. Of course, imported poets are always found in our smart homes—that's what makes 'em smart. They rarely come the second time, because they cannot be sat on, nor can you put anything into them save lecture receipts—and only few would you admire.

There is one type of author I have never been able to understand. He is known as the Standard Author, and is purchased according to size and on the instalment plan with ten years' subscription to a magazine, much as one buys a stock-pattern, dining-room suite as an incident to laying in a life's supply of Tetley's tea. The great difference between the two is that you actually do use the dining-room suite, whereas in most households there is a death penalty for anyone daring to remove a standard author from his place on the shelves. There he stands, year after year, sturdy and staunch, like 'Gene Field's little toy dog, covered with dust.

What makes an author standard? His size? And why do people buy standard authors? They aren't alive,

they don't have to be supported. Bulwer-Lytton, for example, or Charles Reade. I sincerely believe that good, honest folk buy them in the same set fashion that they go about buying furniture for a house—they figure out that they'll need a bed, a bureau and a washstand, an easy chair, two straight-back chairs, a library table, a rug, a table lamp, a print of "The Last Supper"—and a set of Macaulay. Standard authors are all right in their place, but why make them the foundations of a beginning married life? Perhaps a pro-founder mind may solve this riddle some day.

This pleasant little discourse cannot end without a word on antique authors. And before we go any further, let me warn you against the spurious variety. There are two kinds of antiques—old antiques and mid-Victorian. A genuine Italian renaissance chair is a veritable antique, but a Rogers Group isn't. Most of our literary antiques are kept in museums or the homes of the very rich. The Rogers Groups are kept in small-town libraries and the homes of the middle class where torn bindings are their sole claim to ancient merit.

The Rogers Group authors aren't old enough to be either dead or antique, nor are they young enough to warrant preservation in a place of honor. Many of these authors are still alive—harmless, wrinkled old gentlemen, who speak glowingly of the past and think literature today is going to the ultimate airedales. Without the slightest provocation they tell you how they wrote the first American problem novel—'way back in the centennial year—but the book was before its time and didn't sell. Or perhaps they had their transient hour of

popularity, the way burnt-wood chairs did. For a time everyone had them about; then the style changed and they were moved up to the attic—chairs and books alike—to give place to a new generation of authors and chairs.

There is something very sad about these Rogers Group romancers. One almost wishes prohibition hadn't come so soon, for when in liquor the past is alive to them, and they speak of the chance their next book will have—that book they'll never write. And yet, and yet was it not these very Rogers Group authors who helped win the war? When the libraries sent forth their clarion call, did we not give generously of these wornout romances? The Germans miscalculated the temper of the American soldier. They didn't know the sort of books he was obliged to read. They thought he wouldn't fight.

—RICHARDSON WRIGHT

Putting Our Literature on a Literary Basis

It seems quite a singular and unusual circumstance that among all the reforms that are now being evolved to make the human race in the United States any better, no attention has been paid to our literature. We have government ownership of railroads and stomachs, we have municipal surveys and multifarious educational innovations, which are modestly announced by their creators as continuously competent to produce infant phenomena at will. Even the circulation of our blood is supervised by boards of health, and immediately after the preliminary advertising and official announcement of every new disease, wide-awake doctors invent a new serum to cure it. Now to most

of us it is commonly known that our desires originate in the mind. After the mind has let them loose, they start out upon the ignoble business of playing hob with the body. But it is only after this has taken place—when in fact the damage has been done—that our reformers step in and insist upon regulating the body—a method so extraordinarily stupid that nobody but man could have invented it. Meanwhile the mind is left to shift for itself, and having no rudder, soon becomes a derelict. Thus, as we walk up and down the beach of modern civilization, we see the flotsam and jetsam of countless minds, wrecked by newspapers, moving-pictures, and jazz bands.

There are some captious people who claim that, as we have no real literature, the imitation can scarcely be worth saving. But this is only the view of the so-called intellectual—a species of human being that lives on the high plateaus of alleged thought, jumps from paradox to paradox, and subsists largely on vers libre, cubisms, and other sterile combinations in restraint of common sense. We undoubtedly have a literature, but opinions differ as to what it is. Does it consist of the works of Edith Wharton, or of Robert W. Chambers? Is it something that can penetrate the mind of a congressman at a distance of 13,000 yards; or, at a distance say of ten goose steps, can excite the passionate admiration of the editorial staff of "The New Republic"?

"Literature", declares the versatile Mr. Webster, "is the total of preserved writings belonging to a given language or people." This is comprehensive and lucid. Those writings that are not preserved are evidently not literature. An ingenious Amer-

ican librarian has recently undertaken to circumvent this by requesting authors to send him the original manuscripts of their works, for him to hand down to posterity. He has overlooked a fact that it is quite natural for an American librarian to overlook, namely, that literature is mental, not physical; and that it really consists of a body of words and phrases that are handed down by a very few of one generation to a very few of another; that are preserved in minds, and not on book-shelves. Some years ago I was interested to learn that there had been sold in this country two hundred and seventy-six copies of the Upanishads, that work of Indian philosophy which Schopenhauer characterized as the finest reading in the world—a work that in the course of thousands of years has crossed the European continent, and although only one American in hundreds of thousands knows anything about it, will doubtless continue to live for thousands of years longer, when quite possibly Arthur Brisbane and Harold Bell Wright are forgotten.

So far as literature itself is concerned, it is largely a question of memory and hearsay—memory on the part of the few who keep it alive in their thoughts, and hearsay on the part of the many. There are undoubtedly people who still read Shakespeare. There are many who do not read him, but who would be outraged if you should ask them if they had ever heard of him. His is a familiar name to the American public, and is even known to members of the theatrical profession; but along with many others in English literature who might be favorably mentioned, he is scarcely ever seen in congress, and in the senate is quoted only by J. Ham Lewis.

We must undoubtedly be thinking of getting something together in this country that, in time, will take the place of the work of these English worthies of bygone days. Something must be done to put our literature on a posterity basis. It must be codified and assembled and systematized. Bernard Shaw has several times been requested to come over here and start a literature, but he has preferred to slam us at a distance. It is a curious fact that many of our natives who might have gotten our literature going, have given up the job and quit. There was Henry James who took up his residence in London, and even Mrs. Wharton appears to prefer Paris. We must do something to keep our prominent authors at home.

Nobody knows of course what our literature is going to be until afterward. And then it will be too late. Some hidden genius who is struggling along on five or ten thousand a year writing screen captions, may become the Rochefoucauld of the future. The best we can do is to lay out a plan in which the whole realm of our literature may be duly surveyed and reorganized. Mr. Burleson, our official zonemaster, has already done what he could. He saw very clearly that our literature, such as it is, must be duly restricted. His idea is that eventually, under our postal dispensation, a magazine containing certain embryonic gems of literature which starts out to a subscriber from the Atlantic coast will, by the time it reaches the Pacific, become a classic. Apparently he has not the same idea as that divulged by an eminent southern senator, who declared that his own state was fully capable of producing a literature of its own and wanted an embargo placed on all printed material coming from the outside world. Mr.

Burleson does not go so far as this. He would not kill off all the magazines at once, the way the prohibitionists have done to the grape growers of California. He would let them live along for several years, meeting taxes and death on the instalment plan.

Certainly this method, while it may have its special merits, is applied at the wrong end. It delays until the raw material from which literature is eventually made has established itself; and then proceeds to throttle it; whereas a much simpler way is to guard the source and in the very beginning to admit nobody who doesn't show some signs of incipient literary talent. For example, what would be thought of the management of a club that admitted everybody to membership and after they were all in, went around and sandbagged all the undesirables? The correct thing to do with our literature is to begin at the beginning, to have a properly organized department for the examination of those wishing to enter literature and to establish schools where they can be taught.

At present anyone in America can be literary who wants to, without taking out a license. If the president of a bank or a packers' trust wishes to take a correspondence course in short-story writing, nobody can stop him. Anyone can become a playwright or a professor of political economy in a western university, or if he wants to enter literature via "Scribner's Magazine", can acquire a three months' residence at Princeton. Anyone who has capital enough to hire a dress suit by the week and thus be able to appear at literary banquets, can become a publisher. Nature, it is quite true, often steps in and tries to preserve a certain balance, as when a writer of popular songs becomes so

ambitious that he learns to read and write English, thereby drying up his inspiration and cutting off his income. But nature is no longer doing the great work that she did. Labor-saving devices and modern methods of efficiency are rapidly usurping her ancient privileges.

Before being permitted to enter literature, everyone should be officially examined, subjected to certain tests, and be required if necessary to furnish a bond for the keeping of the literary peace. It is true that in the past there have been a number of really first-class authors who succeeded without this kind of supervision, but that is only because they were naturally so bright that nothing could stop them. Homer and Dante did as well as could be expected of them, considering that the first had to travel around without a portable typewriter and the second had to invent a hell of his own without any help from Billy Sunday. Consider, however, what they might have done if, before turning out their gems of thought, they could have taken the Harvard dramatic course, matriculated from the school of journalism at Columbia, met Amy Lowell, or lived in Kansas.

The great trouble with our present system is, not that it isn't efficient, but that it has not been duly coordinated and brought under the control of authority. Literature in America is now in much the same condition that our railroads were before the government took them over. That is to say, it is prosperous, at least to a degree. It is an affair of private enterprise, its proletariat not yet having developed enough mentality to adopt a defensive system of union labor. No Samuel Gompers has risen among us, although I am bound to say that

Ellis Parker Butler has done the best he could. Nobody ever hears of the joke writers going out on strike; these poor wretches are not even organized, the nearest approach to such a thing being the annual meeting of the newspaper humorists, a sort of clearing house of melancholy. Immense profits are made by a few writers on top, who have either struck the rock of cheap sentiment and had it gush forth its thousands, or who are living a life of shame under Hearst. The rank and file are, as I have intimated, constantly increasing, lured on by literary agents and the horrible fascination of seeing one's name in print.

As to the ultimate solution of this problem of putting our literature on a literary basis, modesty prevents me from setting forth too rashly a definite program of reconstruction. Al-

though a pronounced idealist, I am not sure that George Creel is backing me up, and I cannot afford to be wrecked on fourteen points of literature. We must move slowly. I suggest first a preliminary meeting of psychologists. Anyone hereafter who wishes to enter our literature should be subpoenaed to appear before these gentlemen and be subjected to the Binet test. If in sixty seconds he can distinguish red from green or blue from yellow, can repeat "The Star-Spangled Banner", the Gettysburg address, and the Covenant of Peace, admits that he admires publishers and proof-readers, has never heard of the word *meticulous*, and is living on good terms with his wife, then he should be thrown out. He is not fit to enter American literature.

—THOMAS L. MASSON

ON HEARING SOME LITTLE CRITICS DISSECT A BEAUTIFUL POEM

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

You pick the petals of this rose apart,
 (You literary botanists!)
 And then, with tragic, thin, set lips, you start
 To name things on your tiny lists—
 Your catalogue of picayune defects,
 Your useless litany of faults.
 And one-who-thinks-he-knows-it-all directs
 Your verbal jazz and tiresome waltz.

O pitiful young vultures! Who are you,
 That you should take this living thing,
 This song that is so rich, and fine, and true,
 And bruise it with your heavy wing?
 You are like little gnats that sharply hurt;
 Yet all you say your cause defeats.
 You're worse than worms that crawl within the dirt
 Around the flowery grave of Keats!

HENRY, NOT "HARRY", FIELDING

BY CHAUNCEY B. TINKER

I wonder how many readers there still are who open a biography of Fielding with the expectation of finding there an exciting story of life in eighteenth-century London? Their experience must, I fancy, be a little like my own when, at the age of twelve, I took a volume of "Tom Jones" from the shelves of my father's library under the pleasant but erroneous impression that it was a detective story. There is still a pleasant but erroneous impression in the minds of "general readers" (traceable, no doubt, to Thackeray) that the life of Fielding is a spicy account of evenings over the pipe and punch-bowl, and of days in the garrets of Grub Street and the green-rooms of Covent Garden. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The conversation of Harry Fielding is as irrecoverable as that of the Mermaid Tavern. The few anecdotes about him that have been preserved have long been known to scholars to be quite untrustworthy, and the famous references to him in the letters of Walpole and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu have been received with caution, as requiring modification in every important detail. Fielding, in short, eludes us as completely as any man of letters in the century. Why is this?

In the first place, as has been said before this, Fielding lived in the interval between two great literary periods. By the time he came to public notice, the group of authors that had graced the reign of Anne had

long since been scattered. Addison was dead. Swift was living in retirement in Ireland. Prior was dead. Pope, who still reigned over the world of letters, knew of Fielding as a literary aspirant, but by no means thought of him as a colleague. On the other hand, the Johnsonian circle was not yet formed. Garrick knew Fielding, but Garrick, a younger man, was not given to recording his reminiscences of authors. Richardson and Smollett he knew, but only in the bitterness of rivalry. Sterne, of course, he never heard of. Thus he is to be thought of as isolated from any group or school that might have assisted in preserving his personality as it was manifested outside the pages of his novels.

Moreover there was nothing in Fielding's personality to make good this lack of Boswellian friends. He was not prone to self-analysis or to recording his private opinions in letters and diaries. Dean Cross prints a few letters, but they are not of a kind to make us regret very keenly the loss of the rest of his private correspondence. He was too healthy and too busy to have much love for introspection. "No man", says Miss Godden, "was ever more shy of autobiographical revelation." When, at the close of his life, he wrote his "Voyage to Lisbon", it is remarkable how little he found to record or cared to reveal with regard to his inmost spirit. As it was his misfortune to have no Boswell, so it was his blessing to be no

Rousseau. Thus the history of Fielding can never partake of the charm which a Lockhart or a Trevelyan may lend to an intimate biography; to the irreverent and the uninterested the account of his career must seem a tissue of documents and dulness.

Of all this we have of course no right to complain. Mr. Cross has not chosen to invent the local color that is wanting in his sources, and has mercifully spared us such a work of the imagination as Frankfort Moore's "Life of Goldsmith". It is his business, with the aid of all the methods known to scholarship, to mortise together the facts and the documents with inference and deduction. The biography of Fielding, so far as is now possible, has been written; future scholars must be content to be mere gleaners in the path of Mr. Cross.

It is the unique value of this work that it projects the facts of Fielding's life upon the background of the periodic literature of his time. The newspapers, the magazines, and the pamphlets of the mid-eighteenth century have been ransacked for their casual references; old controversies and literary quarrels have been, now for the first time, woven into a complete story which reveals the normal development of Fielding as a dramatist, essayist, and novelist. For the first time Fielding's journals have been exhaustively examined. We have at last a working bibliography—a prerequisite to the preparation of any complete edition of Fielding. Many fugitive pieces, notably "The Roast Beef of Old England", are now for the first time attributed to Fielding; others, such as "The Apology for the Life of Mrs. Shamela Andrews", about which there has been much discussion, are now finally and conclusively assigned to him. The history

of the publication and reception of the novels is now for the first time adequately recorded. The history of Fielding's reputation, from Arthur Murphy's inaccurate and misleading sketch down to W. E. Henley's brilliant essay, is exhaustively set forth—not only for its intrinsic interest, but as a basis for a new and final estimate of the author's character and work.

In the Fielding of tradition—the lovable rakehell, with claret-stained ruffles, who, when hard pressed by duns, could, with the aid of a wet towel round his head, fling off a work of genius—Mr. Cross has of course no belief. He presents Fielding to us as an upright, hard-working man, full-blooded but clear-eyed, with a hatred of injustice and shams, and with an abiding and passionate devotion to woman. It is clear that the author has come under the fascination of his hero. He is willing to grant no more to the old tradition than is indicated by the following sentences:

Grave people looked askance upon him in youth and in age because he did not conform in his life and in his works to the settled *mores* of citizen morality. But no dishonour can be attached to his conduct.

There may, however, linger in certain minds enough of the old bourgeois prejudice to feel that this is somewhat understating the case. Mr. Cross has given abundant proof that he has no fear of the facts; and it is therefore the more surprising to find him touching rather lightly on the episode in Fielding's youth after which it was necessary to bind him over to keep the peace, and on the fact that his son, William, was born but two months after Fielding's marriage to Mary Daniel. Such irregularities of conduct, though they do not, in any sense, reestablish the rollicking Fielding of tradition, do account, in part

at least, for the attitude to him that was adopted by such writers as Lady Mary and Walpole—persons whose conceptions of morality were by no means bounded by bourgeois standards. When all is said, it will perhaps be found that what is now roughly called "the Fielding tradition" owes its vitality not so much to the picturesque imaginings of Thackeray as to the incidents of "Joseph Andrews" and of "Tom Jones".

There are passages, too, where a very amiable enthusiasm for his subject leads the biographer to certain critical utterances which he would not perhaps permit himself except for the purpose of rhetorical contrast. "Smollett", he says, "has been winnowed down to 'Roderick Random' and 'Humphry Clinker'." True, but has not Fielding been similarly winnowed down to "Joseph Andrews" and "Tom Jones"? Has "Amelia" more readers than "Peregrine Pickle"? Of Dr. Johnson Mr. Cross permits himself to say:

What Johnson's unbiased opinion was no one quite knows, for he rarely had an unbiased opinion on any subject. . . . He several times told his friends that he read "Amelia" through "without stopping". If this be so, it is the only book that Johnson ever read through. The phrase in his mouth meant no more than that he once turned the leaves of the novel and then laid it aside for good.

Surely this is the kind of exaggeration under which, when Fielding is the victim, Mr. Cross very properly chafes.

It is doubtful if the annals of English criticism contain a more useful distinction than that which Johnson made between the novels of Richardson and Fielding when he remarked that Richardson was like a man who knew how a watch was made, but Fielding like a man who could tell the time by looking at its dial-plate. It is surely

Fielding's great quality to be a shrewd observer of men's actions—to judge a man by his acts rather than by the complexity of motives from which his acts may rise; whereas Richardson excelled in an analytical knowledge of the human heart. This is what Coleridge meant when, in comparing the two, he said that "Fielding's talent was observation, not meditation". Without coming under the spell of his hero, and without pandering to the prejudices of his readers, Fielding recorded the fact as he saw it. It is the glory of "Tom Jones" that it tells the whole truth, without palliation and without fear; so that Thackeray could remark that no author since Fielding had been permitted to depict, to the utmost of his power, a man.

But in the case of Parson Adams there are those who would appreciate a somewhat larger power of "meditation"—a knowledge of how the watch is made. Fielding's observation of Adams's manner and actions is complete, unfailing; but we do not feel that he has plumbed the depths of the parson's soul. We look at him, but we do not look through his eyes. To his creator Adams is a man of noble instincts who, in the delusion of his heart, fancies himself a child of the Christian church and a disciple of Greek philosophy. But in a crisis, such as that of the supposed death of his little son, all his fine theories fall from him like a garment, and we see him as he is, a child of nature. So are all men. We never escape, by learning or religion or experience, from the endowments which nature has given us. They are the hidden springs of our conduct, and our "motives" only mask our selfishness. In all senses, a man's instincts are his fate.

Thus Fielding's study of life is a

continuous stripping away of illusions, an eternal warfare upon the shams and hypocrisies of life, to which we are ever running for cover. If he ever flags in his work of showing us man as he is, it is only that he may the more effectively show him up. Lawyers, physicians, clergymen, philosophers, innkeepers, servants, women of quality, women of no quality, trip upon the scene with studied bow and smirk, confident in the pose that they have adopted; only to be stripped and dismissed for the hypocrites that they are. It is only the simple souls—Adams, Allworthy, Tom, Sophia, Amelia, the downtrodden housemaid (no better than she should be), and the rough postilion (afterward “transported for robbing a hen-roost”),—who, in following the dictates of the human heart, succeed in winning our affections and, therefore, our respect.

It has been said of Fielding that it is his glory never so far to have come under the fascination of his own characters as to be blinded to the true

significance of their acts. This is at once his glory and his limitation. Of his great master Cervantes it has been said that we begin his book with laughter and end it in tears, for we slowly enter into the heart of the mad Don Quixote, and come to feel that such madness is not without its sublimity. But there are no unsuspected depths in Fielding's men. He sees with the clear but limited gaze of sanity and common sense. As we read we learn to love frankness, manliness, and “quiet heroism”. But before the profounder problems of human life and before the sphinx-enigma of death, our author, though courageous, is dumb. He cannot ease the burden of our fears or make quick-coming death a little thing. Thus his critics must ever be content with assigning to him a place among those authors who, while reflecting life with a clear and luminous accuracy, stop short of interpreting it.

The History of Henry Fielding. By Wilbur L. Cross. Yale University Press.

A BOOK-SHELF FOR THE MONTH

A BOOK OF NATURE AND LIFE

By Henry Litchfield West

The years which have passed over the head of John Burroughs have not dulled the keenness of his observation nor diminished the ardor of his enthusiasm. He is still the painstaking, unwearied, sympathetic chronicler of nature and nature's way, with the same fresh and interesting method of imparting knowledge. The charm of his work lies in his poetic and human instincts. He environs every denizen of the woods and fields with a subtle, palpitating influence that throbs with spontaneity and is not to be measured with foot and rule. He is not forbidding like Thoreau, but bathes himself and us in a warm, life-giving aura. Every word he utters is a genial invitation to become more intimately acquainted with nature, and to love her with the same devotion with which he worships at her feet.

Mr. Burroughs has chosen wisely in the title of his latest book. The volume is a combination of field and study—the first part dealing with the earth and the fulness thereof, and the second presenting the reflections of a man who has lived long amid surroundings which give a unique value to his varied comments on literature, science, and religion. His outdoor essays are written out of an inexhaustible store of knowledge and experience. Mr. Burroughs is not, however, a mere verbatim stenographer of nature. He is an interpreter as well as an observer. He does not submit a cold and precise report, un-

enlivened by a single byplay of humor or of human interest, but presents a record inspired by a kinship with the woods and fields and streams. It is the outpouring of a heart which experienced "a feeling of companionship with nature long prior to any conscious desire for accurate and specific knowledge about her works". When Mr. Burroughs says that he loved the flowers and the wild creatures, as most healthy children do, long before he knew that there was such a study as botany or natural history, he makes it clear to our understanding why his interpretation of nature has such a compelling appeal.

The value of Mr. Burroughs's work lies in the fact that he brings the mountain to Mahomet. It is through him that nature comes to our very doors. There are, unfortunately, so many men and women veneered with the crust of city life that their hearts fail to respond to the flashing of a star, the fragrance of flowers, or the singing of the birds; and even to those who are not thus hardened, all association with nature must necessarily be vicarious or second-hand. To this latter class the book of nature may be open winter and summer but it is certainly not always within reach. It is unquestionably true, as Mr. Burroughs asserts, that nature lore is absorbed in the air we breathe; that it awaits us at the side of the spring when we stoop to drink; that it drops upon us from the trees; and that it is written upon the rocks and ledges.

The trouble is, however, that with most of us the air we breathe is the

crowded and vitiated atmosphere of the city; that our horizon is a brick wall; that our woodland spring degenerates into the kitchen faucet; that our trees are sad specimens struggling for existence amid square yards of concrete; and that the only rocks and ledges which come within our ken are visible in the holes wherein will be laid the foundations for a new building. To such as are confined in the cities, Mr. Burroughs's books are like manna in the wilderness. They are food and drink to parched and hungry souls. "Natural history", he says, "is on the wing and all about us on the foot. It hides in holes; it perches on trees; it runs to cover under the stones and into the stone walls; it soars, it sings, it drums, it calls by day, it barks and prowls and hoots by night." Unfortunately, the natural history which thus environs Mr. Burroughs represents for us a far-off land until he transforms distance into proximity with the magic of his pen.

The lucidity and simplicity which Mr. Burroughs insists are the main requisites of literary style are happily exemplified by him on every page, and are the factors which make his message so intelligible. "There is a world of good writing", he says, "which yet differs from literature as a tree differs from a pile of lumber." He wants his page to fit the mind as water fits the hand, and the meaning to be conveyed in the clearest, freshest, most direct and vivid manner, without thought of style. "O, to be natural", he exclaims, "to have the quality of freshness and inevitableness, of the unlabored, the spontaneous!" Surely he has this quality beyond all peradventure. In one paragraph he prays for what the gods seem already to have bestowed upon him:

To be brisk and not flippant, to be original and not strained; to be smooth and not polished, to be suggestive and not obscure and indefinite, to be bright and not brilliant, to have wit without the sting, to have humor without the guffaw, to have learning without pedantry, to have joy without hilarity—"sober on a fund of joy", as Emerson says—to be serious and not heavy, to teach and not moralize, to be lucid and not superficial, to be eloquent and not rhetorical, to have common sense and not be commonplace—this is my prayer.

It is in this spirit of spontaneity and sanity that Mr. Burroughs demonstrates his sympathetic intimacy with nature. The music of the white-throats is "a sweet, quavering ribbon of song", and the soft, nasal call of the nuthatch is "a soft interrogation in the ear of the sylvan gods". With careful pains he observes and records the transformation of the caterpillar into the butterfly. He has an eye for beauty. "There is no prettier bit of natural history on four legs than the red fox." Who else would have discovered the likeness between the faces of the jumping spider and the woodchuck, or who else knows that the burdock prodigally seeks reproduction with six thousand seeds upon a single plant? He finds a golden-winged warbler's nest in an old lane that he has traveled for forty years.

Never before had the road yielded him such treasure. He finds out that rabbits sleep with their eyes open; he follows the chipmunk to its hole, and searches the orchard for hidden secrets. He ponders over the ways of the insects and concludes that their intelligence is the intelligence of nature—it is action and not reflection. He leans lovingly over the nests of young birds, and by observation proves that the parent birds do not teach their young the art of flying. He notes, also, that when the young birds leave their nests the movement is final. "It is the word of fate. They

will not come back." He does not confine himself to the surface, but finds that under a stone is a chapter in nature's infinite book of secrecy which most persons skip, but which is well worth perusal. Nothing seems hidden from him, but so delicately and lovingly does he reveal nature's secrets that there is not the slightest suggestion of intrusion.

The detail which engages his eye does not, however, restrict his mind. It is not alone the bluebird and the robin in his own field which he sees. What happens in springtime within sight of his own window is happening just across every other threshold; so that throughout a long, broad belt of states, about several millions of homes, and over several millions of farms, the same flood-tide of bird-life is creeping or eddying or sweeping over the land. He says:

I fancy that on almost any day in mid-May the flickers are drilling their holes into a million or more decayed trees between the Hudson and the Mississippi; that any day a month earlier the phœbes are starting their nests under a million or more woodsheds or bridges or overhanging rocks; that several million of robins are carrying mud and straws to sheltered projections about buildings, or to the big forked branches in the orchards.

This migration of the birds, however, is something more than a mere fact to be narrated. It is "one more assurance of the unfailing return of spring and the never-ending joy and fecundity of life".

No review of "Field and Study" would be complete without a genuine tribute to that portion of the volume which deals with abstract subjects. In these pages Mr. Burroughs bares his soul. Much that he has said before in desultory fashion is here moulded into concrete expression. For instance, it has always been apparent that Mr. Burroughs, while religious

in the deep, broad sense, has never been bound by creed or dogma. In this latest book he makes his position clear. Answering the complaint that in his books there is too much nature and not enough God, he says that this seems to him "like complaining that there is too much about the daylight and not enough about the sun". He looks upon nature not merely as the garment of God but as his living integument. With a manlike God—the maker and ruler of the universe, existing apart from it—he can do nothing. "When I write about nature and make much of her beauties and wonders", he says, "I am writing about God."

When he goes further, however, and asserts that the lay mind is becoming more devout than the clerical mind because it is more inclined to act upon the literal truth of the assertion that the earth is divine and that God is everywhere, and when he asks: "Are we ourselves anything more than the tracks of the Eternal in the dust of the earth?", we may be sure that he awakens some qualms in the minds of the ultra-orthodox. His belief in the existence of a nature-God—a God which is nature and a nature which is God—and his assertion that God must be dehumanized and regarded as the material universe which surrounds us and of which we are an integral part, comprise a very definite philosophy, even though the creed-bound may not be free to accept it. It is a philosophy thoroughly in harmony with a life which has been spent close to nature and which reckons the good and the bad—the building of a bird's-nest and the eruption of a volcano—as merely identifying God with universal nature in all her multiform beneficent and malevolent aspects.

In thus dethroning the God of creed, tradition, and superstition, even while humbly recognizing the existence of a soul in the universe, Mr. Burroughs does not become a worshiper at the feet of materialistic science. "In my excursions into nature", he says, "science plays a part but not a leading part"; and he adds that "science is always a good seasoning, but one does not want too much of a good seasoning". For all that science has done and all that the doctrine of evolution has unfolded, he has a full meed of praise, but science as the main inspiration of our lives is an unsatisfying portion. "To reduce our mental and spiritual life", he says, "to terms of physics and physiology is to reduce the flower to ashes, life processes to chemical reactions." Against this purely materialistic idea his mind revolts. There is still to be explained, he says, the connection of our psychic life with our physical life, a problem as difficult to solve as the connection of physical life with inorganic nature. We find in Mr. Burroughs's view, therefore, a crystallization of the modern tendency to depart from a rigid acceptance of the biblical idea of God, while not accepting science as a complete substitute for a great, ruling, universal soul.

It may be said that these conclusions regarding the problems associated with nature and life have no place in the writings of a naturalist. We do not share this opinion. It is worth while knowing the convictions which have come to a deeply reflective mind through long communing with nature, especially when they are expressed in uncontroversial fashion. Mr. Burroughs states his views simply and sincerely, and in the manner of a man whose thoughts are always unconcealed and whose mental honesty

is not a matter of doubt. Perhaps, after all, he has given us the broadest and the most satisfying view of the great mystery of the universe. A realization that nature and God are one will render unnecessary the ancient admonition that we must look from nature up to nature's God.

Field and Study. By John Burroughs.
Houghton Mifflin Co.

MALICE THAT IS NOT MALICIOUS

By John Bunker

To pass judgment on one's distinguished contemporaries is a fascinating business, and though it is a difficult business as well—at least to pass true judgment—that only adds to the fascination. The latest to succumb is Gerald Cumberland, an English journalist who has had the advantage of personal acquaintance with most of the people he writes about,—or perhaps we should have said disadvantage, for he does not give us portraits nor even transmit to us the clever remarks of his subjects. Apparently there were no clever remarks. "Though for an hour he [Masefield] continued talking, he said nothing—at least nothing that I remember."

Nevertheless, though the author has not the knack of vivid portraiture nor successfully teases his lions into roaring for our benefit, he does have some shrewd observations to make on his own account. For instance, about Masefield he goes on to say:

The extraordinary thing about him was that, in spite of his timidity, his seeming apprehensiveness, he left on my mind a deep impression of adventure—not of a man who sought physical, but spiritual, risks. I think he is a poet who cannot refrain from exacerbating his own soul, who must at all costs place his mind in danger and escape only at the last moment.

And of Yeats, who is among the "People I Would Like to Meet", he remarks:

How is it, I wonder, that one rather admires A. E. for believing in the objective existence of strange gods and spirits, and yet despises Yeats for sharing this belief? It is, I think, because one feels that A. E. has a solid, even massive, intellect controlling his fantasy, whereas Yeats's intellect is not distinguished either by subtlety or massiveness. Yeats believes what he wishes to believe; A. E. believes only what he must. Yeats has an incurable aching for the picturesque.

The nearest approach to vividness is a flashing glimpse of Chesterton, though characteristically it is only a glimpse,—of Chesterton who strode into his office and "... called for a back file of the Daily Herald, sat down, lit a cigar and began to read some of his old articles. I watched him. Presently, he smiled. Then he laughed. Then he leaned back in his chair and roared. 'Good—oh, damned good!' exclaimed he."

The author deals in an entertaining and frequently amusing fashion with "Intellectual Freaks" and "Fleet Street", "Musical Critics" and "Manchester People", "Chelsea" and "People of the Theatre", "Cathedral Music Festivals" and "Berlin and Some of Its People", and, finally, "People I Would Like to Meet" and "Night Clubs". Except toward the end of the book there is no hint of the war, and the style throughout is a model of ease and freshness and limpidity. "Set Down in Malice"—what a title to draw the perverse and mischievous part of us! But really there is hardly any malice in the book—rather good humor and a cheery outlook.

CERVANTES SAAVEDRA

By Thomas Walsh

The editors of "The Master Spirits of Literature" have done well in committing the subject of Cervantes, the leading figure in Spanish letters, to the able hands of Professor Rudolph Schevill of the University of California. His previous work on the influence of Ovid on the Spanish renaissance, and the dramas of Lope de Vega, revealed in Mr. Schevill a scholar of great resources and enthusiasm for his chosen period. In his present work on the author of "Don Quixote" he shows all the painstaking research and careful annotation that could be expected of a leading figure among the Hispanophilists of North America.

He is therefore to be congratulated on a work which has been sorely needed—a study of Cervantes through his literary productions, a textual emendation of his publications in prose and verse, and a summary simple and clear of the most recent findings on the story of his life and fortunes. Rather, we should say, misfortunes, for a more thorough list of succeeding failures can hardly be registered for any of the well-known figures of history. Cervantes was a learned man, not through any university or formal school of knowledge, but through the intense application of the whip of circumstance in the dire school of suffering and disappointment which he attended all through his life. He was indeed learned.

It is interesting to note that Professor Schevill does not lend any force to the suspicion cast by some of the later Spanish critics upon the family honor of the women of Cervantes's household. Here there is a fertile

Set Down in Malice. A Book of Reminiscences. By Gerald Cumberland. Brentano's.

field of gossip and scandal surrounding a hopeless, helpless man with intrigue and the grimy conditions of want.

The reader will thank Professor Schevill for some of his studies on the leading influences of the Spanish renaissance; one may however feel that more might have been made of this part of the book than is contained in the disquisitions on the *Celestina* and *Lazarillo de Tormes*. There might have been a clearer statement of the character of the ancient romances which "Don Quixote" was supposed to satirize.

The "Cervantes" of Professor Schevill is nevertheless a book to treasure: it is a handy text for seekers of information, and a help for the general reader; it is a book for the library shelves.

Cervantes. *The Master Spirits of Literature.* By Rudolph Schevill. Duffield and Co.

THE EARLIEST HENRY JAMES

By Edna Kenton

The ashes of the master, it is not to be doubted, endured a stir of life a few months ago with the publication of "Travelling Companions", a collection of half of Henry James's early stories, which, after their first appearance in "The Atlantic", "The Galaxy", and "Scribner's" of the 1860's and 1870's, were never republished in any of his books of tales.

But it is a book of value, however varying, to more than one class of readers. Those who, shrinking from Mr. James's dictum, "Attention of perusal I do indeed everywhere postulate", but desiring more of the "readable" stories of a writer great in his alleged fall into the abstruse, will find they can read these earliest stories and enjoy them. That type of

critical beetle which counts adjectives and metaphors in an honorable effort to arrive at the secret of "style" will grasp eagerly at this new material. And those readers of Mr. James who have walked with him far enough to know that "literary criticism" of this or any accepted type is the last sort of criticism to be applied to his work with hope of any reward other than the fool's cap, will find in this book its essential value—the additional light it throws on Henry James's awareness of his goal, from the beginning of his long career. Through all the loose fabric of inexperienced technique, this strange awareness shines in the deep prediction of the minor incident; in the sense of the story underlying "the story", and in the sense of achievable form underlying both; in his hesitancy, even when he yields, to assume the arrogance of the omniscient author; in his significant failures in transmutation—significant because his alchemical experiment still mildly heats his untransmuted metals.

Sometime I shall dip into the history—the hidden history—of the year 1820, to discover, if I may, a clue to what it meant to Mr. James. It surely meant—as we say—"something". "De Grey: A Romance", the fifth published adventure of the young Henry James into the fearful field of the short story, begins: "It was the year 1820—" With a significance more than portentous the "Notes" to the unfinished "Sense of the Past" deals with his incursion into that year and with "my 1820 young man". Between these tales at the beginning and at the end lie others set in that emphatic year. This tale, the last in the present collection, is to me more interesting than any of the others; for here, beneath all the external rubbish,

lies the impress of his first stroll into the dark realms of "the sexual conflict", and his earliest contact with "the supernatural". It is a mysterious tale of "the curse of the De Greys on the women they love"; a curse going back "to the night of time". The virgin passion of a young De Grey spelled death to its object. And Margaret Alden, fiancée of this "1820 young man", dared revoke the curse. "I undo it. *I curse it*", she said. And to what end! She was transfigured by the passion which burned in her heart. Paul had ". . . plucked this pallid flower of sunless household growth; he had dipped its slender stem in the living waters of his love, and lo! it had lifted its head, and spread its petals, and brightened into splendid purple and green. This glowing potency of loveliness filled him with a tremor which was almost a foreboding; filled him with a dreadful delight." Slowly she realized the curse could be shifted but not eluded. Blindly, remorselessly she drained the life from his being. "While she was living for him, he was dying for her. Execrable, infernal comedy!" There is a misprint here of the original story, which is too bad. Paul was dying, not "for" her, but "of" her. Which is the whole point at issue. If one dared yield, but for a moment, to the perils of "literary criticism" of Mr. James, one would say glibly that here, in 1868, the young man of twenty-five was already possessed of the "germ" that was to develop, thirty-three years later, into "The Sacred Fount". This may be said, that it is a first bit of unhammered gold for its setting.

"The Sweetheart of M. Briseux" is another interesting example of material used, to be used again. Mr. James has in his tales many artists busy

with the painting of portraits: portraits of "something more than a yellow shawl"; pictures "of a mind or at least of a mood". Arthur Lyon painted profoundly such a one in "The Liar"; such a one was to have been painted, and after Arthur Lyon's own manner, of "my 1820 young man" in "The Sense of the Past". "More than the portrait was painted there", says the first-person narrator of M. Briseux's masterpiece. But the perspective of the lady's mind or mood goes aslant; a real paucity of incident blocked the young author's way, and much less than the story that lay behind "A Lady in a Yellow Shawl" was caught in the finished tale. Here, however, is the early sketch of numberless heroines to follow: the young American girl—confronted with Europe, "unaware", and becoming aware of the illusion of her realities and the reality of a great illusion, in one great moment of illumination.

Whoever has read any of the young Henry James's unsigned reviews of current fiction in "The Nation" of this period knows his artist's horror, from the beginning, of the "exposure" of character. He saw the novelists, small and great, standing by to betray—as he saw Thackeray, with all his vaunted "love" for Becky, a Peeping Tom, stooping at keyholes, "to catch her at it". "Guest's Confession" is doubly a first essay at observed psychology and at honor between the author and the hero—in this case a most dishonest man. In this story the other characters suffer badly from exposure. He was proving a point, too inexperienced yet, to let the point prove his art.

The title story, "Travelling Companions", is more significant in its time-relation to "A Passionate Pilgrim" than for anything of itself. Its

serial publication preceded the latter story by just three months, and its didactic sentimentalizing over "impression" is almost inexplicable, held beside the passionate tale of Clement Searle. There is full reason why it was not included in "A Passionate Pilgrim and Other Tales", when Mr. James brought out, in 1875, his first volume of short stories. There is far less reason why "De Grey" was not given precedence over "The Romance of Certain Old Clothes"—perhaps its secret stark significance slightly alarmed the young selector of his tales.

The publishers of "Travelling Companions" brought out, last year, from its half-century long burial in the old "Atlantic", "Gabrielle de Bergerac", the single short novel of Mr. James's which was never granted permanent form. It has its flaws: undoubtedly the old man who tells the tale saw, as a very little boy, too much of his young aunt's romance; his exits and his entrances are timed too exactly to the shifting scenes. But it is not a story to have been consigned so ruthlessly to oblivion—in 1869. There still remains material from Mr. James's uncollected past, for a third book, the other seven unrepublished tales. Of these "Crawford's Consistency" is as interesting an early attempt at uncovering submerged psychology and at steadfast honor between author and hero as "Guest's Confession". And "The Ghostly Rental", another of these seven still "lost" stories, holds a sentence worth quoting for those readers of Mr. James to whom all this resurrected work is not for criticism, but for flavor; flavor of the familiar phrase handled surely in those early years; of the familiar situation, solved without technique, but surely there; of the familiar insight, not then so

sure, but in sure process of becoming; of the familiar reticences with, even then, their urgent invitation to the attentive reader to think it all through with him; of the familiar bouquet that rises from every page, if by no more than the grace of half a sentence. Miss Deborah is speaking, an observer she, of the limited life of her village:

Observe closely enough and it doesn't matter where you are. You may be in a pitch-dark closet. All you want is something to start with; one thing leads to another, and all things are mixed up. Shut me up in a dark closet, and I'll observe, after a while, that some places in it are darker than others.

Travelling Companions. By Henry James. Boni and Liveright.

SEA SONGS BY A WOMAN

By Martha Plaisted

Most readers affect to be very scornful of the jacket which swathes a new book. Indignantly they tear off the gaudily illuminated sheet, declaring its scarehead encomiums to be one more deadly affront offered to their intelligence by the money-motivated publisher. But if I had thrown away unread the covers of "Sailor Town" and "Small Craft", I should have missed half my pleasure in reading these books, for I should never have suspected that C. Fox-Smith was a woman.

This does not mean that my zest in reading varies with the sex of the author; but to a person who has been brought up, rebelling, on the textbook formula that a writer's success depends entirely on his persistence in keeping his "eye on the object", it is gratifying to find, at last, an instance of an author who can write with glamour about a subject necessarily outside the range of her expe-

rience. And Miss Fox-Smith does write with glamour about the life before the mast.

To be sure, the poems in the two little volumes are not great in the sense that Masefield's sea poems and some of the descriptive prose-poetry in Conrad are great. The range of theme is too narrow. Roughly the subjects can be classed into a very few groups; the tragedy of the degraded old age of once proud ships; the longing of the sailor ashore for his bunk; his homesickness when on the deep for his English fireside, his English garden and his English lass; and his indomitable British valor when faced by the new danger of the submarine. Then too there is the ballad, direct descendant of "Sir Patrick Spens", about the cruelty of the sea, which must always have its toll of blood and tears. By confining herself largely to the seaman's vocabulary and point of view, Miss Fox-Smith cuts herself off irreparably from the rich, imaginative diction which distinguishes such poems as Masefield's "Quinquereme of Ninevah" and Flecker's "I have seen old ships sail like swans asleep". Moreover, these chanteys are not entirely innocent of imitation. One recognizes rather too often the familiar lilt of a haunting Kipling or Masefield rhythm.

These are the faults which prevent the collection from being great sea poetry. But they are faults of scope rather than of ability. What the writer has succeeded in reproducing with undeniable convincingness, is the melancholy, humorous, reckless resignation with which the sailorman accepts his obsession for the sea; the paradoxical discontent with which he longs for and abhors the safety of his home:

Maybe then the shore things won't seem stale
and I won't waken
In the night and think of all my friends
forgetting me,
Nor know (when it's too late to know) how
sore I was mistaken,
Curling up ashore there with your heart
at sea.

She is able to convey the feeling of a ship with the wild sea beneath it, the keen zest of battling for life against famine, cold, and shipwreck:

But it's ah, fare you well, the deep sea's
calling
Back to cold and hunger and heaving and
hauling,
To decks awash and frozen yards, as very
well you know,
But ah, Deep-water Johnnie, kiss your girl
and go.

Her senses are quick to the sights and sounds of harbors, the beauty of ships straining at their anchors to be gone, the pathos of old boats sinking into decay,—

Oh, better the sea that so long she did use,
Should take her and break her as good ships
would choose,
Some chance of the storm or some mercy of
flame
Should make a brave end of that clipper of
fame.

She knows the smell of tarry ropes and dock mud and beer; the tantalizing suggestiveness of the ship-chandler's shelves; the revelry and profanity and cheer of the longshore saloon:

By Chinese Charlie's junk shop, by the
Panama saloon,
Where longshore loafers lean and spit at
morning, night and noon,
Mouldy, musty, dumb, and dusty, broken on
the shelf,
I thought I heard the sailor's fiddle singing
to itself.

And all these things she gives with such an absence of affectation, such a free, swinging rhythm, such a lusty singing quality, that the sailorman himself would not be ashamed to roar them out on a gala night with such

favorite chanteys as "Home, dearie, home" and "Ah, fare you well".

Sailor Town; Small Craft. By C. Fox-Smith. George H. Doran Company.

A FRENCH VIEW OF AMERICAN LETTERS

By A. G. H. Spiers

Commenting upon the reception of his "Egoist", George Meredith once made a distinction between French and English criticism. French criticism, according to him, whether it praise or blame, is always instructive, whereas English criticism is limited to an expression of likes and dislikes. Beneath the manifest exaggeration of this statement, there is at least a modicum of truth: the French as a people are more interested in the philosophy and the form, in the animating spirit and the technical expression of literature, than either the English or, to an even greater extent perhaps, we Americans. M. Michaud's "Mystiques et Réalistes Anglo-Saxons" reminds us once more of this fact.

This volume is intended, at least in a certain measure, for the general French public. It takes advantage of present national sympathies to introduce, or to reintroduce, to this public, interesting figures in the world of English and American letters. The variety of the authors treated is in itself a form of popular appeal. On reading the table of contents we would fain cry with Figaro: "Peste, comme l'utilité vous a rapproché les distances!" For strange companions, indeed, are Walter Pater and Upton Sinclair, and no less incompatible Walt Whitman, *le poète cosmique*, and Henry James, the father confessor of abysmal ladies—to say nothing of the other writers studied by M. Michaud:

Emerson, Jack London, Edith Wharton, Mark Twain, and Bernard Shaw!

We should make no mistake, however: this diversity of subject-matter is not reflected in an incoherence or superficiality of treatment within the limits of each study. M. Michaud seeks to go below the surface and to find principles of unity, to reveal conceptions of life and principles of art. Of Walter Pater he writes, for instance: "His artistic existence is based upon a reconciliation of the choir-boy of Canterbury and the Oxford scholar, of the mediæval and the pagan souls." Pater is an æsthete, an English æsthete of the ideal. Marrying art to that reverie and mysticism which characterize his race, he believes the cult of beauty to be a sufficient excuse for living; but he discovers further "that the will to beauty is a form of the Christian desire for perfection".

M. Michaud, in common with other critics of his nation, is an admirer of Mark Twain. He appreciates his morality, his sincerity of feeling, his hatred of sham, and the impatience of this "protectionist . . . exclusively and aggressively American" with the æsthetes, the snobs, the exquisites of our land who would acquire the soul and manners of Europeans. He takes up also the nature of Mark Twain's humor and the peculiarities of his literary method; and he concludes with a eulogy which is by no means over-moderate:

From the artistic standpoint Mark Twain is, after Dickens, one of the great caricaturists of English letters. With its pettinesses and its greatness, the whole range of American democracy is reflected in his works. Mark Twain is the Homer of this democracy; and he is more serious, beneath the humorist's travesty, than is sometimes imagined.

It was to be expected that M. Michaud should admire also that other

original figure of American literature, Walt Whitman. But we must note that here, as throughout his book, he sees shortcomings as well as good qualities: the incompleteness of Whitman's art does not escape him. Whitman "defies criticism and requires a sympathetic attitude on the part of his readers". He "is made up of promises". His production is immensely rich in the materials of poetry; but the world of his creation remains "nebulous and chaotic".

In this same spirit of sympathetic analysis, M. Michaud examines his authors one by one. Whenever possible he makes the author himself explain his work, drawing upon such sources as the autobiographic fragments of Mark Twain, the prefaces of Henry James and the "Dramatic Opinions and Essays" of Shaw. Of all the studies in the volume that on Emerson, devoted primarily to a demonstration of the influence of Montaigne upon the American essayist, is the most highly specialized. The others are more general, giving within the limited scope of some twenty-five to thirty pages a clear, sane (and therefore not always very original) estimate of the writer under discussion. Even the none too serious reader may find in these studies suggestions that will stimulate his thought. It appears, for instance, that an examination of the novels of Henry James and Mrs. Wharton, Americans both, gives an unflattering idea of the attitude of Americans toward art. If we are to trust the observation of these novelists, we must admit that the time has not yet come when art will become part and parcel of our consciousness. This is a suggestion worthy of our attention. It may give the solution to many difficulties. Among other things it may help us to under-

stand why the French public takes pleasure in such criticism as that of M. Michaud, whereas our own public still prefers, to a study of an artist's productions, anecdotal and unessential details about his life and personality.

Mystiques et Réalistes Anglo-Saxons. By Régis Michaud. Paris: Armand Colin.

THE YIDDISH THEATRE

By Babette Deutsch

Jewish drama differs from the drama of other races because it revolves chiefly about the problem of the Jew. Possibly to no other people is the fact of their isolation, of their peculiar individuality, so sharply present. It is natural that when they write of struggle, their own should engage them most. Out of nine Jewish plays, five at least are distinctly concerned with national questions, and from the fewest is a strong racial flavor absent.

In the second series of plays of the Yiddish theatre, Dr. Goldberg has collected a group of one-act plays whose main interest lies in this quality of self-revelation. The volume is distinguished by that mixture of crudity and sweetness, of harsh realism and yearning sentimentalism, that sensuousness shot through with passionate intellectuality, which is the soul of the Jewish people.

The subject-matter of the six plays is sufficiently varied. Two of them are allegorical, the first a retelling of the ancient legend of the wandering Jew, the last a symbolic representation of the strife between head and heart, concluding with the happy platitude that life is struggle, inspired by love. It is interesting to note that this play is the product of Leon Kobrin, who is known for the vulgar

brutality of his realistic dramas. The remaining plays, with one exception, deal with different phases of the ubiquitous racial problem. There is the old man's tragedy, who sees his faith and its sacred traditions dying with him; and the triumph of the younger generation, torn between the old and familiar and the romantic challenge of the future. Hirschbein, the author of "On the Threshold", is perhaps the most fascinating figure among the Jewish dramatists. He began by writing realistic plays in Hebrew. But when he discovered Maeterlinck he fell so completely under the spell of the Belgian mystic that he devoted all his energies to imitating his work. Only when he saw his utter failure, did Hirschbein return to an even sterner realism than before. Now, more than any other, he seeks to interpret the intimate spirit of his people, drawing his material from the daily tragedies, the short and simple annals of the poor.

The acrid cynicism so typical of the Russian Jew is again visible in Levin's "Poetry and Prose": the yielding of the disillusioned woman to the persuasions of a lover no weaker than herself. Finally, there is the terrible drama of the tenement, "The Black Sheep", a drama familiar to everyone who has touched the swarming, palpitating life of the streets, and who knows how thwarted or precocious instincts grow malformed in the crowded misery of poverty, defeating the very purposes they were meant to serve. There is something of the eternal sorrow of the stranger in a strange land, the betrayed and beaten exile, in the final scene, when the black sheep has swung boldly out of the room for the last time, and the broken parents sway together in a silent lament for the dead.

The exceptional play is the one which divorces itself from the Jewish stage and brings us into the heart of war. It is called "Little Heroes", and gains its poignancy from the fact that all the characters are children, the oldest of whom is only fourteen years old. With awful simplicity Pinski shows us what life means to them in the midst of sudden death and devastation and continual hunger. The adventurous courage which ends in helpless tears has a pathos not limited to the reactions of a child.

In the "Three Plays" which Pinski has recently published in English there is a quite different quality. The same realism is here, the same sincerity and simplicity. But it is all colored by his native interests; and "The Last Jew" is especially remarkable for its inclusive presentment of the Jewish question. The play was written some fifteen years ago, but the issues represented are, if anything, more clear-cut today than they were then. Certainly the various solutions offered have each a would-be spokesman at the Peace Table. The scene is laid in a Russian town during a pogrom. The main protagonist is an old rabbi, whose dearest wish in this moment of supreme danger is to protect the sacred scrolls of the law. Alike from his terrified family and his fleeing friends he meets discouragement and scorn. His son wishes only to save what valuables he can; his grandsons are ranged against him, the one a radical Zionist, careless of the traditions of his fathers, anxious to set up a place of refuge and a home for the Jewish nation; the other a hot Socialist, careless alike of religious and racial considerations, eager only for the establishment of the parochial brotherhood of man. There is even, among the more remote members of

the family, flagrant apostasy for self-preservation. Worn out with his futile efforts to rally "the army of the Lord" to the defense of the tablets of the law, the old Rabbi meets death alone in the synagogue. But at the close the main protagonist seems to be rather the triumphant spirit of youth, of national pride and sympathetic rebellion, inspiring the renaissance of the Jewish faith. Pinski is himself an ardent worker in the Socialist branch of the Zionist movement, and "The Last Jew" is simply a dramatic representation of his own solution.

Perhaps because it offers no panacea, the play of "Isaac Sheftel" is the more moving. This drama of the working class, with which Pinski is always deeply engaged, is reminiscent of Hauptmann's "Die Weber" in its strength and its bitterness. It is the production of Pinski the Socialist, rather than that of Pinski the Jew, and it has naturally a more general appeal and a more robust character.

To present plays savoring so strongly of racial ideals and sentiments to a foreign audience is to render a mutual service. The much-talked-of Jewish renaissance is thereby made to flower for English-speaking people, and a reciprocal intellectual stimulus should follow. One has much the same feeling about the work of Alter Brody, that young Jewish poet whose work is so rich in the conflicting influences of Russian and American Judaism. In two passages at least this boy seems to express the quality which is inherent in his race and recurrent in its moving and provocative drama. One is "The Fiddler", playing voluptuously upon his emotions, while seeing with perfect clarity the destruction of the citadel:

Like Nero of old
I sit amid the ruins of my life,

Fiddling in tune
While my soul is on fire—

Poet! Poet! Poet!
Incorrigible Poet!

The other is a November scene, suggestive of what lonely struggles and what iron invincibility:

Fearlessly,
They thrust their dry branches against the sky;
Long since the wind rifled their blossoms
And scattered their foliage on the ground—
Now they stand sternly erect,
Naked and strong,
Having nothing to lose.

Plays of the Yiddish Theatre, Second Series. John W. Luce and Co.
Three Plays. By David Pinski. B. W. Heusch.

THE POETRY OF DORA SIGERSON SHORTER

By Padraic Colum

One of the best-loved poets of our time died with Dora Sigerson Shorter. Meredith, Swinburne, and Francis Thompson praised her work, and in the country of her birth, Ireland, her verse was loved both for its beauty and its national appeal. She had a distinctive place in Irish poetry. The new movement is wholly lyrical, and the ballad in it is far to seek. But in "The White Witch", "Kathleen's Charity", "The Woman Who Went to Hell", "The Priest's Brother", "The Deer Stone", written by her, Irish legend entered into the ballad carrying with it its own distinctive flavor. No ballad on an Irish theme (if we except W. B. Yeats's "Father Gilligan") is nearly so good as the ballads that Dora Sigerson Shorter has written.

The daughter of a poet and scholar who has a great place in Irish affections, Dora Sigerson came to be known in the late 'eighties when she was just a girl. Katherine Tynan notes that

her face had a suggestion of the Greek Hermes. "She wore her hair short and it was in masses. She had a beautiful brow, very fine grey eyes, a warm pale color and vivid red lips."

You of the star-bright head
That twilight thoughts sequester,—

was how Imogene Guiney addressed her in a dedication to herself and her sister.

It was John O'Leary, a notable figure in Dublin political and literary circles, who led her to the path of her most distinctive achievement—her ballad verse. Thinking her youthful poetry too introspective, he put "Percy's Reliques" into her hands. The tenseness and freshness of that old ballad poetry survives in this last book of hers.

The best part of the time given to her for writing was passed in London, where as the wife of a famous editor she lived among different literary associations. Yet her thoughts turned to Ireland with an exile's devotion. She was heart and soul in the Irish struggle for independence from the far-off days when, as Katherine Tynan tells us, "... we attended Mr. Parnell's meetings; we went to meet him when he returned to Dublin; we lived through all the passionate loyalty of those days. Together we exulted, together we mourned; together we followed the chief to the grave." The most dramatic episode in Irish history since the death of Parnell moved her even more profoundly. She broke her heart over the incidents in Ireland that followed Easter, 1916. As Katherine Tynan, who has written the short memoir prefixed to the present volume, says, "She died as she would have chosen to die, for love of the Dark Rosaleen."

"The Sad Years" has all her dis-

tinctive qualities. "The Road of the Refugees", "The Dead Soldier", the memorable "Dark Horseman" are ballads that have pregnancy and poignancy. Here is one:

THE DEAD SOLDIER

"Look, they come, the triumphant army!
Over yon hill see their weapons peeping."
Still I spoke not, but my wheel sent turning:
I closed my eyes, for my heart was weeping,
My heart was weeping for a dead soldier.

"Who is he who looks toward me?"
" 'Tis no man, but a gay flag flying."
Red was his mouth, and his white brow thoughtful,
Blue his eyes—how my soul is crying,
My soul is crying for a dead soldier.

"Kneel ye down, lest your eyes should dare them,
Kneel ye down and your beads be saying."
"Lord, on their heads Thy wrath deliver."
This is the prayer that my lips are praying,
My heart is praying for a dead soldier.

"Best cheer the path of the men victorious,
For he is dead and his blade lies broken,
His march is far where no aid can follow,
And for his people he left no token;
He left no token, the dead soldier."

The way of the sword a man can follow,
See the young child with his gold hair gleaming.
When falls the oak must the acorn perish?
He lifts the blade and his eyes are dreaming,
He dreams the dream of the dead soldier.

In these last poems her devotion to Ireland is put side by side with her sorrow for all the peoples in the sad years of the war. The Irish poems may seem somewhat arcane to those who do not know the idiom of Irish tradition. They are characteristically the "secret" songs of the poets who have been near to the heart of the Irish people. And her exile's devotion goes to make the poems that have to do with the world events more poignant. She is one who can understand the despair of the exile and the refugee:

THE ROAD OF THE REFUGEES

Listen to the tramping! Oh, God of pity,
listen!

Can we kneel at prayer, sleep all unmolested,
While the echo thunders?—God of pity,
listen!
Can we think of prayer—or sleep—so arrested?

Million upon million fleeing feet in passing
Trample down our prayers—trample down
our sleeping;
How the patient roads groan beneath the
massing
Of the feet in going, bleeding, running,
creeping!

Clank of iron shoe, unshod hooves of cattle,
Pad of roaming hound, creak of wheel in
turning,
Clank of dragging chain, harness ring and
rattle,
Groan of breaking beam, crash of roof-
tree burning.

Listen to the tramping!—God of love and
pity!
Million upon million fleeing feet in passing,
Driven by the war out of field and city,
How the sullen road echoes to the mass-
ing!

Little feet of children, running, leaping, lag-
ging,
Tolling feet of women, wounded, weary
guiding,
Slow feet of the aged, stumbling, halting,
flagging,
Strong feet of the men loud in passion
striding.

Hear the lost feet straying, from the road-
way slipping,
They will walk no longer in this march
appalling;
Hear the sound of rain dripping, dripping,
dripping,
Is it rain or tears? What, O God, is fall-
ing?

Hear the flying feet! Lord of love and pity!
Crushing down our prayers, tramping
down our sleeping,
Driven by the war out of field and city,
Million upon million, running, bleeding,
creeping.

In another book of verse written by
a woman poet I have found a poem of
salutation to the brave singer of "The
Sad Years":

TO DORA SIGERSON SHORTER

You whom I never knew,
Who lived remote, afar,

Yet died of the grief that tore my heart,
Shall we live through the ages, alone, apart,
Or meet where the souls of the sorrowful
are

Telling the tale on some secret star,
How your death from the root of my sorrow
grew—
You whom I never knew?

Nay, perhaps in the coming years
Down here on earth again,
We shall meet as strangers on some strange
shore,
And dream we have known one another
before,
In a past life, weeping over the slain—
Because of a thrill and a throb of pain,
And eyes grown suddenly salt with tears
. . . Perhaps . . . in the coming
years . . .

This is by the poet of "The Little
Roads of Breffni"—from "Broken
Glory" by Eva Gore-Booth.

The Sad Years. By Dora Sigerson Shorter.
George H. Doran Company.

ROUND THE HORN

By Allan Westcott

What shall we say of traditional
seafarers' unveracity, when the great
classic of the sea, Dana's "Two Years
Before the Mast", and now another
similar tale of a voyage into the Pa-
cific both show an almost passionate
devotion to fact? Not merely to fact,
but to detail in multitudinous abun-
dance. There is never a trace of
vagueness. It was the "upper fore-
tops'l" that split on November 13;
it was between the "spare main-yard
and the after bitts" that "Chips" fell
when he sprained his wrist; the cock-
roaches in the slumgullion are counted,
and we are given an accurate diag-
nosis of a Chinese smell. Is it the
monotony, the microcosmic life on
shipboard that so rivets these minutiae
into their memories, or is it the jour-
nals which our sailor authors carry
ashore? Dana lost one of his diaries,
but Captain Reisinger had no such
luck.

Is "Under Sail" another "Two Years Before the Mast"? Not quite. Dana dropped many Back Bay traditions with the longshore swash that he threw overboard as he sailed out of Boston harbor in 1834, but he could not get rid of an inherited bent for poetry \ and philosophic reflection, which helped to make the book what it is. "Under Sail" is without much poetry, but it is if anything a more convincingly accurate transcription of forec's'le life and talk.

The story, too, of the long, grueling voyage to Honolulu and back is well told and worth telling, if only to show how little life on a sailing vessel in 1898 had changed since sixty years before. The same characters and incidents recur—the bucko mate, the human derelict with his wild yarn of the South Seas, the man overboard, setting up and tarring down rigging, glorious days of steady running before the trades—in short, such matter as has formed the warp and woof of deep-sea voyaging since ships and sails were known.

In Dana's time the primacy of sail was still unthreatened. But twenty years ago crews were already cut down to the lowest limit in vain economic struggle with steam. "The A. J. Fuller" (1,848 tons), in which the author of "Under Sail" shipped before the mast, carried three officers, eighteen A. B.'s, a Japanese steward and a Chinese cook, hardly a quarter of the complement formerly taken in a ship of her size. The palmy days of sail are doubtless gone forever, but we now have good prospect of a great American merchant marine again afloat on the Seven Seas. With it will come an opportunity for writers who can picture life on plodding tramp and swift liner with imagination such as Dana's, or with the complete, sym-

pathetic, inside knowledge of this later chronicler of sail.

Under Sail. By Captain Felix Reisinger. George H. Doran Company.

MOSTLY ABOUT BIRDS

By Walter Prichard Eaton

Mankind may be roughly divided into two classes—those who want to shoot birds and those who want to save them. Each class regards the other with hostility and contempt. The one is "brutal", the other "sentimental". To the latter class, a book like Roosevelt's account of his game hunting in Africa is objectionable. Yet, on the other hand, Roosevelt himself would probably have highly approved of Dr. Charles Wendell Townsend's "In Audubon's Labrador", because our hearty ex-President paradoxically preached conservation with a gun in his hands, and would have considered anything less than an elephant as too small fry, anyhow. Besides, he was a naturalist of no small knowledge, though, like Dr. Townsend, an amateur. This Boston physician and ornithologist, fleeing the war and its problems for a vacation, recently followed the track Audubon took in 1833, along the so-called Newfoundland coast of Labrador, and his book, after a preliminary résumé of Audubon's journey, with quotations from the great man's journal, is a record of the conditions he found there nearly a century later, the ornithological conditions primarily, of course, but not ignoring other sides as well—botanical, animal, mineral, and human. He writes simply, easily, without any affectation of a "style" which he does not naturally possess, and above all he doesn't overcrowd his pages with those ecstatic bird notes which may bring

pleasure to a fellow ornithologist, but which afflict the ordinary reader with an acute pain. The result is a quietly vivid picture of the Labrador coast and its summer life, with a shifting foreground of rocky islands where the shore-birds breed and man in his selfishness and thoughtlessness works unceasingly to exterminate them.

Think for a moment of what we have already exterminated on this continent, to our great detriment—the passenger-pigeon, the buffalo, the great auk, the heath-hen (practically), the wild turkey (practically), and we are doing our best by the ruffed grouse, the woodcock, etc. In Alaska, we have about finished the caribou. It is hardly for us, then, to point accusingly at the “egggers” from Newfoundland and the Labrador coast inhabitants themselves, who are still at their “sport” which Audubon condemned so bitterly, and which Dr. Townsend shows is already resulting in the sad diminution of many shore-birds, and the approaching extinction of others, especially of the eider-duck. It has been a long, hard fight even in the United States, and in the magic name of Audubon, to bring about decent protective laws, and to get them obeyed by the pot-hunters, the “sportsmen”, the pioneer descendants who think only of their own “right” to kill, and not at all of the right of society to protect itself and its future. Dr. Townsend foresees even more difficulty in such a remote frontier as the Labrador coast, where policing is hard and the natural conditions offer special temptations, because this shore is the great North American breeding-ground for vast species of birds. His solution would be reservations, which could be policed, and which

could be made educational to the natives, not antagonistic. As that has proved the best solution even in our more “civilized” United States, he is probably right, and may the day of these reservations come speedily.

Education, of course, is essential to any proper enforcement of game preservation laws, and it must begin young. You can teach a boy to study, not to kill. But you cannot teach his father. That is the true reason for three other books before us. They all aim to inspire in the youthful mind an interest in birds or animals, a closer, more intimate knowledge of them, and hence in later years a love for them which will result in an understanding of why it is both desirable and more nobly civilized to protect and cherish them.

Two of these books go about it in the same way, by means of stories. T. Gilbert Pearson, Secretary of the National Association of Audubon Societies, in his little book “Tales from Birdland”, narrates the life adventures of a herring-gull, a king bird, a robin, a crow, and so forth, with less than the dramatic excitement of a Seton-Thompson animal story, but with a pleasant simplicity suited to young minds, and a great deal of useful information and birdlore concealed by the way.

H. Waddingham Sears, in “Nature Stories to Tell to Children”, doesn’t confine himself to birds. He roams from hermit-crabs to bull moose. His stories are brief, almost handy, helps to parents. But they can also be read verbatim with good effect. Perhaps that would be better. When the average parent departs from the text for such matters, some weird natural history may usually be expected.

"A Year with the Birds", by Alice E. Ball, is illustrated in full color by Robert Bruce Horsfall, who, like Louis Fuertes, is as careful that his backgrounds are correct as that his birds themselves are rightly colored. These plates are mostly excellent, far better than in the average bird guide. Indeed, they almost constitute a bird guide. We wish we could say as much for the author's share in the work, which was, apparently, to compose a poem for each bird, on the theory that children remember rhymes better than prose. Possibly they do, but we should hate to think, then, of the effect on their poetic taste of some of this verse, however much it increased their love of birds.

Here, for instance, begins "The Legend of the Kingfisher":

Bold Æolus was King of the winds,
And he dwelt on a wondrous isle;
His palace rose high from a rocky cliff—
'Twas visible many a mile.

We can only regret that the Sweet Singer of Michigan lived before the days of juvenile nature study. After all, she was the real master of this particular poetic manner, and if our children are to be taught by it, why not have the best?

In Audubon's Labrador. By Charles Wendell Townsend, M. D. Houghton Mifflin Co.
Tales from Birdland. By T. Gilbert Pearson. Doubleday, Page and Co.
Nature Stories to Tell to Children. By H. Waddingham Sears. Dodd, Mead and Co.
A Year with the Birds. By Alice E. Ball. Dodd, Mead and Co.

GOLF FOR THE LITERARY

BY JOHN SEYMOUR WOOD

Thackeray took no exercise, and advised his brother authors to put shoemaker's wax on their chairs and stick to their last—(novel). Dickens avoided sleep and indigestion by taking long walks at night; while Anthony Trollope rose at five, wrote till eight, then after working a few hours in the post-office, spent his afternoons riding to hounds. H. G. Wells, as he gets on in years and discretion, has discarded his favorite youthful lacrosse for more sober golf; he says he is "a sapper and a miner at the game and finds that it has as many traps as life has". Arnold Bennett plays at golf irregularly, at a club within easy distance of the Five Towns. He steps along very cocky and jaunty on the links, and wears a loud red plaid and gallant knee

breeches. He never has to shout "fore!" when he plays—everyone hears him coming afar off. Andrew Lang, like every true Scot, enjoyed the national game, kept bags of clubs at different country houses of friends, particularly hated all caddies, but played very seldom. Balfour could always give him five strokes or more. This Admirable Crichton appears to be good at everything he undertakes—spiritualism, philosophy, moral essays, statesmanship,—he is besides an excellent golfer among statesmen of his own years and, one may add, according to the old saw, an excellent statesman among golfers. Balfour is now past the age of entering tournaments, but rarely misses a rainless afternoon on the links. He wrote to a friend the other day that he sizes up men accord-

ing to whether they play golf or not, and nations according to whether they play games or not. . . .

Sir James Barrie, though a Scot, dislikes golf intensely, but occasionally sacrifices his feelings. It was while playing at Sunningdale near London, and while hunting for a lost ball, that he conceived the notion of "Dear Brutus", his play of the year. He begged to be allowed, against the rules, to try a foozled shot over again, and did much worse—falling into a pit. The idea came to his mind, while niblicking out: were we to do everything a second time—were we to live, say, our lives over again—would we not do everything much the same, and repeat our failures? In life, as in golf, we are never allowed a second try at lost opportunities. Holy Saint Andrew, Patron Saint of golf, forbade repetition of strokes, as is shown by his adamantine rules.

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars
But in ourselves, that we are duffers.

Arnold Hainault, the sedentary writer of a psychological study of the game—a psychoanalysis of each stroke,—never played but watched the play from afar as an astronomer might study the movements of a planet. His book threw a philosophical chill into the game from which it is slowly recovering. Players who read Hainault become self-conscious and lose the joy of muscle play—often they become muscle bound. No more curious and *inutile* book was ever written. His golf is "all amiss interpreted", and "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought". The sedentary Hainault played golf only in his brain. Old Tom Morris knew better—"Mon, I don't reason aboot ta golf—I play ut". Too much reading of Hainault and Vaile has made the great Vardon unable to putt—a calamity appre-

ciated by the English world of golf. "He thinks too much upon the green", they say.

The elephantine Chesterton once tried golf while on a visit to Edinburgh, but found it too dangerous as well as expensive. He broke down three bridges crossing over the bur-r-r-ns in the course at North Berwick, and let himself into the water where he had some difficulty in emerging from the ooze. His weight has not diminished with the years, for he never takes any exercise at all, apparently, except in the "nineteenth hole".

I feel that I am being bored;
Oh, take me to the nearest pub!

is the refrain of one of his recent poems. He is well known in most of the "pubs" of London, where he will sit by the hour, eat sandwiches, drink ale, argue, and fire off endless brilliancies at the barmaids.

The "authors" Vardon, Travis, Taylor, Braid, Ray, and Ouimet must not be forgotten. All have written excellent books with and without aid. And while they have not been exactly sedentary, any more than the postman who was recommended by a learned doctor to take up pedestrianism for dyspepsia, they are good examples of the author perfected in good health entirely by the royal and ancient game.

Lord Reading, recently in America, told, at a dinner, of being hastily summoned to an important conference at a crisis of the war, held at a certain country house in Surrey, where the Prime Minister, Lloyd George, was in close consultation with a number of the Executive Council. Lord Reading, much disturbed and worn with anxiety, hurried down; and, "Well, when I got there", he said, "all we did was to drink Scotch and play a very indifferent article of golf with Balfour."

Such matters are state secrets, of course. No one knows how much golf has had to do with the conduct of the war by the two great Anglo-Saxon nations. We know that the Welsh are not especially fond of the Scottish game. Wilson is Scotch from Carlisle, mind ye! M. Jaques Peyrot in "Je Sais Tout" (Paris, December, 1918) writes that on the day when the German note was received refusing to give up submarine warfare, the President said calmly to Secretary Lansing: "*C'est bien*, I will first go to play a game of golf with Mrs. Wilson—I will decide upon the links". "The President takes his exercise", writes the amusing Jaques Peyrot again, "by tapping the typewriter with his own speeches that make Germany to tremble, as well as striking the ball in golf which makes sometimes the earth to tremble. If President Wilson plays golf badly, on the other hand he taps the typewriter wonderfully and with great *empressement*. He played golf with the descendant of Pocahontas, daughter of an Indian chief who saved the life of a soldier of Rochambeau (*sic*), and her love for France made her persuade her husband to intervene against Germany."

Suppose that Mrs. Galt had not learned to play the game of golf! Think of the Germans in Paris! Think of the consequences!

This leads us naturally to General Haig and what he is doing since the war. The "London Times" reported recently:

Sir Douglas and Lady Haig spent Saturday afternoon on the St. Andrews links, when in a foursome Sir Douglas, partnered by General Kiggell, lost to Lady Haig and Andrew Kirkaldy by two holes.

In the hall of the United College Sir Douglas presented the cup (given by the late Sir John Batty Tuke to be competed for annually by the University Golf Club of Edinburgh and

St. Andrews) to the St. Andrews Club, who had been successful in winning it in the day competition.

He said that as rector of St. Andrews he was glad that Edinburgh had allowed the cup to go to St. Andrews. He thanked Edinburgh for being such good fellows as to play the way they had. They would not expect a simple soldier to say much about golf in St. Andrews. It was the life and soul of the place, and he also might say of Scotland. Wherever a Scotsman was, he played golf more or less well.

As they knew, he was a wee laddie at Clifton Bank School, St. Andrews, but he neglected his opportunities then to learn golf. A caddie who was watching his play the other day remarked, "Weel, weel! he is a betther general."

Golf should be learned in youth. It was said to be an old gentleman's game. There was some truth in this. There was no game like Rugby football for boys, but the time came when they got too stiff and heavy to play Rugby, and then the delights of golf really were appreciated. But unless one started young he would never be a good golfer, and one should therefore learn the game in youth.

General Haig was not what one might call a particularly sedentary person during the war, but he found time in the rest billets to write some very clever speeches, and his forthcoming book will undoubtedly prove a best seller.

When the German delegates arrived at Versailles, they brought many golf bags with their luggage. As they play little golf in Germany (if they did they might learn to be decent antagonists), and could have little hope of playing at La Boulé, was it not a subtle stroke to play up to President Wilson's fondness of the game? "We too, are golf loafers (lovers)", they said to an American reporter.

Golf is called the old man's game and is recommended as a panacea for the ailments of age. Yet there is need of caution. Joseph Altsheler, who wrote fifty-one books for boys, recently died from heart disease induced by over strenuous golf. He delighted in driving a long ball, and in hurrying

up and down the hills of Dunwoodie after it. He suddenly felt, one day, a sharp pang and played no more. It was his last day of golf. The same thing occurred to a literary gentleman living near Easthampton, Long Island. He was over sixty years of age, and, forgetting this, played two rounds a day all one summer and died of *angina pectoris* in September. Matthew Arnold in his boyhood was a first-class runner and jumper. His death was caused by a heart rupture in jumping a fence at Laleham, when he was over seventy.

If golf is the old man's favorite game, even so it should be played only occasionally. Eighteen holes twice a week are sufficient—more than this is dangerous. Up to fifty-five a sedentary writer can play eighteen holes four times a week. Up to forty-five he can play a round once a day, if he is physically sound. Golf is not so strenuous as it is wearing. It is like writing hexameters, and requires a long, steady, continuous effort. Tennis is too strenuous and may be compared to writing love sonnets—and should not be attempted by men over forty.

Selection of the proper links is important. Some courses are steep, hilly, and difficult, like essays in "The Unpopular". They require too much effort for men over fifty. Some courses are like some books and seem to play or read themselves. Sleepy Hollow, Baltusrol, Ardsley, Apawamis, Greenwich, Scarsdale—are examples of too severe courses for the sedentary. As you get on in years, choose flat levels for your golf, brother author. The exercise of striking at the ball is enough work without additional climbing. The public links at Pelham and the North Jersey, near Paterson, as well as the meadows of Van Cort-

landt and Mosholu are the best near-at-hand links for those whose time is precious. All the Long Island courses are to be recommended excepting those along the North Shore. Garden City has ideal links for sedentary men. Knollwood is too hilly. St. Andrews, our oldest club, is too much of a strain because of its last five holes . . . a steady, upward climb.

In England, the authorities say that the game does not consist in climbing hills, but in skilful avoidance of traps and bunkers. The modern game requires long driving in order to get over difficulties, and the effort to hit out a long ball nowadays is making even flat golf more strenuous than it used to be. The modern rubber ball goes farther than the old gutta-percha, but today the links are made to fit the long drive, and it is often too great a strain for the elderly.

There is not the space here to argue over the desirability of any great outdoor and absorbing game for authors cudgeling their poor brains over problems arising in every chapter. All games are desirable if they take the mind off, make it laugh, and give it a recess. A life without laughter has been compared to dough without yeasting. Yet Poe, Emerson, Macaulay, Zola, De Maupassant, Napoleon, Gladstone, Bright, Roscoe Conkling, Grant never joked. "Punch" refused Gilbert's manuscripts, because they made people laugh. "Life" neglects humor—demands wit. Yet what authors and readers all need is a good breezy laugh, such, for instance, as when your third ball goes scooting into the pond!

Let every sedentary author have a fad. Let him try to be amused and so be more amusing. Our best-selling books are seldom entertaining nowadays, because they are loaded with

"uplift" and instruction. "Yet", says a recent writer, "the more cultivated part of society is starving for fun that is not coarse and is conscious of its starvation. Life has to have a certain amount of downright fun or wholesome diversion of some sort mingled with it or it isn't livable." Most editors, however, seem to prefer the dismal. The usual magazine story of today is one which partakes largely of the well-known characteristic of the movies—the gloom of the criminal. Surely the success of E. K. Means and his laughable darky stories ought to teach them to be wise.

The newspapers try to be funny and often succeed very well in being coarse and boisterous. Briggs's golf sketches are true to life, but are apt to present the game as played only by

elderly beer-drinking bargees. His cartoons show one phase of the game very well, and his descriptions of the nineteenth hole (abolished July 1st) are inimitable. His idea seems to be that most people play at golf to acquire a thirst. If this is so we may expect many country clubs to be abandoned next year. But it is not true. The thousands of country clubs established all over the land from Maine to California the last twenty-five years, indicate that the American is striving to be no longer sedentary. The nation wishes to make war on dyspepsia—to fight down nervousness—to rid itself of the old habit of patent medicines by means of exercise. A glance at the well-tanned cheeks of the great crowds on our streets shows that the American is succeeding in doing it.

A NOTE ON CRITICISM

BY HELEN BULLIS KIZER

Everyone remembers Anatole France's dictum that "the good critic is he who relates the adventures of his soul among masterpieces". We remember it perforce, since it has begotten a Narcissian race of writers, to whom a library is only a room hung with mirrors. But the men who quote M. France's dictum the most complacently, generally forget that he went on to exalt criticism as the ripened fruit of the tree of knowledge, as the art possibly destined to absorb all others, and as the new theology of a cultured race. Obviously, he overlooked Narcissus; he was thinking only of souls worthy of experiencing adventures among masterpieces.

Assuming that Anatole France is right, that criticism is one of the highest forms of literary expression, by what initiation may the soul fit itself for its adventures, by what altar shall it watch before putting on its armor?

A Frenchman may seriously ask such questions, and expect a serious answer. In America they are met with a quizzical eyebrow. We take our criticism even more lightly than we take our fiction. In the popular mind it is divided into the "sort of stuff" that we read while we are in college or shortly afterward—mostly about Shakespeare and Milton and Shelley and Wordsworth, dead men all, on the one side; and on the other, in

the world of the living, the book reviews in the Sunday papers.

The responsibility for this state of things lies everywhere and nowhere, with the public, with editors, with the writers themselves, individual and in coterie—especially in coterie. The public is less to blame than its contemptuous caterers generally admit. According to them, it is quite incapable of appreciating first-rate writing, so why cast pearls . . . ? Of course, there is no scarcity of pearls, but since there is no demand, why go through the process, always laborious and frequently painful, of secreting them? The anxious editor, eying the undemonstrative and lethargic creature whom it is his business to feed, says, "Why run the risk of enraging the brute? Let us give it what it wants"; and proceeds to supply a provender guaranteed filling and unexciting.

The trouble is that both writer and editor forget that there is not one public, but many. A man rarely need fear writing so well as to fly above the heads of his audience. If he actually does so, and his is no mere Icarus-flight, another and better audience will sooner or later reward him. But to despise one's readers, to write down to them, on the assumption that they are incapable of understanding or caring for better work, is the swift slope to Avernus. Some very great men have hated their public and have wrestled with it until it blessed them more profusely than it does its lovers; but inarticulate and undemanding as the public is, some slow sense tells it when a man is giving to it less than his full powers, and it retaliates with that most devastating of revenges—forgetfulness, obliteration, the wave upon the footprint.

Some critics, on the other hand, lavish themselves upon their subjects as

wastefully as overfond mothers upon their children. One such has recently remarked, "I suspect that some day it will be said of me that 'he was that ineffectual critic who beat his pen in the luminous void of appreciation'. I should like nothing better than such an epitaph." These are, to borrow William James's everlastingly useful phrase, the "tender-minded" critics. Determined welcomers and professional gladders, they would reduce everybody to one level—not by casting down the mighty to the ranks of the commonalty, but by exalting the commonalty to the seats of the mighty. Yet the Olympian seats remain uncrowded.

At the opposite pole stand the "tough-minded", who, to continue Professor James's category, go by facts rather than by principles, who are materialistic rather than idealistic, pessimistic rather than optimistic, sceptical rather than dogmatical. Men of this temperament, whether they be doctors or lawyers or ministers or plumbers, are bound to be critics. Their material is the material of life. If they happen to be literary reviewers by profession they are exceptionally fortunate, for three-fourths of their equipment has been donated them at birth by the kindly fates.

For, aside from technical preparation, which we will if it is not assuming too much, take for granted, the great qualifications for a critic, from the Brahmin in proud boards to the humble newspaper reviewer, are unsentimentality, sincerity, and courage. In order to round the paragraph I have been trying to add, "And the greatest of these is—" but I cannot. Unsentimentality is the key to good judgment, without which sincerity is only a blind leading of the blind. Lacking courage, unsentimentality and sincer-

ity would be but a breath in the desert, and without them in turn, courage a mere bellowing in the air. The three must stand or fall together.

In a recent book by one of the most genuine of living English novelists, Frank Swinnerton, two of the characters are literary critics. The hero is a "tough-minded" young man who painfully illustrates the virtues mentioned above, adding to them a lively detestation of the commonplace and of the "mulish complaisance of old men toward dead authors", which frequently elicits a protest from his wife against his "cruelty". For she is daughter to a man of whom, under various aliases, both English and American literature is full. His name in the novel is Cedric Evandene, but it might just as well have been Hamilton Wright Mabie or John Cowper Powys—any one of the hundred-and-one names, in fact, that must have lain behind Shaw's malicious inquiry, "Did you ever hear of an enthusiastically honest man, or an enthusiastic shoemaker?"

When Stephen's wife quotes her father to him, "Father always says that truth has many facets, and that even the fool ought to have his day", the uncompromising Stephen replies drily, "He's got it. I can't stop him from enjoying his power. But he claims tomorrow and eternity as well. That's more than I can stomach. And as for Mr. Evandene's compunction, that's because middle-aged men don't want to be troubled to say whether a thing is good or bad."

Which was unfair of Stephen, for the Mr. Evandenes of this world are born that way—though after all, it may be only another way of saying that many men are born with middle-aged minds.

It is hard, at this point, not to di-

gress and say what an extraordinarily good story Mr. Swinnerton's story is, considered purely as a human document, but that is a *mouton* in another pasture. It is enough that he has placed two opposite theories of criticism fairly before us. The shibboleths of our soft modern idealism, "There is some good in everybody" and "to understand all is to forgive all", stand, meekly obstinate, over against the unsentimentality, the sincerity, and the courage of a critic of Stephen's "tough-minded" stamp. To one, in Mr. Swinnerton's phrase, art is an adored mistress; to the other, an ardent, wayward friend. It is somewhat of the same irreconcilable difference with which men regard women.

It is natural enough that critics of the Evandene school should choose to write about long-dead authors. It is a great deal easier, and their middle-aged minds follow the lines of least resistance. Neither do ghosts arise—at least audibly—to controvert novel interpretations. It takes a mind of original volition, a self-starter, in the mechanic's cant of the day, to discuss current books from any but a purely journalistic point of view. A man must not only be capable of forming opinions, but he must not be afraid of them when they are formed. He must have the courage to be kind, as well as the courage to be unkind. Arthur Symonds is right when he says that the power to appraise contemporary literature at its true value is the highest test of a critic.

With the exception of Poe, we have had few critics of current letters in this country who were worth their salt. In the last decade the flux in literature and art, as well as in politics, has been so rapid that few of our older men have been able to float with it or swim against it. James Huneker

still rides the wave in a skiff curiously wrought with gold and ivory, and a very different man, William Marion Reedy, is safe in any current in his wattled coracle equipped with the latest thing in Diesel engines. Both of them are critics of the France tradition in its most elastic sense, both escape the Narcissan stigma by the fine careless freedom of their souls' adventures.

Of the younger group, perhaps Lawrence Gilman maintains the highest and steadiest average of intelligent, impartial, frequently witty and always highly perceptive reviewing that our periodical literature can boast. H. L. Mencken's brain is invariably in the right place (hearts, it is understood, have gone out), and when his Puritan obsession about the devil of comstockery is not too red within his vision, inspiring him to write wild and whirling words, there is no tougher-minded man living, nor one who possesses the critic's trilogy of virtues to a higher degree. Francis Hackett is like an aeroplane "one-seater", swift in flight, brilliant in attack, and ingeniously, often diabolically, accurate in aim, once he gets into the air. Unluckily, he has been carrying a dead-weight of political opinion recently, which makes the "hop-off" considerably less agile than it used to be. Louis Untermeyer, on the other hand, far from dropping bombs from the air for his pastime, sits, spy-glass in hand, hailing budding genius as it emerges above the horizon. Yet he is no mere professional welcomer. If he insists overmuch that budding talent should bear the trade-mark "Made in America", or rather, "Made in the New Era in America", it is at least a sincere insistence, and one much less mischievous than the demand for the "Made in Europe" label which helped

to stultify our literature for many a day.

But most of the work of these men, good as it is, is bound in the nature of things to pass with the passing show it celebrates. It is clever, rapid, but only temporarily arresting. They review a book too frequently as an isolated phenomenon, unrelated not only to the general mind but even to the mind that has produced it. This may sound ungenerous, even unfair. Certainly we should be grateful that so large a group of men with genuinely critical minds—and the handful mentioned by no means exhausts the list—should have voluntarily yoked themselves to the treadmill of a slightly-rewarded and regarded art. It has resulted in our possession today of a body of current book-reviewing immensely superior to anything this country has known before. It is making the small-town newspapers ashamed of printing publishers' blurbs instead of independent notices—some time it may even inspire such serious publications as "The Outlook" and "The Independent" to dissociate their book notices from the advertising pages where they now languish, as in the human system the appendix exists, on sufferance, among more useful but less mentionable organs.

Our complaint is that these and other tough-minded, unsentimental, brave and sincere young men have left the wider task of considering literature in its relation to the time, of observing its influences and its effluences, so largely to the rationalistic, idealistic, dogmatical—in a word, to the "tender-minded" critic, to the Professor Shermans of criticism, to take a recent, concrete example.

Amy Lowell, it is true (and enormous credit is due her for it), has set herself the task of seriously consider-

ing living authors in such relations, but she has confined herself to poets. Why have our native critics as a rule been so afraid of digging deep into the significance—if he has any—of a living novelist?

It is partly because of the impatience which so often accompanies the tough-minded virtues in our national character—an impatience measurably due, perhaps, to the fact that the critic, though he may not despise his public, often does have something less than respect for his subject. Why should he sweat at the pick when there is no treasure to be uncovered? Time is very precious to him; it is hard for him to realize with Emily Dickinson, that

The summers of Hesperides are long.

It is partly, too, because along with a clear enough perception of the facts in the case there exists in many of us a Mr. Evandene side, born of cynicism or timidity or real gentleness of heart, urging us to be kind while we may. And then there is the practical reason, albeit often an unconscious one on the part of the critic, that literary society in America is somewhat like a shipwrecked company in an open boat: everyone must help row if any of them are to get to land.

And because our impatient minds prejudge the ultimate values of their task, or our middle-aged minds choose the easiest way of amiability, or our foresighted minds hesitate to say that our friend's book or our friend's friend's book is absolutely worthless, a compromise has been arrived at by many editors and critics. "It is a principle with us", they announce gravely, "altogether to ignore books that cannot be praised. Nothing is ever gained by slating a book—let it drop out and be forgotten."

Of course, these people have to pretend to themselves that the literal application of their "principle" would not result in empty columns. For books are like their writers and their readers: compounded of many and various essences, earthly and ethereal. To divide them arbitrarily into groups of good and bad would be as immoral as the doctrine of infant damnation. As a matter of fact, they are not so divided. The famous principle in action simply resolves itself into the off-hand praise of practically all books except those manifestly written by mildly insane persons with money enough to pay for their publication, which are, truly enough, ignored; and those which lay sacrilegious hands upon some ark of the conventions. These are passed over with slight and superficial comment or burned in the public square, according to the bent of the editorial mind. In this connection it is only fair to say that the editorial mind often functions less censoriously upon the critic in the literary page or supplement of a newspaper than in the arcana of more ambitious publications. It may be that journalism, spite of all the sins charged against it, does impart a certain mental flexibility—or perhaps a certain indifference, as that of the gods in dealing with ephemera.

But after all, what difference does it make, why is it a serious matter, that A's book should be characterized as sunshine in a shady place when the reviewer knows, if he knows anything, that it is simply a wash of sentimentality? That B's book is acclaimed as possessing all its author's well-known brilliance and verve, when the fact is that B's brilliance and verve have become as depressing as only ancient *filles de joie* can be? That C's book is said to be untrue to life and a libel on human nature and a distortion of

facts, when C was honestly endeavoring to depict a square inch of the earth's surface as he imagines God sees it?

In a recent book that includes some foolishness and some wisdom, as books often do, Ezra Pound defines very wisely the scope of the arts, including literature:

The arts give us a great percentage of the lasting and unassailable data regarding the nature of man, of immaterial man, of man considered as a thinking and sentient creature. They begin where the science of medicine leaves off, or rather they overlap that science.

The implication is obvious. If this data is to be of any use at all, if it is not to become actually and extremely mischievous, it must be as true as human observation can make it.

This brings us to the immorality of bad art. Bad art is inaccurate art. It is art that makes false reports. If a scientist falsifies a report either deliberately or through negligence, we consider him either a criminal or a bad scientist according to the enormity of his offence, and he is punished or despised accordingly. . . . Yet it takes a deal of talking to convince a layman that bad art is "immoral", and that good art, however "immoral" it is, is wholly a thing of virtue.

From this point of view, ill-considered or insincere criticism would be doubly a crime; it would be as criminal, to continue Mr. Pound's figure, as is the pharmacist who carelessly or wilfully misreads a physician's pre-

scription; and so far from being a matter of no particular import, it justifies Anatole France's conception of it as the new theology.

When, is it asked, will criticism be as respected a branch of literature in America as it is in France? The answer is, obviously, when it is as respectable. The audience does not make the play, nor the public the poet. They react upon each other, it is true, and in a sense Shakespeare is the product of his time. But only in the very broadest sense; the bow of Ulysses always waits, and the men who bend it are few. But among the spirits who dare to try, there is a generation other than that of the flesh. One inherits from another; no potent seed perishes from the earth. And criticism in this country is on its upward curve; we have begun to recognize that unsentimentality, sincerity, and courage are as distinctly moral qualities when tested upon a novel or a book of poems as upon what we are accustomed to regard as the larger issues of life. The more bravely we spend our strength upon the bow, the sooner will come the man who shall draw the arrow to its head. As old Walt Whitman might have said, in that curious mixture of tongues and grammars he was so fond of, *En avant, Camarados!*

ALL OVER THE LOT

BY H. W. BOYNTON

If you are in a mood for good cheer and vague high hopes of human nature and its world, do not descend into "The Valley of the Squinting Windows". Or if, to put it more mildly, you have found yourself disheartened by Patrick MacGill's "Glenmornan", beware how you expose your spirits to the influences of this deeper and darker vale. I often think, "Now it's time to take a holiday, at least, from all this comparing"; and straightway a brace of novels, or a half-dozen, will turn up at the same moment and refuse to be thought of apart from each other. I might almost have felt "The Valley of the Squinting Windows" on the way, and so held over my mention of "Glenmornan" till this month. For here are the surface likeness and inherent contrast that offer readiest foothold for commentary.

You may say that these are both disagreeable and realistic stories of Irish peasant life, and yet not suggest their difference in quality at all. That difference is the difference between creative realism and naturalism. The points of resemblance are striking enough. In both cases we enter a small Irish community living within itself, but under limitations common to such communities the country over. The valley of Tullanahogue, like Glenmornan, is a place of conventions and subjections. To one as to the other comes back, after experience of the world outside, a youth who, after some struggle, becomes a victim of his surroundings. There is room in these

places for a sort of squalid individualism, hemmed in and at the same time encouraged and protected by the joint authority of parish priest and gombeen-man. Any man is free to drink himself to death and to sell his family into virtual slavery to publican or priest. But no man may publicly question the authority of the church, and no woman suffer herself to be betrayed. You remember how the lad of Glenmornan gladly gives up his London career, already so well begun, to live in his own place; how he wills to dwell there forever, free and useful and happy on the soil he loves; how he finds life possible there only under the local code, and having broken that code by defying the coarse and venal priest, is shouldered out at once and for good. Mother and sweetheart turn their backs on the blasphemer without a qualm; only the earthy rascal Dennys The Drover chooses to share his exile—which is also his escape.

There is a lift of hopefulness, of wistful idealism in this story which is lacking in "The Valley of the Squinting Windows". Doalty and Dennys at least do go forth out of it all unconquered. And in old Oiney Leahy, for all his servility before his twin masters whiskey and superstition, is the touch of heroic comedy. The John Brennan of the other story is inherently weak. He might have slid into the priesthood if nothing had interfered; but there was his love for the schoolmistress; and his friendship with Ulick Shannon (much the type of

Pan-like Dennys The Drover, but for his cynical slant); and the disillusioning episode between those two; and finally the revelations of his mother's sin and his own fratricide. There is no escape for him, he is beaten. At the last moment, with the final words of the narrative, we approach the plane of tragic irony: when he stumbles hopelessly drunk into the doorway of the house where that life-long drunkard, his supposed father, already lies sodden for the night: "He could hear his father muttering drunkenly within. He came nearer, striving to steady himself and walk erect. He quickened his step to further maintain his sense of sobriety. His foot tripped against something and he lurched forward. He was caught in his mother's arms, for, at the sound of his approach, she had opened the door in resigned and mournful expectation. . . 'Oh, Jesus!' she said. . . . There were two of them now."

In his prefatory note the author informs us, after the modern fashion, what his book is and stands for. He is tolerably proud of its having been denounced and burned "after the best mediæval fashion" in the part of Ireland it dealt with. This, he says, was a sign of health not only in the book but in the executioners themselves. It sent them back to the realities from that "consolation of romantic treatment with which the older Irish novel had befuddled them"; and, we gather, Ireland already is rousing to the acceptance in "the new Irish novel" of an honest realism as against both romanticism and the pseudorealism that followed it. What then is honest realism? This writer happily does not hesitate to say what so many other current British novelists evidently have felt, that it is a critter bred in Russia. What he looks

for is the happy day when "the Irish realist will approximate more nearly to the quality of the Russian novelists, in which is neither exaggeration of light nor of shadow but a picture of life all gray and quiet, and brightened only by the beauty of tragic reality". Well, if you see life as an affair all gray and quiet, save as enlivened by a suicide or a murder now and then, —why, there you are. But grayness and quietude are not the same things as meanness and squalor; and it may have been some such identification in the present narrative which those indignant peasants sought to cast into their fires.

Life gray and quiet is not the life of "Winesburg, Ohio". A comparison between this book and the "Spoon River Anthology" is inevitable. Here, as there, the inner individual life of a typical American small town is laid bare, or let us say illuminated from within, so that we perceive its reality shining through the dull masks of convention and humdrum. It is a life of vivid feeling and ardent impulse doomed, for the most part, to be suppressed or misdirected, but still existent and potent as nothing is potent in the life of the community as a community. We must meet the fact at the outset that with this writer sex is wellnigh the mainspring of human action. At worst he seems in this book like a man who has too freely imbibed the doctrine of the psychoanalysts, and fares thereafter with eyes slightly "set" along the path of fiction. At best he seems without consciousness of self or of theory to be getting at the root of the matter—one root, at least—for all of us. His style is plain, staccato, perhaps a little deliberately unliterary:

Wash Williams once had a wife. When he was still a young man he married a woman in Dayton, Ohio. The woman was tall and

slender and had blue eyes and yellow hair. Wash was himself a comely youth. He loved the woman with a love as absorbing as the hatred he later felt for all women.

Wash Williams is the telegraph operator in Winesburg, the ugliest man in town. Our business with him is to hear how he became a woman-hater; and it is an unpleasant business, out of which shines the redeeming light of the man's battered yet not defeated idealism. And so it is with all these stories. Frank and momentarily disconcerting as their detail often is, we feel in them none of the spiritual grossness of the Russian naturalists and their imitators. Mr. Anderson is of the race of Stevenson; he also is "something of the shorter catechist". Always he seems to be after the true morality that so often governs men and women when they are at odds with, or merely conforming to, conventional morality. I do not know where in prose a tenser moral action is concentrated than in the dozen pages of "The Strength of God", that amazing tale of the conversion of the Reverend Curtis Hartman, to whom, Peeping Tom that he is, God for the first time "manifests himself in the body of a woman". There are youth and hope and honest love in Winesburg, Ohio. Yet young George Willard, whose slim figure threads these pages, must go elsewhere to fulfil himself. He bids farewell to his sweetheart, and we see our last of Winesburg with him, from the train window:

After George counted his money he looked out of the window and was surprised to see that the train was still in Winesburg.

The young man, going out of town to meet the adventure of life, began to think but he did not think of anything very big or dramatic. Things like his mother's death, his departure from Winesburg, the uncertainty of his future life in the city, the serious and larger aspects of his life—did not come into his mind.

He thought of little things—Turk Smallet wheeling boards through the main street of

his town in the morning; a tall woman, beautifully gowned, who had once stayed overnight at his father's hotel; Butch Wheeler, the lamplighter of Winesburg, hurrying through the streets on a summer evening and holding the torch in his hand; Helen White standing by a window in the Winesburg post-office and putting a stamp on an envelope.

It may be suspected that most American readers will find themselves so busy recognizing Winesburg that they will have to be reminded to exercise their inherited prerogative of moral judgment upon it.

Our books this month seem to be leading us "all over the lot", for example, from the American realism of a "Winesburg, Ohio" to the Teutonic realism of a "Silent Mill". Behind the first is idealism and even moral fervor; behind the second that tearful sentimentalism which has belonged immemorially to the songs and the fables of the watchers on the Rhine. Here are the oldest materials of German romance. What a part the rustic mill, and especially the rustic "Müllerin" have always played in it! Sudermann takes that institution and that lady—wheels, bins, lashes, plaits, whirring industry, plump coquetry and all,—and shows what fate and a daring modern method (Germanically speaking) can make of them. . . .

Here are the two brothers, the old dour one with a remorse on his chest, and the young gay one, more son to him than brother. Old one acquires young lashed and plaited bride, affectionate but unawakened; to them returns (military service) young gay one. Garden scene: hang sisters-in-law, let's have a word with this pretty girl! "Ah, pretty one!" "Tee-hee, I am your sister!" Awakening of puh-hassion. Heaven help them, no one sees what is up, least of all the dour old brother, who likes to see them play together: nobody but the

malicious old hired man (or his German equivalent), who lies low. Well, nothing very exciting happens thereafter from, say, a French point of view, but there is no end of emotional pother. The gay young one leaves home and takes to drink, and in the end there is a triangular meeting by the mill-race which results in the death of both brothers, and the forlorn and half-maddened survival of the Müllerin, who spends the rest of her life "crawling at the foot of a crucifix or kneeling at church doors, telling her beads and beating her head against the stones till it bled. . . . She is expiating the great crime which is known as 'youth'." What gives this tale its mawkish flavor for us? Perhaps its almost archaic flavor of a "Victorian" sentiment we have outgrown or outpaced. These lovers stop short of a physical union for which our enlightened modern commentators would find ready and cheerful excuse. Fancy all that row about a mere state of feeling!

To get anything like it at the moment, we have to journey to the other side of the world, to Australia or to India. "The Year Between" represents one of those provincial survivals which are not, it is true, always geographically determined. If we descend far enough in the literary scale, among the Harold Bell Wrights and such, we can find plenty of belated sentimentalism luxuriating close at hand. But "The Year Between" is more than respectably "written", despite passages which may carry us back to "The Duchess" of our callow days. Here is another young wife who is fated to be "awakened" by the third member of the everlasting triangle. The husband is handily put out of the way early in the game, however, and the girl becomes the ward of the

honorable third party. They are already in love; but it is clear that if the author does not help them to conceal this perfectly obvious fact from each other for a time, there will be no story worth speaking of. The author does her duty. . . .

A closer analogy with Sudermann's tale is to be had, queerly enough, in "The Home and the World" of that prolific Oriental, Rabindranath Tagore. These modern days! There are triangles, it appears, even in the shadow of the zenana. A young Hindu of a rajah's house marries a girl of his class. She has been reared in the traditions of the purdah, wears with pride the vermilion mark of her wifehood, and "takes the dust of her husband's feet" with worship. But he is of the modern educated type, a university man, and will not accept her servility. He spoils her with kindness and turns her head with new ideas. Then comes the swadeshi, the Nationalist movement, with its breaking down of traditions and safeguards. One of its leaders, Sandip Babu, is a demagogue and a rake who, after a glimpse of the young wife, makes little secret of his designs upon her. The husband, sympathetic in a moderate way with the new movement, endures from this fellow an attitude and behavior not to be tolerated for a moment by an occidental spouse. Sandip is an Eastern proponent of what we now call "Prussianism". He preaches the "great discipline of injustice". The world is governed by the cry, "I want!"

My theory of life makes me certain that the Great is cruel. To be just is for ordinary men,—and it is reserved for the great to be unjust. The surface of the earth was even. The volcano butted it with its fiery horn and found its own eminence,—its justice was not towards its obstacle, but towards itself. Successful injustice and genuine cruel-

ty have been the only forces by which individual or nation has become millionaire or monarch. . . . I say to everyone, Deliverance is based upon injustice. Injustice is the fire which must keep on burning something in order to save itself from becoming ashes. Whenever an individual or nation becomes incapable of injustice it is swept into the dust-bin of the world.

The young wife is fascinated by this doctrine and its masterful advocate: the goodness and patience of her husband Nikhil seem to her weakness. In the end, however, the squalid egotism of Sandip is made plain, even to himself, and the wife sees that neither Pagan individualism nor vague modern Cause can supersede the claims of the Home. Nikhil, for his part, realizes that in trying to make a helpmate he has nearly spoiled a wife, and that there is safety for her in the traditional attitude of worship at his feet. A conclusion little likely to please the woman of the West!

Strangely ingenuous these two novels seem beside "Two Banks of the Seine". Paris, so liberal a fount of sentiment for alien quaffers, continues to offer her own children a very different brew: bubbling with wit, spiced with amiable scepticism, never merely sentimental, dull, above all never "earnest", as we Anglo-Americans are fated to be, whether we will or no. "Two Banks of the Seine" is a study of Parisian life before the war, as focused in the contact between two distinct elements suggested by the title. It is a comedy of manners tinged with the realism of the boulevardier. M. Eusèbe Raindal, professor of Egyptology at the Collège de France, attracts the attention of the world of fashion and pleasure across the Seine by a life of Cleopatra which has chanced to treat of the amours of that lady with the ingenuous thoroughness of scholarship. A

certain Mme. Chambannes takes it into her head to annex the savant for her own glory. She steals him without difficulty from his good dull wife and his intellectual daughter, and employs him as a sort of amusing third to her cynical husband and her aristocratic lover. The comedy of his senile passion and disillusionment is developed without suppression or remorse. Mme. Chambannes is one of those extraordinarily lifelike and quite ruthless portraits of the married woman of pleasure in which French fiction abounds. In its more superficial way, the book is akin to the satirical "Amethyst Ring" of Anatole France, a fine English version of which has recently been issued.

Mr. Galsworthy's preoccupation with sex makes itself felt as usual, in "Saint's Progress", beneath the graceful precision of his style and the air of earnest inquiry, which are wont to win from his readers quite as much serious attention, on the whole, as his novels deserve. One may feel about him something of what he repeatedly expresses himself as feeling about his "saint", the Reverend Edward Pierson of this tale: that celibacy has not conduced to an altogether wholesome attitude toward sex matters. Pierson, being a widower, and unwilling on principle to remarry, is represented as living in "starvation" through his later years, and achieving sainthood despite a wildness in his blood which must always be kept painfully in hand. That wildness comes out in his daughter Noel, as it has earlier shown itself in his cousin Leila. I for one can quite well bear what these two women do, but I find it hard to be patient with the inherent vulgarities (for all their surface charms of speech and manner) their

author makes of them. The aging siren Leila who might have seduced our "saint" if she had not been occupied elsewhere, gives up her lover so that he may marry her young cousin, who has previously given herself to her soldier wooer and had a war baby. That is the crudest possible way of stating the sex-snarl of the story: the point is that Mr. Galsworthy's politesse of style succeeds in dressing up the situation, or the series of situations which make up the action, without refining it. These people are in themselves vulgar; but as Mr. Galsworthy honestly doesn't know it, why should his readers—subject, as they are, to the enchantment of his clear, drawling recitative?

A "Wells" this month, too—another one? Thank Heaven, we needn't grow heated this weather, over "The Undying Fire". It is the kind of Wellsian ebullition everyone should be able to accept with good humor and profit: a characteristic bit of improvisation on a congenial theme. God and education have been much on Mr. Wells's mind for the past few years, and he is able to get off a large number of good things about them both in these pages. This to-date version of the story of Job might have been, if the author had cared to make it so, a moving and dramatic tale. However, as somebody has suggested, it is already that in the original form. And this chronicler has now reached the stage where he cannot maintain his interest in any human action that threatens to compete with his supreme concern—the continuous performance going on in his own head. His modern Job does not curse God and die; he creates a God of his own, "a rebellious and adventurous God who may yet bring order into this cruel and frightful chaos in which we seem to be driven

hither and thither like leaves before the wind, a God who, in spite of all appearances, may yet rule over it and mould it to his will". . . . "To my will" is of course the unconscious meaning of "Mr. Huss" and his author. Of one thing mild complaint may fairly be made—that so many of these relatively scant pages should be taken up with the restatement and variation of those pronouncements on educational principles and methods which strained or sprained our endurance in "Joan and Peter", only the other day.

Mr. Wells doesn't believe in the novelist's tying himself down to anything in form or substance. He takes occasion in his preface to "The Gay-Donbays" to set in their places "the austerer school of critics" by whose standards (he says) this is certainly not a perfect novel. "The rules that school insists upon, the rule of restraint, the rule of humorless statement, the complete suppression indeed of the author's personality, are utterly disregarded." I wonder where that school keeps? Certainly, if there is such an institution, it ought to be sought out and dispersed with ignominy. Does any authority or set of authorities anywhere really try to make a "rule" of restraint, or lay down even a general principle of "humorless statement", or breathe even the faintest sigh for "the com-

The Valley of the Squinting Windows. By Brinsley MacNamara. Brentano's.
 Winesburg, Ohio. By Sherwood Anderson. B. W. Huebsch.
 The Silent Mill. By Hermann Sudermann. Brentano's.
 The Year Between. By Doris Egerton Jones. George W. Jacobs and Co.
 The Home and the World. By Rabindranath Tagore. The Macmillan Co.
 Two Banks of the Seine. By Fernand Vandérem. E. P. Dutton and Co.
 Saint's Progress. By John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons.
 The Undying Fire. By H. G. Wells. The Macmillan Co.

plete suppression of the author's personality"? If so, I agree with Mr. Wells that such persons had better not look for satisfaction to Sir Henry

Johnston, who out of a full life has made a full book, of which I shall try to express my admiration another month.

JEREMY

BY HUGH WALPOLE

(Concluded)

CHAPTER XII

The Merry-Go-Round

§ 1

The holidays were over. The Coles were once more back in Polchester, and the most exciting period of Jeremy's life had begun. So at any rate he felt it. It might be that in later years there would be new exciting events: lion hunting for instance, or a war, or the tracking of niggers in the heart of Africa—he would be ready for them when they came; but these last weeks before his first departure for school offered him the prospect of the first real independence of his life—there could never be anything quite like that again. . . .

Now the event that marks the true beginning of the autumnal season in Polchester, the only way by which you may surely know that summer is over and autumn is come, is Pauper's Fair—from time immemorial, a noted event in Glebeshire life. Even now when fairs have yielded to cinematographs as attractions for the people, Pauper's Fair gives its annual excitement. Though nowadays it has shed, very largely I am afraid, the character that it gloriously maintained thirty years ago, it was at that time the greatest event of the year.

The decent people kept their doors locked, their children at home, and

their valuables in the family safe. No upper-class child in Polchester so much as saw the outside of a gypsy van. No family in the village was guarded more carefully in this matter of the Pauper's Fair than the Cole family. Jeremy had no intention of disobedience—but he had returned from the Cow Farm holiday in a strange condition of mind.

Indeed he was, in reality, now beginning to have his independent life. His father, conscious that the child's days had been hitherto spent almost entirely among women, sent him every morning during these last weeks at home down to the curate of St. Martins-in-the-Market to learn a few words of Latin, an easy sum or two, and the rudiments of spelling. This young curate, the Reverend Wilfred Somerset, was apparently intensely amused by Jeremy. He would roar with laughter over nothing at all, smack his thigh and shout, "Good for you, young un,"—whatever that might mean; and Jeremy, gazing at him, at his pipe and his trousers, liking him rather but not sufficiently in awe to be really impressed, would ask him questions that seemed to him perfectly simple and natural, but that nevertheless amused the Reverend Wilfred so fundamentally that he was unable to give them an intelligible

answer. Undoubtedly this encouraged Jeremy's independence. He walked to and from the curate's lodging by himself and was able to observe many interesting things on the way.

He had only been going to Mr. Somerset's a day or two when the announcements of the fair appeared on the walls of the town. He could not help but see them; there was a large one on the boarding half-way down Orange Street, just opposite the doctor's—a poster with a colored picture of "Wombwell's Circus".

He asked Mr. Somerset whether he were going.

"Oh, I shall slip along one evening, I've no doubt," replied that gentleman. "But it's a bore—a whole week of it—upsets one's work."

"It needn't," said Jeremy, "if you stay indoors."

This amused Mr. Somerset immensely. He laughed a great deal.

"We always have to," said Jeremy rather hurt. "We're not allowed farther than the garden."

"Ah, but I'm older than you are," said Mr. Somerset. "It was the same with me once."

"And what did you do? Did you go all the same?"

"You bet I did," said the red-faced hero, more intent on his reminiscences than on the effect that this might have on the morals of his pupil.

On the late afternoon of the day before the opening Jeremy, on his way to Mr. Somerset's, caught the tail-end of "Wombwell's Circus Procession" moving in misty splendor across the market.

He could see but little although he stood on the pedestal of a lamp-post; but Britannia, rocking high in the air, flashing her silver sceptre in the evening air and followed by two enormous and melancholy elephants,

caught his gaze. Strains of a band lingered about him. He entered Mr. Somerset's in a frenzy of excitement, but he said nothing. He felt that Mr. Somerset would laugh at him No use for Mr. Cole to say:

"We must behave as though the fair was not."

For a whole week it would be there and everyone knew it. Jeremy did not mean to be disobedient but after that glimpse of Britannia he knew that he would go.

§ 2

It had, at first, been thought advisable that Jeremy should not go to Mr. Somerset's during fair week.

Mrs. Cole smiled confidently. "I think Jeremy is to be trusted. He would never do anything that you wouldn't like."

Mr. Cole was not so sure. "He's not quite so obedient as I should wish. He shows an independence"

After some hesitation it was decided that he might be trusted. But even after that he was never put upon his honor. "If I don't promise I needn't mind," he said to himself and waited breathlessly—but nothing came.

Wednesday would be the night. On Wednesday evenings his father had a service which prevented him from returning home until half-past eight. He would go to Somerset's at half-past four and would be expected home at half-past six; there would be no real alarm about him until his father's return from church and he could therefore be sure of two hours' bliss.

He felt aloof and apart, as though no one could touch him. He would not have minded simply going in to them all and saying, "I'm off to the fair". The obvious drawback to that would have been that he would have been

shut up in his room and then they might make him give his word. He would not break any promises.

When Wednesday came it was a lovely day.

"I'm going to Mr. Somerset's, mother", he said, putting two exercise books and a very new and shining blue Latin exercise book together.

The old woman opened the door when he rang Mr. Somerset's bell.

"Master's been called away", she said in her croaking voice. "A burial. 'E 'adn't time to let you know. 'Tell the little gen'l'man', 'e said, 'I'm sorry—' "

"All right", said Jeremy, "thank you".

He descended the steps, then stood where he was, in the street looking up and down. Who could deny that it was all being arranged for him? He felt more than ever like God as he looked proudly about him. Everything served his purpose. The jingling of the money in his pocket reminded him that he must waste no more time. He started off.

Even his progress through the town seemed wonderful—quite unattended at last, as he had always all his life longed to be. It was his first introduction to the world—he had never been in a large crowd before,—and it is not to be denied but that his heart beat thick and his knees trembled a little. But he pulled himself together. Who was he to be afraid? But the books under his arm were a nuisance. He suddenly dropped them in among the legs and boots of the people.

Here was a stile with a large wooden fence on either side of it, and a red-faced man saying: "Pay your sixpences now! Come along . . . pay your sixpences now." From the other side of the fence came a torrent of sound, so discordant and

so tumultuous that it was impossible to separate the elements of it one from another—screams, shrieks, the bellowing of animals, and the monotonous rise and fall of scraps of tune—several bars of one and then bars of another, and then everything lost together in the general babel; and to the right of him Jeremy could see not very far away quiet fields with cows grazing, and the dark grave wood on the horizon.

Would he venture? For a moment his heart failed him—a wave of something threatening and terribly powerful seemed to come out to him through the stile, and the people who were passing in looked large and fierce. Then he saw two small boys, their whole bearing one of audacious boldness, push through. He was not going to be beaten. He followed a man with a back like a wall—"One, please", he said.

"Come along now . . . pay your sixpences . . . pay your sixpences—" cried the man. He was through. He stepped at once into something that had for him all the elements of the most terrifying and enchanting of fairy-tales. He was planted, it seemed, in a giant world. At first he could see nothing but the high and thick bodies of the people who moved on every side of him: he peered under shoulders, he was lost among legs and arms, he walked suddenly into waistcoat buttons and was flung thence into walking-sticks.

To Jeremy it was a world of giant heights and depths. Behind the stalls, beyond the lane down which he moved was an uncertain glory, a threatening peril. He fancied that strange animals moved there, he thought he heard a lion roar and an elephant bellow. Pushed forward, he found himself at the end of

the lane and standing in a semicircular space surrounded by strange-looking booths with painted pictures upon them, and in front of them platforms with wooden steps running up to them. Then so unexpectedly that he gave a little scream, a sudden roar burst out behind him. He turned and indeed the world seemed to have gone mad. A moment ago there had been darkness and dim shadow. Now suddenly there was a huge, whistling, tossing circle of light and flame, and from the center of this a banging, brazen, cymbal-clashing scream issued—a scream that through its strident shrillness he recognized as a tune that he knew, a tune often whistled by Jim at Cow Farm, "And her golden hair was hanging down her back". Whence the tune came he could not tell, from the very belly of the flaming monster it seemed; but, as he watched, he saw that the huge circle whirled ever faster and faster and that up and down on the flame of it colored horses rose and fell, vanishing from light to darkness, from darkness to light, and seeming of their own free will and motion to dance to the thundering music.

It was the most terrific thing that he had ever seen. The most terrific thing. . . . He stood there, his cap on the back of his head, his legs apart, his mouth open; forgetting utterly the crowd, thinking nothing of time or danger or punishment—he gazed with his whole body.

It was finally the horses that caught Jeremy's heart. Half of them at least were without riders, and the empty ones went out pathetically envying the more successful ones and dancing to the music as though with an effort. One especially moved Jeremy's sympathy. He was a fine horse, rather fresher than the others,

with a coal-black mane and great black bulging eyes; his saddle was of gold and his trappings of red. As he went round he seemed to catch Jeremy's eyes and to beg him to come to him. He rode more securely than the rest—rising nobly like a horse of fine breeding, falling again with an implication of restrained force as though he would say: "I have only to let myself go and there, my word, you *would* see where I'd get to". His bold black eyes turned beseechingly to Jeremy—surely it was not only a trick of the waving gas; the boy drew closer and closer, never moving his gaze from the horses who had hitherto been whirling at a bacchanalian pace, but who now as at some sudden secret command suddenly slackened, hesitated, fell into a gentle jog-trot, then scarcely rose, scarcely fell, were suddenly still. Jeremy was now at the very edge of the merry-go-round and he saw what it was that you did if you wanted to ride. A stout, dirty man came out among the horses, and resting his hands on their backs as though they were less than nothing to him shouted: "Now's your chance, lidies and gents! Now, lidies and gents! Come along hup! Come along hup! The ride of your life now! A 'alf-penny a time! A 'alfpenny a time and the finest ride of your life!"

Jeremy noticed then that the fine horse with the black mane had stopped close beside him. Impossible to say whether the horse had intended it or no! He was staring now in front of him with the innocent, stupid gaze that animals can assume when they do not wish to give themselves away. But Jeremy could see that he was taking it for granted that Jeremy understood the affair. "If you're such a fool as not to understand", he seemed to say, "well then, I don't want

you—" Jeremy gazed and the reproach in those eyes was more than he could endure. And at any moment someone else might settle himself on that beautiful back! There, that stupid, fat, giggling girl! No—she had moved elsewhere. . . . He could endure it no longer and with a thumping heart, clutching a scalding penny in a red-hot hand, he mounted the steps. "One ride—little gen'elman. 'Ere you are! 'Old on now! Oh, you wants that one, do yer? Right ye are—yer pays yer money and yer takes yer choice—" He lifted Jeremy up. "Put yer arms round 'is neck now—'e won't bite yer!"

Bite him indeed! Jeremy felt as he clutched the cool head and let his hand slide over the stiff black mane, that he knew more about that horse than his owner did. He seemed to feel beneath him the horse's response to his clutching knees, the head seemed to rise for a moment and nod to him and the eyes to say: "It's all right. I'll look after you. I'll give you the best ride of your life!"

He felt indeed that the gaze of the whole world was upon him, but he responded to it proudly, staring boldly around him as though he had been seated on merry-go-rounds all his days. Perhaps some in the gaping crowd knew him and were saying: "Why, there's the Reverend Cole's kid—"; never mind, he was above scandal. From where he was he could see the fair lifted up and translated into a fantastic splendor. Nothing was certain, nothing defined—above him was a canopy of evening sky with circles and chains of stars mixed with the rosy haze of the flame of the fair. . . .

He did not see it all as he sat on his horse—he was as yet too young; but he did feel the contrast between

the din and glare around him and the silence and dark beyond, and, afterward, looking back, he knew that he had found in that same contrast the very heart of romance. As it was he simply clutched his horse's beautiful head and waited for the ride to begin. . . .

They were off! He felt his horse quiver under him, he saw the mansions of the two-headed giant and the fat lady slip to the right, the light seemed to swing like the skirt of someone's dress, upward across the floor, and from the heart of the golden woman and the king and the minstrel at the center a scream burst forth as though they were announcing the end of the world. After that he had no clear idea as to what occurred. He was swung into space, and all the life that had been so stationary—the booths, the lights, the men and women, the very stars—went swinging with him as though to cheer him on; the horse under him galloped before, and the faster he galloped the wilder was the music and the dizzier the world. He was exultant, omnipotent, supreme. He had long known that this glory was somewhere if it could only be found—all his days he seemed to have been searching for it; he beat his horse's neck, he drove his legs against his sides: "Go on! go on! go on!" he cried; "faster! faster! faster!"

He shouted, he cried aloud, he was so happy that he thought of no one and nothing. . . . The flame danced about him in a circle, he seemed to rise so high that there was a sudden stillness, he was in the very heart of the stars; then came the supreme moment when, as he had always known that one day he would be, he was master of the world. . . . Then, like Lucifer, he fell. Slowly, the stars receded, the music slackened, people

rocked onto their feet again. . . His horse gave a last little leap and died.

This marvelous experience he repeated four times and every time with an ecstasy more complete than the last. He rushed to a height, he fell, he rushed again, he fell; and at every return to a sober life his one intention was instantly to be off on his steed once more. He was about to start on his fifth journey—he had paid his halfpenny, he was sitting forward with his hands on the black mane, his eyes staring were filled already with the glory that he knew was coming to him, his cheeks were crimson, his hat on the back of his head, his hair flying. He heard a voice, quiet and cool, a little below him, but very near:

"Jeremy . . . Jeremy. Come off that. You've got to go home."

He looked down and saw his Uncle Samuel.

§ 3

It was all over; he knew at once that it was all over. As he slipped down from his dear horse, he gave the glossy, dark mane one last pat; then with a little sigh, he found his feet, stumbled over the wooden steps, and was at his uncle's side.

"Well," said Uncle Samuel sarcastically. "It's nothing to you, I suppose, that the town crier is at this moment ringing his bell for you up and down the market-place?"

"Does father know?" Jeremy asked quickly.

"He does," answered Uncle Samuel.

Jeremy cast one last look around the place—all the noise of the fair bathed him up to his forehead. He swam in it for the last time. He tried to catch one last glimpse of his coal-black charger; then, with a sigh, he said, turning to his uncle: "I suppose we'd better be going."

"Yes, I suppose we had," said Uncle Samuel, still sarcastically.

They threaded their way through the fair, passed the wooden stile, and were once again in the streets, dark and ancient under the moon, with all the noise and glare behind them. Jeremy was thinking to himself: "It doesn't matter what father does, or how angry he is, *that* was worth it." Only a year ago to be punished by his father had been a terrible thing.

"Did they send you, or did you just come of yourself, Uncle?" asked Jeremy.

"I happened to be taking the air in that direction," said Uncle Samuel.

"I hope you didn't come away before you wanted to," said Jeremy politely.

"I did not," said his uncle.

At the door of their house Uncle Samuel stopped and said:

"Young man, in the future if you want to go running off somewhere, you'd better content yourself with my studio and make a mess there."

"Oh, may I?" cried Jeremy delighted. That studio had been always a forbidden place to them and had therefore its air of enchanting mystery.

"Won't you really mind my coming?" he asked.

"I shall probably hate it," answered his uncle. "But there's nothing I wouldn't do for the family."

The boy walked to his father's study and knocked on the door. He did have then, at the sound of that knock, a moment of panic.

"Come in!" said his father.

He pushed open the door and entered. The scene that followed was grave and sad and yet in the end strangely unimpressive. His father talked too much. As he talked, Jeremy's thoughts would fly back to the

coal-black horse and to that moment when he had seemed to fly into the very heart of the stars. The end of it was that Jeremy received six strokes on the hand with a ruler. Mr. Cole was not good at this kind of thing and twice he missed Jeremy's hand altogether, and looked very foolish. It was not an edifying scene. Jeremy left the room, his head high, his spirit obstinate and his father remained—puzzled, distressed, at a loss, anxious to do what was right, but unable to touch his son at all. . . . Jeremy went up to his room. He opened his window and looked out. He could smell the burnt leaves of a bonfire—he fancied that he could see a white shadow where it had been. Then, on the wind, came the distant music of the fair: "Tum-te-tum . . . tum-te-tum . . . whirr-whirr-whirr-bang-bang."

Somewhere an owl cried, and then another owl answered. He rubbed his sore hand against his trousers—then, thinking of his black horse, he smiled. He was a free man. In a week he would go to school, then he would go to college, then he would be a horse-trainer. . . . He was in bed; faintly into the dark room stole the scent of the bonfire and the noise of the fair: "tum-te-tum . . . tum-te-tum." He was asleep, riding on a giant charger across boundless plains.

§ 4

The last day! Jeremy, suddenly waking, realized this with a confusion of feeling as though he were sentenced to the dentist's but, oddly enough, looked forward to his visit. Going to school, one had of course long ago perceived, was a mixed business, but the balance was now greatly to the good. After breakfast he did not know quite what to do, and it was obvious also that no

one knew quite what to do with him.

Mrs. Cole said: "Jeremy dear, Ponting has never sent that letter-paper and envelopes that he promised and Father must have them today. Would you go down and bring them back with you? Father will write a note."

No one seemed to realize what an abysmal change from earlier conditions this casual sentence marked. That he should go to Ponting's, which was on the farther side of the town, alone and unattended, seemed to no one peculiar—and yet only six months ago a walk without Miss Jones was undreamed of, and before her no more than nine months back there was the Jampot! He was delighted to go, but of course he did not show his delight.

All he said was: "Yes, Mother."

He was in his new clothes, stiff black jacket, black knickerbockers, black stockings, black boots. No more navy suits with white braid and whistles! Perhaps he would see the dean's Ernest. It was his most urgent desire!

He started off accompanied by a barking, bounding Hamlet who showed no perception of the calamity that threatened to tumble upon him. For Jeremy, leaving Hamlet was a dreadful affair. In three months a dog can change more swiftly than a human being, and Hamlet, although not a supremely greedy dog, had shown of late increasing signs of a love of good food and a regrettable tendency to fawn upon the giver of the same, even when it was Aunt Amy. Jeremy had checked this tendency and had issued punishments when necessary and Hamlet had accepted the same without a murmur. So long as Jeremy was there Hamlet's character was secure, but now, during this long absence, anything might happen. There was

no one to whom Jeremy might leave him, no one who had the slightest idea what a dog should do and what he should not.

These melancholy thoughts filled Jeremy's mind when he started upon his walk, but soon he was absorbed by his surroundings. He realized even more drastically than the facts warranted that he was making his farewell to the town. He sighed and, with a strange pain at his heart that he could not analyze, moved up the hill.

"Come here, Hamlet—how dare you?" he ordered in so sharp and military a voice that Hamlet, who had merely cast a most innocent glance at a disdainful and conceited white poodle, looked up at his master with surprise.

When the midday chimes had rung out and his duties were performed, Jeremy decided then that he would go home across the green and down Orchard Lane. He had a wish to enter the cathedral for a moment; such a visit would, after all, complete the round of his experiences. . . All was space and silence, light and dusk. It seemed to Jeremy that he had never been there before; he stood, breathless, as though in a moment something must inevitably happen. Although he did not think of it, the moment was one of a sequence that had come to him during the year: his entry into the theatre with his uncle, his first conversation with the sea captain, the hour when his mother had been so ill, the evening on the beach when Charlotte had been frightened, the time when Hamlet had been lost and he had slept with him under a tree. All these moments had been something more than merely themselves, had had something behind them or inside them for which,

simply, they stood as words stand for pictures. He analyzed, of course, nothing, being a perfectly healthy small boy; but if afterward he looked back, these were the moments that he saw as one sees stations on a journey. One day he would know for what they stood. . .

Back again in the bosom of his family he felt that they were beginning to be aware of his departure.

"What shall we do this evening, Jeremy—your last evening?" said his mother.

Everyone looked at him.

"Oh, I don't know," he said uncomfortably. "Just as usual, I suppose."

"Well, I think," said Mrs. Cole, "that we'll have high tea at half-past seven and the children shall stay up afterward and we'll have 'Midshipman Easy'."

Jeremy loved his mother intensely at that moment. How did she know so exactly what was right? She made so little disturbance, was so quiet and was never angry, and yet she was always right when the others were always wrong. She knew that above all things he loved high tea—fish pie and boiled eggs and tea and jam and cake—a horrible meal that his later judgment would utterly condemn, but nevertheless something so cosy and so comfortable that no later meal would be able to rival it in those qualities.

"Oh, that will be lovely!" he said, his face shining all over.

Nevertheless, as the afternoon advanced a strange new sense of insecurity, unhappiness, and forlornness crept increasingly upon him. He realized that he had that morning said goodby to the town and now he felt as though he had, in some way, hurt or insulted it.

And all the afternoon he was saying farewell to the house. He did not

wander from room to room, but rather sat up in the schoolroom pretending to mend a fishing-rod which Mr. Monk had given him that summer. He did not really care about the rod—he was not even thinking of it. He heard all the sounds of the house as he sat there. His gloom increased. He was exchanging a world he knew for a world that he did not know. He bothered himself all the afternoon with unnecessary, stupid affairs to cover his deep discomfort. He whistled carelessly and out of tune, he poked the fire and walked about. He was increasingly aware of Hamlet and Mary. Mary was determining so hard that she would show no emotion at all that she was a painful sight to witness. She scarcely spoke to him, and only answered in monosyllables if he asked her something.

And Hamlet had suddenly discovered that the atmosphere of the house was unusual. He had expected, in the first place, to be taken for a walk that afternoon; then his master was very busy doing nothing, which was most unusual. Then at tea-time his worst suspicions were confirmed. Jeremy suddenly made a fuss of him, pouring his tea into his saucer, giving him a piece of bread and jam and an extra lump of sugar. Hamlet drank his tea and ate his bread and jam thoughtfully. They were very nice, but what was the matter?

He looked up through his hair and discovered that his master's eyes were restless and unhappy, and that he was thinking of things that disturbed him. He went away to the fire and, sitting on his haunches gazing in his metaphysical way at the flames, considered the matter. Jeremy came over to him and drawing him back to him, laid his head upon his knee and so held him. Hamlet did not move save occa-

sionally to sigh and, once or twice, to snap in a sudden way that he had, at an imaginary fly. He thought that in all probability his master had been punished for something and in this he was deeply sympathetic—never seeing why his master need be punished for anything, and resenting the stupidity of human beings with their eternal desire to be, in some way or other, asserting their authority.

Jeremy sat on the floor at his mother's feet while she read "Midshipman Easy". It was all so cozy, the room was so comfortable with all the familiar pictures and photographs and books, and Helen and Mary diligently sewing, and Hamlet stretched out in front of the fire, his nose on his paws—six months ago Jeremy would have felt utterly and absolutely part of it. Now he was outside it and, at the same time, was inside nothing else. It might be that in a week's time he would be so familiar with his new world that he would be as happy as a cricket—he did not know. He only knew that at this moment he would have given all that he had to fling his arms round his mother's neck, to be hugged and kissed and nursed by her—and that, at the same time, he would have died rather than do such a thing.

The evening came to an end. The girls got up and said goodnight. His mother kissed him, holding him perhaps for a moment longer than usual, but at that same instant she said:

"Oh, I must remind Ella about the half-past-seven breakfast again—she always has to be told everything twice".

The girls went on ahead, Jeremy and Hamlet following closely behind.

In the morning events moved too quickly for thought. He had still the same lonely pain at his heart but now

he simply was not given time to consider it.

His father called him into the study. He gave him ten shillings and a new prayer book. Jeremy knew that he was trying to come close to him and be a friend of a new kind to him. He heard in a distance such words as: ". . . a new world, full of trial and temptation. God sees us . . . work at your Latin . . . cricket and football . . . prayers every night . . ." but he could feel no emotion, nothing but terror lest some sudden, stupid, emotional scene should occur. Nothing occurred. He kissed his father and went.

Then quite suddenly just as he came down in his hat and coat and heard that the cab was there, his restraint melted, he was free and impulsive and natural. He kissed Mary, telling her:

"You have my toy village—I'd like you to—yes, rather. I mean it."

He kissed Helen and Barbara, and then held to his mother not caring whether all the world was there to see. The old life was going with him! He was not leaving it after all. The town

and the house and all the things to which he had thought that he had said goodbye were going with him.

Hamlet! He found the dog struggling to get into the cab. That was more than he could stand. He was not going to make a fool of himself, but the only way to be secure was to get into the cab and hide there. He caught Hamlet's head, gave it a kiss, then jumped in—catching a last glimpse of the family grouped at the door, the servants at the window, the old garden with the dead leaves gathering upon it, Hamlet held, struggling, in Mary's arms.

He choked down his sobs, felt the ten shillings in his pocket, then with a mighty resolve to which it seemed that the labors of Hercules were as nothing, leaned out and waved his hand. The cab rolled off.

Hamlet lay down upon the mat just inside the hall door. Some one tried to pull him away. He growled, showing his teeth. His master had gone out. He would wait for his return, and no one should move him.

(The End)

SHOULD COLLECTORS READ BOOKS?

BY GEORGE H. SARGENT

It always has been the privilege of book collectors to criticize their fellows for the use they make—or do not make—of their treasures. The sales of the present season have been notable for the number of private libraries which have come into the market during the lifetime of their owners. In the days of John Hill Burton, who made the dogmatic assertion that a collector should confine all his transactions in the market to purchasing only, it was thought that when a collector put any of his books under the hammer of the auctioneer he did so involuntarily, and suspicions were awakened as to his financial soundness. Nowadays there are almost as many reasons for selling as for collecting. Rare books have always been looked upon by many of their possessors as more or less of an investment. The commercial instinct is revealed in the records of the ancient Egyptians. When Athens was stricken with famine, Ptolemy Euergetes, by allowing Egyptian corn to be sold, obtained from the Athenians the official copy of the works of Sophocles, Æschylus, and Euripides. Fifteen talents were deposited to guarantee the safe return of the manuscripts, but the crafty Ptolemy, who seems to have been one of the earliest to appreciate a first edition, sent back a sumptuous copy, kept the originals, and forfeited the guarantee.

Now whether or not a collector sells his books is a matter of primary concern to himself. If he buys an automobile, nobody complains because he

parts with it at the end of the season or exchanges it for another model. Certain collectors, however, seem to take it for granted, as did Burton, that a book-lover must be so infatuated with his treasures that nothing but death should be allowed to part him and his books. Burton made the specious argument that the possessor of a rare book takes an exaggerated view of its market value, and is likely to become unscrupulous in his effort to do justice to himself. The sales of the present season do not bear out this view. If such libraries as those of Herschel V. Jones and Lord Mostyn paid their owners a handsome profit by their dispersal in the auction room, let the non-selling collector congratulate the owner for his good investment, and himself for the opportunity to secure the rare books which their former possessor, to his way of thinking, did not seem to appreciate. The same collector who is inclined to find fault with Henry E. Huntington for buying libraries *en bloc*—libraries of books which he cannot possibly find time to read, is likely to cavil because Mr. Huntington has disposed of some of his choicest and rarest works in the auction room. But collectors of rare books usually possess individuality in a marked degree, and no two view things from the same angle—which is a good thing for book collecting in general.

But there is another complaint, almost as old as that against the commercial instinct of book collectors—that the modern wealthy collector does

not use his books. "Scarcely without exception", said a book collector whose name I will not use—or of whose magnificent special collection I will not give a hint lest it instantly lead to identification, "scarcely without exception, I find the wealthy collector has very little bibliographical knowledge and practically no biographical knowledge of the men who have written the books he collects. As for a love of reading and literary taste, that is absolutely nil. None of the collectors read their books."

Now this arraignment is a serious one. Of course to know how serious it is, one should know all this collector's book-loving, or rather book-collecting, associates. It is gratifying to learn that there are exceptions, in his case. It goes without saying that he himself is not an offender; that his own bibliographical knowledge is profound; his acquaintance with the life-details of his favorite author almost amounts to a personal acquaintance, his love of reading is a passion, and his own literary taste is unimpeachable. The charge that the wealthy collector does not read his books is another matter. Probably he intends to do so when he gets time. For the present he is satisfied with allowing his friends to see his books and talk with him about them, reserving for himself the pleasure of knowing as much about his books, some day, as does the man to whom he shows them. If he is able to indulge in the luxury of a librarian for his private collection, he may keep the librarian sitting up o' nights to read the books and impart to him on the following morning the kernel of knowledge in the nut which the librarian has cracked. Such vicarious reading saves a lot of time and is likely to do no harm, either to the

librarian or the owner of the book. At any rate, if the librarian has directed his attention to something that he wishes to know more about, there is the book in his library.

The dealer in rare books, who looks upon them as merchandise, is not stirred to wrath by the discovery that the collector does not read the books he sells him. The "Aristotle" with the Commentary of Averroes, printed by Andreas di Asola at Venice in 1483, weighs about thirty pounds, and has been described as "the most magnificent book in the world". Making due allowance for the enthusiasm of the possessor who thus described it, it is a magnificent book and one of the monuments of early printing. But its weight would make it serviceable as a receptacle for pressed autumn leaves or for holding open the door of the butler's pantry. If the owner of the "Aristotle" decides to put it to such base uses, the dealer has no fault to find. His contention is that the purchaser of a rare book has an absolute right to do what he pleases with it, and that it is no other collector's business. From his point of view he is perfectly right.

There is honorable and ancient precedent for the use which many wealthy collectors make of their libraries today. Licinius Lucullus, returning from his Eastern campaigns in 67 B. C., came laden with spoil in the form of "a great number of books which were well transcribed"; and as Plutarch says, "the mode in which they were used was more honorable to him than the acquisition of them; for the libraries were open to all, and the walking places which surrounded them; and the reading-rooms were accessible to the Greeks without any restriction, and they went there as to an abode of the Muses and spent the

day there in company with one another, gladly betaking themselves to the libraries from their other occupations". Lucullus was a plebeian much given to display; but he was a man of literary tastes, a patron of literature, and had the glad hand for the Greek literati and the philosophers, feeling himself repaid by the pleasure and amusement which discussion of his treasures gave him. Cicero's large library was principally for his own use, although it is not conceivable that he was able to read more than a fraction of the books he collected.

Studying the lives of the great book collectors of the past, one is struck by the fact that the buyers of books in all ages have been conservers rather than creators. Yet the service performed is perhaps none the less useful. With a single exception, Henry E. Huntington has a copy of the first edition of every known Shakespeare quarto, yet he doubtless delegates to George Watson Cole the reading of them. The student of Shakespeare quartos who is a producer of literary comment could not naturally own all these treasures, and perhaps would not wish for them all, if he could; yet I have never heard that access to this magnificent collection was refused to the poorest student who had a serious purpose. Here the conserver performs a function possibly even more important than that of the producer—for the product may not be worth while, and a later commentator may find undiscovered richness in what a less painstaking forebear has passed over unnoticed. Reprints of most of the Shakespeare quartos are available, and it is not often necessary to consult the priceless originals; yet it is a satisfaction in which the caviling collector may

share, to know that in the last resort a copy of the original is available. A few scholars know how much of knowledge has been allowed to go out of the treasures of the Morgan library; let it remain caviar to the general.

That the majority of wealthy book collectors possess little bibliographical knowledge is undoubtedly true. Nor is it really to be expected. Bibliography is not one of the pursuits which leads to wealth; and many of our richest collectors have been so occupied with obtaining in other ways the wealth which would supply the materials for bibliographical uses, that they have not had the time to study the material. That pleasure is reserved for themselves at some future time, or for someone else immediately. Yet it is equally true that much of our bibliographical knowledge comes from these same collections, and in the case of my erudite and critical friend, the collector of the works of say, John Gilpin, valuable and lasting bibliographical work has been done by the owner. The science of bibliography owes much to the late Luther S. Livingston, although his means did not enable him to become an extensive collector of rare books. Yet all private libraries were open to him, and their owners found pleasure in allowing their collections to be used for the benefit of bibliography in general. The mean or miserly collector is in such a hopeless minority that his "splendid isolation"—or shall we call it hoggishness—makes him an object of execration among his fellows. So there is really little cause for complaint because one collector does not use his books in the way that another would.

As for biographical knowledge of the writer whose books are collected,

that is another matter of personal taste. Some readers cannot enjoy a book without knowing all about the personality of the writer apart from his writings. The disillusionments which sometimes follow the pursuit of personal knowledge are often pathetic or ludicrous. It is a question whether the real lover of literature, after all, is not the one who is satisfied with knowing so much of the author as is contained in his work, and is content to let it go at that. The thrills which may come from reading "The Fall of the House of Usher" may not be accentuated by learning that Poe was sometimes muddled with taking a drink; it adds no pleasure to a story like "A Municipal Report" to know that O. Henry once served a term in prison. There is some reason why a collector of Thackeray or Dickens or any other author should wish to know such details of the author's life as touch upon his literary workmanship. But if Thackeray took delight in swinging cats by their tails or Dickens took four lumps of sugar in his tea, I do not care to know of it. Probably most collectors of Thackeray and Dickens know the essential facts of the lives of those chosen authors—enough, at least, to give them an understanding of how, when, where, and why their different books were produced. Indictment discharged.

It is a desirable although sometimes an inconvenient thing, to have "literary taste". But if a collector of rare books lacks it, he cannot fairly be called anathema. The very thing which he is accused of lacking is a thing about which there can be no dispute, according to a well-acknowledged maxim. The formation of a literary taste is not an overnight matter. If some gentleman finds

himself in the possession of unexpected wealth and turns his attention to the collecting of rare books, he is not wholly to be blamed for not having at the same time acquired an appreciation of the finer qualities of the new possession. The only reasonable course for other collectors, it seems to me, is to help him to develop an appreciation of what he has got, and to impress upon him the canons of literary taste, trusting that he has seen "a beam in darkness; let it grow".

Now comes the charge that the collector does not read his books. We all know the old story of the collector who was horrified by finding that another collector had actually been caught reading a book. It impressed him with the same feeling that one might have in finding that a collector of old English plate was using it on his dining-room table every day, or that a collector of unused postage stamps was using them for postage. That is another side of the shield.

We all like the collector who buys rare books not only to show to his friends: who allows students and scholars to use them freely for the enrichment of bibliographical and other literature; who finds time to study them for himself and contributes to human knowledge by his labors. But in the nature of things this is not possible for all collectors, wealthy or otherwise; and the larger and more valuable the collection, the greater the handicaps placed in the owner's way. But does the indictment lie solely against the modern wealthy collector? Take a few of the books that collectors delight to place in their libraries, usually in first editions, and see how many of them would be read by their owners. And these are books that are generally

known and talked about. For instance, how many people have ever read "dear old Izaak Walton's 'Compleat Angler' "? The owner may tell you that his copy is the "correct" first edition, with the word "Fordidg" on page 88; with "contention" instead of "contentment" on page 245, "diligence" instead of "diligence" on the recto of A3, and page 217 reversed in printing. But there is little chance that he has learned these facts for himself in reading the book. And there is still less chance that you would be in a position to deny any other categorical statement which he might make regarding the text of Walton's "immortal classic of angling". Take Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy", with its thousands of references to the writers of antiquity. Much time has been spent in running down the authorities so profusely quoted, and the result has been to leave no doubt as to Burton's omniscient reading. On any subject under the sun Burton can be quoted, if one has the time to go through his sections, subsections and subdivisions of subdivisions; but be he collector or gentle reader, no man has any more business with sitting down and reading Burton through from cover to cover than he has with reading *seriatim* a book of "Familiar Quotations". "Robinson Crusoe" is an exceptional case. Most of us read it before we came to the age of book collecting—very few afterward.

Yet there is pleasure and profit in reading some of these collectors' books. Since the discovery of Lord Mostyn's copy of the first English secular drama, "Fulgens and Lucrece", "Gammer Gurton's Nedle" has fallen into third place. But the old English play, which is yet attributed in some quarters to John Still, is worth while.

Its humor is broad, familiar and sometimes grotesque. The incidents are connected, and the characters, not omitting Gib, the cat, are sharply drawn. Yet as reading material ten thousand dollars seems to be an absurdly high price. No purchaser of a copy at this figure can be blamed, but only pitied, if he does not read the little quarto. So, too, of John Gower's "Confessio Amantis". It might profit a man to read it, if only to find the answer of the question which puzzled Florent and which he happily answered: "What alle women most desire". Yet most book collectors would prefer to give a woman her own way at the outset rather than read through the long poem of "the morall Gower".

Therefore we must not be too hard on the collector who does not read his books. Happy if he is able to do so. To few men is it to be given to collect books as did the late Frederick L. Gay. During sixteen years of his life he read the three thousand volumes written by his colonial ancestors and their contemporaries, which came into his possession by bequest. As he read, he noted other titles which would help to a fuller understanding of his chosen studies. As he bought these, he read them. Puritan theology, genealogy, and early New England history interested him. Through verifying footnotes he came to study the "Calendar of British State Papers", and had transcripts made of those which held the slightest prospect of additional information, filling fifty-six bound volumes. A rough list of these was made; seventy-five copies were printed in a volume of two hundred and seventy-three pages and sent to students with the introductory statement that these transcripts were "at the service of

those who receive this book from me". This series of volumes, now given to the Massachusetts Historical Society, is for the benefit of future historians who may make profitable use of them. Mr. Gay's activities extended to many lines of research, and his splendid collection of American and British historical tracts, now in the Harvard Library, testifies to the value of intelligent book collecting by one who reads his books.

If other collectors fail to accomplish the work that ample means and leisure allowed this Boston collector to do, it only leaves more work for the collector of the future. It seems as unnecessary to defend the ways of collectors as it does to chide them for being collectors at all. It is useless for the man of science to explain to the mystic that his philosophy is unscientific. The mystic knows it, and does not care a rap. The critic who complains that his associates do not read their books must answer the question with which they reply: "Why should we?"

Coming back to the original matter, it seems that any collector has a perfect legal right to dispose of his books as he sees fit. Undoubtedly a higher purpose can be served by putting his books where they will be useful to scholarship for all time, than by using them for kindling the kitchen fire. He has a moral right to dispose of them either by auction sale or by private sale, or by giving them to his friends, or in any other manner which will insure their preser-

vation. The collector who has had the pleasure of acquiring a fine library of books of any author, having enjoyed them and made such use of them as will be of benefit to those who follow after him, cannot do better than put them in the hands of other collectors who may find in their possession the same pleasure that he has had. If the purchaser reads them, uses them, or places them at the service of others, all the better. If the seller finds that his books bring more than they have cost him, he should rejoice, and we with him. There are collectors, like A. Edward Newton, who still believe, with Burton, that they should never sell a book. Very well, let them keep their treasures while they live, and enrich learning as much as they are able. If another collector wishes to dispose of his great collection of the works of Dickens and let others get them for what they are willing to pay, let him do it and take up some other line of collecting. If book collecting seems to have fallen into evil ways and "gentlemen amateurs become speculators" in the book market, the evidence is not preponderating. More book collectors are being made than are dying off or are losing interest; and it is for the collector who is a thorough book-lover, student of biography, bibliographer, and reader with literary taste, to greet the reinforcing host with open arms and show them the charts of the land that lies before them, full of trenches to be taken and heights to be stormed.

HISTORY AS LITERATURE: AND THE INDIVIDUAL DEFINITION

BY CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER

What is an American? It should not be difficult to arrive at the individual definition. The history of America is, comparatively, a short chronicle; and the Declaration of Independence was the brief opening chapter of a modern tale. It is a vivid, direct, pulsing narrative, not obscure in meaning nor doubtful in trend. Not by candlelight in dark places has America worked out one hundred and forty years of her destined way, but under open sky. That dear nickname, "God's Country"—humble and significant, or blasphemous and bombastic, according as you regard Deity,—was the coinage of some crude poet who felt that a roof did not shut him away from the enkindled blue, and from the stars, which are the light by day and night from the eyes of Him who dwelleth in the heavens. The persistence of the phrase shows that he voiced the thought of his tribesmen, who have woven the stars into their flags and taken the eagle for their symbol.

If the average American today really knows little of his country beyond his own emotions toward it, if he understands the history of his country so imperfectly that he has not a clear concept of either the emblem or the symbol, the fault lies with the writers of American history. Shrouded in dulness, befogged by blind prejudice and wilfully perverted through partisanship and propaganda, the narrative of America has come into the American's hands to bore and

to mislead him. It would hardly be exaggeration to say that, as far as the relation of the past to the present and the future is concerned, all he has learned is that he should cross his fingers, blow hard, and curse England on every fourth of July, and, on the other three hundred and sixty-four days of the year, prepare for the chance to go in and take Canada away from her. Small blame to him that he has not found the individual definition in history written after this fashion, for it is not there. There is little if anything there to help him answer the question, "What is an American?"

Dulness, perversion, propaganda, hymn-of-hate-stuff—all have conspired to keep the native American as ignorant of the spiritual history and import of America as if he were an agitating immigrant from darkest Bolshevikia, with a beardful of tangled theories, making his initial landing from Ellis Island by a graceful leap onto the nearest corner soap-box in Manhattan.

It is one thing, and a soothing thing, to inveigh against poky historians and propagandists; but invective does not uncover the root of the evil. Pokes and partisans have only occupied the field because it was left open to them. They have assisted in spreading, but they did not create, the erroneous belief prevalent in America that history is not vital, that the past is dead and the present cut off from it; that the age of invention,

revolutionizing industry and commerce, and the consequent development of big business and labor unionism, have made a new America in which the principles and ideals of the earliest days of independence are scrapped along with the hand-loom and the long musket. If that were true, we should be living in an isolated period of time and energy. But an isolated period of time and energy is, to use a favorite word of Herbert Spencer's, "unthinkable". We live in an outgrowth of the past and are linked closely to that past; linked by those principles which were first reached inductively by the fathers of America, then asserted, then demonstrated; and which work in the American consciousness today to preserve American nationalism and American individualism for the betterment of the whole social order.

Principles are abstract, and the American craves the concrete. It is through the example that he understands the rule. He declares for the practical as against the theoretical. That is one reason why he has no grasp of history; because the history he has read lacks the human equation which would make him feel it relative and practical to himself, which would make him see it as a series of examples defining a principle.

There we uncover the root of the trouble as to American written history. It has no vitality in it because it is not literature. It is dead stuff because the drama of human souls has been left out of it. About the best that can be said for most of it—though we must except Justin Winsor's "Narrative and Critical History", a work that interprets—is that it is an accurate tabulation of dates and a carefully chronological narration of events with very little indication of

the significance of those events. And because the writers have not perceived that the drama of human feelings, motives, and inspirations is essential to true historical narrative, they have told us practically nothing about the character, the habits and customs, domestic and social, of the common people during significant periods. Hence the background of the acting scenes has been blank. Against a blank background figures move but they do not live. They have no kin. They are unrelated. Not linked, themselves, to the massed life of their period, they fail to link their period to ours through the human sympathy which makes all men and times intelligible and near.

The life and pursuits of the people in times of peace are as vital, historically, as their wars. The farmer, the trader, the inventor, the poet, the man who turns the lathe are moulders of the nation and, as such, should have their rightful place in history, as well as the soldier or the statesman. The democratic state which gives them an orderly freedom wherein to achieve for themselves and for their nation,—and the material results of their energies thus won under democratic systems,—are what the statesman seeks to make secure and the soldier to defend. Can we really understand the leading character in any scene of historic drama unless we study his environment and so learn to see him, not as a strange being standing out against his nation and his period by reason of his differences, but as the sum of the urge and desire of his fellows, as the articulator for the dumb? Ibsen, consummate historical dramatist, has defined the great man unforgetably in his "Kongs-Emnerne", translated by William Archer under the title "The Pretenders":

Who is the greatest man? He whom the cravings of his time seize like a passion, begetting thoughts he himself cannot fathom, and pointing to paths which lead he knows not whither, but which he follows and must follow till he hears the people shout for joy, and, looking around him with wondering eyes, finds himself the hero of a great achievement.

What Ibsen uttered there, through the mouth of Bishop Nicholas, went into the building of his play. Poet, priest, peasant, townsman, background the action of the rival kings. This method did not originate with Ibsen. Shakespeare employed it before him, and the Greeks before Shakespeare. It is the dramatic method, essential to true dramatic form. There is no great drama without it.

Macaulay, writing to be read not staged, employed the same principle in narrative. Who that has read them can forget his few lines depicting the brutal Jeffreys backgrounded by the England of his time? Or his presentation of William of Orange dominating the historic stage against the living frieze of European conflict? If the Englishman has, indeed, as he has been said to have, more self-knowledge than other nationals, if the individual definition is clearer to him, it is because his country has had at least three great historians, Macaulay, Green, and Froude—and a fourth, Shakespeare.

Our neighbor to the north has fared better than we have in the matter of history vitally written and presented in a form easy for the busy man of today to assimilate. "Canada and its Provinces" and "The Chronicles of Canada"—the latter issued in thirty-two small handy volumes—coordinate Canadian history and present it accurately and dramatically. This is history as literature, facts treated by the literary and not by the "book-keeping" method; the past made alive

and significant, and the affairs of today given an equal place with those of the past. It is Canadian history unified, and complete up to date; the compendium of Canadian ideals, activities, and fruitions.

The success of these Canadian "Chronicles", proving that there is a reading public for history when history is so written that it sympathetically addresses the public, has had an effect on our side of the line; for it has inspired the publication of that larger series "The Chronicles of America". These are some fifty volumes which deal with practically every phase of the history of the North American continent. The twenty volumes already issued indicate the vast scope of the series, covering, as they do, a range of subjects from "The Spanish Conquerors" by Irving Berdine Richman and "Elizabethan Sea Dogs" by William Wood, to "The American Spirit in Literature" by Bliss Perry; from "The Passing of the Frontier" by Emerson Hough to "The Age of Big Business" by Burton J. Hendrick; from "Pioneers of the Old South" by Mary Johnston and "The Fathers of New England" by Charles M. Andrews to "The Old Merchant Marine" by Ralph D. Paine; from "Washington and His Colleagues", a chronicle of the rise and fall of Federalism by Henry Jones Ford, to "The Boss and the Machine" by Samuel P. Orth.

The scope is wider here than in the Canadian "Chronicles". "The Chronicles of America" mark not only a departure from the usual method of presenting American history, but from all previous historical publications. Their plan is a new one in the world of books. It works out the tradition of the great historian in a way that was not attempted by any of them; and

the result is the story of America's selfhood—national, commercial, social, and educational—with its chapters so coordinated and correlated that the whole series goes far toward achieving the projector's purpose—namely, a complete statement of America and of Americanism.

Americanism is the dominant note in these volumes. Its spiritual militancy pervades them. These books were written during the Great War—during the first years of it before America entered it as a nation, but while American youth in no small numbers was casting down the implements of peaceful pursuits to take part in the issue, even in many instances renouncing citizenship to strike for democracy. Democracy in the throes of a life-and-death struggle forced the issues of the war home to the individual American. And no writer of American history could resist the rays of illumination cast the world over from those flaming trenches where not only Belgian and French, but men of the American's own blood and speech, counted life as nothing for the sake of liberty and the sanctity of the covenant. It was a sublime hour in which to pen America's epic, an hour to make literary crusaders—crusaders, not fanatics—in the cause of Americanism. Those young Americans who surrendered citizenship to offer themselves for a world's liberation, recognized then what the mass of their countrymen saw more slowly—in short, that there is a broader, nobler Americanism than mere citizenship defines. The stars light the *whole* earth and reflect upon the darkest pool; and only in the higher atmosphere, where are neither barriers nor bounds, is the swift strength of the eagle proved.

From the Atlantic seaboard—the

first frontier of the western world—to the Appalachians, from the Appalachians to the Ohio and from the Ohio to the Pacific, the American has spread his ideal and his law. On frontier after frontier, as he wrought for posterity, he has found and inscribed the individual definition. The Great War has taught him that the Pacific shore is not, for him, the last frontier. It has led him—or driven him, if you choose—out upon a spiritual frontier where there is work to be wrought for humanity and the ages, a spiritual frontier where he is to find and inscribe anew his individual definition, American still.

History as literature has at last made its appearance in the American world of books. Therefore it seems safe enough to prophesy that the old style of history writing—the inadequate, uninterpretative, and partisan—has had its day. Such histories are being weeded out of American schools and colleges; just as "The Chronicles of America" are ready to take up the first few feet of space on the emptied shelves. The shelves should be filled. The talent and genius of American writers is called upon, by both a national and an international need, to adventure in the realm of fact. Macaulay, excellent poet and incomparable essayist, found, as historian of his country, a work that demanded and perfected the use of all his varied gifts. And Shakespeare—?

America's Shakespeare lags but we may at least hope that somewhere he is on the way. The field of historic drama is wide open. Its possibilities are immense. To both the spoken drama and the motion-picture, American history offers great themes and stirring scenes. To the genius of the playwright, American history should appeal with the same inspiration that

kindled Shakespeare to the creation of his historic dramas; and that lifted Ibsen's genius to its loftiest mark in "The Pretenders" and in "Emperor and Gallilean". Here is a field for a drama that shall endure, and that shall take its rank beside American classics in poetry and fiction.

The theatre of Shakespeare's day was the great educator of the nation. It entertained, thrilled, and made patriots of the nightly dwellers in the pit. Can we Americanize our non-reading amusement-seekers of foreign birth and foreign ideas without the aid of the theatre? They are insatiable theatregoers. This is a question worth considering. How better can America and Americanism be defined to them than by the living, moving, speaking presentation of great characters and dramatic scenes from

the true record of the nation with which they have voluntarily sought to identify themselves through citizenship?

The Chronicles of America: The Spanish Conquerors. By Irving Berdine Richman; Elizabethan Sea-Dogs. By William Wood; Crusaders of New France. By William Bennett Munro; Pioneers of the Old South. By Mary Johnston; The Fathers of New England. By Charles M. Andrews; Dutch and English on the Hudson. By Maud Wilder Goodwin; The Conquest of New France. By George M. Wrong; The Eve of the Revolution. By Carl Becker; Washington and His Colleagues. By Henry Jones Ford; The Old Northwest. By Frederic Austin Ogg; The Forty-Niners. By Stewart Edward White; The Passing of the Frontier. By Emerson Hough; The Cotton Kingdom. By William E. Dodd; The Anti-Slavery Crusade. By Jesse Macy; Abraham Lincoln and the Union. By Nathaniel W. Stephenson; The Age of Big Business. By Burton J. Hendrick; The Old Merchant Marine. By Ralph D. Paine; The Day of the Confederacy. By Nathaniel W. Stephenson; The Boss and the Machine. By Samuel F. Orth; The American Spirit in Literature. By Bliss Perry. Yale University Press. Canada and Its Provinces. Toronto: Glasgow, Brook and Company. The Chronicles of Canada. Toronto: Glasgow, Brook and Company.

ENDYMION SINGS

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

I dreamed the cold moon down out of the sky
 Upon my heart to lie
 Shining and pure and white
 But cold no longer, through a summer night.
 When I awoke at dawn, I was alone
 But happy—I had known
 The body and the soul
 Of love made mine, in one triumphant whole.
 Never can walk again
 Among his fellow men
 Endymion as he was before she came.
 Nor is herself the same.
 Where was but silver snow
 Is now a still white fire too strong for flame.
 As to the kindly glow
 Of a warm hearth, I stretch my hands tonight
 Where through my cottage window streams her light,
 And looking up I see
 On that far loveliness, faint amethyst
 And sapphire shadows, that remember me
 And how I kissed.

TOM KETTLE

BY HENRY A. LAPPIN

Among the young Irishmen who began to affect the future of their native land in the opening years of the new century there was none more brilliant, more lovable, more certainly possessed of genius, than the late Lieutenant T. M. Kettle. It is not as "Lieutenant Kettle", though, that those of us who knew him want specially to think of him now. To us he will always be "Tom Kettle", and we shall remember him as the most delightful and companionable human being in the Dublin of those days. You would not find a man with a richer vein of kindly humor and tender charm in a day's journey in Ireland—and that is saying a great deal. While he was the wittiest man in the wittiest city in the world, he was not of those who, in George Herbert's phrase, "had rather lose their friend than their jest". He never said an unkind thing in his life—or if he did it was richly deserved, and Kettle probably felt sorry afterward for having said it.

People used to treasure up his quips and phrases, subsequently retailing them as "Kettle's latest". In these *facetiae* of his there was a great deal more than mere verbal gymnastic, and not seldom they enshrined a vital truth. His remark about Home Rule, for example, has become famous: "Home Rule may be divorce between two administrations; it will be a marriage between two nations. You are in any case free to choose for your inspiration between alimony and matrimony. The emphasis in either case is on the last syllable." In one

of these essays he declares—and his words could very well serve as text for a whole series of Lampton lectures—"The Catholics take their beliefs *table d'hôte*, the Protestants theirs *à la carte*". Once upon a time he discovered what was wrong with the author of "A Story-Teller's Holiday"—that he was "suffering from the sick imagination of the growing boy". Once, in one of those days of depression which sometimes came to him in the years immediately before the war he called Dublin "the City of Dreadful Whispers", and it was he who first had the inspiration to speak of the "belloquacity" of the most versatile of living English publicists and men of letters.

But Kettle was much more than a wit. He was a first-rate scholar in his special field, the national economics of Ireland, of which subject he had been appointed professor in the National University a few years before the war. He sat as Nationalist member for East Tyrone for four years, taking his seat in 1906; and—after his own leader, the late John Redmond—he was esteemed the finest orator in the House of Commons. Early in his parliamentary career he made his reputation, in London, as a highly-skilled literary journalist. He used to review for Robert Lynd in the "Daily News". To "Public Opinion", "The British Review", "The Dublin Review", he contributed occasionally, and always with rare distinction. It is to be regretted that a few of the best of those short "Daily News" articles have not been added to the present collection. One

remembers well, in particular, a masterly review of Lynd's "Rambles in Ireland". He was a poet besides, and a fine poet too. By those who were privileged to hear him recite it, his poem for the unveiling of the Parnell monument can never be forgotten; and in his verses on the occasion of the visit to Dublin, in August, 1912, of Mr. and Mrs. Asquith, he pays an equally beautiful and poignant tribute to "The Chief". His noble lines to his daughter Betty, written in the field before Guillemont, cannot be denied their place beside Brooke's five sonnets, Julian Grenfell's "Into Battle", and the three or four other imperishable poems that the Great War has bestowed upon English literature.

Of "The Day's Burden: Studies Literary and Political, and Miscellaneous Essays", it will perhaps be sufficient to record that it is a much amplified edition of the little pocketbook of essays which Gill and Company of Dublin published for Kettle in 1910. The amplification is due to the inclusion of various essays published in periodicals since that year, the topics of several of which reflect Kettle's increasing preoccupation with social and economic questions. Most of the later as well as several of the earlier essays first entered print in easily accessible reviews and magazines. Two or three of these essays have come to be regarded as having special social and critical value: the essays, for example, on "A New Way of Misunderstanding Hamlet" and on "The Fatigue of Ana-

tole France". (Of the later France quality, as embodied in "L'Ile des Pingouins" there are not many good brief treatments; this is one of the best.) Both reverently and eloquently, in his fine apology for the right kind of asceticism, "Body v. Soul", Kettle pleads the cause of the body. He writes:

We have forgotten that the body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, or remembered it only at catechism time. But so it is, and in the light of this interpretation the trivialities of every day shine with an unsuspected poetry. It is an interpretation confirmed by all our fairest instincts. Most of us have had moments when sensations of which we are commonly a little ashamed lost their supposed grossness, when a cup of milk drunk among the mountains had in it a lyric ecstasy, and the least spiritual of the senses was transfused with spirit.

To those who are oppressed by undue pessimism or exalted by undue optimism concerning the immediate future of this erratic planet (if the pleonasm be not unpardonable), Kettle, toward the close of the last of these essays, "The Unimportance of Politics", gives the sound advice that they should, nursing neither unconquerable hope nor inviolable despair, "ripen in the joyous humiliations of marriage and the dynamic wisdom of the nursery", and "devote themselves to those pursuits by which the soul of man is bettered: a reduction of his golf handicap, music, religion, and ascetical control of the enlarging girth".

It is sad to think that a voice of such wisdom and sanity and courage has been forever stilled.

FICTION IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The following lists of books in demand in June in the public libraries of the United States have been compiled from reports made by two hundred representative libraries, in every section of the country and in cities of all sizes down to ten thousand population. The order of choice is as stated by the librarians.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

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| 1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse | <i>Vicente Blasco Ibáñez</i> | DUTTON |
| 2. The Tin Soldier | <i>Temple Bailey</i> | PENN |
| 3. Patricia Brent, Spinster | <i>Anonymous</i> | DORAN |
| 4. The Desert of Wheat | <i>Zane Grey</i> | HARPER |
| 5. The Secret City | <i>Hugh Walpole</i> | DORAN |
| 6. The Arrow of Gold | <i>Joseph Conrad</i> | DOUBLEDAY |

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

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| 1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse | <i>Vicente Blasco Ibáñez</i> | DUTTON |
| 2. The Desert of Wheat | <i>Zane Grey</i> | HARPER |
| 3. The Tin Soldier | <i>Temple Bailey</i> | PENN |
| 4. The Shadow of the Cathedral | <i>Vicente Blasco Ibáñez</i> | DUTTON |
| 5. The Magnificent Ambersons | <i>Booth Tarkington</i> | DOUBLEDAY |
| 6. Dawn | <i>Eleanor H. Porter</i> | HOUGHTON MIFFLIN |

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

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| 1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse | <i>Vicente Blasco Ibáñez</i> | DUTTON |
| 2. A Land-Girl's Love Story | <i>Berta Ruck</i> | DODD, MEAD |
| 3. The Tin Soldier | <i>Temple Bailey</i> | PENN |
| 4. The Secret City | <i>Hugh Walpole</i> | DORAN |
| 5. The Arrow of Gold | <i>Joseph Conrad</i> | DOUBLEDAY |
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WESTERN STATES

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| 2. The Desert of Wheat | <i>Zane Grey</i> | HARPER |
| 3. Patricia Brent, Spinster | <i>Anonymous</i> | DORAN |
| 4. The Tin Soldier | <i>Temple Bailey</i> | PENN |
| 5. The Magnificent Ambersons | <i>Booth Tarkington</i> | DOUBLEDAY |
| 6. The Secret City | <i>Hugh Walpole</i> | DORAN |

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

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|--|------------------------------|------------|
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GENERAL BOOKS IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The titles have been scored by the simple process of giving each a credit of six for each time it appears as first choice, and so down to a score of one for each time it appears in sixth place. The total score for each section and for the whole country determines the order of choice in the table herewith.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	<i>Henry Adams</i>	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
2. "And They Thought We Wouldn't Fight"	<i>Floyd Gibbons</i>	DORAN
3. Belgium	<i>Brand Whitlock</i>	APPLETON
4. The Seven Purposes	<i>Margaret Cameron</i>	HARPER
5. The New Revelation	<i>A. Conan Doyle</i>	DORAN
6. Ten Years Near the German Frontier	<i>Maurice Francis Egan</i>	DORAN

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

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2. The Seven Purposes	<i>Margaret Cameron</i>	HARPER
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4. Yashka	<i>Maria Botchkareva</i>	STOKES
5. Belgium	<i>Brand Whitlock</i>	APPLETON
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5. "And They Thought We Wouldn't Fight"	<i>Floyd Gibbons</i>	DORAN
6. Ambassador Morgenthau's Story	<i>Henry Morgenthau</i>	DOUBLEDAY

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

All who have a regard for the cultivation of literary journalism in America mark with sincere regret the passing of "The Bellman", which published its last issue on June 28. It was an excellent and a thoroughly distinctive publication. Its point of view was sound in wind and limb. It took a considerable pride, to which it was well entitled, in fostering the talent of a large number of our best younger writers, not a few of them little or not at all known when first they appeared in its pages. The first article, by the way, which the present editor of THE BOOKMAN had accepted by a real magazine was published in "The Bellman". The magazine was ever happy in its alertness to welcome poetry of promise. With its quaint dress, its admirable typography, and the rich cream paper upon which it was printed, it was a pleasure to the eye.

As the New York "Evening Sun" says editorially, with its passing, "Minneapolis where it was published, and the country in general are the losers. It had a sense of right, knowledge, and judgment to guide it, and a good English style. It is a pity it is to disappear." The "Sun" continues:

The motives for its retirement are just a trifle obscure, as it made its expenses and a profit on the investment. It dies out of debt and returning the original capital to the investors. It had money to fight for expansion and simply did not do so, because, apparently, it never felt an impulse in that line.

Seemingly the chief reason for cessation is that Mr. William C. Edgar, the founder, editor and publisher, finds himself precluded by other occupations from giving personal attention any longer to the details of editing and is averse to entrusting them to any one else. Further, he shrinks from the inevitable

time when the paper should pass into other hands if it were continued indefinitely. He prefers the method of "happy dispatch" to the slow and uncertain action of fate.

Perhaps the recent Dempsey-Willard fight at Toledo is not popularly regarded as a literary event. It has, however, literary connotations. In one of the most learned and erudite editorials which ever appeared in the New York "Times", that paper begins its article of a column and a quarter by reminding us that:

William Hazlitt, who in the judgment of Charles Lamb was "one of the finest and wisest spirits breathing" when "in his natural and healthy state", wrote a lively essay about the prizefight between Tom Hickman, the "gasman", and Bill Neate, which he witnessed after exposing himself to discomforts on the journey to the ringside such as pilgrims to Toledo the past week did not endure. Was Hazlitt "in his natural and healthy state" when he reveled in a gladiatorial combat between two bruisers with pickled hands, and described their blood-spilling valor as "the high and heroic state of man"? Though the answer be a firm No, the question intrudes incorrigibly. Who won? Bill Neate, who gave the "gasman" his quietus in the eighteenth round. "Where am I? What is the matter?" asked Tom Hickman. It has been a gory exhibition, but to see it Hazlitt regarded himself as privileged. One of his companions on the way back was reading "The New Eloise", which prompts the friend of Wordsworth, Coleridge and Lamb to say: "Ladies, after this will you contend that a love for the Fancy is incompatible with the cultivation of sentiment?"

The New York "Evening Post" recently had an editorial on "Books We Lie About" with a guilty conscience. It said that we all cheat ourselves into believing that we have read books that we know little or nothing about. So we do; so we do, come to think of it. And anybody, anybody at all, will lie about a book if he is hard enough pressed.

The Gossip Shop knows a man, knows him well, in fact he is the Gossip Shop's own brother, who not long ago became involved with a gentleman in a discussion of the operas of Gilbert and Sullivan. Said this gentleman to our brother: "Of course, you know this one." It was an uncomfortable situation; but our brother is an honest man, and so he piped up: "Nope; sorry but I don't." "Well", said the gentleman, "doubtless you know that one; you surely must." Our brother was in a pretty bad hole now; but his will to right still held out, and he replied, somewhat faintly: "Not that one either." The gentleman was merciless, quite. "Probably", he pursued our brother, "probably, then, you don't know the other one either." Our brother was gone, lost, he could bear it no longer. "Oh! that one", he cried, brightening up, "that one, indeed! I most certainly do. Delightful thing, delightful thing!"

"The Unpop" is no more. Or rather it no longer so calls itself. Fact is it seemed to be too unpop. Yep; "The Unpartizan Review" appeared in place of the July number of "The Unpopular Review". In a leading article, among a good many other topics, the editor discourses concerning the change of title. When six years ago the magazine was started it was told that it could never succeed under its title. One friend of the management wrote in: "Why in, something or other, 'The Unpopular Review'?" He continued: "I took it for granted that it held nothing I would care for; and so, although it was yours, didn't subscribe. But one of your readers sent me a subscription last Christmas, and I find in it much that interests me." An extract from a recent volunteered letter regarding the title be-

gins: "For the love of Mike, Mr.—, don't change the name of 'The Unpop'!"

The editor explains that the old name died hard,—

. harder with us than with anybody else. Nearly everybody whom we consulted regarding a new name begged us to hold on to the old one. But they are of the limited constituency that can catch on. The country's leading professor of journalism raised a laugh at our expense and his own by unintentionally exclaiming at a Century Club table, "Why! The name is the best thing about 'The Review'."

He unbosoms himself further saying that while "The Review" had a greater *succès d'estime* than he could have hoped for,—

. perhaps we may as well own up that we are now well content to forego a title which, as more than one friend who likes it nevertheless said "throws down a challenge to every opponent". We are not as bellicose as we were when we took that title: we are six years older, have had two boys in the army, and have had enough of fighting. And in many other ways we have realized that fighting is not as good as informing and explaining and conciliating and co-operating.

And in conclusion:

Anybody who read the scrap on partizanship in the last "Casserole" will know a leading cause of the selection of our present title. We trust, indeed, that the title applies to our whole record, and will apply until the end. Yet it gives an impression of more exclusive attention to politics than we intend. But there will be an objection to any title that has any meaning of much merit; but ordinary misapprehensions conveyed by a title ought to be easily corrected by the contents.

Speaking merely for itself the Gossip Shop should say that it was in sentiment always a kind of a pal of "The Unpop", and it has a hearty greeting for the magazine under its new name.

Joseph Alexander Altsheler, writer of stories of adventure for boys and the editor of the "Thrice a Week World", died of heart disease at his home in New York early in June, aged fifty-seven years. His books for

boys include "The Sun of Saratoga", "A Herald of the West", "The Last Rebel", "In Circling Camps", "My Captive", "Guthrie of the Times", "The Young Trailers", "The Forest Runners", "The Free Rangers", "The Horsemen of the Plains", "The Guns of Europe", "The Rulers of the Lakes", and many others. Probably no present-day writer of books for boys approaches, in year in and year out popularity, Mr. Altsheler. He had over forty books to his credit, nearly all of which have run through at least ten generous printings. It is doubtful if Alger, Henty, or any of the boys' favorites of the past ever enjoyed a larger sale in an equal period of time. Shortly before Mr. Altsheler's death his publishers reported that they were at that time reprinting fourteen of Altsheler's books.

There are a number of peculiarities of the literary supplements of the New York "Sun". One of the peculiarities of "Books and the Book World" may be said to be, in the opinion of the Gossip Shop, its uncommon readability. Another is the habit of its editor, "Bill" Overton, of letting its front page story deal with any book which he has happened most to fancy in one week, without any mathematical calculation, so to say, as to whether it really is the most "important" book of the moment. Perhaps the most peculiar peculiarity, however, of this newspaper supplement is a technical one, and has probably not been noticed by the general reader; but it is a puzzle to a professional makeup man how Mr. Overton always contrives to manage it. And this is the fact that no article in "Books and the Book World" ever turns the page.

The Gossip Shop is happy to announce a new juvenile department in THE BOOKMAN.

Annie Carroll Moore, supervisor of work with children in the New York Public Library and a recognized authority on the subject of children's books and reading, will review the new publications for a twelvemonth in a series of articles beginning with the September number. Since there is at present no sustained reviewing of children's books in this country or in England, the department may be regarded as one of great interest to authors, publishers, librarians, booksellers, parents, and teachers.

Miss Moore will contribute articles on the reading of young people (between 14 and 18) as well as on the reading of children under ten years old. The treatment will be suggestive and informing rather than prescriptive in character.

This bimonthly feature will comprise a series of reviews of new books (1919-1920 publications), critical estimates and comparative consideration of older publications, discussion of principles of selection of children's books, short reading lists, etc.

Reviews of children's books are generally confined to the Christmas season. An interesting feature of this new department is that among the articles will be a spring review of children's books probably in the April magazine, and a review of vacation books (old and new), perhaps in the June number. There will be several articles on the fall and holiday books.

The advertising copy writer for the American publishers of Leonard Merrick does, the Gossip Shop thinks, the public a wrong. He certainly does not follow the authorities on the psychology of reading. William Hazlitt declared that he was never able to read a book through after thirty; Samuel Butler, reflecting in his "Note-Books" on "What Audience to Write For", says: "People between the ages of twenty and thirty read a good deal; after thirty their reading drops off and by forty is confined to each person's special subject, newspapers and magazines". And so on. There is an essay about all of this in "W.

S. P.". Nevertheless, this copy writer announces in the papers that: "If you are past thirty years, have a touch of sentiment, and enjoy the whimsical—introduce yourself at once to Leonard Merrick. Take with you on your vacation 'Conrad in 'Quest of His Youth', 'The Actor-Manager', and 'Cynthia'." Man alive! it was a number of years under thirty when the editorial department of the Gossip Shop first fell upon all these books. He found no difficulty at all about enjoying them, and (while he is embarrassed at suggesting how a first-rate publishing house should write its advertisements) he is glad he was not told then that he should wait until he was thirty before introducing himself to Leonard Merrick.

The "O. Henry" Hotel at Greensboro, North Carolina, opened its doors to the public with a housewarming celebration on the evening of July 2. Among the guests of honor were the author's widow and her daughter, Mrs. Oscar Cesare, wife of the cartoonist, and Professor C. Alphonso Smith, head of the department of English in the United States Naval Academy and O. Henry's biographer. It is reported that the guests agreed that no memorial could be more appropriate for "O. Henry" than a hotel, and that no other would have more pleased his fancy. "A lot of famous writers", said one guest, "have houses they once occupied preserved in their honor. But O. Henry lived most of his life in hotels. A hotel is representative of him as no house could be, and representative, too, of his stories, which were chiefly concerned with the transient guests of life, the waifs and strays of present-day existence who found in hotels and restaurants the setting for so many of their poignant

adventures." A portrait of Sidney Porter hangs in the lounging room of the hotel, the silver and linen is all marked with his familiar pen name, and in many of the rooms illustrations from his works decorate the walls.

Being a war librarian in Siberia, even in midwinter, is not all drudgery. There is only one individual occupying precisely that sort of a position. He is Professor Harry Clemons, late reference librarian of Princeton University, who was "borrowed" last autumn by the American Library Association from the University of Nanking, where he is professor of English and university librarian. Professor Clemons was assigned to establish a Library War Service for the American troops at Vladivostok. His letters to the Washington headquarters form an interesting and humorous record of librarianship under difficulties. Here is one instance he reports, which he says is unique in his library experience, and which strikes one also as probably unique among library criticisms:

A door-filling specimen of an enlisted man, who had borrowed Douglas Fairbanks's "Laugh and Live", brought it back, mildly disgusted.

"This ain't what I want. I thought it was a funny book."

"And you didn't find it funny?" I inquired.

"Naw. Say, have you got anything like Elinor Glyn's 'Three Weeks'? Elinor Glyn's so—so—well, *scientific*, you know."

The soldier finally, after much rummaging of the shelves of the improvised library, went away triumphantly with Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Marriage à la Mode".

It was not the same soldier but another enlisted man who remarked to Professor Clemons that "The Saturday Evening Post" was too highbrow for him! And although it has no direct bearing on books, the conclusion expressed by one of the officers of the Siberian expedition that "war-

fare unfixed one for the sterner pursuits of life" seems worth recording.

Professor Clemons's early efforts to "introduce the short story into the long Siberian nights" were handicapped somewhat by the fragmentary character of the materials he had to work with. These consisted of several boxes of books and magazines contributed by the good people of Manila and shipped up from the Philippines on an army transport. They ranged all the way from an incomplete file of "The Bowler's Magazine" to a number of non-consecutive copies of "Butterick Patterns", and included quantities not only of books without covers, but of books whose value lay chiefly in their covers. But even for the small amount of wheat that could be culled out of this chaff, the soldiers were grateful when Professor Clemons, with the aid of Austrian prisoners of war who had in some way or other been brought all the way from the European front, got the boxes unpacked and sorted; and the books were then put into circulation. One package of eighty books sent to a detached unit outside of Vladivostok had a circulation of three hundred and thirty in the first two weeks.

And when the books sent across the Pacific from the United States finally arrived, a hundred cases of them, how eagerly the soldiers did read them! Here is Professor Clemons's report of the first twenty of the new books taken out:

Adkins, Historical Backgrounds (Captain)
Austin, Unchained Russia (Captain)
Bairnsfather, Fragments from France (Lieutenant)
Boyer and Speranshi, Russian Reader (Sergeant)
Breasted, Ancient Times (Lieutenant)
Churchill, A Traveller in War Time (Lieutenant)
Doyle, A Study in Scarlet (Lieutenant)

Durny, General History of the World, Vol. I (Sergeant)
Fairbanks, Laugh and Live (Private)
Fish, The Development of American Nationality (Lieutenant)
Futrelle, My Lady's Garter (Captain)
Graham, The Way of Martha and the Way of Mary (Lieutenant)
Hazen, Alsace-Lorraine (Lieutenant)
Hazen, Europe Since 1815 (Lieutenant)
Milyoukon, Russian Realities and Problems (Captain)
Page, How to Run an Automobile (Private)
Poole, The Dark People (Lieutenant)
Robinson, Mediæval and Modern Times (Lieutenant)
Wells, Tono-Bungay (Captain)
Wiener, Interpretation of the Russian People (Captain)

For a central library Professor Clemons was assigned a room in an army post-office building. This was converted into a library by the simple process of purchasing a padlock for the door at a cost of thirty-eight cents. That was the only cash expenditure. The cost in "elbow grease" is best told in Professor Clemons's own words:

The enlisted man who was loaned to me several weeks ago to help open and unpack the twenty-four boxes of old periodicals and books, nearly broke his back and did break his hatchet over the job. When I dismissed him the mess was beyond my powers of description. I judge that the soldier thought the situation was hopeless, for he didn't come back until one afternoon this past week. Meantime the periodicals had been distributed, the boxes and the room cleaned out, shelves put in, and books arranged on the shelves. As I glanced up from my work I saw him standing in the door, with mouth wide open. At my nod he fairly exploded: "My God, you've got it cleaned up!" . . . On that previous day he had, while rubbing his back, confided in me that he wanted to read a book by Marie Corelli. This time it was waiting for him.

The Siberian nights are long, and there is little for the American soldiers to do there. Just what part books are playing in the maintenance of the men's morale cannot of course be precisely assessed, but they do play a part. In Siberia, as in the camps at home or with the A. E. F., the

librarian, like the chaplain, the Y. M. C. A. man, and the Red Cross worker, becomes the recipient of many intimate confidences. Knotty problems covering every question under the sun in and out of books are put up to him for decision.

Professor Clemons writes:

Having been reference librarian at Princeton for five years, I am not without experience in the range of reference questions. But yesterday I got one from an embarrassed corporal which even the justly praised selection in the A. L. A. cases failed to answer. After waiting until no one besides himself and your representative was in the little library, he sidled up and asked, "How can one get married in Vladivostok?" The "one" was, of course, the speaker, and the girl, a Russian. The answer was a matter for commanding officers and consuls to express. But the query led to two long conversations in the library, and gave me an opportunity to try to make sure that the boy did not altogether blink the future in the glamour of the present. I suppose that here is a bit of our new internationalism. And the United States has had two millions overseas!

While one set of English publishers are acting on the supposition that the reading world is weary of war, and does not desire to read anything concerning the conflict which has convulsed Europe for five years, another school declares that for as long as the present generation endures, the war will be the only reading for thousands of intelligent human beings. Certain it is that any really new historical document throwing light on the beginnings of the great struggle, has an extraordinary attraction for many people. Hence the great success of Lord French's book. The acute interest aroused in England by Brand Whitlock's wonderful work, "Belgium Under German Occupation", is another case in point. So far there has been no civilian war diary of the kind which former wars, and especially the French Revolution, produced. The nearest approach to anything of the kind were the volumes published by

the distinguished portrait-painter, Jacques Blanche. They show how the outbreak of war affected the existence—and shook the nerve and feeling—of a very distinguished and very successful French artist. M. Blanche can write, and the book deserves a place, even if only a modest place, in every future war library, for it gives a side of war life which no one else has thought it worth while to give. M. Blanche was at Dieppe in that fateful August of 1914, and he describes not only his own feelings, but that of all the people round him, and rather indirectly he includes all that was said to him by the delightful and distinguished Englishwoman who is the mother of Mrs. Winston Churchill.

As a matter of fact no publisher, however acute, however sympathetic, however much in touch with his public, knows in the least what that public will suddenly discover they desire to read. It not only frequently, but generally, happens that a book destined to be "a big seller" has gone the round of the publishers before it found a home. This of course is especially true of fiction. The reading public is a dumb public. It has no way of expressing its feelings, its likings, and its prejudices. The professional critic is as far apart from the big public as a human being can well be of any body of opinion contemporary to himself. In the great majority of cases—and it is curious that it should be so—a "big seller" by a new hand receives very bad notices, and so makes its way in spite of, and not because of, praise from the newspapers, and from those who set up to be guides of the public.

Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, ex-Minister to Denmark, and author of "Ten Years Near the German Fron-

tier", received the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters at Columbia's one hundred and sixty-fifth commencement.

Cardinal Mercier has written his memoirs, and arrangements have now been completed for their publication in both serial and book form on both sides of the Atlantic. It is said that a London daily has paid a great price for the right to print portions of the Cardinal's wonderful story. The book will be issued in America in the fall. The date of Cardinal Mercier's visit to this country is not yet definitely fixed, but he is expected to arrive in October. He says, in a recent interview:

I shall put myself entirely in the hands of Cardinal Gibbons on my arrival, and he will arrange my program. I shall probably visit the universities, but I have but one thought, namely, to thank the big, wonderful America for all that she has done for Belgium and Christian civilization, and for the help she has given in food, clothing, etc.

Everyone knows that the final success was due to the intervention of the American army. The rapid formation of a complete American army has been a constant cause of admiration and wonder, but I have already said this to many Americans.

There seems to be a good deal doing in the new magazine way over in London just now. In June, it is reported, appeared the first number of "The Story Magazine". It contained a new poem by Rudyard Kipling. About the same time was published the second number of "Vision", said to be a "magazine and review of mysticism and spiritual reconstruction", edited by Dorothy Grenside and Galloway Kyle. The London "Bookman" describes the contents as "An excellent miscellany of prose and verse which challenges the materialistic teachings of scientists and spiritualists, appeals to all who are seeking 'true vision', and holds that 'spiritual truth is

gained by the unfoldment by the spirit of its own inherent powers'".

A bad lot—actors, authors, editors, burglars, etc. The magazine "The Smart Set" does not, according to the periodical "The Writer",—use:

. . . . war stories, war poems, or war plays; poems of more than forty lines; stories about actors, authors, editors, burglars, prostitutes, newspaper reporters, aviators, vice crusaders, of spies; stories in which the man and girl meet in a Pullman car or in a Greenwich Village eating-house; stories of politics, of the occult, of college life, of the cow country, or of A. D. 2000; jokes or anecdotes; epigrams that are uplifting or that embody puns; one-act plays, which open with the plot being explained into a telephone; stories that have been printed elsewhere, either wholly or in part, or translations, unless accompanied by the written authorization of the original author; or stories or poems dealing with death.

On the day of the death of Joyce Kilmer in France, there appeared in THE BOOKMAN the poem by his friend John Bunker referring to Kilmer, and called "On Bidding Farewell to a Poet Gone to the Wars". This poem is included in a collection of Mr. Bunker's verse, "Shining Fields and Dark Towers", to be published this fall. Another poem in the volume commemorating Mr. Bunker's friendship with Kilmer is called "The Splendid Stranger". The longest and most important poem in the book is "Quest and Haven", a memorial poem on Francis Thompson. Mr. Bunker was born at Cincinnati and educated at Jesuit College in that city. After engaging in a variety of occupations he, as he puts it, "suddenly gave up all work and devoted four years exclusively to the study and composition of poetry". Upon coming to New York, Mr. Bunker at once became intimately associated with Kilmer in his work on the New York "Times" Sunday Magazine and Book Review, "The

Literary Digest", and in lectures and various literary ventures; and on Kilmer's entering the army he succeeded him as lecturer on poetry at New York University.

Robert Nichols has apparently got home. In a letter from Frank Swinnerton just received by a correspondent in New York Mr. Swinnerton says that Mr. Nichols reports that he (Swinnerton) is well known in the United States; and Mr. Swinnerton asks if that is really true.

Porter Emerson Browne is at work upon an article about Charles Hanson Towne, editor of "McClure's Magazine", which will appear in an early number of THE BOOKMAN. Mr. Towne's latest book, a volume of verse—"A World of Windows", has recently been published.

Thomas Hardy, as was the case with George Meredith, has always been far more interested in his own poetic work than in the prose he wrote. That being so, there is something peculiarly appropriate in the tribute which a number of his friends have decided to pay him. The tribute is to take the form of a manuscript anthology of the work of living poets. Each poet has been asked to copy out on a sheet of paper (uniform with that sent to all the other contributors) the poem—preferably a sonnet—which he considers his best work. The committee is headed by the Poet Laureate, Robert Bridges, and it includes Sir Henry Newbolt, John Masefield, and Walter de la Mare. The Honorable Secretary is Captain Siegfried Sassoon, whom many English writers consider the most remarkable of the now living war poets.

Amy Lowell, whom THE BOOKMAN is happy to number among the contributors to the magazine, has compiled "A Bookshelf of Modern Poets". The collection contains fifty-five titles. Miss Lowell has reviewed all the volumes of the last dozen years in making her list, and only work which she deems the best expression of the several writers, as well as work authentically modern, has been included. Miss Lowell herself, Edgar Lee Masters, John Masefield, Vachel Lindsay, Maxwell Bodenheim, "H. D.", Carl Sandburg and other representative new poets are grouped in this "Bookshelf".

Maybe it is, and maybe it isn't. That is, right. Anyhow it is in the book: "For my part, I should be sorry to think that there was nothing between Antony and Cleopatra but an economic situation, and it will require a great deal more evidence than is ever likely to be available, thank God, to persuade me that Tiberius was as blameless a monarch as King George V". From "The Moon and Sixpence" by W. Somerset Maugham.

When Joseph Hergesheimer wrote "Java Head", the question which formed on the lips of those to whom Hergesheimer mattered was "What next"? Which question has been answered by Joseph himself in "Linda Condon" now running serially and to be published in book form in the fall.

Speaking of "Linda" the author says in a letter to Carl Van Vechten:

You well know, my dear Carl, for how long I have wanted to write the story of Linda Condon, that charming grave child with her straight black bang and vivid blue eyes, placed with her light-hearted mother in hotels of amazing adornment. Here, at last, it is. But—a thing, it seems, inevitable and which we forgot to discuss—Linda grew up. She lost the childhood that was my

first concern and her story developed into the record of a sustained affair of the heart.

Here, then, is Linda's story—how she left the luxury of her crisp ribbons, her need for gold, for her moment of almost perfect vision. How could I have given her more? And, since I wrote "Linda Condon", it must be, for the discerning like yourself, fundamentally my story as well as hers.

The history of an inordinate number of faults! If Linda Condon had no education, neither had I; and if her companions were often not selected from among the frugal and correct, neither were mine.

Together we rose from the most insidious dangers to a surprising security. You know my life and my friends—what, in the charge of an absent-minded Providence, could be more overpaid?—and you have seen Dorothy. You have, too, generously commended my writing. Well, it is honest. I have never, I think, lied there; or if I did, it was such a small evasion as you could smile at. I must put down what I believe, and then hope for support.

A new publishing house has recently come into being in England—Messrs. Philip Allan and Company of 5, Quality-court, Chancery-lane, London, W.C.2. The head of the firm, Captain P. B. M. Allan, who has recently been demobilized, is a Master of Arts of Cambridge University, and was formerly subeditor and assistant reader in the house of Smith, Elder and Company, and on the staff of "The Cornhill Magazine".

The second of the series of BOOK-MAN articles by Frank Swinnerton, whose paper "Novelist-Baiting" was published in the June issue, will be an article on Jane Austen, soon to appear.

In her recent book, "Revolutionary Days", Princess Cantacuzene tells the following incident of peculiar interest to Americans: Prince Cantacuzene was arrested by the revolutionists but soon released. "He was none the worse for his trial", the Princess writes, "except for the loss of his

sword and revolver, which had been stolen. These he had greatly valued, the sword having been worn through the Turkish War by an uncle of his, and the revolver carried by my own father (General F. D. Grant) through his campaigns."

Clement K. Shorter is now in his weekly "literary letter" to "The Sphere", informing readers of that paper of "the glamour of New York". In the issue of that publication just come to hand "C. K. S." discusses skyscrapers, New York churches, Broadway, Chinatown, the Bowery, hotels, and so on. He declares: "Ten days in New York have made me the most pro-American of all England's sons". In his next letter, he says, he will write about the "wonderful libraries of New York, public and private. New York is indeed a bookman's paradise."

"The Earthquake" by Arthur Train has been translated and published in France under the title "L'Amérique et la Secousse de la Guerre".

Rex Beach has been elected president, and Booth Tarkington vice-president, of the Authors' League by the council of that body.

Writing on Charles Kingsley in the June London "Bookman" (a Charles Kingsley number) R. Ellis Roberts has this to say:

Certain superior modern critics are fond of referring to the works of the great Victorians as "dead" or as "unread". The question of death may be difficult to decide, for people's conceptions of life differ; but the other accusation "unread" is easy to meet. I do not suppose all the purchasers of books in popular libraries read all they get; but I am unwilling to believe that any one buys novels of old authors purely out of fashion. A sense of duty might make a man buy Gibbon or Burke; but if he buys "The Wo-

man in White" or "Hard Cash" or "Mary Barton" he buys to read. So I shall not argue about whether Kingsley is read now or not. I merely note that "Westward Ho!" was published in Everyman's Library in 1906 and was reprinted in 1906, 1907, 1909, 1910 and 1911; that "Hereward the Wake" was printed thrice between 1908 and 1911, and "Hypatia" twice in 1907 and 1910—in the same library. I have little doubt that Kingsley's publishers, Macmillan, could tell a story of steady sales; and that other popular, non-copyright editions sell as readily as those issued by Dent. Indeed the modern cry of "unread" is frequently, I believe, a cry of vexation from young men indignant that the romance, the humor, and the realism of their parents and grandparents should still be preferred to their own more artistic and competent productions. The same *cognoscenti* are fond of saying, "No one reads Kipling now", a statement which a glance at the circulation figures of his old or new books would quickly disprove. Kingsley then is still read—that is, his historical novels, his poems, and his children's books. His sermons and historical essays naturally had a more transient appeal.

R. Brimley Johnson's "The Women Novelists", recently published, is on a subject often largely overlooked in the development of English literature. It was the women novelists, according to Mr. Johnson, who "developed—and perfected—the domestic novel. They made novels a reflection and a criticism of life. It seems curious that, with the possible exception of Charlotte Brontë, women were all stern realists". But this last was nothing more nor less, he argues, than a reaction against the prevailing brand of literature "for young ladies" in which the realities were kept carefully out of sight. Mr. Johnson's volume deals with the period from 1778 to 1876—from the publication of "Evelina" to "Daniel Deronda".

Lucas Malet has just delivered to her American publishers the manuscript of her new novel "Deadham Hard", for publication in the early fall. This is the first novel in sev-

eral years from the pen of the author of "Sir Richard Calmady". Lucas Malet, it will be remembered is the daughter of Charles Kingsley, the author of "Westward Ho". In private life she is Mrs. Mary St. Leger Harrison.

Everybody, everybody that is of any consequence, knows Burton Rascoe, of the Chicago "Tribune". Some few people have accidentally heard of one James Branch Cabell. Therefore it will interest everybody, everybody that is of consequence, to hear that this Mr. Cabell has dedicated a little book of his, soon to appear, to Burton. The book is called, we believe, "Jurgen". It is said to have a sort of a Casanova air. The "acrostic dedication" is as follows:

TO
BURTON RASCOE

Before each tarradiddle
Uncowed by sciolists,
Robuster persons twiddle
Tremendously big fists.

"Our gods are good", they tell us;
"Nor will our gods defer
Remission of rude fellows'
Ability to err."

So this, your JURGEN, travels
Content to compromise.
Ordainments none unravels
Explicitly . . . and sighs.

The following promotions have been made in the Collier organization: Fred Lewis, who has been with the organization for nine years, during the last two of which he has been comptroller of the company, has been made secretary of P. F. Collier and Son, Inc. Mark Huntington Wiseman has been appointed assistant to the vice-president, and manager of the department of publicity and promotion. Charles Colebaugh has been placed in charge of the advertising department promotion.

Seems to us kind of a large order. Anyhow, "New Paths", edited by C. W. Beaumont and M. T. H. Sadler, a volume recently published in this country, is said (by several gentlemen) to be to the present literary England what "The Yellow Book" was to the eighteen-nineties.

The Gossip Shop welcomes the opportunity to print the following communication to:

The Editor of THE BOOKMAN:

I have read with much interest the article, by Murray Hill, in the July number of your magazine, which deals in large part with the subject of working for a publishing house. I myself have a position with a publishing house corresponding to that held by the man described in this article. It is my business, also to see persons who call to submit manuscripts.

Mr. Hill has most of these types on his list. There is one, however, which he has overlooked, and a type so numerous that I think mention should be made of him. This is the person who offers a manuscript which got out in attractive form should sell at about thirty cents a copy.

MARMADUKE COURTNEY PLUM.

Mrs. William De Morgan, before she died, was able to complete both the novels on which her husband was working at the time of his death. One of them, "The Old Madhouse", lacked only a chapter; the other, "The Old Man's Youth and the Young Man's Old Age", lacked a more considerable portion, but notes for both of them were ample. "The Old Madhouse" was held back because of the war but will be published shortly. "The Old Man's Youth and the Young Man's Old Age" will be published sometime in 1920.

A new novel of Romain Rolland's, "Colas Breugnon", is to appear in the fall.

BRIEF MENTION OF NEW BOOKS

Fiction

- Futurist Stories, by Margery Verner Reed [Kennerley]. *Short sketches in eccentric style.*
- Lad: A Dog, by Albert Payson Terhune [Dutton]. *The true story of a collie.*
- The Clintons and Others, by Archibald Marshall [Dodd, Mead]. *Further experiences of the Clinton family.*
- Second Marriage, by Viola Meynell [Doran]. *An English story of daughters' marriages.*
- To Every Man His Work, by Etta Florence Stock [Four Seas]. *A story of the redemption of two men.*
- Russian Short Stories, ed. by Harry C. Schweikert, M.A. [Scott, Foresman]. *A collection for use in schools.*
- The Year Between, by Doris Egerton Jones, illus. [Jacobs]. *The story of an Australian waltz.*
- The King's Widow, by Mrs. Baillie Reynolds [Doran]. *The tale of a young king supposed to be dead.*
- The Redemption of Charley Phillips, by Etta Florence Stock. [Four Seas]. *A short story about a successful business man.*
- Love Time in Picardy, by William Addison Lathrop [Britton]. *A war story of Picardy.*
- Pinto Ben and Other Stories, by William S. Hart and Mary Hart [Britton]. *Three Western stories by the movie star and his sister.*
- Luna Benamor, by Vicente Blasco Ibáñez, trans. by Isaac Goldberg [Luce]. *A novel of Gibraltar, with several Valencian tales.*
- The Lucky Mill, by Ioan Slavici, trans. by A. Mircea Emperle [Duffield]. *A tale of Roumanian life.*
- The Yellow Lord, by Will Levington Comfort [Doran]. *Adventures on an island in the Pacific.*
- A Gallant Lady, by Percy Brebner [Duffield]. *A romance of the time of Louis XIV.*
- Oranges and Lemons, by Mary C. E. Wemyss [Houghton]. *The story of a bachelor uncle and aunt and their wards.*
- Our House, by Henry Seidel Canby [Macmillan]. *The working-out of an American's career.*
- An Ethiopian Saga, by Richmond Haigh [Holt]. *A tale of South Africa.*
- Hidden Treasure, by John Thomas Simpson, illus. [Lippincott]. *The story of an old farm made into a modern home.*
- Jimmie Higgins, by Upton Sinclair [Boni and Liveright]. *The ups-and-downs of a young Socialist.*
- Foreign Magic, by Jean Carter Cochran, illus. [Doran]. *Tales of life in China.*
- The Cup of Fury, by Rupert Hughes, illus. [Harper]. *An American girl's adventures with German spies.*
- The Swallow, by Ruth Dunbar [Boni and Liveright]. *Experiences of a survivor of the Lafayette Escadrille.*
- Temptations, by David Pinski, trans. by Isaac Goldberg [Brentano]. *Serious stories of Jewish life.*
- Across the Stream, by E. F. Benson [Doran]. *The story of a dead brother's influence.*
- Aristokla, by A. Washington Pezet, illus. [Century]. *A humorous prophecy of a kingless Utopia.*
- Blue Grass and Broadway, by Maria Thompson Daviess [Century]. *A country girl's experiences as playwright.*

- A Grass Widow, by R. E. Boyns [San Francisco: Harr Wagner]. *A California tale of a faithless wife.*
- The Holiday Husband, by Dolf Wyllarde [Lane]. *A girl's romance during a two weeks' holiday*
- The Born Fool, by John Walter Byrd [Doran]. *An English story of an erratic father's son.*
- The Silent Mill, by Hermann Sudermann [Brentano]. *A love story involving two brothers.*
- The Valley of the Squinting Windows, by Brinsley MacNamara [Brentano]. *A novel of Irish village life.*
- Black Sheep Chapel, by Margaret Baillie-Saunders [Doran]. *The worldly experiences of a cloistered boy and girl.*
- The Wicked Marquis, by E. Phillips Oppenheim [Little, Brown]. *A tale of English intrigue.*
- War Stories, edited by Roy J. Holmes and A. Starbuck [Crowell]. *A collection from American magazines.*
- All the World, by Charles M. Sheldon [Doran]. *A reconstruction story.*
- Labrador Days, by Wilfred T. Grenfell [Houghton]. *Tales of the Labrador coast.*
- Mary Barton, by Elizabeth C. Gaskell; Selected English Short Stories [Nineteenth Century]; Resurrection, by Leo Tolstoy [Oxford]. *Three volumes in The World's Classics pocket-edition series.*
- Military Servitude and Grandeur, by Alfred de Vigny, trans. by Frances Wilson Huard [Doran]. *Sketches of the Napoleonic wars.*
- Miss Fingal, by Mrs. W. K. Clifford [Scribner]. *A reincarnation novel about a spinster.*
- Democracy, by Shaw Desmond [Scribner]. *A labor story of England today.*
- In Secret, by Robert W. Chambers [Doran]. *A patriotic American girl's experiences as detective.*
- Winesburg, Ohio, by Sherwood Anderson [Huebsch]. *Tales of small-town life in Ohio.*
- The Home and the World, by Rabindranath Tagore [Macmillan]. *An Indian novel of conflict.*
- The Life of the Party, by Irvin S. Cobb, illus. [Doran]. *Misfortunes of a man after a Greenwich Village party.*
- Flesh and Phantasy, by Newton A. Fuessle [Cornhill]. *Fanciful stories of modern life.*
- A Life at Stake, by Marcel Berger, trans. by Fitzwater Wray [Putnam]. *Experiences of a French auxiliary.*
- More E. K. Means, by E. K. Means, illus. [Putnam]. *Further dialect stories of the Louisiana negro.*
- The Gay-Donbeys, by Sir Harry Johnston [Macmillan]. *A Victorian novel, presenting descendants of Dickens characters.*
- Red Friday, by George Kibbe Turner [Little, Brown]. *A story of American Bolshevism.*
- The Undying Fire, by H. G. Wells [Macmillan]. *A religious novel of contemporary England.*
- All the Brothers Were Valiant, by Ben Ames Williams [Macmillan]. *A story of shipwreck and pirates.*
- Saint's Progress, by John Galsworthy [Scribner]. *A war story of a vicar and his daughters.*
- "A Smile a Minute", by H. C. Witwer, illus. [Small, Maynard]. *War letters of a baseball player.*

It is reported that the author of "Walking-Stick Papers" declares that nobody but an amateur gets out one book at a time. Last year he published three books, his "Booth Tarkington" and the volumes "Joyce Kilmer: Poems, Essays and Letters" in addition to his book of essays. He has two new volumes coming this fall: "Broome Street Straws" and "Peeps at People".

Admirers of "Anne of Green Gables" will be interested to know that the heroine is to appear in the movies this fall, as the publishers have placed the motion-picture rights of the four "Anne" books, "Anne of Green Gables", "Anne of Avonlea", "Chronicles of Avonlea", and "Anne of the Island"—of which the total circulation, it is said, is nearly 700,000—with the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. The probable star will be Mary Miles Minter.

Coincident with the announcement by the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York of its proposed early production of an operatic version of Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird", comes word that the Belgian author himself will make a lecture tour of America in the early part of next year. As far as it is known to the Gossip Shop this will be Maeterlinck's first visit to this country.

A book of verse is announced by Iris Tree, the daughter of the actor, the late Sir Herbert Tree. The frontispiece in the volume is a reproduction of a portrait bust of Miss Tree by the sculptor, Jacob Epstein.

Henry, that is of course Henry Blackman Sell of the Chicago "Daily News", who commutes to New York for lunch, was in to see the Gossip Shop the other day. He used all the while that new phrase "horning in". New at any rate to the East. But Hen really ought to get a new cane, and a much better one. A man, Hen, is known by the cane he keeps.

Owing to the illness of Gene Stratton-Porter, reported early in July, the publication of her book on the family life of birds, announced for August 15, will be deferred. The publication date will be announced later.

Mlle. Alice Blum, who did her part so successfully in helping to win the war by teaching French to a large part of the Rainbow Division at Camp Mills, New York, and whose system, presented in her book, "An Oral French Method", kept her much in demand before clubs and other organizations, has returned to Paris and to the practice there of her profession before the war, that is teaching French largely to Americans resident or sojourning in the French capital.

Rex Beach's book "Too Fat to Fight" it is said has been in large demand in the East, especially in Japan. The publishers have received repeated orders for the book from the "flowery kingdom". The little volume portrays the efforts of an extremely fat man to get into the army. He was thwarted on every side, but his good will and perseverance won out. The hero of this book differs widely from 'Poleon Doret, that other figure around whom Mr. Beach wove most of his plot in "The Winds of Chance", a story of the Alaskan gold-fields.

- Wolves, by Alden W. Welch [Knopf]. *A country boy's adventures in business.*
- Our Wonderful Selves, by Roland Pertwee [Knopf]. *The love story of an artist-playwright in Paris and London.*
- The Actor-Manager; Cynthia, by Leonard Merrick [Dutton]. *Volumes in the uniform edition of Merrick.*
- The Little Daughter of Jerusalem, by Myrlam Harry [Dutton]. *The tale of a converted Jew's daughter.*
- The White Island, by Michael Wood [Dutton]. *Experiences of a mystic boy.*
- The Story Without a Name, by Barbey D'Aurevilly [Brentano]. *A French mother's search for vengeance.*
- The Great Modern English Stories, ed. by Edward J. O'Brien [Boni and Liveright]. *A collection of some fifteen English stories.*
- The Curious Republic of Gondour, by Samuel L. Clemens [Boni and Liveright]. *A collection of seventeen 1870 sketches.*
- Out O' Luck, by J. Thorne Smith, Jr., illus. [Stokes]. *"Biltmore Oswald's" experiences at sea.*
- The Convictions of Christopher Sterling, by Harold Begbie [McBride]. *The story of a conscientious objector.*
- Anymoon, by Horace Bleackley [Lane]. *Postwar experiences of an English socialist.*
- The Mystery Keepers, by Marlon Fox [Lane]. *The story of a family ghost.*
- The Two Crossings of Madge Swalue, by Henri Davignon [Lane]. *The war story of a Belgian's English wife.*
- Dangerous Days, by Mary Roberts Rinehart [Doran]. *Love affairs of a munition-manufacturer's family.*
- La Bodega, by Vicente Blasco Ibáñez [Dutton]. *The love story of a Spanish vine-grower's daughter.*
- The Haunted Bookshop, by Christopher Morley [Doubleday]. *Narrative sketches of a second-hand bookshop.*
- You Never Saw Such a Girl, by George Weston [Dodd, Mead]. *A country girl's experiences in Newport.*

History and Political Science

- Parliament and the Taxpayer, by G. H. Davenport, B.A. [London: Skeffington]. *An historical survey.*
- The Century of Hope, by F. S. Marvin [Oxford]. *Western history from 1815 to the War.*
- From Appomattox to Germany, by Percy Keese Fitzhugh, illus. [Harpers]. *A history of the United States from the Civil War to 1914.*
- Democracy and the Eastern Question, by Thomas F. Millard [Century]. *A discussion of the Far East vs. America.*
- Kino's Historical Memoir of Plimeria Alta, trans. and ed. by Herbert Eugene Bolton, Ph.D., 2 vols. [Arthur H. Clark]. *An account of how California, Sonora and Arizona began.*
- India's Silent Revolution, by Fred B. Fisher [Macmillan]. *An American view of the India situation.*
- The Dramatic Story of Old Glory, by Samuel Abbott, illus. [Boni and Liveright]. *An historical narrative.*
- Selected Speeches and Documents on British Colonial Policy, edited by Arthur Barrie-dale Keith, 2 vols [Oxford]. *Pocket-edition documents from 1763 to 1917.*
- The British Empire, by George Burton

- Adams [Putnam]. *Essays on British vs. American ideals.*
- The Oxford History of India, by Vincent A. Smith, C.I.E., illus. [Oxford]. *A survey from earliest times to 1911.*
- The State and the Nation, by Edward Jenks, M.A., B.C.L. [Dutton]. *An explanation of the functions of government.*
- Decrees and Constitution of Soviet Russia [Nation]. *A pamphlet reprinted from "The Nation".*
- Albania, Past and Present, by Constantine A. Chekrezi, with maps [Macmillan]. *A citizen's interpretation.*
- Fifty Years of Europe, by Charles Downer Hazen, with maps [Holt]. *European history from 1870-1919.*
- The Problem of the Pacific, by C. Brunson Fletcher, with a map [Holt]. *Political aspects of the Pacific.*
- The German Empire, 1867-1914, by William Harbutt Dawson, 2 vols. [Macmillan]. *A study of German thought and life.*

Biography

- Marie Bashkirtseff, trans. by Mary J. Serano [Dutton]. *A new edition of the young artist's journal.*
- Set Down in Malice, by Gerald Cumberland [Brentano]. *Personal sketches of contemporary Englishmen.*
- The Story of General Pershing, by Everett T. Tomlinson, illus. [Appleton]. *The life and career of the A. E. F. commander.*
- The Life of John Redmond, by Warre B. Wells [Doran]. *A biography backgrounded by Irish politics.*
- "Great-Heart," by Neil MacIntyre, illus. [New York: Rudge]. *The life story of Theodore Roosevelt.*
- The Journal of a Disappointed Man, by W. N. P. Barbellion [Doran]. *The narrative diary of a young naturalist.*
- The Iron Hunter, by Chase S. Osborn, illus. [Macmillan]. *The autobiography of the former governor of Michigan.*
- An American Idyll, by Cornelia Stratton Parker [Atlantic Monthly]. *A biography of Carleton H. Parker.*
- Just Me, by Pearl White [Doran]. *The movie actress's autobiography.*
- The Dickens Circle, by J. W. T. Ley, illus. [Dutton]. *Fifty-nine chapters of fact and anecdote.*

Sociology and Economics

- The Blind, by Harry Best, Ph.D. [Macmillan]. *A national survey of work for the blind.*
- Social Work, by Richard C. Cabot, M.D. [Houghton]. *A study of the social worker vs. the doctor.*
- Management and Men, by Meyer Bloomfield [Century]. *A discussion of British labor problems.*
- The Six-Hour Day, by Lord Leverhulme [Holt]. *British addresses on industrial questions.*
- The Shop Committee, by William Leavitt Stoddard, A.M. [Macmillan]. *An outline of principles and operation.*
- Peace and Prosperity, by John B. Alden [pub. at Neshanic, N. J.]. *A discussion of reconstruction questions.*
- The Libraries of the American State and National Institutions for Defectives, Dependent and Delinquents, by Florence Rising Curtis [Univ. of Minn.]. *A study of the library as social agent.*

Among the applications for Charters in the American Legion received, just before the going to press of the August BOOKMAN, at State Headquarters, New York City, was one from the service men in Flatbush, Brooklyn, who asked that their post be named the Joyce Kilmer Post, in memory of Sergeant Joyce Kilmer, who fell fighting with the old Sixty-ninth.

It had been expected that newspaper men in New York City would organize a post in Manhattan bearing the same name.

A contributor to THE BOOKMAN, F. Tennyson Jesse, author of "Secret Bread", "The Milky Way", and other novels, gives in "The Sword of Deborah", recently published, first-hand impressions of the British woman's army in France. The book relates the unheard-of, almost fabulous labor and achievement of women in relation to the war. It tells what English women did, what they bore, and how.

The government urgently needs large numbers of stenographers, typists, and bookkeepers (men and women) in Washington, D. C. Usual entrance salaries: stenographers \$1,200, typists \$1,100, bookkeepers \$1,100 and \$1,200 a year, aside from any temporary bonuses allowed. Higher-salaried positions are usually filled through promotion. The government constantly maintains a list of available rooms in private houses in Washington, and conducts attractive residence halls to accommodate a limited number. Living conditions are considerably improved. Full information and application blanks may be obtained from the secretary of the local board of civil service examiners at the post-office or customhouse in any city.

Writers are sometimes regarded by the public as indisposed to work, but at least one author is spending the summer in a manner to shame "the tired business man". Harry Kemp, the tramp poet, author of "The Passing God", gives his program for a strenuous vacation at Saranac as follows: his mornings are occupied with swimming, Latin and Greek, his afternoons with the writing of poetry. In the evenings, lest he should become idle, he discusses his next day's work with his wife. The "tired business man" should be glad that he has nothing on his hands but business.

According to the London "Herald" Sir Rabindranath Tagore, the Indian poet and philosopher, has requested the Viceroy of India to relieve him of the "honor" of knighthood as a protest against the recent outrages committed against Indian people in the Punjab in the name of "law and order".

"Sketches and Reviews" is a new book by Walter Pater. That is, it is new as a book, and these collected and here reprinted book reviews and fugitive criticisms will be altogether new to numerous Paterians.

The title of Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel announced for the fall is "Lord Buntingford". It is said to be a story of London of today.

It is rumored in London that General Allenby has agreed to write the history of the Palestine campaign.

The head of the firm of the American publishers of George Bernard Shaw is now in Europe, and has se-

New Life Currents in China, by Mary Ninde Gamewell, illus. [Missionary Educ. Movement]. *An outline of conditions in China.*

What is America? by Edward Alsworth Ross, illus. [Century]. *An outline of American social evolution.*

The Politics of Industry, by Glenn Frank [Century]. *Papers on social unrest.*

What Happened to Europe, by Frank A. Vanderlip [Macmillan]. *A study of financial and industrial conditions.*

Essays and Literary Criticism

In Defense of Harriet Shelley, by Mark Twain, illus. [Harper]. *The title essay in a collection of nineteen.*

The Dry Rot of Society, by Marian Cox [Brentano]. *Five satirical essays.*

Painting, by W. A. Sinclair; Nowadays, by Lord Dunsany. The Seven Arts Series [Four Seas]. *Booklets on painting and poetry.*

Chimney-Pot Papers, by Charles S. Brooks, illus. [Yale]. *Informal essays on everyday subjects.*

Rousseau and Romanticism, by Irving Babbitt [Houghton]. *An argument for humanistic romanticism.*

Anatole France, by Lewis Plaget Shanks [Open Court]. *A biographical and interpretative discussion.*

Prefaces, by Don Marquis, illus. [Appleton]. *Collected papers of the columnist.*

Sketches and Reviews, by Walter Pater [Bonl and Liveright]. *Critiques on Oscar Wilde, George Moore, and others.*

Religion and Spiritualism

Student Witnesses for Christ, by S. Ralph Harlow [Association]. *Sketches of native missionaries in Asia Minor.*

On to Christ, by Edwin A. McAlpin, Jr. [Doran]. *An outline of the church's failures and hopes.*

Gone West, by a Soldier Doctor [Knopf]. *Messages from a dead physician.*

The Meeting of the Spheres or Letters from Dr. Coulter, by Charlotte G. Herbine [Brentano]. *Letters from the spirit world.*

On the Threshold of the Spiritual World, by Horatio W. Dresser [Sully]. *The soldiers' view of death.*

History of Religions, by George Foot Moore, Vol. II [Scribner]. *Outlines of Judaism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism.*

Between Two Worlds, by John Heston Willey [Association]. *Papers on afterlife.*

Religion and Culture, by Frederick Schleier [Columbia Univ.]. *A survey of methods in the science of religion.*

Why We Fail as Christians, by Robert Hunter [Macmillan]. *A study of Tolstol's search for truth.*

Zionism and the Future of Palestine, by Morris Jastrow, Jr. [Macmillan]. *A criticism of political Zionism.*

Poetry

The Pursuit of Happiness, by Benjamin R. C. Low [Lane]. *Collected sonnets and shorter poems.*

Songs While Wandering, by A. Newberry Choyce [Lane]. *Verses of an Englishman in America.*

The Marines, by Adolphe E. Smyle [Knickerbocker]. *War verse, partly in dialect.*

Small Craft; Sailor Town, by C. Fox-Smith [Doran]. *Two volumes of sea poems.*

The Mountainy Singer, by Seosamh Mac-Cathmhaoil [Four Seas]. *A new edition of collected Irish lyrics.*

War and Love, by Richard Aldington [Four Seas]. *Free verse poems written during the war.*

Types of Pan, by Keith Preston [Houghton]. *The collyumbist's verses collected.*

Out-of-Doors; Gods and Devils, by John Russell McCarthy [James T. White]. *Two volumes on nature and religion.*

Nurse's Rhymes of New York City, by Louis How [Knopf]. *Short local poems.*

Syncopation, by Robert DeCamp Leland [Poetry-Drama]. *A free-verse commentary on modern life.*

Singing Places, by Margaret Barber Bowen [Cornhill]. *Commemorative lyrics.*

Night Magic, by Ruth Elliot [Stratford]. *Out-of-doors, love and child verses.*

Hadassah, by Florette Truesdell Miller [Stratford]. *The story of Esther in verse.*

Hylethen, by Isaac Flagg [Stratford]. *Verse suggested by the Greek classics.*

The Way of Wonder, by May Doney [Doran]. *Poetry about God and nature.*

The Luzumiyat of Abu'l-Ala, trans. by Ameen Rihani [James T. White]. *The philosophy of an Arabian poet.*

The Ghost Town Lundy, by Col. Charles A. Lundy [Four Seas]. *The story of a deserted Sierra town.*

War Verse, edited by Frank Foxcroft [Crowell]. *A new edition, with forty more English poems.*

Verse for Patriots, compiled by Jean Broadhurst and Clara L. Rhodes, illus. [Lippincott]. *A modern collection for secondary schools.*

The Hound of Heaven, by Francis Thompson [Four Seas]. *A pamphlet reprint.*

Sonnets, by Herbert Scholfield [Knopf]. *Some 120 subjective sonnets.*

The Beloved Stranger, by Witter Bynner [Knopf]. *Love poems in free verse.*

Pierrot Wounded, by Walter Adolphe Roberts [Britton]. *Collected war verse.*

Poems, by James Griswold [Scribner Press]. *Lyrical verse of a late war surgeon.*

Theodore Roosevelt, by Russell J. Wilbur [Houghton]. *Verses reprinted from "The New Republic".*

The Poems and Prose Poems of Charles Baudelaire [Brentano]. *A collection with an appreciation by James Huneker.*

The Passing God, by Harry Kemp [Brentano]. *Love lyrics, with a narrative poem.*

Poems, by Iris Tree, illus. [Lane]. *Lyrical poems by Sir Herbert Tree's daughter.*

W. B. in California [privately printed at Berkeley Calif.]. *Poems dedicated to Witter Bynner.*

A World of Windows, by Charles Hanson Towne [Doran]. *A collection of some fifty poems.*

New Voices, by Marguerite Wilkinson, illus. [Macmillan]. *A critical discussion of new poets, with selections.*

Drama

Contemporary Spanish Dramatists, by Charles Alfred Turrell [Badger]. *Translations of six modern Spanish plays.*

The Marsh Maiden, by Felix Gould [Four Seas]. *Three fanciful plays of a marsh region.*

cured for immediate publication a new book of plays by Mr. Shaw. In view of this author's comparative quiet in the field of literature where his friends are most numerous, such a book should be welcomed.

In the selection of poetry for his list there is distinct evidence of Mr. Huebsch's tendency to seek new talent. Among the volumes that he published last season were the "first" books of Lola Ridge, Jean Starr Untermeyer, and Alter Brody. He, too, introduced Irene Rutherford McLeod. Now comes the announcement of a collection by Winifred Welles, a young American known heretofore by only a few magazine poems, "The Hesitant Heart".

The librarian of a large public library in the Middle West complains to THE BOOKMAN as follows:

It is interesting to note the sudden popularity of a given word or phrase, and to guess at the reason. Are writers, as a rule, subject to changes in fashion, in language used, as are our women in clothing? Do words or phrases—not referring to the ordinary slang of the street, or the jargon of the sport writer—have their day of sunshine and die, or drift into the forgotten or clouded past?

Some few years ago, there was a great run on the use of the perfectly good word *obsessed* in its various phrases. For instance, five writers in one number of "The Century" used the word. Two of them were amply justified, but one couldn't say as much for the others.

Now, another word is seemingly becoming the rage. The book reviewers and advertisers have annexed the word, and we find ourselves all tangled up with *intrigue*. Is it the result of the world war?

In your last issue a reviewer is *intrigued* into saying things; while another is *intrigued* into reading a certain book; and a third finds another title is *intriguing*.

Sure, it is a fine word, a mouth-full phrase, but that is no reason why it should so suddenly be pushed into the six-best-seller class, and thereby forced into a brief life.

Please set up the danger signal; side-track the writers who simply push it into the limelight to show they are up to the

minute; keep it from the ten cent music box record, or the "nickelodeon". Let it live by keeping it in its proper place.

The American publishers of President Wilson's "The Life of George Washington" have sold translation rights of the book to the Dutch publishing house of Rembrandt, who will publish it in Holland, and will also bring it out in a German translation for sale in Germany.

To all readers of THE BOOKMAN who may have occasion to communicate with "The Publishers' Weekly", be it told that the address of that journal, invaluable to the trade, is now: 62 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

A new magazine for women, "Judy", made its appearance in July. Among the editors are Mary Carolyn Davies and Margaret Sangster. The address of the magazine is 158 West 11th Street, New York City.

The Roosevelt Memorial Committee has planned a campaign for subscriptions to the fund which will culminate about the week of October 19-26 this year. The object of the fund is threefold: 1. To erect a fitting monument in Washington. 2. To purchase and maintain a park in Oyster Bay, including at some future day, the house at Sagamore Hill. 3. The formation of an association for the development and application of the Roosevelt ideals. The honorary presidents of the association are William H. Taft and Charles E. Hughes; the honorary vice-presidents—Henry Cabot Lodge, John Mitchell, A. T. Hert, Hiram W. Johnson, and John T. King. William Boyce Thompson is president. The address of the Association is 1 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Everybody's Husband, by Gilbert Cannan [Huebsch]. *A play voicing four generations of women.*

Numbers, by Grover Theis [Nicholas L. Brown]. *Five one-act plays.*

Judith, by Arnold Bennett [Doran]. *A play based on the Book of Judith.*

War and Reconstruction

Vagabonds of the Sea, by René Milan, trans. by Randolph Bourne [Dutton]. *Life on a French naval vessel.*

The Web, by Emerson Hough [Reilly and Lee]. *The history of the American Protective League.*

Fighting the Flying Circus, by Capt. Edward V. Rickenbacker, with maps [Stokes]. *An American ace's story.*

Night Bombing with the Bedouins, by Robert Reece, Lieut. D. F. C., R. A. F., illus. [Houghton]. *Exploits of the "Bedouin" air squadron.*

The Last Million, by Ian Hay [Houghton]. *Impressions of the American army in France.*

The Freedom of the Seas, by Louise Fargo Brown [Dutton]. *A history and survey.*

Collapse and Reconstruction, by Sir Thomas Barclay [Little, Brown]. *A discussion of European conditions and American principles.*

British Labor and the War, by Paul U. Kellogg and Arthur Gleason [Bonl and Live-right]. *An exposition of the British labor movement.*

Democratic Ideals and Reality, by H. J. MacKinder, M. P. [Holt]. *The geographical basis of peace.*

Scouting Thrills, by Capt. G. B. McKean [Macmillan]. *An account of a British scout officer's work.*

Reconstruction and National Life, by Cecil Fairfield Lavell, Ph.D. [Macmillan]. *A study of peace problems.*

The War Romance of the Salvation Army, by Evangeline Booth and Grace Livingston Hill, illus. [Lippincott]. *A story of war activities.*

Reasoned Settlement of International Disputes, Composition of the Court, by George T. Porter [Oxford]. *A paper reprinted (1913).*

The Fledgling, by Charles Bernard Nordhoff [Houghton]. *Letters of an American aviator.*

The Land and the Soldier, by Frederick C. Howe [Scribner]. *Plans for the returned soldier.*

The Dardanelles Campaign, by H. W. Nevins, illus. and maps [Holt]. *The account of a Gallipoli witness.*

A History of the Great War, by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Vol. IV [Doran]. *A record of the 1917 British campaign.*

The Place of Agriculture in Reconstruction, by James B. Morman [Dutton]. *A discussion of land settlements for soldiers.*

Zooms and Spins, by "Rafbird" [London: Sampson Low, Marston]. *Impressions of a British aviator.*

Present Problems in Foreign Policy, by David Jayne Hill [Appleton]. *An examination of peace proposals.*

The Reconstruction of Russia, ed. by Sir Paul Vinogradoff, F.B.A. [Oxford]. *Economic and political essays.*

Japan and World Peace, by K. K. Kawakami [Macmillan]. *A discussion of the League of Nations.*

How to Face Peace, by Gertrude Shelby

[Holt]. Reconstruction programs in community work.

Sky Fighters of France, by Lieut. Henry Farré, illus. [Houghton]. *Adventures of the official painter of the French Aviation Service.*

1914, by Field-Marshal Viscount French. [Houghton]. *An account of British operations during 1914.*

A Stop at Suzanne's, by Greayer Clover, illus. [Doran]. *French sketches by an American aviator.*

Pat Crowe, Aviator, by Lieut. James R. Crowe [Nicholas L. Brown]. *An American aviator's experiences.*

Social Studies of the War, by Elmer T. Clark, illus. [Doran]. *Impressions of European social reactions to the war.*

Italian Sea Power in the Great War, by Archibald Hurd [McBride]. *A survey and estimate.*

America's Munitions, 1917-1918, illus. [Gov. Print. Office]. *The report of the Director of Munitions.*

Small Things, by Margaret Deland [Appleton]. *The author's war impressions of France.*

The Sword of Deborah, by F. Tennyson Jesse, illus. [Doran]. *War achievements of British women.*

Inventions of the Great War, by A. Russell Bond, illus. [Century]. *An untechnical study.*

Travel

Prowling About Panama, by George A. Miller, illus. [Abingdon]. *Sketches of Panama and the Canal Zone.*

Yucatan Scenes and Sounds, by Albert Kelsey, F.A.I.A., illus. [pub. at Philadelphia]. *Impressions of an architect.*

Miscellaneous

The University of Pennsylvania, Franklin's College, by Horace Mather Lippincott, illus. [Lippincott]. *The history of our first university.*

Truth, by Sir Charles Walston [Putnam]. *A reconstruction essay, ten chapters with appendix.*

The Grizzly, by Enos A. Mills, illus. [Houghton]. *Experiences of a Rocky Mountain hunter.*

Education and Citizenship, by Edward Kidder Graham [Putnam]. *A discussion of the American college's function.*

Century Readings in American Literature, ed. by Fred Lewis Pattee, Litt.D. [Century]. *Selections for an American literature course.*

The Realities of Modern Science, by John Mills, illus. [Macmillan]. *A layman's physical chemistry.*

The Law of Mind in Action, by Fenwick Lindsay Holmes [McBride]. *The basic principles of mental science.*

Mind and Conduct, by Henry Rutgers Marshall, L.H.D., D.S. [Scribner]. *A discussion of the correlation of mind and conduct.*

The Mason-Wasps, by J. Henri Fabre [Dodd, Mead]. *A study of home-building wasps.*

Education in Ancient Israel to 70 A. D., by Fletcher Harper Swift (Open Court). *An outline of Hebrew education.*

Boy Behavior, by W. H. Burger (Association). *A guide for workers with boys.*

Juvenile

The Boy Scouts Book of Stories, ed. by Franklin K. Mathews, illus. [Appleton]. *Thirteen American and British stories.*

The French Minister Plenipotentiary, M. Casenave, bestowed the Cross of the Legion of Honor upon Frank Dilnot, American correspondent of the London "Daily Chronicle", at a dinner given on July 15 by the Association of Foreign Press Correspondents in the Rendezvous Restaurant. M. Casenave said he acknowledged in behalf of France the work done by foreign newspapers in the United States during the war. Marcel Knecht, of the French High Commission, presided at the dinner. Mr. Dilnot has contributed several articles to THE BOOKMAN.

John Fox, Jr., novelist, died of pneumonia at his home at Big Stone Gap, Virginia, July 8, after a brief illness.

John Fox, Jr., made his first mark as a novelist in developing comparatively unknown phases of life. He made the mountain region of the Blue Grass state famous in a series of brilliant stories. The first to appear was "A Mountain Europa" in 1894, to be followed the next year by "A Cumberland Vendetta". Then followed "Hell-for-Sartain", "The Kentuckians", "Crittenden", "Bluegrass and Rhododendron", "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come", "Christmas Eve on Lonesome", "Knight of the Cumberland", "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine", and "The Heart of the Hills" published in 1913.

I-Wonder-Why Stories, by George Adam [Doran]. *Talks delivered at children's services.*

The Joyous Travelers, by Maud Lindsay and Emilie Poulsson, illus. [Lothrop]. *A collection of stories and ballads.*

Brother Van, by Stella Brummitt [Missionary Educ. Movement]. *The story of a pioneer preacher.*

Living Together as Boys, by W. R. Boorman [Association]. *Discussions on camp spirit.*

Three Plays for Boys, by Frederick L. Fay and M. A. Emerson, Ph.D. [Association]. *Plays for boy scouts.*

THE BOOKMAN



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Announcement of a New
JUVENILE DEPARTMENT

— CONDUCTED BY —
ANNIE CARROLL MOORE
Of the New York Public Library

**THE
BOOKMAN**



ANNIE CARROLL MOORE, Supervisor of Work with Children in the New York Public Library and a recognized authority on the subject of Children's Books and Reading, will review the new publications for a twelvemonth in a series of articles beginning with the September number. Since there is at present no sustained reviewing of children's books in this country or in England, the department may be regarded as one of great interest to authors, publishers, librarians, booksellers, parents and teachers.

Miss Moore will contribute articles on the reading of young people (between 14 and 18) as well as on the reading of children under ten years old. The treat-

ment will be suggestive and informing rather than prescriptive in character.

This bi-monthly feature will comprise a series of Reviews of New Books (1919-1920 publications), critical estimates and comparative consideration of older publications, discussion of principles of Selection of Children's Books, Short Reading-Lists, etc.

Outline proposed for 1919-1920

SEPTEMBER — A Preliminary Review of New Books for Children.

NOVEMBER — Reading for Children under Ten Years Old. (Titles to be chosen, old and recent.)

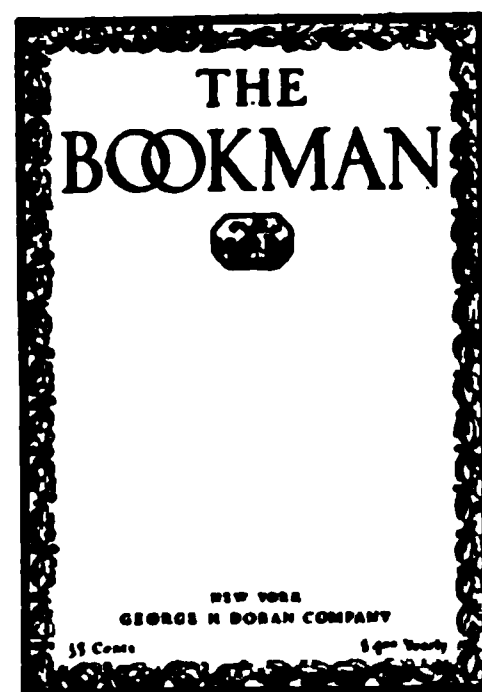
DECEMBER — A Holiday Review of Children's Books.

FEBRUARY — Histories and Biographies or a general article on Reading for Young People. (Titles to be chosen, old and recent pub.)

APRIL — A Spring Review of Children's Books.

JUNE — Vacation Books. (Old and new.)

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"For the rest, it is a hoax, whether it is a genuine document or not, and hereafter we should be leary of these concerted boosting campaigns of the London writing fraternity. Certain indications render the authenticity of the document suspect."—*Chicago Daily Tribune*.

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WHAT FRANK SWINNERTON SAYS

"Wells definitely did not write the book. The author is one . . . , who really is dying, but who is not dead. He is quite unknown to Wells. Publication arose as follows: I read the MS. and thought we ought to do it. I said so. Mair had said that Wells had promised to write a preface, but neither Wells nor Mrs. Wells could recall any such promise. But as the author wrote to us saying that he would be very grateful if Wells would do this, and as Wells is very friendly and intimate with me, Wells agreed. I therefore, when next going to Easton for the weekend (as I often go), took a set—an imperfect set—of the proofs with me. Wells read them all one afternoon, making comments and asking me questions. It was arranged that I should get some biographical particulars. The author also sent along a bundle of his scientific writings, his notebooks, etc. Wells had these for several weeks, and at last produced the preface. He has already explicitly disclaimed the authorship—in a letter to the *Westminster Gazette*, giving the account I have just given of the manner in which his connection with the book arose. The author really is dying, but his life has been prolonged by the book's success; and I understand that he is now in a nursing home, with no hope of recovery or further literary activity. The only reason for the attribution to Wells is that Barbellion was at South Kensington, and that he admires Wells to the point of sometimes imitating his style of writing. But I can assure you that I am on such terms with Wells as to put absolutely out of the question the idea that Wells should have made a mystification to me. Also, no man could do more than the work Wells does under his own name. The only book he has ever faked was 'Boon,' and that was quite obviously a fake, humorous and nonsensical. But people will not believe plain truth. You may use everything I have said above, excepting the author's real name."

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Mr. Fox went to Cuba during the Spanish-American war as a correspondent with the expeditionary force. He also saw service as a war correspondent during the Russo-Japanese war.

"Canon Barnett: His Life, Work, and Friends" by Mrs. Barnett is announced as one of the fall biographies. This volume, it is said, bears the vivid imprint not only of a remarkable personality, but of a social movement which has crystallized into a now universal institution—the university settlement.

Miss Brampton, Archie's governess in the new novel by E. F. Benson, "Across the Stream", could put it all over the Montessori system. She had a delightful habit of setting down in Archie's copy-book, while he was learning to write, such maxims as these: "Never brush your teeth with the housemaid's broom", and an equally provocative one, "He would not sit down, so they bit him".

While Archie was copying these maxims his mind would be filled with entrancing thoughts about the mysterious person who insisted on standing. He thought perhaps the "he" was his father, who liked to stand with his back to the fire, and the "they" referred to the servants who bit him when he would not allow them to mend the fire at tea time. But he always approved of Miss Brampton's methods.

E. Alexander Powell, author of "Fighting in Flanders", "Vive la France!" and other volumes, has been made a Knight of the Order of Leopold by King Albert of Belgium in recognition of his service to Belgium and particularly in recognition of "Fighting in Flanders". This is the highest decoration bestowed by Belgium. Mr. Powell's new book, "The

Army Behind the Army", the story of the army on this side that enlisted trained and equipped the gold-chevron men that went across, is just about to be published.

A new Dooley book—the first since the publication of "Mr. Dooley Says" in 1910—is announced for early August. "On Making a Will and Other Necessary Evils" is the title of the new book, and the "other necessary evils" about which Mr. Dooley speaks across the bar to his friend "Hinnessy" include going to see the doctor, old age, past glories, and criminal trials.

Richard Harding Davis's "Soldiers of Fortune" is being given an elaborate screen production this summer. More than a thousand horses and ten thousand people are being used in the various scenes. The government is allowing the producers to use the flagship Minneapolis and bodies of cavalry, infantry, sailors, marines, and aviators for the battle scenes.

Admirers of the works of A. Neil Lyons will be glad to know that his publishers are bringing out next month a new volume entitled, "A London Lot", based on the successful English play, "London Pride". The human, humorous and lovable people of the East End of London (that used to be known as the coster class) figure as usual in this new story.

The author of the poem, "La Passion de notre Frère, le Poilu", a translation of which by Arthur Guiterman appeared in THE BOOKMAN of last December, has published in France a complete edition of his "Rimiaux d'Anjou". M. Leclerc dedicates his volume to François Villon and François Rabelais, "who have taught me," he says, "to understand and to love our native language".

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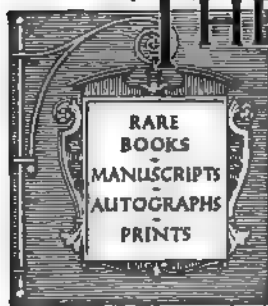
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THE COLLECTORS' GUIDE



In this section the readers of **THE BOOKMAN** will find the latest announcements of reliable dealers in Rare Books, Manuscripts, Autographs and Prints. It will be well to look over this section carefully each month, for the advertisements will be frequently changed, and items of interest to collectors will be offered here. All these dealers invite correspondence.

The number of "house organs" published in this country is so large as to have caused the *Bulletin of Bibliography* to issue a list of them. These are not the familiar "parlor organs" of the rural homestead, but magazines regularly published in the interest of some trade or manufacturing concern. Some day a collection of them will reflect credit upon the collector who was thoughtful enough to gather these abstract and brief chronicles of the time and trade.

Next season the Grolier Club will have an exhibition of bookbindings of metal and other materials than leather, which will supplement the interesting exhibition of historical bookbindings which has been on view at the clubhouse for some time. There is plenty of material accessible in the libraries of club members, and lovers of the bibliopagic art are looking forward to the exhibition with much interest.

The discovery of the papers of Caesar Rodney—the Delaware Signer of the Declaration of Independence—a part of which were sold in Philadelphia recently, shows that there is still a great deal of valuable unpublished autographic material for the collector, if he can only find it. The absence of any important letters of Caesar Rodney from any of the great autograph collections dispersed in years, started

Stan V. Henkels, the veteran Philadelphia auctioneer, on a quest for the Rodney letters, which he rightly surmised must have been kept together. After the death of the last near relative of the Signer, who professed ignorance of the whereabouts of the papers, they were discovered in an attic of the house in which he and his famous ancestor had lived, at Wilmington, Delaware. The finder, one of the heirs, at once knew that a lot of letters signed by Washington, Lafayette, generals in the Revolution and statesmen of the period must be of value; but their market value must have been a still greater surprise than the finding of the papers. Several sets of Signers of the Declaration have been notably improved by the dispersal of this collection, as it has been difficult to obtain good letters of either Caesar Rodney or George Read, another Signer. Collectors are particularly anxious to obtain letters written in the year of the signing of the Declaration, and here were not only many of these but one actually written by Caesar Rodney on July 4, 1776, telling how he rode through "thunder and rain" to arrive in Philadelphia in time to sign the immortal document. Some letters of John Adams to Caesar A. Rodney, the attorney-general under Jefferson and Madison, were particularly interesting. One written in 1818 complains of a situation which has not altogether been

THE COLLECTORS' GUIDE (*Continued*)

remedied. "There are", he writes, "but eight states at this time represented in Congress, a Circumstance by no means proper in the present situation of public Affairs." Ten years earlier Jefferson had complained of the dilatory tactics of congress. And now—?

Another important collection of papers which had been lost sight of for many years is now safely reposing in the vaults of the New Hampshire Historical Society, awaiting cataloguing and arrangement. These are the Weare Papers, which included the correspondence of Mesheck Weare, first president of New Hampshire and chairman of the Committee of Safety of that state in the Revolution. There were also historical documents and papers of colonial worthies which had been in the state archives at one time. Librarian Otis G. Hammond of the New Hampshire Historical Society believed the papers to be in existence, but could get no trace of them. One day a friend informed him that they were in the possession of Frank C. Moore of Brooklyn, to whom they came by will from Jacob B. Moore, Jr., who had inherited them from his father, a historian of New Hampshire. They were to be sold at auction, but the state brought proceedings to recover them. After the matter had dragged along in the courts for about three years a settlement was effected with the innocent holders, and the papers, among which were documents and letters of the highest importance to future historians of New Hampshire, were returned to the state. Estimates of their value varied from \$40,000 to \$60,000. Historical students do not have as easy access to state archives as they did formerly, which is fortunate, perhaps, for some of the states,

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but which has prevented many collectors from enriching their autograph collections. Nowadays, when autographs are offered for sale, they must have a good pedigree and a clear title must be given. The most notable instance of this in recent times was the proposed sale of the Medici papers, in the possession of an Italian duke, but evidently taken years ago from the Italian archives. After they had been catalogued for sale at Sotheby's in London, the Italian government stepped in and prevented the dispersal of one of the most valuable autograph collections in existence.

Now that the war is over, autograph collectors begin to take heart again, and will indulge a little more freely in their chosen hobby. The death of President Roosevelt has brought into the market a considerable number of his letters which for obvious reasons the authors did not care to have made public, even in the limited manner of an auction catalogue, while he was still living. Letters wholly in Theodore Roosevelt's handwriting are not common, and some of these have brought high prices. Those now coming into the market have served to increase the price of his letters rather than diminish it, for some of them are of an intimate character and reveal much of his unique personality. Such letters will be increasingly valuable as time goes by.

Some of the wise autograph collectors started, early in the war, to secure letters and documents of generals and statesmen who have taken a prominent part in the world-struggle, but these are not always easy to acquire. A French autograph dealer recently priced a short and unimportant letter of General Foch at five hundred



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francs, which is about the price that would be asked for a similar letter of Napoleon Bonaparte. The letters of the leading generals in the Great War have not found their way into the hands of dealers to any extent, and the collector who secures any of them now will have reason to congratulate himself, one of these days.

It is thus and so: in the May number of THE BOOKMAN appeared a Gossip Shop note dealing with the resignation of Padraic Colum from the Poetry Society of America. In the course of the story the note said that "Edward J. Wheeler, president of the society, has repeatedly announced that George Sylvester Viereck was expelled for an overt act in accepting money from the German government after we had gone to war." Mr. Wheeler has apparently denied the assertion attributed to him. A typed copy, received in this office, of a letter written by him to Mr. Viereck reads as follows:

April 2, 1919.

Dear Mr Viereck:

In answer to the inquiry in your letter of April 1st, namely, whether at any time in my address to the members of the Poetry Society I said you accepted money from the German Government after the United States had entered the war, my answer is, I have not said that, either to the Poetry Society or to any one else at any time.

Respectfully,

(Signed) EDWARD J. WHEELER.

The tenor of our note was the situation as it related to Mr. Colum. In our statement as to what Mr. Wheeler said we followed the report of the

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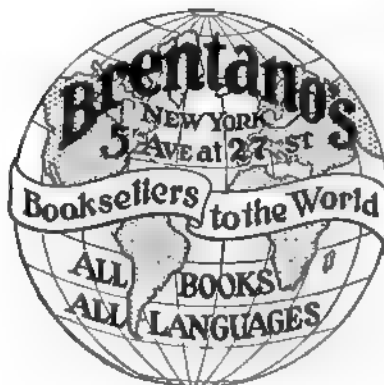
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matter which appeared in a New York newspaper. The newspapers that reprinted the original remark attribute to Mr. Wheeler, we believe, have printed a retraction. Neither did nor does, **THE BOOKMAN** wish to say that Mr. Wheeler said what he says he did not say.

James Branch Cabell writes in a letter: "It interests me less to know who actually is the London correspondent of **THE BOOKMAN** than what meaning he attaches to the word 'calligraphy'. That is the point **THE BOOKMAN** readers should be invited to guess at, rather than the name of the real Simon Pure." This hifalutin word appeared in the July causerie of the Londoner.

Dr. Albert H. Buck, whose "Growth of Medicine from the Earliest Times to about 1800" is being published by the Yale University Press, gathered much of the material for his first volume in Europe, but was prevented by the war from continuing his researches there. The great libraries of this country failed to produce all the material he wanted, but in six months of study in Lexington, Kentucky, he found in the Transylvania Medical Collection much material which was not known to exist on this side of the Atlantic. This library, of some 20,000 volumes, was collected by Transylvania University in the first part of the last century. Because of certain local conditions it had been kept from public view for nearly fifty years. Besides the medical collection which is only one of its departments it contains many rare books of Americana and on other subjects about which nothing has been known by students generally until within the last year or so.

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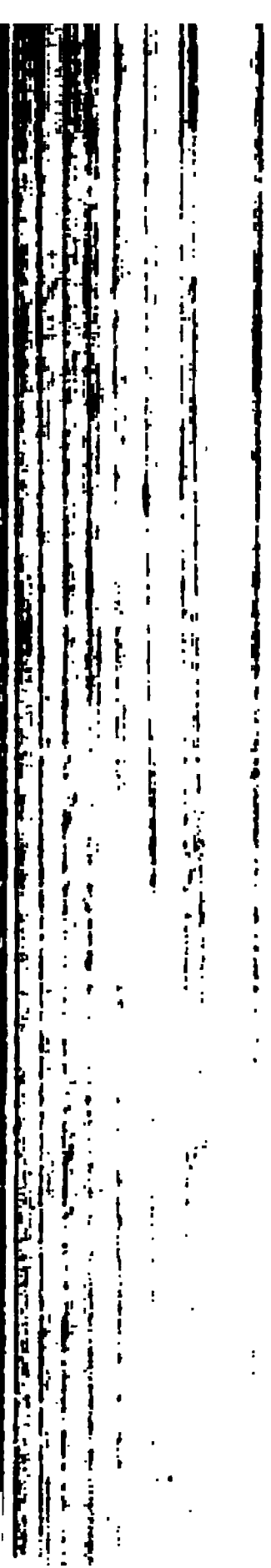
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Literary Agents and Writers' Aids

There will soon be available a new and revised edition of Ralph Adams Cram's "Nemesis of Mediocrity". Mr. Cram says in a letter to his publishers: "I shall write a postscript for the 'Nemesis', and I know just what I am going to say. It will cover the point that since the writing of the 'Nemesis', real leadership has developed, though exclusively among what may be called men of action." Mr. Cram promises to quote "a most interesting letter received from England", which will presumably illuminate the premises. Leader, leader, who's got the leader?

"The Legend of Tyl Ulenspiegel" by Charles de Coster, which recently appeared in an English translation, has apparently aroused enthusiasm among English critics. The London "Times" devotes two columns to the book, saying in part: "A book of the people, the very Bible of Flanders. It resumes within itself all the energy and tenderness of the Flemish Fatherland." The edition for America is limited to 1,500 copies.

The death of John Smith Moffat, C. M. G., announced from Cape Town, reminds one of a name among the most illustrious in the history of African missionary enterprise, for he was the son and biographer of Robert and Mary Moffat, the former of whom translated the Bible into Bechuana. It may be remembered that David Livingstone, the famous traveler, after his rescue from the jaws of a lion, won the heart of the Moffats' eldest daughter Mary, whom he married in 1844. The "Life of Robert and Mary Moffat" was one of the books of the year of its appearance (1885).

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The *entente cordiale* between French and American writers grows stronger. Emma Rayner, author of "Free to Serve", a tale of colonial New York, recently wrote her publishers:


Some time after the publication of my novel, a member of the French Academy who was making a collection of international works, wrote to tell me that my book was considered eligible for the collection, the ultimate destination being the French National Library. I supposed that the matter ended there, but I have recently received a communication from the secretary of the Société Académique d'Histoire Internationale that I have been proposed as a member of the society with diploma and insignia.

Marjorie Bowen's new historical romance, "Kings at Arms", is a story of the days of Peter the Great of Russia and his struggle with Karl XII of Sweden.

When "My Airman Over There" was published some months ago, there was some uncertainty as to whether this anonymous volume was truth or fiction. A recent letter from London received by the author's agents, it is said, reveals the author to be Aimee Bond, the widow of an English airman, twenty-seven years old.

A book by a new author that is said to be creating a sensation in London this season is Romer Wilson's "Martin Schuler", a novel which gives a different picture of musical life in Germany from that we have grown accustomed to in musical novels, and shows musical people there before the outbreak of the Hohenzollerns' war as extravagant, openly condoning immorality, and at times gluttonous. These music makers are in no sense the fellows of Wagner (who carried a gun in Dresden against the German government) and other good Germans, dead before their country's disgrace.

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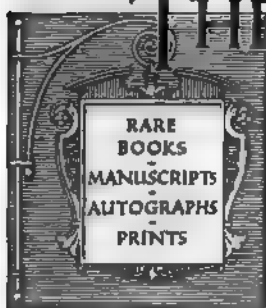
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THE COLLECTORS' GUIDE



In this section the readers of **THE BOOKMAN** will find the latest announcements of reliable dealers in Rare Books, Manuscripts, Autographs and Prints. It will be well to look over this section carefully each month, for the advertisements will be frequently changed, and items of interest to collectors will be offered here. All these dealers invite correspondence.

There was much speculation among American book collectors about the prices that would be paid for the rare works of early English dramatic literature which were sold in the library of Lord Mostyn at Sotheby's in London during March. The remarkable prices paid at the final sale of the library of H. V. Jones at the Anderson Galleries in New York led many to think that the American market had been pretty well supplied, and that the Mostyn prices would be comparatively low. The sale, however, which included nearly four hundred early quartos—many existing in only two or three known copies and some of them unique—proved a remarkable success. American collectors, represented by agents, bought freely, and some of the choicest items will soon be found in American private libraries. Quaritch rescued the unique "Fidele and Fortunio", a black-letter play of 1585, called "the foundation play of 'Two Gentlemen of Verona'", at £3,020, American competition ceasing at £3,000; but many of the other most desirable items were secured by American collectors. The sale demonstrated that for the scarcest works of early English literature there is always a good market.

Any reader of Philip Gilbert Hamerton's "A Summer Voyage on the Saône", who believes that this journey in France by the author and Joseph Pennell was a pleasure jaunt, will be interested in a letter from Hamerton

to a friend, which appears in a copy in an American collector's library. Hamerton writes:

The details of the voyage itself have absorbed much time which you will understand when I tell you that I have not slept in a house or eaten a meal off the boat for three weeks. . . . Mr. Pennell is with me and has done many admirable drawings already. He is perfectly delighted with the river and is working *con amore* in fine weather from five in the morning till seven at night, except an hour or two for meals.

What has become of the Hawkins-Cruikshank collection? The fact that it ever existed is known to but few collectors, and all they know of it is that it was to fill eight royal folio volumes, which is an indication of its importance. Eight original pen-and-ink drawings were made by W. A. Delamotte for a series of title-pages of "Illustrations to Various Works and Humorous Subjects, Drawn and Etched by George Cruikshank, Collected by Alfred Hawkins" for volumes I to VIII. Each title is surrounded by a border of sketches and vignettes, mostly original designs by Delamotte and some after Cruikshank and H. G. Hine, with punning inscriptions, signed and dated 1856. The sketches apparently never were used. Delamotte made the landscape illustrations to Ainsworth's "Windsor Castle" for which Cruikshank made the etchings. Unknown among the great collections of Cruikshankiana, the Hawkins collection may be in hiding in some old English country house, to surprise the collector at any moment.

THE COLLECTORS' GUIDE (*Continued*)

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How different things were with the Red Cross and the library associations during the Great War! A bundle of letters written to Major-General Sir J. H. Lefroy by Florence Nightingale, who in October, 1855, was sent to Constantinople to examine the hospital arrangements at Scutari, recently came into the London auction room. In one of them she writes that, out of 108 nurses sent to Scutari and Balaklava, sixty-four had been sent home, twelve for intoxication, and adds: "Intoxication, tacitly admitted unavoidable among nurses in London hospitals, must in military hospitals, be sternly checked". In another she says of the Woolwich Day Room, in 1860: ". . . no one is allowed to read in the room—& the man is paid 3/ a day to keep the books locked up". A letter written in 1864 about hospital matrons declares, "Of all the cant talked nowadays, the worst is that of there being no field for women's work. The work is there (& well-paid work too)—the women are few to do it."

"The Census of Fifteenth Century Books Owned in America" which has been completed by the Bibliographical Society of America contains 909 titles, represented by 1824 copies. Of these 473 titles are represented by one copy only. The distribution of these copies is interesting. Of 473 books printed in the fifteenth century of which only one copy of each is recorded in the "Census", of titles coming under the letter A, New York has 120; Boston and Washington 60 each; Baltimore 53, Philadelphia 43, California 25, Providence 24, Ithaca 16, Chicago 12, Hartford 7, New Haven 5, Worcester 4, Princeton and Buffalo 3 each, four private owners 2 each, and sixteen private owners 1 each.

THE COLLECTORS' GUIDE (Continued)

Judging by the present interest in early English drama, a book that is sadly needed, and that would be sure of appreciation by a limited number of collectors, is one listing the "interludes" which marked a transition stage in the English drama. There are hand-lists of English plays and works of the nineteenth-century bibliographers which enumerate many of these interludes; but much new material has come to light in recent years, and such a list would be of great value to librarians, book dealers, and collectors.

Incidentally, a book which ought to be rewritten is John Hill Burton's "Book Hunter", which has been reprinted more than once, the last edition appearing in 1900. The most desirable edition of Burton is the second, published in 1863, which has some inaccuracies of the first edition corrected, and in which the author "has thrown in a few additional touches here and there". But the delightful pages of Burton where he deals with American libraries and collectors seem to need annotation. For instance:

America had just one small old library and the lamentation over the loss of this ewe-lamb is touching evidence of her poverty in such possessions. . . . It is, after all, a rather serious consideration . . . how entirely the new states of the West and the South seem to be cut off from the literary resources which the Old World possesses in her old libraries. . . . Well, perhaps some quick and cheap way will be found of righting it all when the Aerial Navigation Company issues its time-bills, and news comes of battles "from the nation's airy navies grappling in the central blue".

The prophecy of Tennyson having been fulfilled, and Mr. Henry E. Huntington having made plans for the disposal of the finest private library in the world by placing it in Los Angeles, it looks as though Burton's "Book Hunter" needs revision.

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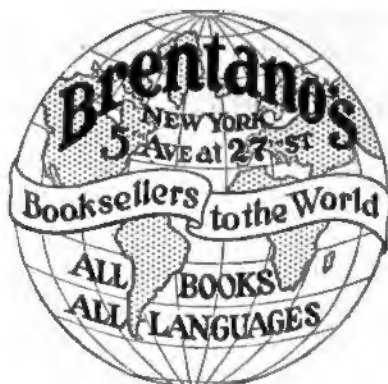
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Henry Fairfield Osborn, president of the American Museum of Natural History and author of "Men of the Old Stone Age" and "The Origin and Evolution of Life", has been awarded the Darwin Medal by the Royal Society of London.

In one of his letters from the front, the late Joyce Kilmer praises Francis Carlin's "My Ireland". The letter, which appears in "Joyce Kilmer: Poems, Essays and Letters", is to Mrs. Kilmer, who had sent her husband a copy of Carlin's book. It runs:

I received Francis Carlin's wholly heavenly book just before I went to the hospital, and have read it many times with delight. When you see him give him my homage. He should be walking golden floors than those of a mortal shop—he should rather be over here with us, whatever his convictions may be. For it is wrong for a poet—especially a Gael—to be listening to elevated trains when there are screaming shells to hear, and to be sleeping soft in a bed when there's a cot in a dugout awaiting him, and the bright face of danger to dream about and see.

The Gossip Shop is exceedingly crestfallen. In the April number The Gossip Shop left off the *e*. Left off the *e*? Sure, left it right off. The Gossip Shop was speaking of the celebrated Burton Rascoe, of the Chicago "Tribune". There is no celebrated Mr. Rasco. The Gossip Shop does not want to be known as the one who took the *e* out of Rascoe. It was a terrible, an awful mistake. *E* we say, and *e* we certainly meant.

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WHERE TO BUY BOOKS (Continued)

Boston will be the Mecca for the book-trade on May 13th, 14th, and 15th, the occasion being the twentieth annual convention of the American Booksellers' Association.

Is it possible for the American son of German-born parents to submerge through American association and the observation of American ideals, the hereditary instincts of the German? This is the question said to be offered by Newton A. Fuessle in his novel "The Flail", a spring publication. The author is reported to have worked upon this novel four years, and while it is not a "war book", it was only with the signing of the armistice that the concluding chapters were written.

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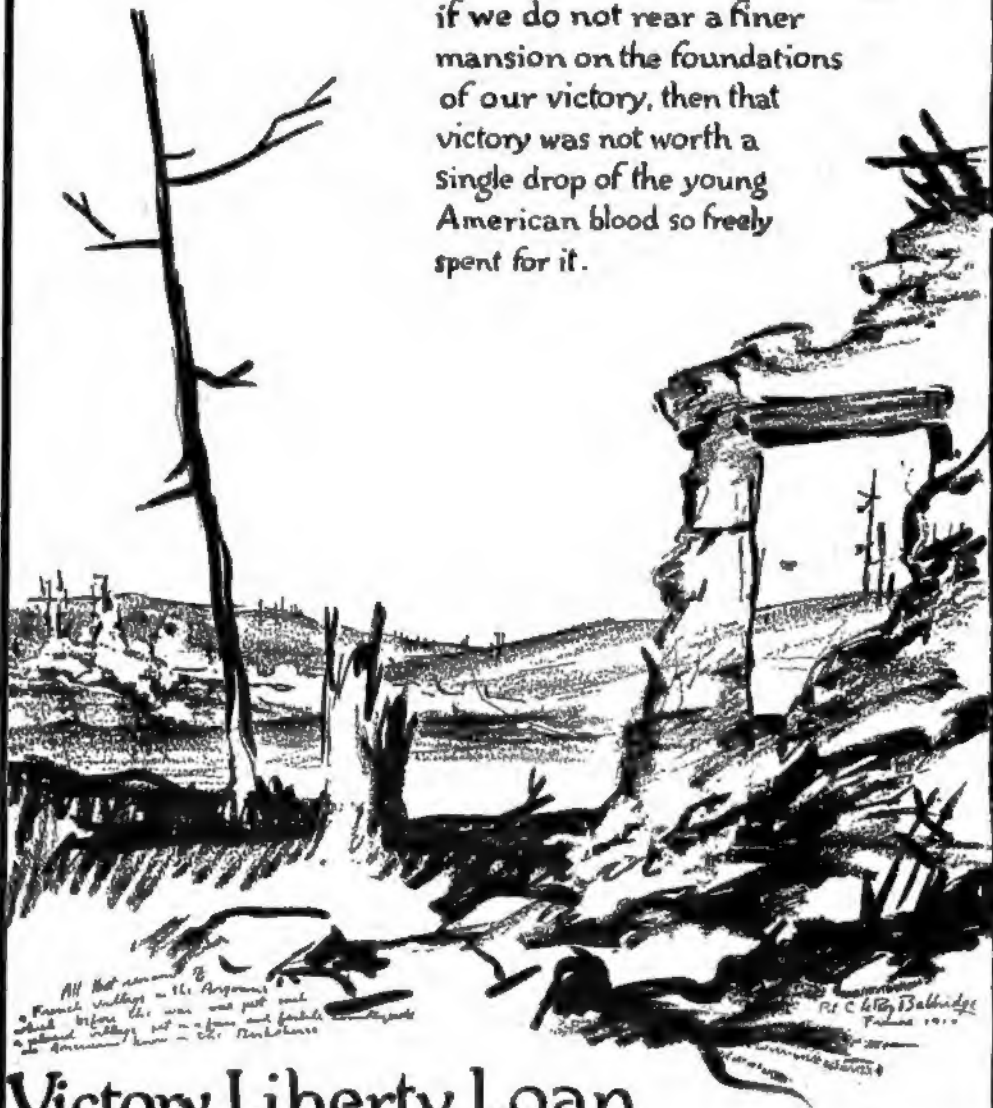
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